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MARCH AND JUNE, 1865.

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THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. LXXXIII.

FOR MARCH, 1865.

ART. I.—THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SCOTTISH TOURIST.

1. *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain, and Volume III., which completes this Work, and contains a Tour through Scotland.* By a GENTLEMAN (known to be by DANIEL DEFOE). Printed and sold by G. STRAHAN, in Cornhill, 1727.
2. *Toddle's Highland Tour.* London: ROUTLEDGE, 1864.

MONTHS ago the summer tide of tourists has receded from our straths and glens townwards to the last drop. The Trossachs, the rich indented lochs of Argyle, the hoary peaks of Glencoe, the dusky forests of Braemar, the snowy and savage precipices of the Cairngorms, a while ago all swarming with busy, noisy, intrusive citizens, are now as silent as much less than a century ago they were all the year round; more silent indeed, since the indigenous population of these regions has within the century notably and beneficially decreased. To live ever in crowds has a social influence on man. To live ever alone has also an influence, though to call it social might sound Irish. The fate of the chronic inhabitants of tourist districts, who are three months of the year in the midst of a throng, and have to pass the rest of it in solitude, must subject them to peculiar influences which no one has thought it worth while specially to study and elucidate. These influences must have a special development in those actively concerned in ministering to the comforts and pleasures of the tourist: the faculties continuously strained to their utmost stretch for a few months—the strain then suddenly withdrawn till its periodical recurrence. One would expect this to have a kind of hibernating influence. We remember, for in-

stance, a head-waiter of an establishment through which the throng of a great pleasure district passed all day and all night; whatever time you arrived or departed, early or late, midnight or dawn, he was ever in a state of brisk, civil activity. We asked him when he slept. "I sleep in winter," was the answer.

Connected with this, however, is another and larger social phenomenon, the diagnosis of which, whatever we may say of its cause, is more accessible to us, and is seen by all of us. A century ago, a sensible man, residing in "the West end," would have as soon thought of going for change of air to Whitechapel or Wapping as to Glencoe or Braemar, where he and his neighbours now crowd in until they almost carry London with them, and where they profess to imbibe a vast amount of enjoyment. Whence has come this social change? We profess not to go into its depths, and display its hidden causes. But as the matter is really one worth looking at, the holiday-seekers of the last year who have returned from the poetry to the prose of life, in the interval when the recollections of last year's tour are mingling with the projects for the coming summer, may perhaps peruse with interest at the domestic hearth some notice of the conditions under which the scenery of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, became fashionable. The literature connected with its rise in the world we consider especially deserving of attention. Some day or other it may tax the powers of some mighty compiler in the production of a "Bibliotheca Itineraria." Meanwhile we believe that in a few casual notices of it we shall be breaking new ground.

"Tourist" is a new word; it is not to be found in Johnson, who, however, defines

"tour" as a "ramble or roving journey." To this Webster adds "circuit," "excursion," "trip," and tells us that a tourist is one who makes a tour. This seems to be coming something near the point, as indicating locomotion for the purposes of enjoyment, not of business or duty. And as among by far the greater portion of mankind no such enjoyment exists, or is capable of being conceived, and even among ourselves it is a comparatively recently discovered source of enjoyment, the various phenomena indicating its origin and progress onwards to its present vast influence as an institution of our country and age, seem sufficiently important for a little special attention.

We may trace its beginnings in something more subtle than by putting the finger on the name of the first man who actually made a journey for pleasure. Indications of the enjoyment of scenery and variety among those who moved about on duty or business are the germs of the tourist's passion. Our history gets far on before we have much of this. The first strangers from the civilized world who are recorded as visiting us—Julius Agricola and his followers—came on stern business. Tacitus, in his clear, rapid narrative of the transaction, sticks closely to that business, and permits not his pen to wander into devious paths. One would like to know what they thought of the scenery. There is a well-known tradition that as they marched northwards over the spur of the Ochils, and came to that nick called the Wicks of Beglie, and saw beneath them the broad strath of Tay, with its gleaming river and background of mountains, they exclaimed, "Behold the Tiber! behold the field of Mars!"—a comparison which Scott and many of his fellow-countrymen reprobate as a gross injustice to the northern river. It is necessary, however, to throw this story away as a modern invention. Indeed, from the invasion of Agricola to the present time, or even to the time of the first publishing of the exclamation, is far too long for tradition to live.

Just twice are there remarks in Tacitus which in any way connect themselves with the character of the scenery. When, as he describes it, the army marched northward, and the fleet sailed in sight of it, the land troops, when they recounted their adventures to their colleagues of the fleet, told of the dense forests they had penetrated, and the rough mountains they had scrambled over. In the speech of Agricola, so accurately reported,—and, by the way, Tacitus is quite impartial, and makes room for the spirited speech of Galgacus, the leader of the Caledonians, although it would have been a far more important service had he just told us what

language that eminent patriot used,—in the speech of Agricola there is an allusion to fatiguing marches across fens, mountains, and rivers, *Cum vos paludes montesve et flumina fatigarent*. It is a pity that we have not something more palpable and critical than this, from some Roman pen, for the Romans knew good scenery. They are said to have even walked about for pleasure. In Strabo mention is made how two Roman legionaries, found in Spain at a distance from their post, who could give no better account of themselves than that they walked for enjoyment, were deemed to be two lunatics who had escaped from bondage, and were an object of considerable anxiety to the good people who desired to see them safe back to their camp.*

It would require very positive and distinct evidence, however, to prove that the Romans ever went so far from the indolent luxuriousness, in which alone they found true pleasure, as to seek it in the active and sometimes afflictive pursuits of the modern tourist. If Cicero or Atticus walked together in the shady avenues of Tusculum, while they discussed the difference between goodness and perfection, or Virgil enjoyed a santer in his Mantuan farm, we may be assured that no citizen of the empire mounted his *impedimenta* on his shoulders to ramble about in Britain, even among such scenery within the walls as he could safely approach. Their sense of the noble in scenery advanced so far as to accept of the savage and terrible as worthy of enjoyment. This we see even in the selection of their villas; but they enjoyed it all in indolent contemplation, not in active vagabondage.

The next set of notable visitors were the Irish monks, who came over to re-convert us after the inroads of strangers from Scandinavia had swept Christianity as well as Roman civilisation out of the land. We have ample narratives of the ways and pursuits of these monks. We know that they went about a good deal. St. Columba, for instance, paid a memorable visit to Brude the King of the Picts at his lodge on the banks of the Ness; and St. Cormac on his way from Ireland to Iona to visit his old friends there, went so far astray among the Hebrides, that some people

* "Τοὺς δὲ Οὐέττωνας, ὅτε πρῶτον εἰς τὸ τῶν Ῥωμαίων παρῆλθον στρατοῦν, ἰδόντας τῶν ταξιαρχῶν τινας, ἀνακάμπτοντας ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς περιπάτον χάριν, μονίαν ὑπολαβόντες, ἡγείσθαι τὴν ὁδὸν αὐτοῖς ἐπὶ τὸς σκηνὰς ὥς ἔδον ἢ μένειν καθ' ἰσυχίαν ἰδρυθέντας, ἢ μάχεσθαι."

"Et vettones, quo tempore primum in Romanorum venerunt castra, cum quosdam centuriones viderent, deambulandi causa viam hac illac flectere, opinatos insanire homines, duces se eis ad tabernacula præbuisse: putabant enim aut in tabernaculo quiete sedendum, aut pugnandum esse."—GEOG. L. III. cap. iv.

suppose he had gone to Iceland. But we get no notions of scenery from these monks; and, in fact, they speak so indistinctly of the nature of the country, that we might suppose from Adamnan's Life of the Master that Iona was a very fertile island, fruitful in corn and grass, if we did not know it to be a barren rock, and believe it to have been just as barren fourteen hundred years ago as it is now.

When King Edward came over, his mission was entirely on business. But whether or not he himself enjoyed the scenery of the territory he was so determined to take, he adorned it for the present day by planting in it the finest castles which the country possesses. On the other side of the War of Independence there probably was not much enjoyment of mere scenery. Wallace, according to tradition, frequented Cartland Craigs—a grand rocky cleft in the fruitful vale of Clyde—but it was rather for protection than to court the influence of sublimity in stringing the nerves to deeds of heroism. Bruce had to wander through the very finest scenery in Scotland. Part of it comes out with grand effect in the *Lord of the Isles*, but it is a different affair when we go to Barbour's epic. So when Bruce had to find a retreat in the fastnesses of the Cairngorm mountains, here is all we have, when he might have taken his hero to the wondrous Loch Avon, and made him say as Scott makes him say at Coruisk—"St. Mary! what a scene is here," and so on.

"The queen dwelt thus in Kildrummy,
And the king and his company
That war twa hundred an na ma,
Fra they had sent their horse them fra,
Wanderet amang the high mountains,
Where he and his oft tholed pains,
For it was to the winter near,
And so fell foes about him were,
That all the country them warred.
So hard among them assailed
Of hunger, cold, and showers snell,
That none that lives can well it tell."

Between the War of Independence and the great contest in the seventeenth century, the only considerable visits to Scotland were those of the French auxiliaries, who returned home terrified by the hungry sordidness of the land and the barbarous independence of the common people. Clarendon tells us that when the astounding intelligence of the signing of the Covenant, and the collection of a Scottish army, reached London,—“the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the Court or the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had

that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any Gazette.”

Oliver Cromwell paid a visit to Scotland, a visit decidedly on business of a very engrossing kind. In one of his despatches he noticed the character of one morsel of our scenery in his own professional way. The finest of those deep ravines cut into the rock of St. Abb's Head, he calls a place “where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way.” He left his mark on the country; not such a brand as he put on Ireland, for only a portion of the Scots people were at enmity with him. From the railway, however, in passing the great square tower of Borthwick, one can see a portion of the stone facing, beautifully peeled by his ordnance from the neighbouring height. It gives one a lively notion of how

“Oliver Crammell,

He did her pummel,

And made a breach in her battlement.”

Cromwell noted what he saw in Scotland for his own utilitarian purposes, and he greatly enriched the country by opening trade. Before his time, everything known about the national resources is of a vague kind, and had there been tourists in the reign of Charles II., it would have been in the records of the proceedings of the Protectorate, that they would have found what parts of Scotland were likely to afford a good inn. Cromwell sent a commissioner named Thomas Tucker to investigate the trade statistics of Scotland. This man's report was printed by the late Lord Murray for the Bannatyne Club, and is the earliest satisfactory account of the towns and harbours of Scotland, and of the material resources of the country.

It is more to the point of the present article, that one of Cromwell's troopers, by name Richard Franck, wandered over a great part of Scotland, and recorded his movements in a solid book. The temptation that led him onwards was the fishing-rod. For an estimate of his knowledge and aptness in this craft, we may refer to Mr. Russel's book on the Salmon: a wonderful combination, by the way, of those qualities deemed incompatible with each other,—science, statistics, and fun. Franck seems to have been a conceited, pompous, prosing man, and an enphuist of the most inflated kind. Yet the fellow had evidently a sense of scenery, which he lets out in his own floundering way. So of Loch Lomond he says:—“This small Mediterranean is surrounded with woods, mountains, rocky, boggy, sandy, and miry earth; and is the greatest inland sea in Scotland; nor is it parallel'd with any southward; and all the north inferior to it, excepting only the Lough called Ness.” Then presently come

he to "Beautiful Buchapan, besieged with bogs and baracadoed with birch trees; the Highlander's landscape and the Lowlander's prospect; whose boggy swamps incommode the traveller." The following fragmentary passages will perhaps suffice as specimens of the trooper's manner:—

"Let us relinquish the suburbs of Leven, to trace the flourishing skirts of Calvin, whose smiling streams invite the angler to examine them; for here one would think the stones were steep'd in the oil of Oespres, to invite the fish to come ashore; where you may observe every bubbling stream reflect a smile on the amorous banks, covered with green, and enamell'd with flowers. Here also the sylvans upon shady bushes bathe themselves in silver streams; and where trouts, to sport and divert the angler, will leap on shore, though with the loss of their lives."

Then came the "turrets of sooty Glorret" or Glorat, near to which place

"Glides the glittering Kaldar; a large and spacious rapid river, accommodated both with trout and salmon: but the access lies too open, more especially amongst her pleasant gliding streams, where the angler, if lord of his exercise, may expect incredible entertainments: whose foundations are laid in gravelly sand, and interchangeably mixed with shining stones that look not unlike to golden granulae: but were they such, I should fancy Tagus but a toy to it. Because to imprint in the angler's memory those remarkable characters of shining rocks, glittering sands, and falls of water, which 'tis morally impossible he should ever forget.

"Not far from this dingy Castle of Glorret, stands delectable Kilsieith; in whose martial fields Marquess Montross defeated his countrymen. North-west from thence we must top those burdened mountains of Compsy, whose weeping rocks moisten the air, representing the spouts; and are a lively emblem of the cataracts of Nile. From whence we descend to the Kirk of Compsy; near to which kirk runs the memorable Anderwick, a rapid river of strong and stiff streams; whose fertile banks refresh the borderer, and whose fords, if well examined, are arguments sufficient to convince the angler of trout; as are her deeps, when consulted, the noble race and treasure of salmon; or reimonstrate his ignorance in the art of angling."

Fifty years later a countryman of Franck's, much less genial and eloquent, had the misfortune to visit us. It was in the year 1704 that an Englishman, name unknown, penetrated a little way into Scotland, though, had he consulted his ease and safety, he had better have stayed in Lombard Street.* There is an old Latin saying, that indignation makes one poetical; and the indignant expression of his fears and sufferings has actually im-

parted to this man's narrative a descriptive vigour and richness totally unintended on his part. Leaving Crawfordjohn, he says: "From this place I went over mighty hills, sometimes being amongst the clouds and sometimes amongst bogs, I think without seeing a house, or anybody but a poor shepherd's boy, to Elvinfoot, a poor sorry place of two or three houses; and here is a rapid river that tumbles over a rocky bottom, though it is not deep. . . . I should not have travelled this day, being Sunday, but I was willing to get out of this country as soon as I could; oh, the curse that attended it! I was far past Elvinfoot, and the road, or rather steep tracks—for since I left Douglass I hardly saw any other—were so obscure, I could hardly find a way, and the rocks were so thick and close that I had often much ado to get myself and horse between them. Now I were on a vast precipice of a high rock, with the river roaring under me, and anon I was in a bog! Poor man, this was far from the worst of it. Mist came on, good, sound Scotch mist. He had the folly to enter on that ground without a pocket-compass,—a folly no tourist should ever perpetrate.

A dark cloud, he tells us, came between him and the sun, "and out of this cloud fell such a shower of rain, that I was wet through presently, and it grew so suddenly dark that I could scarcely see my hands. I got down and groped with my hands for a path, but quickly found the sheep-tracks had misled me. I began to sink in half way up the leg, and my horse more, and now and then I tumbled over a bank, but what sort of one I could not tell; and now I came so near the river that I heard it roar dismally, and did not know but every step I went I might tumble down a steep cliff, or fall into the river Annan." After waiting for some time he fell to "hollering," but in vain, and he feared going up the hill, not knowing what company he might find there. Night came on him, and he tried to sleep in his saddle and horse-cloth, but he had to shift them over and over, as whenever he lay down he found himself sinking in the bog. "As the day," he continues, "began to dawn, I hoped it fair, but feared a fog. Sometimes I thought I saw a bush at a distance, and sometimes a house; but plainly discerned that if I had gone lower down the hill, I had gone into a deep bog by the river side. I went a mile one way, and then back again, and a mile the other, but could see neither house or road." He came at last to a village. Belated travellers are proverbially unscrupulous in giving trouble, but this one's method of proceeding was quite original. "My patience had served me almost all it would, and I threatened to break their win-

* *North of England and Scotland in 1704.* Printed in 1818 from a MS. in possession of Mr. Johnson.

dows, but could not find a pane of glass in the town. I then fell to unthatching a house, and pulled off some of the turf, at which a fellow came angrily out, but when he saw me was very humble, and directed me over the small river Annan, and in the way to Moffat, for which I rewarded him; and on this 17th of April 1704, I got to Moffat. This is a small straggling town among high hills, and is the town of their wells, in summer time people coming here to drink of their waters; but what sort of people they are, or where they get lodgings, I can't tell, for I did not like their lodgings well enough to go to bed." Such was a stranger's introduction, about a century and a half ago, to this which is now the most charming watering-place in the British dominions.

Everybody is, or ought to be acquainted with the *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his friend in London*, commonly attributed to Captain Burt, an engineer officer who helped General Wade to make his famous roads. It is a pity that more is not known of him. He is mentioned in the little book called the *Olio* of William Davis, who says he was a pompous man, and tells a story about his pomposity being snubbed. Rebuking an Aberdeen boy for not tendering him due respect, he said: "Don't you know, sirrah, that I'm the representative of His Majesty;" to which the answer was, "Representative o' His Majesty! I've seen a better representative o' His Majesty on a bawbee,"—that is to say, on a halfpenny. The anecdote is in keeping with the remarkable absence of the faculty of veneration common to the youth of Aberdeen, but it certainly exemplifies a logical confusion, which is not among their defects. In those districts where it would now be an outrage on one of the most sacred laws of fashion to abuse anything, Burt abused right and left. He was a thorough John Bull; made his own country the standard of everything, and found things elsewhere to be right or wrong just as they conformed with or diverged from his standard. But for all that his descriptions are accurate and valuable. The engravings in the old editions of the book are very curious. They give us the genuine costume of Highlanders in the period between the two rebellions. There we see the original belted plaid in its latter days, and just before the genius of one of Wade's army tailors invented the philabeg,—for such is the ignoble origin of the costume which the advertisements of Highland drapers, appealing to the Cockney mind, call the "ancient garb of Old Gaul." Burt sighed for Richmond Hill and its gentle beauties, and a sentence taken almost anywhere from his book

shows the horror he felt of Highland scenery. Thus:—

"In passing to the heart of the Highlands we proceed from bad to worse, which makes the *worst of all* the less surprising; but I have often heard it said by my countrymen, that they verily believed if an inhabitant of the south of England were to be brought blindfold into some narrow rocky hollow, enclosed with these horrid prospects, and then to have his bandage taken off, he would be ready to die with fear, as thinking it impossible he should ever get out to return to his native country."*

An English officer quartered at Fort Augustus immediately after the 'Forty-Five, gave forth his sorrows in similar strains:—

"It is a rarity to see the sun, but constantly black skies and rusty looking rocky mountains, attended with wintry rains and cutting winds, with violent streams of water rolling down from every part of the mountains after hard rains, and so filling the rivers surprisingly soon."†

Almost alongside of Burt's homely book came a performance of a different order, from the pen of a higher artist. Whenever there is found bearing date somewhere in the first quarter of the eighteenth century a book on any matter of everyday life, full of vivacity, wit, humour, exactness of description, and worldly sagacity, it is attributed to Daniel Defoe. In many instances the judgment is dubious, or absolutely a mistake, but the belief that he is the author of *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* stands on circumstantial evidence, which would be incontrovertible, if the internal evidence of the style and substance did not at once satisfy the reader that no other man could have written such a book.‡ A portion of the

* *Letters from a Gentleman*, ii. 13.

† *Journey through England and Scotland along with the Army under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland*, p. 95.

‡ The following is the title in full:—"A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain, divided into Circuits or Journeys. Giving a Particular and Diverting Account of Whatever is Curious, and worth Observation, Viz. I. A Description of the principal Cities and Towns, their Situation, Magnitude, Government, and Commerce. II. The Customs, Manners, Speech, as also the Exercises, Diversions, and Employment of the People. III. The Produce and Improvement of the Lands, the Trade and Manufactures. IV. The Sea-Ports and Fortifications, the Course of Rivers, and the Inland Navigation. V. The Publick Edifices, Seats, and Palaces of the Nobility and Gentry. With Useful Observations upon the Whole. Particularly fitted for the reading of such as desire to Travel over the Island. Vol. III. Which completes this Work, and contains a Tour thro' Scotland, &c. With a Map of Scotland by Mr. Moll. By a Gentleman. London, Printed: And sold by G. Strahan, in Cornhill. W. Mears, at the Lamb without Temple-Bar. And J. Stagg, in Westminster-Hall. M DCC XXVII."

third volume, published in 1727, is given to Scotland. Defoe lived some time among us, and his estimate of Scotland, standing where it does in the midst of literature as full of gross abuse as it is destitute of knowledge concerning us, is alike a proof of the soundness of his judgment and the breadth of his sympathies. "Those," he says, "who fancy there but wild men and ragged mountains, storms, snows, poverty, and barrenness, are much mistaken: it being a noble country, of a fruitful soil and healthy air, well seated for trade, full of manufactures by land, and a treasure great as the Indies at their door by sea. The poverty of Scotland and the fruitfulness of England, or rather the difference between them, is owing not to mere difference of climate, or the nature of the soil, but to the errors of time and their different constitutions."*

A critical question has arisen, whether his narrative is not so far fictitious, that whereas it is enlivened by a reference to immediate events, and has all the air of a set of adventures put on paper just after their occurrence,—yet it is believed that he had not been in Scotland for twenty years before he wrote the book. He says he made five different tours here, and there is not much reason to doubt this. He seems to have liked the people. He says to his countrymen in another place, "If the Scots want money, I must tell you they do not want manners; and one piece of humanity they are masters of, which you, with all your boasted improvements, are without: and that is, courtesy to strangers, in which they outdo even the French themselves."†

There probably never was a man better endowed with the power of making out an *alibi*; of taking the reader with him to Dumfries or Inverness while he was all the while in his own study at Cripple-gate. But he goes into the particularities of travel with a profuseness which would lay him open to detection even at the present day, and must have put him in the power of a multitude of contemporary readers, if he sat at home and shammed the traveller. He had not the advantage of an unpeopled island like Selkirk's Juan Fernandez. So we find him enjoying the hospitalities of Lauder, the minister of Mordinton, who writes on the Cyprianic age. He tells us that Lord Tweeddale's pictures are at Pinkey, because the mansion of Yester is not finished. On one journey a very remarkable phenomenon enables him to walk through the Clyde dry-shod above Glasgow Bridge, which he laughs at, with its great skeleton-looking arches striding over an empty

water-course; and next time he goes that way, the Clyde in flood is rushing through the streets on either side, and threatening to carry the bridge before it. Then at Drumlanrig, along with a Derbyshire man at the request of the Duke of Queensberry, he goes poking among the hills for lead ore, and "here we were surprised with a sight which is not now so frequent in Scotland as it has been formerly—I mean one of their field-meetings, where one Mr. John Hepburn, an old Cameronian, preached to an auditory of near 7000 people, all sitting in rows on the steep side of a green hill, and the preacher on a little pulpit made under a tent at the foot of the hill. He held his auditory, with not above an intermission of half an hour, almost seven hours; and many of the poor people had come above fifteen or sixteen miles to hear him, and had all the way to go home again on foot."**

He is here close to the deep chasm called the Enterkin, which he describes not only in his book of travels, but also in his *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland*, as the scene of an affair between Covenanters and dragoons. He describes it as terrible, for it would have been too bad at that time to have introduced such a scene to good society like an orange grove or a shaven lawn; but there is a fascination in its horror which makes him eloquent and descriptive. It is a curious testimony to the enduring freshness of these descriptions, that Dr. John Brown has cited both of them in one of his popular miscellanies on Scottish scenery; has cited them of course as attractive to readers of the present age, though that to which they were addressed looked upon all such scenery as odious.

The charm of De Foe is that he is perfectly natural, yielding to the influences around him, and giving himself up to the absolute control of no conventionality. He begins hill-climbing at the Cheviots, and lets out his greenness and Cockneyism by his anxiety about the question, whether he shall find standing-room on the top. "We all had a notion that when we came to the top we should be just as upon a pinnacle, that the hill narrowed to a point, and we should only have room enough to stand, with a precipice every way around us;" but the end of the adventure, on the contrary, is, "I was agreeably surprised when, coming to the top of the hill, I saw before me a smooth, and with respect to what we expected, a most pleasant plain of at least half a mile in diameter, and in the middle of it a large pond, or little lake of water; and the ground seeming to descend in every way from the edges of the

* Review, iii. 671.

† Review, vi. 174.

** Review, iii. 62.

summit to the pond, took off the terror of the first prospect.”*

All men of action have their special sagacities and prowess. An Orkney cragsman is frightened to descend a stair, and a chamois hunter would be unnerved at a crossing in the Strand. De Foe's courage and wisdom were both exercised on man rather than inanimate nature, and his simplicity about the culmination of a mountain is well compensated by the sagacity contained in the following dream of a New Town of Edinburgh that might have been, and now is:—“On the north side of the city is a spacious, rich, and pleasant plain, extending from the Lough which joins the city to the river of Leith, at the mouth of which is the town of Leith, at the distance of a long Scots mile from the city; and even here were not the north side of the hill, which the city stands on, so exceeding steep, as hardly (at least to the westward of their flesh-market) to be clambered up on foot, much less to be made passable for carriages. But, I say, were it not so steep, and were the Lough filled up, as it might easily be, the city might have been extended upon the plain below, and fine beautiful streets would, no doubt, have been built there; nay, I question much whether, in time, the high streets would not have been forsaken, and the city, as we might say, run all out of its gates to the north.”†

Burt tells a story of a surveyor who had gone to the Highlands, taking his credentials with him as a Government officer, but who found them so little available for his protection that arrangements for putting him to death looked quite serious. In his terror he remembered that a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh had given him a letter of introduction to a local magnate. The production of this brought immediate security and hospitality, with the question, Why the tell he had used that tanned Government paper instead of Cousin Lachlan's letter. De Foe found that it would have been useless to go to the Glengary or the Macrae country without the countenance of the chiefs and other local powers. He seems to have made himself so good a fellow among them indeed, that their hospitalities became rather oppressive to him; and he sketches out a plan for traversing the country, calculated to avoid entire dependence either on the futile resources of public places of entertainment, or on local hospitality. His plan is a delightful one, alive with the spirit of the genuine explorer and lover of nature. He proposes that a small party should organize themselves, and carry tents and baggage with them. It would be madness to attempt this without

the countenance of the local magnates, “but if they are first well recommended as strangers, and have letters from one gentleman to another, they would want neither guides nor guards, nor indeed would any man touch them; but rather protect them, if there was occasion, in all places; and by this method they might in the summer-time lodge when and wherever they pleased with safety and pleasure, travelling no farther at a time than they thought fit. And as for their provisions, they might supply themselves with their guns with very great plenty of wild-fowl.” He knew, indeed, a party of five, “two Scots and three English gentlemen,” who had actually carried out an expedition after this fashion into the unknown wilds of the north Highlands, and in a very tantalizing way winds up the affair by saying, “It would be very diverting to show how they lodged every night; how two Highlanders who had been in the army went before every evening and pitched their little camp; how they furnished themselves with provisions, carried some with them, and dressed and prepared what they killed with their guns; and how very easily they travelled over all the mountains and wastes without troubling themselves with houses or lodgings; but, as I say, the particulars are too long for this place.”*

By the way, this book has an interest for the bibliographer, the bibliomaniac, the book-hunter, or whatever the collector of literary specialties may call himself. In fact, in the eyes of this class it should be invested with a certain romantic interest, for, like the hero of a deep-plotted romance, its position has been claimed in the eye of the world by an impostor, against whom it has been vindicated, with no better fate, after all, than to show that the writer is a spurious De Foe, and that the reality had long been lost sight of in the contest between rival shams. In most good libraries, from sixty to eighty years old, will be found a book, in four small volumes, called *The Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*. As a work both popular and useful, it went through many editions. It used to go by the name of De Foe's *Tour*, and it was not rated as an imposture. It had some title to the name, in as far as it grew out of that book, becoming towards it what a stupidish, plodding, elderly gentleman is to a wild adventurous youth. It became a sort of travellers' guide and statistical companion. It had everything that the sanction of a high name could give to recommend it, for its reconstruction was known to be the work of Samuel Richardson, who went through the ordeal of being the most fashionable novelist

* *Tour*, iii. 118.

† *Tour*, iii. 33.

* *Tour*, iii. 211, 212.

of his day. Still, in later times, the four volumes were looked on rather disdainfully, and collectors preferred the fresh and genuine De Foe. Now, it happened that one John Mackay, unknown to fame, printed, in several editions, the latest of which is dated in 1732, "A Journey through England, in Familiar Letters from a Gentleman here to his Friend Abroad," in two volumes, followed by a third, called "A Journey through Scotland, etc., being the Third Volume, which completes Great Britain." A tacit resolution seems to have been passed in the bookish world to make this personate De Foe's book. Look at the catalogue of any public library, under the name of De Foe, and you will find that the *genuine* book is carefully distinguished from Richardson's recasting, and when you get your hand on the 'genuine' book, behold it is Mackay's. Go to any vender of old books, and ask if he has De Foe's *Tour*,—"the genuine, mind, not Richardson's,"—the dealer understands you perfectly; he has the genuine article; he produces the three volumes, and, lo, they are the inevitable Mackay's. The world owes to Mr. Wilson, in his life of De Foe, the exposition of this curious history of a bibliographical changeling.

The best way to enjoy De Foe's *Tour* is to read it after Johnson's. The true-born Englishman was free from the lexicographer's burden of dictionary words, and his obligation to turn every sentence in his rounding lathe. Going from one to the other, then, is like going from social conventionalism to freedom; it feels as if one were escaping from a highly-served establishment, with its pomps and ceremonies, its plush and shoulder-knots, and systematic organization for the day's tediousness, and taking to the hill as a wanderer, with the free world before one.

Johnson's coming among us was a great event. It was considered, on the principle of every dog having his day, that Scotland had at last got a turn on the wheel of fortune, and the book that was to come of the strange excursion was waited on with intense anxiety. The author of it could scarcely use his pen without setting down something remarkable and worth reading, and yet his qualifications were as uncongenial to his work as they could well be. He knew a deal of what is told in books, but his knowledge of mankind was limited to "The Town;" and of the world beyond it, he was as ignorant as his own "Rasselas" of everything outside the happy valley. He was, in fact, just a noble specimen of the Cockney. He seems to have expected when he crossed the Tweed, to see something as foreign and strange as if he had gone to Cashmere or Morocco for it. He did find a few patrician courtiers, the inside of

whose dwellings—and that was the only side he cared about—was just the same as those of the English Howards and Wilmots. In the next step of the social scale he found a difference, but not such as he expected or desired, though, had he remembered the political condition of Scotland, and the foreign tendencies of the gentry, he might have expected it. In that range of country life, where at home he could only find October-ale-drinking, fox-hunting boors, he met with polished gentlemen and accomplished scholars, who had studied at Leyden, Ratisbon, or Douay. The unfortunate politics, and the presence of actual civil war, raised their social position, since their thoughts and their conversation ran on dynasties and foreign alliances, instead of parochial bickerings and disputes about rights of way and swing-gates. In another grade he found, just as at home, pompous pig-headed professors and frousy country clergymen of the epicurean or the ascetic cast, like the Trullibers and Parson Adamsons he had left behind. Most unpleasant of all, there were men whom he did or might meet, whose literary fame was so considerable that it has since eclipsed his own.

The scientific traveller was then becoming common, but Johnson had no science, and when he touched on it he wrote nonsense. He came to the country to condemn it, and he did condemn it. One of his foregone conclusions was that it was a barren treeless tract, and in this he managed somehow to make out his point. It is curious to observe how skilfully he evaded the finest scenery of Scotland. Going northwards, he hugged the sea, as sailors sometimes say of the shore, and thus kept on the bleak coast, swept by east winds, which a Kentucky man is said to have commended as "an almighty clever clearing." When at Aberdeen, if he had chosen to turn the hill, and get into the nearest shelter, he would have found scattered clumps of trees, which, thickening as he went up the Dee, would scarce have deserted him till he found himself in the great forest of Glen Tanner, which, down to recent times, not only sufficed for the shipping in the north-east coast, but gave the port of Aberdeen an export trade in ship-timber. Glen Tanner would have given him shelter till it handed him over to the still wider forest districts of Braemar and Ballochbuie. The trees would disappear as he approached the snows and precipices of the source of the Dee, but on the other side he would find one or two gnarled pines struggling bravely up to the edge of the snow, and these, thickening as he descended, would bring him to the dense forests of Rothiemurchus, Glen More, and Glen Feshie, where Aaron Hill proposed to esta-

blish timber-yards and sawpits for the navy. Such would have been the character of his journey had he turned westward. Eastward was a scene of another kind. There spread the broad plains of Buchan, so affluent in sand that the drifts would often cover many an acre, and once desolated a whole parish. Except the few who make a dash at the Bùllers, the modern tourist would no more think of penetrating here—though the aspect of the country has brightened with much verdure since Johnson's day—than he would spend a week in the Romney Marsh. The hospitable mansion of Lord Errol seems to have been the direct attraction that led Johnson into this desert, but when he beheld the character of the country so opened to him, he must have felt the joy which brightens in the bosom of the malignant when their worst suspicions about their enemies are confirmed. His next step showed great ingenuity. It was difficult to get through the Highlands without encountering trees; but through the Highlands he would go, so he selected his route through those districts where General Wade, for strategic reasons, had burned the forests, and thus got through uninterrupted to the Hebrides, where, as in Buchan, the watery winds sweep the shore. He was thus enabled conscientiously to say,—

"Of the hills, many may be called, with Homer's *Ida*, *abundant in springs*; but few can deserve the epithet which he bestowed upon Pelion, of *waving their leaves*. They exhibit very little variety, being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by the wide extent of hopeless sterility."*

Some of the lovers of mountain scenery maintain that it has in it a potency of physical exhilaration, which may impart intellectual enjoyment, but is not under the control of the intellect. They say that a sworn abstainer may as well drink wine and smoke opium experimentally, in the certainty that his hatred of stimulants and narcotics will resist their influence, as a lover of parks and lawns can wander among mountains without feeling them stir his blood; and really Johnson seems to have felt it, despite his prejudices and his resolution to adhere to them, uttered in the preceding and many other passages. In fact, he had broken down, like some surly stoic who determines to resist the influence of a tragedy or a tonelling romance; and we find him, for one brief moment only however, in this condition:

"I sat down on a bank such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, fixed the mind to find entertainment for itself."*

The storm which "the journey" raised in the Scottish mind was prodigious, and perhaps had its influence on the reaction in favour of the national scenery. An Englishman, named John Topham, was living in Edinburgh when this thunderbolt burst, and has left his account of the scene:—

"EDINBURGH, *January 24, 1775.*

"Dr. Johnson's account of his tour into Scotland has just made its appearance here, and has put the country into a flame. Everybody finds some reason to be affronted. A thousand people who know not a single creature in the Western Isles interest themselves in their cause, and are offended at the accounts that are given of them. But let this unfortunate writer say what he will, it must be confessed that they return it with interest. Newspapers, magazines, pamphlets—all teem with abuse of the Doctor. While one day some very ingenious criticism shows he might have wrote such a thing better, the next others equally ingenious prove he had better never have wrote such a thing at all. In this general uproar, amidst this strife of tongues, it is impossible that a dispassionate man should be heard."†

The works of some of his assailants are highly amusing. He laid himself open to assault by the rash way in which he tilted at everything that did not conform with his own experience and philosophy of high civilisation and culture. For instance, announcing the profound principle that "where there are mountains there are commonly minerals," he finds that in the Western Highlands "common ores would be here of no great value; for what requires to be separated by fire, must, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral state, here being no fuel for the smelting-house or forge." In strange antithesis to this stands a passage in De Foe, also speculating on the possibility of discovering ore in the Highlands:—

"But it seems reserved for a future and more industrious age to search into; which, if it should happen to appear, especially the iron, they would no more have occasion to say that nature furnished them with so much timber and woods of such vast extent to no purpose, seeing it may be all little enough to supply the forges for working up the ironstone, and improving that useful product. And should a time come when these hidden treasures of the earth should

* *Journey*, 1st Ed., p. 84.

* *Journey*, 1st edit., pp. 86, 87.

† Topham's *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 137.

be discovered and improved, this part of Scotland may no longer be called poor; for such a production would soon change the face of things, bring wealth and people and commerce to it, fill their harbours full of ships, their towns full of people, and by consuming the provisions, bring the soil to be cultivated, its fish cured, and its cattle consumed at home, and so a visible prosperity would show itself among them.”*

But there was a practical answer to the reproach as affecting the Highlands generally, more conclusive than theory could afford. On account of the vast quantity of wood in the Western Highlands, mining companies in England took their ores to be smelted there. One of these smelting places, within a few miles of Inverary Castle, where Johnson got high hospitality, has left its reminiscences in the name of “Furnace,” yet held by the village where it stood, and in the quantity of slag still scattered around the site of its extinguished and demolished furnaces.† It is remarkable, however, that all the assailants deal with the material charges of poverty and barrenness; none of them has the hardihood to maintain that the scenery of “Caledonia stern and wild,” has its own special merits as well as the parks and pastures of England.

Of the weakness of a cause one may sometimes find a clearer revelation in a defence of it than in an attack on it. Among the national champions, a certain James Alves delivered in rhyme his wrath against the partial tales—

“When Johnson fibs, or jaundiced Junius rails,
When Wilkes degrades, or Churchill bolder sings
The fall of Scotland and her race of kings.”

The following lines, with their extremely meagre amount of inspiration, are curious in their very prosaicness, as showing the terms on which the impeacher and the vindicator met. That all the scenery which tourists

now swarm in was abominable to English taste is admitted, and it is also admitted that not a word can be said in favour of its beauty; utility is its sole merit—

“Those barren hills which hurt an English eye,
Afford the streams which vast machines supply,
Whose powers, directed by mechanic skill,
Must each design on easiest terms fulfil;
Nay, even our heaths, in such derision held,
For growing commerce leave an open field;
Our barren rocks which English wits detest,
And make the butt of many a clumsy jest,
By art transformed they shape the pile sublime,
And strength and grandeur to convenience join;
Defy for ages time's corroding rust,
When mould'ring bricks are mingled with the dust.” *

These verses, which cannot be called poetry, remind us that hitherto, like Monsieur Jourdain, we have been dealing with mere prose. It is naturally to poetry and romance that we should look for the most distinctive symptoms of the existence of a sense of the sublime and beautiful in scenery. Let us see whether these do more than their plain companion for our scenery. It is said by some Welsh scholars that the descriptions of scenery in the old Welsh poems are so applicable to the West Highlands, as to show that King Arthur held his court there; but this is a point on which we possess neither Welsh learning nor virtue enough to lift up our testimony. If Thomas of Erceldoune wrote the Romance of Sir Tristrem, he would have preserved his copyright of fame by describing the Eildons and Huntly Burn. It is difficult to speak to what is not to be found in any kind of literature; yet from a considerable acquaintance with old Scots poetry, from The Bruce downwards, we incline to deny that throughout there is in it anything descriptive of the romantic scenery of Scotland. James I. and Dunbar are both exquisite describers of nature; but it is of garden or agricultural nature. Alexander Hume's delicious poem of The Day Estival, or Summer Day, contains a series of pictures of rural life as lovely as Cuypp's, but all are life in the plain, or by the side of the smooth flowing river. The sole allusion to anything else is when he describes the heat of midday:—

“The time sae tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The ayr of peeping wind.”

Mr. Pierce Gillies, in editing *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, by James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, says: “Amid the romantic scenery of

* *Tour*, iii. 201.

† Some of his critics were too angry, and in too much haste to give vent to their wrath, to limit their comments to matters in which he could be thus distinctly contradicted. A good specimen of angry incoherence is furnished by *Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, by the Rev. Donald McNicol, A.M., minister of, Lismore, in Argyleshire. This Highland minister, writing from the fastnesses of his own mountains, thus gallantly maintains the ancient renown of his country for shipbuilding, without having his authorities at hand:—“There was a ship of war built in Scotland, in the minority of James IV., the equal of which had never been built in Britain, nor seen upon the seas in those times. Its dimensions I am not just now able to ascertain; but they have been accurately described by several of our historians, whom I have not at present an opportunity of consulting” (p. 158).

* *Alves's Banks of Esk*.

his birth and education, he probably never looked on any object with the true eye of a poet. . . . He had no eye for wild and unsophisticated nature. There is no evidence that he ever looked with rapture on the castled cliffs and aerial towers of his native city; or that he ever watched with a heart full of emotion the beams of the morning sun ascending out of the sea; and the rocky cliffs of Arthur Seat, that overhang Holyrood Palace, half seen, half lost, amidst the lingering vapour of night." How should he have been expected to have an eye for such things? The sense of them had not been discovered or invented—whichever be the proper term. It was no more likely to be referred to in poetry than any undiscovered portion of science, such as the steam-engine or electricity.

Perhaps Shakspeare, in the two words of his scene direction, "Blasted Heath," has done more than any one in his day to stamp a feature of Scottish scenery. Mr. Charles Knight laboured hard to prove him one of a set of players who had gone as far northward as Aberdeen. He thought the description of Macbeth's Castle had the clearness and precision of one who had seen the building. Then he is accurate in his topography while speaking of two remarkable features of our scenery—Dunsinane and Birnam. The strongest point, however, was, that his witch was the Scottish witch—a creature of the wilds and wastes and storms—not the English witch, who existed in barn-door plebeianism, tormenting poor clowns and their cattle in the most vulgar and unpoetic of forms. Shakspeare, however, found the nature of the Scottish witch in the books. His instinct told him there was poetry in it, and he seized it. Perhaps if he had actually been in Scotland we should have had something from him as good as the description of Dover Cliff.

To the general dearth of expressions in old poetry purporting an enjoyment of the savage features of the scenery of Scotland, there is an odd exception; an exception carrying us a great deal further than the old proverbial notion that the exception renders the rule all the more distinct by drawing attention to its precise terms. In the old poem we refer to there are quaint melodious reminiscences of scenes which are thronged by the tourists of the present day, and which yet, for centuries after the date of the poem, were deemed howling wildernesses, into which the lover of pleasure journeys no more thought of entering, than he now does of going to the Black country or the Fens. Here are some lines from that poem, in which the ordinary tourist will recognise several of the places he has been compelled to go to in the course of his duty:—

"Now farewell Rannoch, with thy loch and isle,
To me thou wast right traist both even and morn;

Thou wast the place that would me nocht beguile,

When I have been oft at the King's horn.

* * * * *

Now good Glendochart, for ever more adieu,
That oft has been my buckler and my beild (*protection*);

Both day and night to me thou wast right true,

And lately until when I grew in eild (*age*),

And durst no more be seen upon the field,

Than dare the owlet when the day is light,

Yet thou me keeped with thy main and might.

Farewell Glenlochry, with thy forest free;

Farewell Fernay, that oft my friend has been;

Farewell Morinch. Alas, full woe is me!

Thou wast the ground of all my woe and teyne (*grief*).

Farewell Breadalbane, and Loch Tay so sheen:

Farewell Glenurchy and Glenlyon baith,

My death to you will be but little skaith.

Farewell Glenalmond, garden of Pleasance,

For many fair flowers have I from you ta'en;

Farewell Strathbran—and have remembrance

That thou shalt never more see Duncan again.

* * * * *

Farewell Stratherne, most comely for to know,

Plenished with pleasant policy preclair,

Of towers and towns standing fair in row.

* * * * *

Farewell Menteith, where oft I did repair,

And came unsought aye, as does the snow,

To part from thee my heart is wonder sair."

The existence of this morsel in MS. in Taymouth Castle excited a good deal of curiosity in the inquiring world, at last gratified by Professor Innes, who printed it for the Bannatyne Club in the *Black Book of Taymouth*. If not, properly speaking, published, it was thus put at the command of all who might desire to see it and comment on it. The best commentary, however, that we yet have on it, is to be found in Professor Innes's own *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, to which we refer for a fuller account of the whole affair than any we can here give room for.*

It was generally supposed that Laidens, as the hero is called, was a merely typical person, but he comes forth as a man of this world in very emphatic form and large proportions. He is identified with Duncan Mc'Gregor of Laddassach, the head of a band of reivers of that proscribed name. He flourished for a period unusually long for one in his position—from the year 1513 to the year 1552—and hence

* See *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 355 et seq.

perhaps the fame that tempted our anonymous poet to impersonate him as a type of his class. The poem professes to embody his prison thoughts while waiting execution in the feudal dungeon of the Earl of Breadalbane. That potent chief had the old power of pit and gallows. He would have thought twice before he exercised the power of death on any responsible subject of the king; but with a McGregor it was a different affair. Putting one of their tribe to death was at all times meritorious, and in fact it would have been considered a sort of indecorum to trouble the king's courts about the matter. While Duncan was at large, to be sure, the king's court fulminated indictments and other documents against him, which did him no harm, while they furnish us, through their hard formality of statements, with some glimpses of his ferocious and sanguinary life. One of them says how, under "silence of night," he came to the house of one of the retainers of Breadalbane, "and by force took him furth of his said h^ous, and by way of murder strake him with whingairs (or hangers), and cruelly slew him, and spalvet and took from him his purse, and in it the sum of forty pounds; and incontinent thereafter passed to the lands of Killin, to the house of ane pure man called John McBean, piper, and there assegit the said house and brake the doors thereof, and by force took the said John forth of the samin, and strake his head from his body and cruelly slew him." Professor Innes says, "There is poetry in the wild wail of the chained robber, and moreover a sense of natural beauty and a tenderness of feeling which we do not look for in writers of that age, and which no earlier Scotch poet had expressed so well, if we except the admirable Gavin Douglas."*

This sense of natural beauty and tenderness are the specialties that are significant to the present purpose. The poem is a satire of that kind which clothes in the attributes of the loved and the beautiful whatever is most loathed and detested. It is in the same vein of the burlesque that in the *Pickwick Papers* the dirty ruffians clustering about a debtors' prison of the old type, are found sentimentally moralizing over past scenes of London street brutality, as Byron muses on his boy-feelings and the dreams he then dreamt under the shadow of Lochnagar, or as Waverley recalled all that had passed between his first and second visit to Tully-Weolan. So when Neddy is called upon to remember the pugnacious butcher, Tom Martin: "Bless my dear eyes," said Mr. Roker, shaking his head slowly from side to side, and gazing abstractedly over the grated window before him,

as if he were fondly recalling some peaceful scene of his early youth; "it seems but yesterday that he whopped the coal-heaver down Fox-under-the-Hill, by the wharf there. I think I can see him now a-coming up the Strand between the two street keepers, a little sobered by the bruising, with a patch o' vinegar and brown paper over his right eyelid, and that 'ere lovely bull-dog as pinned the little boy arterwards a-following at his heels. What a rum thing time is, ain't it, Neddy?" The old satirist finds his fun in the grotesqueness of linking ideas of sentiment and poetry with Highland scenery; the modern novelist finds his in linking such ideas with low London life.

The Lowlander viewed the Highland reiver of that day with loathing, and a contempt only modified by terror. Even the panic of rage, fear, and antipathy, aroused in the London mind two years ago against the ticket-of-leave men whom imagination set garotting in every street, was something far inferior. To put poetical sentiment and feeling into the mouth of one of the accursed race was high irony. It was heightened by making the events of his savage criminal life the object of his tender reminiscences. It was still further heightened by the physical character of the places on which his affections alighted.

Instead of lawns and pleached alleys, fair gardens and fountains, it was that howling wilderness, that abode of horrors—the Highlands of Perth and Inverness—the district which all the fashionable world now delight in. To speak of Glendochart, Glenloch, Glenurchy, Breadalbane, Loch Tay, and Strathern, was sufficient to call up sensations of the most lively horror and disgust.

The reiver's sentimental reminiscences point to two distinct elements of Highland scenery, each adored in the present day for its special beauties. The one was where he got his prey, the other where he hid it and himself. Along all the streams there are straths or haughs of rich alluvial land. Until sheep-farming began, these were the only productive tracts close to the Highlands, and their acreage was valuable as well for its fruitfulness as its narrowness. But there was one terrible element in the price paid by the Lowland peasant who cultivated these straths—the ceaseless vigilance and contest with "the Children of the Mist"—who occupied the rocky recesses rising close over them. At that time the ethnic position towards each other of the Celtic freebooter and the Lowland farmer was about as antagonistic as that of the Red Indian to the Pilgrim Father in New England.

Our extracts may possibly have been read without a suspicion that the author had not

* *Sketches*, p. 365.

himself some sympathy with the old Highlander bidding an eternal farewell to the scenery which he loved. The fact is that the asterisks in the quotations represent some lines that would have revealed the wolf. For instance, there is pleasant Strathierne, "most comely for to know"—that was a tempting district, rather far off from the places of retreat, and also rather strong in a warlike Lowland peasantry, but rich in cattle, and worth a great venture. After the sentimental lines, there follow these—

"I rugged thy ribs till oft I made them roar,
Gar thy wives, if they will do no more,
Sing my dirge after usum Sarum,
For oft time I gart them alarum."

To those who know the local history of the times, this rugging of the ribs calls up a scene of horror such as, in later times, has only been realized by the Indian scalplings of distant settlements in America, or the Sepoy rebellion in India.

It will serve, perhaps, still more distinctly to emphasize the antagonism between the existing and the older notions about the Highlands, to remember that this Duncan McGregor was just a Roderic Dhu, and that nothing was more natural than that about his out-premises there might be seen wandering some captive maniac, like Blanche,

"Tane in the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devon side."

All the world knows about the loveliness of Ellen's Isle, and the heroic and romantic incidents of which a rich poetic fancy, by selecting the picturesque elements out of realities, made it the theatre. Thousands are the pilgrims who have worshipped at the shrine, and found it even lovelier than they expected in its rich feathering of birch and aspen. But to respectable persons of the sixteenth century, it was a den of Cacus, infested by murderers, and a great emporium of stolen goods. In the indictments it was called Island Varnoch, a picturesque enough name, which might have been of use to Scott, if he had fallen on it. Some persons were indicted for the slaughter of John Macgillies, several thefts of horses and cattle, and "being in company with Duncan Macewan Macgregor, called The Tutor, at the burning of Aberuchel, where seven men were slain, three bairns were burnt, twenty kine and oxen were stolen, reft, and away taken." And the next accusation is for "taking part with the rebels and fugitives that took to the isle called Island Varnoch, and taking into the said isle of eight score kine and oxen, eighteen score sheep and goats, stolen, reft, and away taken from the inhabitants of the country about," "whilk," as the document elsewhere says,

"were eaten and slain by them within the said island."* The place was viewed with horror as the dwelling of creatures, filthy, ferocious, and half-naked, who lived like wild beasts, surrounded by the bones, the refuse, and the rotting carcases of the animals they had stolen. But a still more revolting suspicion hung around them—that of cannibalism. It was often recalled how St. Jerome said he had seen the Celtic Scots eating human flesh, and had noticed how they relished the more succulent parts of the bodies of women and young people. The suspicion that the Highlanders were cannibals lingered in England later than the '45. In that exceedingly popular book, Captain Johnston's *Lives of Highwaymen and Robbers*, there is a specific and sober account of Sawney Bean and his gang who had eaten away to such an extent as to have told on the census if there had been one. If, therefore, the inhabitants of the isle had sedulously tended a comely Lowland maiden such as Ellen Douglas, they might have borne the suspicion sometimes incurred by New Zealanders when attentive to the feeding of their missionaries; that is, always supposing her to have been as Wordsworth puts it—

"A creature not too wise and good
For human nature's daily food."

To come back to the ordinary poetic literature of Scotland. William Drummond, as every tourist knows pretty well, possessed one of the most charming little specimens of Scottish rock and river scenery in existence; but if he ever makes any allusion to it in his poetry, we have not discovered the passage. People say that strange piece of wild and plaintive musing, called a Cypress Grove—like a combination of Jeremy Taylor, Cicero, and Sir Thomas Browne—had reference to a grove of his own, but it was doubtless purely mythical. In some complimentary verses addressed to him by his contemporary the Earl of Stirling, there is a distinct reference to his stream of Esk, and some other allusions to scenery, of which the reader may make the best he can. Thus—

"Swan which so sweetly sings
By Aska's banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard such strains,
Eternal fame thou to thy country brings;
And now our Caledon
Is by thy songs made a new Helicon.
Her mountains, woods, and springs,
While mountains, woods, springs be, shall
sound thy praise,
And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her
bays,
And kill these myrtles with enraged breath
Which should thy brows enwreath,

* Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, iii. 232.

Her floods have pearls, seas amber do send forth,
Her heaven hath golden stars to crown thy worth."

If the poet had in his mind the place

"Where Johnson sat in Drummond's classic shade,"

he did not deal with it as our modern poets do. But Lord Stirling—perhaps better known as Sir William Alexander, the founder of the Scottish baronetage of Nova Scotia—has left other touches which show that he and Drummond had some little enjoyment of Scottish scenery of the secondary kind. Thus—

"Those madrigals we sung amidst our flocks,
With garlands guarded from Apollo's beams,
On Ochils whiles, whiles near Bodotrian streams,

The echoes did resound them from the rocks,
Of foreign shepherds bent to try the states;
Though I, world's guest, a vagabond do stray,
Thou may thy store, which I esteem, survey."

Thus it appears that the two poets had companionable wanderings among the Ochils—a seat of very noble scenery, including the cleft rock on which Castle Campbell stands, the turbulent rocky break of the Devon called the Devil's Mill, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Calder Linn.

We shall find Scottish poets of a century later affording us fewer traces of a love of scenery even than this. There is a beautiful poem which, since the days of Leyden's and Scott's early investigations, has been at large in search of an author. It is called "Albania," and may be, for aught we know, quite familiar to our readers, though the original edition of it is a rarity, and even Leyden's *Scottish Descriptive Poems* in which it is reprinted, is not in every one's hands. It was first printed in 1737, the editor telling the world that it "was wrote by a Scottish clergyman some years ago, who is since dead." Aaron Hill—who, as we have seen, travelled in Scotland—was much struck by this piece, and endeavoured to express his appreciation of it in poetry:—

"Known though unnamed since, shunning vulgar praise,

Thy muse would shine, and yet conceal her rays."

All that internal evidence tells is, that he lived in Aberdeen, whether a native of that district or not. This poem rather deals with the material elements of the country's strength, than with anything æsthetic. In the noble simplicity and beauty with which it describes vulgar material objects it might be compared to Raphael's arabesques. But touches of a sense of the beautiful in nature break through it, and the concluding lines testify that the author enjoyed wild scenery:

"There view I winged Skye and Lewes long,
Resort of whales, and Uist where herrings swarm,

And talk, at once delighted and appalled
By the pale moon with utmost Hirta's seers,
Of beckoning ghosts, and shadowy men that bode

Sure death. Nor there doth Jura's double hill
Escape my sight; nor Mull, though bald and bare;

Nor Islay, where erewhile Macdonalds reigned.
Thee too Lismore! I hail St. Moloch's shrine;
Inchgall, first conquered by the brand of Scots;
And filled with awe of ancient saints and kings:
I kiss, O Icolmkill, thy hallowed mould.

Thus, Caledonia, many-hilled, to thee
End and beginning of my ardent song;
I turn the Druid's lyre, to thee devote
This lay, and love not music but for thee."

There is here a germ of the pure feeling for Scottish scenery which is not to be found in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, pastoral though it be. It has often been remarked that Allan's shepherds have a kind of Cowgate twang about them, and the imperfection of his descriptive power is to this day a distraction and torment to hapless tourists, in this respect, that there are two rival competitors—quite unlike each other—for the honour of being the genuine "Habbie's How."

There is a powerful revelation of the feeling of the day in that beautiful little ode of Smollett's on Leven Water. The tourist now rushes as fast as he can past that commonplace stream—no better than an ordinary English river—ardent to seek the inner wilds of Glenfalloch or Balquhider. It was probably the immediate contrast with such abominations that inspired the poet to sing how—

"No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly rambles o'er its bed
With white round polished pebbles spread.
While lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine."

It would almost seem as if these mellifluous lines were made so attractive to draw off attention from the earlier stages of these waters, tossing down the sides of the mountains in their disreputable ruffianism; yet at this day it is in this early stage, and not in their reputable condition as "a charming maze," that the waters which, in the Falloch and other roaring torrents, toss themselves into

Loch Lomond, and pass through to the Firth of Clyde, delight the pleasure-seeker.

James Thomson was an exquisite describer of nature, but he chose English nature for his theme, discarding the claims of the wild Border land in which he passed his youth, as well as those of the North Highlands in which he was a sojourner. Yet it is possible to detect here and there the tone of one whose eye had been educated in scenery wilder than he describes. For instance, that fine descriptive touch—

“Where o’er the rock the scarcely waving pine,
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.”

His account of the shepherd lost in the snow is thoroughly moorland, and in the *Castle of Indolence*, there is a picture one would carry home to the Highland forests—which were more abundant in his day than they are now:—

“Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable silent solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
move,
As idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And, up the hills on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard to flow.”

Another poet was much more untrue to his native hills, though he professed to sing of them. This was Alexander Ross, the author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*. That work is a remarkable testimony to a phenomenon which might be termed absolute blindness to sublimity in scenery. The cottage of its author may still be seen in the wild pass fortified by the old tower of Invermark, whence rises up an array of vast mountains rough and precipitous—the group of which the chief is Byron’s Lochinvgair. The author had not the excuse of seeking distant classical scenery for neglecting what were thus continually in his eye, for the incidents of the poem are entirely Highland. They turn on the event thus curtly set down—

“Nae property these honest shepherds pled,
All kept alike, and all in common fed;
But ah! misfortune, whilst they feared no ill,
A crowd of Ketterin did their forest fill;
On ilka side they took it in wi’ care,
And in the ca’ nor cow nor ewe did spare.”

They carried off the heroine—and hence the story. But it is all mythical and fancy pastoral, a good deal like Barclay’s *Argenis*, which the author, who was a scholar, seems to have had in his eye. In one place, he gives a very pretty little description of a scene which shows that he could paint with

the pen—but he goes down the glen for it, describing a scene purely lowland.

“The water keely on a level slid
Wi’ little din, but couthy what it made.
On ilka side the trees grew thick and strang,
And wi’ the birds they a’ were in a sang;
On every side, a full bowshot and mair,
The green was even, gowany, and fair;
With easy sklen on every hand the braes,
To right well up, wi’ scattered busses raise.
Wi’ goats and sheep abone, and ky below,
The bonny braes a’ in a swarm did go.”

On the supposition that the love of mountain scenery is an acquired taste, and that the first and most natural objects of human admiration are things made by human hands, one would expect the waterfall to be the first prominent object taken up as the taste for nature advances, and so in practice we find it to be. Among what may be called the rugged elements of nature, the cataract was the first to be tolerated. It presented an immediate analogy to the fountain—a very ancient ornament. When water power came into use, it was impossible to resist admiration of a phenomenon which was so grand an exaggeration of the mill-race, from the edge of which careful mothers drew their children with a shudder. It was an admiration like Hajji Baba’s, who, when told that the huge steamship was moved by the vapour of boiling water, said that it must have the great-grandmother of all kettles on board. The Romans *made* waterfalls; articles that laugh to scorn such productions as the cataract at Virginia Water. There was Tivoli, and also Terni, “a hell of waters where they howl and hiss,” as Byron said. He pronounced it to be the first waterfall in Europe, Handec being the second; but we suspect he is wrong, and that there are finer specimens than either in Norway or Bavaria.

There was something in the geological conditions of waterfalls to facilitate early familiarity with them. The finest of them belong to accessible countries. The feeders up among the far recesses of the mountains have not wealth enough of water to make a great display, and have only the interest of wild, little, restless, raving torrents through dungeons walled in by closing rocks. Even when the burn descends from near the top of a mountain to the glen below, there are few high leaps—sometimes to the hunter after the picturesque provokingly few. The adjustment to each other of the masses of primitive rock through which they generally pass makes it so. It is when the streams have united and swollen into rivers, and then find the terraces on the lower ranges of the mountains, that the most notable waterfalls exist—witness Niagara, where the fall is from

a terrace in a country comparatively flat. Niagara was known and wondered at long before people cared for other kinds of wild scenery—dry scenery we might call it, if we were to frame a tourist nomenclature on the principles of the commercial room. We know this from a large old engraving of it—seventeenth century work evidently. So early as the year 1678, indeed, a certain Johannes Herbinus wrote a systematic dissertation on cataracts, full of curious reading and curious plates.*

The chief Scottish falls are very accessible. Those of the Clyde in the midst of agriculture and manufactures; the Grey Mare's Tail close to a high-road through the pass from one district to another; the falls of Devon in a fruitful vale; and even Foyers, not far from a frequented high-way and a navigable loch. At Corra Linn there is, or used to be, a testimony to its popularity, at a time when mountain scenery was not only neglected but detested. This is a summer-house built in a substantial manner by Sir James Carmichael of Boninton in 1708. "From its uppermost room," says the parish clergyman in the old Statistical Account, "it affords a very striking prospect of the fall; for all at once, on throwing your eyes towards a mirror on the opposite side of the room from the fall, you see the whole tremendous cataract pouring as it were upon your head." The founder of this summer-house had probably been a travelled man, who brought such an idea home with him as one of the ingenious resources of the polite world abroad, which, fortunately, has not been extensively adopted among us. The falls of the Clyde have been celebrated in a poem of the middle of last century by the elder John Wilson, who deals in powerful metaphors:—

"Where down at once the foaming waters pour,
And tottering rocks repel the deafening roar;
Viewed from below, it seems from heaven they fell,
Seen from above, they seem to sink to hell."

Thus we find people so far awakened to a hankering for the picturesque as to find something to feed it on in a cataract. The phenomenon is, in fact, calculated to awaken the lowest and least æsthetic instincts of curiosity. It is a seeming insurrection against the orderly conditions of nature—a row, a kick-up, a great splutter. The persons who rush to see a fire or a street outbreak, feel something genial in it. It thus drew attention when the taste for scenery was in an extremely chaotic condition. Of those who

looked upon the cataract with a touch of feeling higher than the brutal love of the phenomena of disorder, some would naturally extend their allegiance to the other and calmer portions of the stream that had caught their attention by impetuously dashing itself over the rock. If they did so, their thoughts would come into communion with other and deeper sensations tending to consecrate rivers in the love and almost the devotion of the people. There has long been a reverence for the chief rivers in Scotland. There are traces of the same feeling in other countries, and it has its causes, like every other phenomenon; but this is not the occasion for investigating them. That the feeling has in Scotland come under the eye of the very highest authority in such matters, is shown when we recall Frank Osbaldistone approaching the upper reaches of the Forth in that weary ride with the Bailie and Andrew Fair-service. "'That's the Forth,' said the Bailie with an air of reverence, which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement."

There is scarcely a river of any note in Scotland that cannot boast some considerable poetic tribute. Even so modest a stream as the Don has been solemnized once in Latin hexameters, and twice at least in vernacular verse. Collectors in this department of Scottish topography are acquainted with a thin quarto volume called *Donaides*, professing to be the produce of the genius and scholarship of Joannes Ker, Professor of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen. The professor, however, influences the tenor of this effort more than the pastoral poet. There is little in it either about the river or the scenery, and it concentrates on the university to which its author belonged—standing near the mouth of the river—and a Mæcenas of the establishment, whose munificence probably influenced the author's income. The river nymphs, of course, bear trophies and tribute to him, among the items of which are myrtles, laurels, and other vegetables, which do not naturally grow on the banks of the Don. There is a very small scrap in the vernacular called "A Poem in imitation of *Donaides*, by David Malloch, A. M." This is the same man who afterwards earned celebrity in England as David Mallet—the same who was hired by the Duchess of Marlborough to write the history of the great duke, and managed so successfully in his talk about what was gone over in this division and that chapter, that he got paid for the completion

* *Dissertationes de Admirandis Mundi cataractis, supra et subterraneis, earumque Principio, auctore M. Johanne Herbinio, Bicinâ-Silesio, Amsterdæ. 1678.*

of the book when he had not written a line of it. His poem is a bad translation of part of the bad Latin original.

It is instructive as to old notions of what was worth seeing and commemorating in Scotland, that the Don was evidently a much greater favourite than its neighbour the Dee, now revered as gathering round its upper reaches some of the most beautiful and most sublime scenery to be found in Scotland. The Don was a more substantially affluent stream, as sweeping between good corn and pasture lands. There was an old saying, "Don for corn and horn; and Dee for fish and tree." No special efforts of the muse were ever bestowed on the Dee, until just the other day the scholarly Dr. Adamson printed his *Arundines Devee*. The river was perhaps for the first time named in known poetry when, nearly contemporaneously, Hogg sung "the grisly rocks that guard the infant rills of Highland Dee;" and Byron in his forbidden poem said—

"For auld lang syne brings Scotland—one and all—

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills,
the clear streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgownie brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my tenderer dreams
Of what I then dreamt."

The Tay has a poet-laureate of its own, whose work is very peculiar, puzzling its reader with the question whether it is or is not to be counted a work of genius. It is called *The Muses Threnodie*, which means the mournful muses.* It is a sort of *In Memoriam*, the memory of one who had departed from among three sincere friends being ever recalled in mournful numbers. The parts of the poem are ranged, like the history of Herodotus, by the order of the nine muses, but the special function of each has as little influence on the character of the division devoted to her, as she has on the unadorned narrative of the father of history.

One of the triumvirate of friends commemorated in the book was a George Ruthven, a physician in Perth. It appears that he was more than ninety years old when the book was published in 1638. He was a boy, of the age at which events leave an indelible impression, at the epoch of the Reformation, and he was thus able to distribute gossip about momentous acts. His anecdotes thus make Adamson's verses of some importance as authority in history. But Ruthven had

acquaintance with historical events coming rather too near to his own door. He belonged to the Gowrie family, who enacted the celebrated mystery with King James. Much as has been said about this, a good deal has still to be set forth, and may be so some day.

Adamson's poem has for some time been in much esteem among people curious in the literature and antiquities of Perthshire; its merits have not been to the same extent known to, and acknowledged by, the rest of mankind. It seems that the author of the poem was diffident about letting it out to the world. As his editor says, "Mr. Adamson was importuned by his friends to publish the two poems. He resisted their solicitations, but the request of his friend Mr. Drummond at last prevailed." This is William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Of course, to have excited his admiration, Adamson's muse is classical. In estimating it critically, one must remember that it belongs to the very beginning of the classic epoch, and was of such kind as, had it appeared half a century later, would have been termed imitative and conventional. But such as it is, it is original, and it is so unlike anything written in the present day, that we are perhaps better judges of its merit than our grandfathers, who were cloyed with such stuff. To those, indeed, who have got a little tired, first of the Scott and Byron, and next of the Tennyson and Longfellow school, matter like the following, which is the opening of "The eighth muse," will almost be refreshing:—

"What blooming banks sweet Earn, or fairest Tay,

Or Almond doth embrace! these many a day
We haunted! where our pleasant pastorals
We sweetly sung, and merrie madrigals.
Sometimes bold Mars, and sometimes Venus
fair,

And sometimes Phœbus' love we did declare;
Sometimes on pleasant plains—sometimes on
mountains,

And sometimes sweetly sung beside the foun-
tains.

But in these banks, where flows Saint
Conil's well,

The which Thessalian Tempe doth excell,
Whose name and matchless fame for to declare,
In this most doleful dittay must I spare;
Yet thus dar say, that in the world again
No place more sweet for muses to remain
For shadowing walks, where silver brooks do
spring,

And smelling arbours, where birds sweetly
sing,

In heavenly music warbling like Arion,
Like Thracian Orpheus, Linus, or Amphion,
That Helicon, Parnassus, Pindus fair,
To these most pleasant banks scarce can com-
pare.

These be the banks where all the muses dwell,

* "The Muses Threnodie, or Mirthful Mournings on the Death of Mr. Gall, containing a variety of pleasant poetical descriptions, moral instructions, historical narrations, and divine observations, with the most remarkable antiquities of Scotland, especially of Perth, by Mr. H. Adamson. Printed at Edinburgh, in King James's College, 1638."

And haunt about that crystall brook and well.

Into those banks chiefly did we repair,
From sunshine shadowed—and from blasting
air,

Where with the muses we did sing our song."

The word "mountains" occurs in this passage, but it is used in a kind of pastoral sense. What comes more to the point is, that the pilgrims of the Tay begin a few miles above Perth and sail downwards. The haugh or alluvial land here begins, and broadens downwards till it forms the broad, flat Carse of Gowrie. These carse lands were then the only portions of Scotland that resembled those broad acres of England that have been covered for centuries with oaks and apple-trees and wheat. It was entirely on these fruitful plains that Adamson indulged his melancholy muse. We hear nothing from him about the majestic scenery of the upper regions of the river, now so ardently frequented by admiring pilgrims. He notices the Almond, thinking of the flat meadows through which it passes just before its junction with the Tay, but he has nothing to do with the narrow rocky glen some twenty miles farther up, where is the reputed grave of Ossian, now known to every reader by those wild lines of Wordsworth which so haunt the memory, "In this still place, remote from men."

The Clyde is a sort of antithesis of the Tay and of most other rivers. It flows towards the Highlands. We have already dealt with the poet who commemorates its cataracts. He duly traces the stream down, describing all the specialties of scenery and life around it, to

"Where Bute's green bosom spreads to meet
the day,

Round Rothesay's towers the morning sun-
beams play."

Around are the Argyleshire mountains and the peaks of Arran. The author has manfully done his poetic duty on streams, cataracts, bridges, lawns, forests, gardens, sheep pastures, fish and fishers, shepherds, shepherdesses, and all the old accepted elements of poetry. He has even gone out of the old routine to give poetic dignity to coal mines, manufactories, shipyards, salt-works, and various other institutions with which the real has much more to do than the ideal. He seems, however, to be entirely at a stand for inspiration when he gets into that grand group of mountain scenery which it is difficult for us now to imagine any one looking at without feeling the impulses of poetic thought throbbing within him. Having bestowed his homage on Bute and the Cumbræes in due proportions, he could not evade Arrán. He seems to have been sore per-

plexed how to deal with those vast porphyry rocks, but with a poetic ingenuity that does him credit he evades the difficulty by getting immediately to the top of Goatfell; turning his back on the grand mountain masses on the other side, he keeps his eye steadily on Ayrshire, where he receives the favourite themes of his muse:—

"Far look thy mountains, Arran, o'er the main,
And far o'er Cunningham's extensive plain;
From Loudon Hill and Irvine's silver source,
Through all her links they trace the river's
course;

View many a town in history's page enroll'd,
Decay'd Kilwinning and Ardrossan old;
Kilmarnock low, that 'mid her plains retires,
And youthful Irvine that to fame aspires.
In neighbouring Kyle, our earliest annals
boast,

Great Colin fell, with all his British host;
His antique form, with silver shining bright,
In pleasant Caprington delights the sight."

If we professed to give anything beyond a mere sketch of superficial phenomena, and were to aspire at philosophy, we might endeavour to explain how the eye's enjoyment of a river would naturally extend to the immediate landscape around it, and so travel onwards. But we have the fact that, physically, rivers open up scenery. They do so not merely in fishing and navigable traffic. Their alluvial banks are, as we have seen, the readiest fertile ground, and they at the same time afford natural levels for inland transit. These two causes will be sufficient to account for the houses of the gentry having been placed on the river's edge wherever such a site was available. It will be hard to find an instance of a laird in possession of a margin of river building out of sight of it. Probably, in most instances, the mansions were built on principles of pure utilitarian convenience, long before the owners discovered that the prospect commanded by them was beautiful.

It is a remark, partaking of a truism, that accessibility promotes the popularity of scenery. What nature in this respect owes to science is well exemplified in the district we are now speaking of—the Highlands accessible from the Clyde. It is almost impossible to estimate the blessings which this pleasure-ground is to Glasgow. It raises one of the densest, dirtiest, and most immoral conglomerates of humanity to a stage above many of the finest cities of the empire, as a place of residence of one who must live in a city. There is a sort of compensating spirit in that steam which, having made the mills, created also the delightful place of refuge from their dust and din. No wonder that James Watt is a sort of deity here. How, even with the luxuries of the Saut-Market, Glasgow could have been endurable without this refuge, it is

difficult to conceive. But the adaptability of the human animal is amazing, and there are those who can find satisfaction anywhere. Nay there is a very genial picture of what are the enjoyments—the moral enjoyments—of a Gorbals or Stockwell Street, without steamers, in a clever little book called *Rambles round Glasgow*.

The stratum of transition, to use a geological phrase, where the love of waters passes on to their rocky banks, may be hit at Dunkeld, where the soft in forest and meadow blends into the wild. In Captain Slezer's hard engravings of Scottish towns and mansions, scratched about the period of the Revolution, there is just one in which an attempt is made to bring out picturesqueness in mountain scenery, and that one is of Dunkeld. The scene becomes still more picturesque when it is transferred into the *Délices de la Grand Bretagne* of Beverell, printed in 1727, where it is said of Dunkeld that it stands "dans une campagne, où l'on voit d'un côté d'agréables forêts et de l'autre de hautes montagnes pelées et fort roides qui semblent la menacer de leurs cimes."

Towards the end of the last century, Highland scenery obtained a considerable rise in the market through the combined influence of four great social powers, all working separately and independently of each other, but all helping in one cause. These were, Pennant the traveller, Jane Duchess of Gordon, Robert Burns, and James Macpherson. Pennant, who is now much forgotten, was an eccentric man of genius. Perhaps he is less remembered for his books than for that enmity of his towards the prevailing fashion of wigs, which make his portraits look, even at the present day, as if there were something wanting that should accompany the single-breasted coat and huge waistcoat, and must have brought on him when in the flesh an amount of social torment, which nothing but the strongest sense of an imperious duty could strengthen any human being to endure. One story about him is, that in a tavern in Coventry he had taken such offence at the wig of a peppery old colonel, that nothing would serve him but to snatch it and throw it in the fire; whereupon he had to run for his life, and the community of Coventry—renowned for a rather remarkable procession in old times—were blessed with the vision of the bald traveller fleeing before a bald warrior with a drawn sword in his hand.

Pennant had great influence in his day. He described everything he saw, and described it with spirit. Pottering among his heavy quartos, written in an old-fashioned style, one might suppose that all his influence was through hard pounding, but it was not so.

He was repeated in the periodicals of the day, for his was an age of many magazines, nearly all of which lived by extracts, without professing to give a single original sentence. There was, besides the library quartos, a drawing-room abridgment of his Tour in *The British Tourists' or Travellers' Pocket Companion*. The volumes are very readable; so readable indeed as to be now rare, because they were used up. It was through Pennant that the world first received the eloquent outpouring of admiration and surprise with which Sir Joseph Banks commemorated his discovery of Fingal's Cave. It was by Pennant, too, if we mistake not, that the poem on the ascent of Ben Lomond, scratched on a window-pane at Rowardennan, was first published, and became so popular that until lately no Scotch guide-book could any more dispense with it than it now can with

"The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way."

Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon,* was a very extraordinary woman. Her strong colours are now fading away almost to extinction, in fulfilment of the destiny of all social reputations. Had she not been a Duchess she would have been famous still, because, filling a rank insufficient within its own bounds to afford work for so active a spirit, she must have done something in literature or otherwise that posterity would have remembered. An anecdote about her father, Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, affords one of the boldest and sharpest of the retorts preserved in Dean Ramsay's pleasant *Reminiscences*, and shows the blood she inherited.

The three great points of the Duchess were her beauty, her wit, and her impudence. She was, to use a modern slang expression, "up to anything." In the great world she could hold her own with Fox and Talleyrand. But her remarkable powers enabled her to appropriate whatever was mentally remarkable in the small world without losing caste—the terror of all people of high rank when they unbend. Thus she had about her Lord Kames, Harry Erskine, Clerk of Eldin, and among men of genius, Beattie the poet and Robert Burns. The two last named were born peasants. The one had made himself a learned professor, and of course a gentleman entitled to hold his head up. The other was what all the world knows; but it served to allay his morbid irritation towards the world, to come within the influence of one so lofty, as to see little difference between the position of the country gentleman or eminent lawyer on the one side of her, and the

* See *North British Review*, No. lxxviii.

peasant poet on the other. She had a passion for the scenery in her neighbourhood, and it was worthy of her admiration. She lived on the western slope of the Cairngorm mountains, at almost the nearest inhabitable point to the grand scenery walled in by them. All the great folks had to go there whether they liked it or not, and the precipices and scenery of Braeriach and Ben Muich Dhui were thus better known in that day than they have been since. Her daughters succeeded to her taste. There was a story in the country—we forget whether it was about the mother or one of the daughters—how being one day on the top of Ben Muich Dhui with a child and a large dog, she was caressing the child, when the dog either in jealousy or fancying she was injuring the child, flew at her and bit her so as to pull part of the flesh of the forehead over her eyes, and so through that terrible wilderness she had to find her way home bleeding and blinded.

It seems to have been through this influence that Burns was prompted to sing of the Highlands, and of course whatever he said was well listened to. He did honour to Foyers, and the power of his pen is attested by the leafy covering that shelters the Brnar Water—the fruit of his poetic Petition. Still these are not Burns's great works, nor is his strong spirit in them. Though he proclaimed that his heart was in the Highlands, he never celebrated them with so much heart as in that yell of rage and disappointment in which he says—

“There's naething here but Hieland pride,
But Hieland scab and hunger.”

Burns seems to have loved lowland scenery best. This, of course, is matter of opinion, but we shall put it to something like a test. Every one knows the land of Burns as a professional tourist's district. That land is lowland, though it is close to a fine Highland district which would have been included in it, had Burns been partial to wandering there. He sang of the “banks and braes of bonny Doon,” blooming so fresh and fair; this is the lowland part of the Doon where it winds through the pastures of Ayrshire. But far up, the Doon roars between great walls of rock, and brings you to a lake surrounded by grand mountains of granite. This region where Kirkcudbrightshire and Ayrshire meet would have been in itself probably an illustrious touring district, but for the ease with which the western Highlands are reached.

Throughout Macpherson's Poems of Ossian, however, which, though written earlier, reached the climax of their celebrity about the same time, there is quite a Highland spirit. It is not that there are set descriptions of

scenery, but there is a feeling that the whole action goes on in a land of wild heaths, great mountains, torrents, tempests, and ancient forests. People have occupied themselves so much about the great question of genuineness that they have overlooked the mighty poetic genius of the author. Whatever he got from authentic sources, the scenery is his own, for it is not the way of the old Irish writers to touch it. Indeed this was one of the metamorphoses necessary in the subtraction of the stories from Ireland and their adaptation to Scotland, since the portion of Ireland ruled by Fingal or the Fin M'Coull of the annalists has little or no mountain scenery. He does not deal in detailed pictures of scenery, but the feeling of it is in almost every line, and sometimes a little sketch weaves itself into the narrative, as in the description of an ancient tomb: “A mountain stream comes roaring down, and sends its waters round a green hill. Four mossy stones in the midst of withered grass rear their heads on the top. Two trees which the storms have bent spread their whistling branches around. This is thy dwelling, Eragon; this thy narrow house.” Or take a passage from the many addresses to the sun: “Thou too, perhaps, must fail: thy darkening hour may seize thee, struggling as thou rollest through the sky. But pleasant is the voice of the bard—pleasant to Ossian's soul. It is like the shower of the morning when it comes through the rustling vale on which the sun looks through mist just rising from his rocks. . . . Pleasant is thy beam to the hunter sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou showest thyself from the parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks; he looks down on the streamy vale, and beholds the descent of roes.” Again: “Pleasant from the way of the desert the voice of music came. It seemed at first the voice of a stream far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill, like the ruffled wings of a breeze when it takes the tufted beards of the rocks in the still season of night.” The poems of Ossian were one of the literary feats that from time to time have taken the world by storm. They filled the hearts of their readers with their own sentiment; and thus the roaring of the mountain-torrents, the sighing of the winds among the rocks, the grey moors, and the stormy hill-tops were rescued from vulgarity; they were associated with the sublimity, instead of the coldness, bleakness, and sterility that chilled the soul of Captain Burt.

Still there were several steps ere the passion for scenery in its present shape reached its climax in the *Lady of the Lake*.

It is a pleasant task to endeavour to throw a little sunshine on a reputation which has been overshadowed by another. Of all those

who have heard of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, only a few have heard of the little book called "Sketches descriptive of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire," published in 1806, by Patrick Graham, minister of Aberfoyle. Though it was Scott who made the Trossachs illustrious, Graham was their discoverer. This book is meritorious and curious in literature, from its being among the earliest not only to notice the specialties of Highland scenery, but to notice them in the same æsthetic spirit in which they are now cultivated. Take this—

"Ben-Venue, in Aberfoyle, is perhaps one of the most picturesque mountains in Britain. Its height is about 2800 on the north; besides the immense masses of rock which appear in this and in all other mountains to have been, by some convulsion of nature, torn from the summit, the whole slope is covered, for two-thirds upwards, with alders, birches, and mountain ashes of ancient growth, and sprinkled over the surface with a grace and beauty unattainable by the hand of art. At the first opening of Loch Katrine especially, and for a considerable way along the lake, the shoulder of Ben-Venue stretching in abrupt masses towards the shore, presents a sloping ridge, elegantly feathered with birches, in a style which the pencil may in some degree exhibit, but which verbal description cannot possibly represent."

He offers his advice to the visitor in a way which shows his decided conviction that he was revealing to the world what it was a great loser by not being acquainted with, and the crowds who have since flocked thither confirm his testimony. Having induced his stranger to visit his favourite district, he says—

"On entering the Trossachs, let him remark on the right the beautiful disposition into which nature has thrown the birches and the oaks which adorn the projecting cliffs; let him remark the grouping of the trees, with their elegant figure and form. Some aged weeping birches will attract. Ben-Au and Ben-Venue will present at every step varied pictures. In passing through the dark ravine that opens on Loch Katrine, whilst he admires again the disposition of the birches, the hawthorn, the hazels, and oaks, and mountain ashes, let him remark an echo produced by the concave rock on the left, which, though too near to repeat many syllables, is remarkably distinct and loud. Immediately on entering Loch Katrine, let him attend to the magnificent masses of Ben-Venue as they tumble in upon the eye from the south; there can be nothing more sublime."

Observe we are not maintaining that this would be either very remarkable thinking or very fine writing were it some quarter of a century nearer us. There are some conventionalisms of a past style in it, not in full harmony with the genius of the place, such as

the word "elegant," which reminds you of the Irish guides at Killarney, with their "illigant" waterfalls and "illigant" echoes. But remember that Mr. Graham is a beginner of a school. We test him as we do Chaucer in poetry, or Van Eyck in painting, and in this sense he challenges admiration and respect.

He proposed that some plan should be taken to open up his favourite district by giving visitors the means of accommodation. Recent pilgrims to the Trossachs will perhaps be amused by the modest bound within which he retained his suggestions. "It has often," he says, "occurred to the writer of this sketch, that it might well reward the trouble and expense of the innkeepers of Callander, or of the occupier of the farm of Brenechyle, on which the northern part of this celebrated scenery lies, to build a cottage either at the eastern extremity of the lake, or in a small neck of land which runs into it about a mile to the west. Two comfortable bedrooms, with a kitchen and an open shade, with some provisions for horses, would be enough. There from the 1st of May to the 1st of November should a servant be kept, and a supply of provisions sent from time to time from the inn at Callander or Aberfoyle."

Worthy Mr. Graham was not aware of the splendid destiny that awaited the spot on which he had bestowed his affections. Had Scott, before he wrote the *Lady of the Lake*, "invested" in a handsome hotel at the Trossachs, it would have been a better speculation than many he indulged in. There have been quack doctors who have acted in this managing way, setting up establishments on the chance of a system of cure to be promulgated by them becoming famous. Nature has a balance, however, in the distribution of her gifts, and perhaps the genius that could invent and perfect such a scheme is not the same as that which can create a great poem. No productions of the present day, not even Macaulay's History, created such a wild sensation as the great works which were the successive steps in fame to Scott and Byron. There are those alive who remember the astonishment of the country folks at the impetuous influx of all peoples, nations, and languages to their wild solitudes. The poem was a great wonder in its fresh novelty of social life as well as of scenery. We have seen how the same subject,—the life and social condition of a reiver,—was treated by an author, his contemporary. That author would doubtless have thought it just as impossible to make a hero out of a Roderic Dhu, as we would now think it impossible to make a hero out of any prowling thief who casts a furtive squint at the policeman as he skulks away.

ART. II.—*Epigrams, Ancient and Modern: Humorous, Witty, Satirical, Moral, Paenegyric, Monumental.* Edited, with an Introductory Preface, by the Rev. JOHN BOORN, B.A., Cambridge. London: Longman. 1863.

A book of English epigrams, original and translated, was a *desideratum* in our literature; but the want has not been supplied by the volume before us, which is a poor production. As a collection, it is neither select, complete, nor correct. It omits many good epigrams; it has a great preponderance of bad ones. It gives bad editions of some of the best; and it contains many things that are not epigrams at all. Take a few examples of its faults:—

“NOBILITY OF BLOOD.”

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella;
What can ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards?
Nothing; not all the blood of all the Howards.”
DRYDEN.”

Here we have two disconnected couplets from Pope's Essays, well enough known to be hackneyed, forced into union so as to do service as an epigram, the fourth line spoiled in the transcription, and the whole ascribed to Dryden.

One of Prior's best epigrams is the following, said to have been made extempore:—

“Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?”

This spirited and harmonious verse is thus transmuted in Mr. Booth's collection:—

“Gentlemen, here, by your leave,
Lie the bones of Matthew Prior:
A son of Adam and Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?”

Take another, in a different style of blundering:—

“ON TWO BEAUTIFUL ONE-EYED SISTERS.”

“Give up one eye, and make your sister's two,
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.”

With half an eye one may see that a one-eyed *sister*, even by becoming wholly blind, could not be a Cupid. But the lines are, in truth, an abridged translation of the elegant Latin epigram on a one-eyed *brother* and *sister*, by Hieronymus Amaltheus, which is to be found in Pope's *Selecta Poemata Italorum*, as well as in other collections:—

“Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos.

Blande puer, lumen, quod habes, concede sorori:
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.”

It is somewhat curious to trace this blunder of Mr. Booth's to its source, as we think we can do. The German poet Kleist had condensed this Latin epigram into a couplet, and to make it intelligible, had prefixed to it what the critics call a *lemma*, being a clumsy contrivance by which the title of the epigram furnishes a part of the explanation which the epigram itself should give. Kleist's title is thus given in German:—“An zwei sehr schöne, aber einäugige Geschwister.” Mr. Booth, or the authority from whom he borrows, has translated Kleist's production, but seems to have supposed that *Geschwister* meant *sisters*, whereas it here means a *sister* and *brother*.

We subjoin two translations of the original epigram, one of them by Charles Cotton, but neither, we fear, very successful:—

“Acon his right, Leonilla her left eye
Doth want; yet each in form the Gods outvie.
Sweet boy, with thine thy sister's light improve,
So shall she Venus be, and thou blind Love.”

“Acon his right eye, Leonilla mourns
Her left; yet each a god-like grace adorns.
Let but *your* eye, sweet boy, your sister's be;
Blind Cupid you'll become, bright Venus she.”

Malone, in his *Life of Dryden*, has given us another version by George Russell, which is more elegant, but more diffuse:—

“But one bright eye young Acon's face adorns,
For one bright eye fair Leonilla mourns.
Kind youth, to her thy single orb resign,
To make her perfect, and thyself divine;
For then, should Heaven the happy change allow,
She would fair Venus be, blind Cupid thou.”

So much for the execution of Mr. Booth's task. Let us now offer some remarks on the subject of the book.

Except in the single article of length, or rather of shortness, the Epigram presented to us in the Garland of Meleager is essentially different from the Epigram of Martial and of the modern school. The Greek model is chiefly marked by simplicity and unity, and its great beauties are elegance and tenderness. The other form of Epigram is, for the most part, distinguished by a duality or combination of objects or thoughts, and its excellence chiefly lies in the qualities of wit and pungency. The one kind sets forth a single incident or image, of which it details the particulars, in a natural and direct sequence. The other deals with a diversity of ideas, which it seeks to connect together by some unexpected bond of comparison or con-

trast. To minds familiar exclusively with the later style of Epigram, its more ancient namesake appears at first sight tame and insipid; but a better acquaintance with the beautiful epigrams of the Anthology reveals by degrees their true merit, and their high place in literature.

In what way these two different forms of composition came to pass under the same name, is not very easily understood; but perhaps the best explanation of it is that which has been suggested by Lessing. The original epigram was merely an inscription, and presupposed some column, statue, or other visible monument on which it was inscribed. The object thus presented was necessarily such as to excite attention and interest, and the inscription was framed to answer the inquiry to which the object gave rise. The more recent epigram is not properly an inscription, and has no visible or external counterpart to which it corresponds. But it supplies this want by something within itself. It sets out with some proposition calculated to excite curiosity, and to call for an answer or solution, which, after a short suspense, the close of the epigram proceeds to supply. From the nature of the case, the tendency of such a composition must be, to seek out relations of thought which will produce surprise; and hence it will come to deal chiefly with those ingenious analogies which are the essence of wit: a paradox stated, and reconciled to common sense; a groundless reproach turned into a compliment, or a compliment into a banter; a foolish jest exposed and refuted by a clever repartee; any difficulty propounded and dexterously evaded,—these, and similar developments of ideas, seem to constitute the true epigram of the more recent school. This view of Lessing's has been the subject of controversy, and it must be owned, that many things pass for epigrams that scarcely comply with his definition or description. Many a mere *bon-mot* receives, when versified, a name that it does not deserve. So also may a short story, or anecdote, or epitaph. But the model epigram of this class must, we think, consist of the two parts to which we have referred, and which may be termed the *preparation* and the *point*. Its best merits are exhibited in the startling or perplexing enunciation of the subject, in the unexpected and yet complete explication of the mystery or difficulty raised, in the dexterity with which the solution is for a time kept out of sight, and in the perfect propriety and felicity of the language employed throughout. The true epigram—whether serious or comic—whether sentimental or satirical—must always be short; for its object is to be quite portable, easily remembered, easily repeated, and easily

understood, so as to pass freely from mouth to mouth, and fasten readily in every memory.†

The respective merits of the *pointed* and the *pointless* epigram will always be differently estimated by different tastes. A man celebrated in his time, Navagerio or Navegarius, a Venetian senator of high classical attainments, had such a dislike to the style of Martial, that he kept, with solemn observance, a day in the year, when he committed to the flames three copies of that author, as a sacrifice to the manes and memory of Catullus, of whom he was an ardent admirer. Perhaps, however, this exhibition of feeling on his part had not reference merely or mainly to the epigrammatical style of the two poets. It was connected probably with the known preference which Navagerio gave to the pre-Augustan Latin writers, over those even of the Augustan age. The best poems of Catullus are far superior in delicacy and tenderness to any of Martial's; and if the address to Sirmio is to be called an epigram, Catullus is about the first epigrammatist that ever wrote. But according to modern ideas, few even of his minor poems can properly be called epigrams; and anything that he has written in that epigrammatic style seems to us of no very high order. There is scarcely room, therefore, for a comparison between the two poets, and men of catholic taste will be content to admire both writers in their several spheres without seeking to disparage either. In the pointed epigram, it seems undeniable that Martial was eminently successful, and that his best specimens abound, not only with wit and ingenuity, but with good sense and good feeling.

We do not intend here to enter on the consideration of the Greek Anthology. That subject was, in our own time, and at our own door, so admirably and exhaustively illustrated by one whose genius as a poet was most conspicuous in his criticisms on poetry, that it would be unpardonable in us to re-open the theme without having some ideas to offer more new or more striking than any we can hope to bring to the task. Neither shall we attempt to travel over the wide extent to which Epigram has been diffused through all modern literatures, whether clothed in classical or in vernacular language. That field, though hitherto but little explored, is too large and comprehensive, and the relations of its different parts are too complex and recondite to be embraced in any discussion of ordinary dimensions. The object of this paper will be to show the general principles which regulate the Modern Epigram, and to bring out the beauties and structure of our English epigrams, with such reference to compositions

of that kind in other languages as may suggest the influences under which our native epigrammatists have written, and the sources from which their manner or materials have been derived.

We have scarcely any eminent English poet that can be styled an epigrammatist. Ben Jonson has a book of 133 epigrams, but not many of them are quotable, or ever quoted, except some of a serious cast, which are not truly epigrammatic. Harrington's epigrams have merit; but they also, for the most part, are harsh and obsolete. By far our best writer of epigrams is Prior, though his epigrams are comparatively few in number, and some of them are of inferior merit. The great bulk of this commodity among us is supplied by authors unknown, or better known for other things; and by translations or paraphrases of favourite epigrams from Martial and from modern French writers.

We subjoin here a few of the best English epigrams, not for their novelty, but as illustrating the rules as to this mode of composition which we before indicated, and showing the different ways in which curiosity and suspense, surprise and satisfaction, may be produced, as well as the occasional deviations that occur from the right standard.

We begin with two or three of Harrington's Epigrams, the first of which is one of the best in the language, and is often quoted, but very seldom referred to its author.

"OF TREASON.

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason."

"OF SIXE SORTS OF FASTERS.

Abstinet Sixe sorts of folks I find use fasting days,
But of these sixe, the sixt I only prayse.

Aeger, The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat.

Egens, The poore doth fast, because he hath no meat.

Cupidus, The miser fasts, with mind to mend his store;

Gula, The glutton, with intent to eat the more;

Simia, The Hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy.

Virtus. The Virtuouse, to prevent or punish folly.

Now he that eateth fast, and drinks as fast,

May match these fasters, any but the last."

"OF ENCLOSING A COMMON.

"A lord that purposed for his more avayle,
To compass in a common with a rayle,
Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of every rayle, and every post;
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)
Said, Sir, provide your posts, and without fayling,

Your neighbours round about, will find you rayling."

"OF TWO WELSH GENTLEMEN.

"Two Squires of Wales arrived at a towne,
To seek their lodging when the sun was down;
And (for the In-keeper his gates had locked),
In haste, like men of some account they knocked.

The drowzy Chamberlaine doth aske who's there?

They told, that Gentlemen of Wales they were.

How many (quoth the man) are there of you?
They sayd, Heer's John ap Rees, ap Rise, ap Hew;

And Nicholas ap Giles, ap Stephen, ap Davy:
Then Gentlemen, adieu, (quoth he) God save yee.

Your Workshops might have had a bed or twaine,

But how can that suffice so great a traine?"

Those that follow we give almost at random, and without reference to chronology:—

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

"Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasure of the present day.'

'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,

'And give to God each moment as it flies.'

Lord, in my view let both united be,

I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

Doddridge.

"None, without hope, e'er loved the brightest fair:

But love can hope where reason would despair."

Lord Lyttleton.

"On parents' knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;

So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

Sir W. Jones, from the Persian.

"I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Lord Nugent.

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why."

*Dean Aldrich.**

"THE METAMORPHOSIS.

"The little boy, to show his might and pow'r,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r;

* This is a translation of the following lines:—

"Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis; atque futura;
Et vini bonitas; et qualibet altera causa."

Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable; but by th' mass
H' as metamorphosed me—into an ass."

Suckling.

"If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know:
But if he undergo it,
Tho' he know it,
What boots him know it?
He must undergo it."

*Suckling.**

"Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning
bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to
spend:
Poor Shifter! does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to
get.
Kind Fate and Fortune! blend them if you
can;
And of two wretches make one happy man."

Walsh.

"Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
'Like Samson I my thousands slay.'
'I vow,' quoth Roger, 'so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon, too.'"

Anonymous.

"With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

From the Greek.

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Rogers.

"To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit."

Prior.

"Ovid is the surest guide
You can name to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride—
Who resolves to go astray."

Prior.

"Brutus unmoved heard how his Portia fell;
Should Jack's wife die,—he would behave as
well."

Anonymous.

"When late I attempted your pity to move,
What made you so deaf to my prayers?"

* This is a translation of the Greek lines:—

Εἰ μὲν ἦν παθεῖν
'Α δεῖ παθεῖν,
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν,
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ παθεῖν.
Εἰ καὶ δεῖ παθεῖν
Α δεῖ παθεῖν,
Τί δεῖ παθεῖν;
Χρὴ γὰρ παθεῖν.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

Anonymous.

"When Tadloe treads the streets, the pavours
cry,
God bless you, Sir!—and lay their rammers
by."

Anonymous.

This last epigram seems to have been a great favourite with our forefathers. It is the last quoted in his preliminary essay by the worthy editor of the *Festoon*, Mr. Richard Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*. He gives it as an innocent and allowable allusion to personal peculiarities, nowise derogatory from the maxims in those lines which he so earnestly cites to us, "Cursed be the verse," etc., and we quite agree with him.

One writer there is, of English, or rather of Welsh birth, who wrote exclusively in Latin, and who is well entitled to the name of epigrammatist. John Owen, or Audoenus, a native of Caernarvonshire, an Oxford scholar, and ultimately a poor country school-master, published four successive sets of epigrams, which were collected into one volume, about the year 1620, and were received with great approbation both in this country and on the Continent. He appears to have been patronized and pensioned to some extent by Henry Prince of Wales, to whom some of his books were dedicated. He died in 1622.

A regular epigrammatist must, we suspect, be a singular and rather unhappy sort of man, with some of the idiosyncrasies and sorrows of a comic actor, a paid writer in *Punch*, or a professed punster. What is other men's amusement is his business. He is perpetually in pursuit of materials to make epigrams of. The various incidents and relations of life, whether serious or ludicrous, are regarded by him in only one point of view: as affording secret analogies or antitheses that may be put into an epigrammatic form. Owen seems to have been thoroughly imbued with this spirit. An epigram was to him everything. All the arts, all the sciences, all ranks, all professions in life, all things in heaven or on earth, human and divine, were epigrammatized by him. He seems, like Antony, to have been ready and willing to lose everything for the Cleopatra of his affections, and a remarkable instance is given of a sacrifice thus incurred by him. One of his epigrams, alluded to by all his biographers, is in these terms:—

"An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub judice lis est:
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat."

"If Peter ever was at Rome,
By many has been mooted:
That Simon there was quite at home,
Has never been disputed."

This playful allusion to the double relation of the name SIMON had a twofold effect on Owen's fate. It gained him a place in the Pope's *Index Expurgatorius*, and it lost him one in the will of a rich Catholic uncle. The same general idea we have seen elsewhere embodied in these lines—

"The Pope claims back to Apostolic sources;
But when I think of Papal crimes and courses,
It strikes me the resemblance is completer
To Simon Magus than to Simon Peter."

It has been observed by Lessing that it is impossible to read much of Owen at a time without a strong feeling of weariness, which he ascribes to the fact that the style of his epigrams is pedantic, and that he deals too much in abstract ideas, without the life-like pictures that a man of the world would have presented. There may be something in this view; but it should be remembered that epigrams are not food, but condiment, and that any large dose of them is both repulsive and unwholesome. The continued tension in which the mind is kept, and the rapid and renewed exertion that is constantly occasioned by passing from one unconnected set of ideas to another, produce the same sense of fatigue that we feel in an exhibition of pictures, even when the individual works are of high excellence.

Owen's epigrams, which are many hundreds in number, are of various merit; but they display a large amount of ingenuity and fertility of thought and fancy, with much rectitude of feeling, great neatness and terseness of expression, and no inconsiderable degree of learning and acquaintance with affairs. Some of them are not worth translating, and some are untranslatable, such as those which turn on mere verbal wit, as where Jacob and Esau are each said to have given *omne jus suum* to his brother. Others are excellent exercises in versification, and several translations of a great part of them have appeared. It is not within our purpose to dwell long upon them here; but we venture to subjoin a few of the more remarkable as a specimen:—

"Vis bonus esse? velis tantum, fiesque volendo:
Is tibi posse dabit, qui tibi velle dedit."

"Would you be good? then *will* to be; you'll
be so from that hour;
For He that gave you first the Will, will give
you then the Power."

Or thus:—

"Would you be good? the will is all you want:
By merely willing it, your wish is gained:
For He the needful Power will straightway
grant
From whom the rightful Will you first obtained.

"VOTUM SALOMONIS.

"Cur Regis sapientis erat Sapientia votum?
Optasset Salomon, si sapuisset, opes:
Non optavit opes Salomon; sapientius optat:
Nam sapere optavit: Cur? quia non sapuit."

"Solomon, had he been wise, would for Wealth
have preferred his petition;
Needless it were to have wished what he
already had got:
Wisely he asked not for Wealth, but for Wisdom
to mend his condition;
Was it because he was wise? No, but because
he was not."

"Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Dum ne sit Patiens iste, nec ille Cliens."

"Physic brings wealth, and Law promotion,
To followers able, apt, and pliant;
But very seldom, I've a notion,
Either to Patient or to Client."

"Hoc quod adest Hodie, quod nomen habebat
heri? Cras.
Cras Hodie quodnam nomen habebit? Heri.
Cras lentum, quod adest nunquam, nec abest
procul unquam,
Quonam appelletur nomine cras? Hodie."

"This day which now you call To-day,
What yesterday you called it, say:
We called it then To-morrow.
'And what its name to-morrow, pray?'
Why then, the name of Yesterday
'Twill be compell'd to borrow.

"To-morrow, too, which ne'er is here
But ever is advancing near,
A like fate will befall it:
It will to-morrow change its name,
And quite another title claim:
To-day we then must call it."

"Theiologis animam subjecit lapsus Adam;
Et corpus Medicis, et bona Juridicis."

"From Adam's fall behold what sad disasters!
Both us and ours it sells to various masters:
Our soul to Priests, our body to the Doctors,
Our lands and goods to Pleaders and to Proctors."

While on the subject of Latin Epigrams written by Englishmen, we may notice one of considerable merit, occasioned by the remarkable controversial incident said to have happened in the sixteenth century to the two Reynoldses, William and John: "Of which two brothers, by the way," so Peter Heylyn tells us in his *Cosmographie* (p. 303), "it is very observable, that William was at first a Protestant of the Church of England, and John trained up in Popery beyond the seas. William, out of an honest zeal to reduce his brother to this Church, made a journey to him; where, on a conference between them, so fell it out that John, being overcome by his brother's argument, returned into England, where he became one of the more strict or rigid sort of the English Protestants; and

William, being convinced by his brother John, stayed beyond the seas, where he proved a very violent and virulent Papist : of which strange accident, Dr. Alabaster, *who had made trial of both religions*, and amongst many notable whimsies, had some fine abilities, made the following epigram, which, for the excellency thereof and the rareness of the argument, I shall here subjoin :—

"LIS ET VICTORIA MUTUA.

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres
Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex :
Ille Reformatæ Fidei pro partibus instat,
Iste reformatam denegat esse fidem.
Propositis causæ rationibus, alterutrinque
Concurrere pares et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alteruterque,
Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
Captivi Gemini nullos habuere triumphos,*
Sed victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugnæ est? ubi victus gaudet
uterque,
Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet."

"Religious discord, when such feuds were rife,
Two Brothers roused to worse than civil
strife.

On Reformation's side the one was ranged;
The other wished the Ancient Faith unchanged.

In wordy war, th' opponents, nothing loath,
Rush'd on to battle, and were vanquish'd both.
Each, as he wish'd, the other's doctrine shook,
But each, as fate decreed, his own forsook :
No triumph from such victory could flow,
When both were found deserting to the foe.
Strange combat! where defeat with joy was
hail'd,

And where the conquerors grieved they had
prevail'd!"

Another of the same.

"Upon opposite sides of the Popery question
(The story's a fact, though it's hard of diges-
tion),

Two Reynoldses argued, the one with the
other,

Till each by his reasons converted his brother.
With a contest like this did you e'er before
meet,

Where the vanquish'd were victors, the win-
ners were beat!"

We shall here add a single but very cele-
brated epigram by one who received from a
brother poet the highest possible tribute of
praise—

("Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and
heaven :")

Crashaw, to whom we allude, is not, we
think, very happy in his English epigrams;

* Heylyn's reading is—

"Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt."

But we prefer what we have given in the text,
which is taken from another source.

but his Latin ones contain much beauty, and
that which we have selected is among the
best and most famous, though, strange to say,
it is often misquoted.

"AQUÆ IN VINUM VERSÆ.

"Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lym-
phis?

Quæ rose mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

"Why shine these waters with a borrowed
glow?

What rose has tinged the stream as forth it
gushed?

Ye Guests, a present Deity thus know;
The modest Nymph beheld her God, and
blushed."

There is, perhaps, a fault in this epigram,
as introducing in the close, by the use of the
word *Nympha*, a mythological idea into a
sacred scene; and the line would perhaps be
in better taste if we adopted the common but
incorrect reading—

"*Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*"

Of which there could be no better transla-
tion than the schoolboy's *impromptu* :—

"The modest water, awed by power divine,
Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine."

That our own countrymen may here not
wholly be overlooked, we shall give one La-
tin epigram, if it be not rather an epitaph,
by a Scottish writer, who belongs, indeed, to
the post-Augustan age; but the specimen we
select had the honour to be translated by the
greatest English poet of his age or party.
Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, whose writings if
well illustrated, would reveal a good many
curious particulars as to his own times, was a
thorough Jacobite and a firm Episcopalian;
though these opinions were, by his enemies
at least, thought to be quite compatible with
an absence of any genuine religious belief.
We insert his lines upon the death of the
Viscount of Dundee, with Dryden's ver-
sion :—

"IN MORTEM VICECOMITIS TAODUNENSIS.

"Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ :

Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.

Illa tibi supersedere negat, tu non potes illi :

Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale ;

Tuque vale, gentis prisæ fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Græmæ,
vale."

"Oh last and best of Scots! who didst main-
tain

Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the
throne.

Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldest thou her, nor could she thee survive.

Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate."

Dryden.

If British epigrammatists who have written in Latin are rather beyond our present beat, those of other countries who have done so are still more excluded. It would indeed be an endless task to review the innumerable writers of epigrams that the Continent has produced. We do not profess to have equalled the industry or undergone the sufferings of a very respectable compiler, who made a collection for the use of Eton School in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and who declares that, in the performance of his task, he had read as many as 20,000 epigrams, the most of which would have been rather a disgrace than an ornament to his book. He is particularly severe on the ineffable silliness of those which occur in the *Deliciæ* of the German poets: "*Ingentibus voluminibus ingentem absurdissimorum Epigrammatum numerum complexas.*"* This criticism is perhaps too indiscriminate. There are some excellent epigrams in several of the Italian and other Continental Latinists who are not Germans; and although the German mind is not peculiarly epigrammatic, we are disposed to believe that there, too, some pearls might be found hid among the rubbish. Of all collections we fear the rule must be what Martial at first laid down, *Sunt mala plura*. The writing of epigrams is like the casting of a net; we must be satisfied if an occasional good throw compensates for many failures.

We shall not, however, dismiss these Continental followers of Martial without giving a specimen of their compositions; and we shall first select for that purpose two of a peculiar character, which are models of their kind; but which are rather pointed descriptions of famous scenes than proper epigrams. The first is the celebrated description of Venice by Sannazarus, for which the Venetian Senate remunerated him at the rate of a handsome sum of gold for every line:—

"DE MIRABILI URBE VENETIS.

"Vicerat Hadriac's Venetam Neptunus in undis

Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari;
'Nunc mihi Tarpejas quantumvis, Jupiter, arces
Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis,' ait:

* Epigrammatum Delectus Ex omnibus tum veteribus, tum recentioribus poetis accuratè decerp- tus. In usum Scholæ Etonensis. Londini, 1686.

'Si pelago Tibrin præfers, urbem aspice utram- que;

Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.'"

"Neptune saw Venice on the waters stand,
And all o'er ocean stretch her wide command:
'Now, Jove,' he cried, 'boast those Tarpeian steepes

Where thy son Mars his state majestic keeps:
Could Tiber match the sea, look here and own—

That city men could build, but *this* the Gods alone."

The other is a pleasing description of the Seine at Paris by Santeuil, engraved on the Bridge of Notre Dame:—

"*Super Pontem Nostre-Dame Parisiis Subter- currente Sequana.*

"Sequana, quum primum Reginæ allabitur urbi,
Tardat præcípites ambiciosus aquas.

Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps
Quo finat, et dulces necit in urbe moras.

Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat."

"When to the Queen of Cities Seine draws near,
Ambitious he retards his swift career;
Enamour'd of the place, forgets his way,
And round it lingers with a fond delay;
Through countless conduits loves his streams to pour,
A fountain now, that was a flood before."

The allusion here, in the last couplet, is to the distribution of the waters of the Seine through pipes and wells for the use of the inhabitants of Paris. We find two epigrams on this subject in Vavassor's works, which seem to have led the way to the more finished composition above given.

"SEQUANA, POTUI FLUVIUS IDONEUS.

"Sequana, vectandis rate mercibus utile flumen:
Sequana, fons puræ, potibus aptus, aquæ."

"DUCTUS AQUARUM E SEQUANA.

"Sequana nuper, ubi, regalem ingressus in urbem,

Magnificas avido lamberet amne domos;
Circuitu gaudens, et captus amore locorum,
Quærebat longas ducere in urbe moras.

Ergo cavum subiit per mille foramina plum- bum;

Flumen erat; clausis fons quoque factus aquis."

We shall add a third epigram, by Henry Harder, a Danish writer, who was Secretary of Legation at the Court of England in Charles the Second's time, and who, from that circumstance probably, came to take an interest in the subject of this epigram, where, with considerable elegance and much truth, he sets forth and accounts for the beauty of the English language:—

"LINGUA ANGLIOANA.

"Perfectam Veneris faciem picturus Apelles;
Virgineos totâ legit in urbe greges."

Quicquid in electis pulchrum vel amabile
formis

Repperit, in Paphias transtulit ora Dem.
Excessit nova forma modum: se pluribus una
Debit, at cunctis pulchrior una fuit.
Effigies Veneris, quam sic collegit Apelles,
Effigies linguæ est illa, Britanne, tuæ."

'Apelles, striving to paint Venus' face,
Before him ranged the Virgins of the place.
Whate'er of good or fair in each was seen,
He thence transferred to make the Paphian
Queen;

His work, a paragon we well might call,
Derived from many, but surpassing all.
Such as that Venus, in whose form were found
The gathered graces of the Virgins round,
Thy Language, England, shows the magic
force
Of blended beauties cull'd from every source.'

We throw in here one or two shorter ones
to complete our specimens of Latinity:—

"Has Matho mendicis fecit justissimus ædes:
Hos et mendicos fecerat ante Matho."
Vaccasor.

"Grimes justly built this Alms-house for the
Poor,
Whom he had made so by his frauds before."

"Dum dubius fluit hæc aut illæc, dum timet
anceps
Ne malè quid faciat, nil benè Quintus agit."
Paschasius.
(*Pasquier.*)

"Tom, weak and wavering, ever in a fright
Lest he do something wrong, does nothing
right."

"Quid juvat obscuris involvere scripta latebris?
Ne pateant animi sensa, tacere potes."
Summarthanus.
(*Sainte Marthe.*)

"Why wrap your thoughts in phrases learn'd
and long?
If you would hide your meaning—hold your
tongue."

IN EFFIGIEM SCALIGERI IN BIBLIOTHECA SER-
VATAM.

"Inter mille libros (nec sedes dignior ulla)
Quæ tulit immensus Scaliger, ora vides:
Mille libros, hospes, nimium ne respice, major
Hic, tibi quem monstro, bibliotheca fuit."
Grotius.

"Here 'mid these thousand books, a fit retreat,
The likeness of great Scaliger you meet.
The books regard not, piled up shelf on shelf;
A vaster Library was He himself."

None of the modern languages is so well
adapted for epigrammatic composition as the
French; and the state of society in France,
at least before the Revolution, was peculiarly
fitted for the production and reception of a
species of satire, by which absurdities of all
kinds, and in all departments of life and af-
fairs, could be so readily and effectively held
up to ridicule. The epigram, in fact, came
almost seriously to be considered as a prac-
tical check upon an absolute monarchy.

Some of the best French writers have written
excellent epigrams, and there is no end to
those of anonymous authorship which lie
scattered about through the popular litera-
ture of the country. The field is too exten-
sive for our attempting to traverse it here;
but we select a few miscellaneous specimens.

The following epigram on the Sacraments
is attributed to Marshal Saxe; but if he is
the author of it, he must have had some one
to correct his orthography:—

"Malgré Rome et ses adhérents,
Ne comptons que six sacrements;
Vouloir qu'il en soit davantage
N'est pas avoir le sens commun,
Car chacun sait que Mariage
Et Pénitence ne sont qu'un."

"Whatever Rome may strive to fix,
The Sacraments are only six.
This truth will palpably appear,
When o'er the catalogue you run:
For surely of the Seven 'tis clear,—
Marriage and Penance are but one."

The *jeu d'esprit* that we next insert, brings
out, with some cleverness, the idea that the
sex of the mind is not always the same as
that of the body:—

"Quand Dacier et sa femme engendrent de leurs
corps,
Et quand de ce beau couple il naît enfans,
alors
Madame Dacier est la mère;
Mais quand ils engendrent d'esprit,
Et font des enfans par écrit,
Madame Dacier est le père."

"When Dacier jointly with his learned wife
Has children of the flesh that spring to life,
I'm quite disposed, as much as any other,
To hold that Madame Dacier is the mother.
But when good Dacier and his wife combined
Produce their books, those children of the
mind,
I owe I feel an inclination rather
To hold that Madame Dacier is the father."

This couplet on a little figure of Cupid is
well known:—

"Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
That is, or was, or is to be."

We here give a rather neat epigram by
La Monnoie on a bad specimen of a transla-
tion of Horace made by Pellegrin, which
accompanied the original text:—

"Il faudroit, soit dit entre nous,
A deux divinités offrir ces deux Horaces;
Le latin à Vénus, le d'écuse des grâces,
Et le français à son époux."

"AN APPROPRIATE DISTRIBUTION.

"Two Horaces, from yonder shelf,
I'll offer now with solemn vows:

The Original, to Venns' self,
And the Translation—to her Spouse."

Every one knows Piron's epitaph on himself in revenge for his exclusion from the Academy :—

"Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien."

"Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician."

The following on Medicine, also by Piron, is perhaps less known, but it seems to us to be very good :—

"Dans un bon corps Nature et Maladie
Étaient aux mains. Une aveugle vient-là ;
C'est Médecine ; une aveugle étourdie
Qui croit, par force y mettre le holà.
A droite, à gauche, ainsi donc la voilà
Sans savoir où, qui frappe à l'aventure
Sur celle-ci, comme sur celle-là,
Tant qu'une enfin céda. Ce fut Nature."

"In some strong frame Experience daily sees
Two foes contending, Nature and Disease.
A blind man brings his aid, the fray to end,
"The Doctor" named, and meant as Nature's
friend.

But right and left, alike on friend and foe,
All in the dark he deals the random blow.
Sometimes poor Nature feels his heavy hand ;
Sometimes Disease can scarce his force with-
stand.

At last, with all his might, a blow is sped,
That knocks *one* combatant upon the head.
Which of the two thus falls to rise no more ?
Alas ! 'tis Nature : and the conflict's o'er."

The following, we think, is very pretty,
very French, and we fear very untranslat-
able :—

"Quand un ami tendre et sincère
Prévient et comble vos souhaits,
Il faut divulguer ses bienfaits ;
C'est être ingrat que de se taire.

"En amour c'est un autre affaire ;
Il faut savoir dissimuler ;
Les faveurs veulent du mystère ;
C'est être ingrat que de parler."

"When some true friend, with thoughtful care,
Prevents and crowns the wish you feel,
The kindness you could then declare
'Twould be ungrateful to conceal.

"Love is a different affair :
Mysterious silence is its aim :
The favours that are granted there,
'Twould be ungrateful to proclaim."

Or, in a different style, thus :—

"Friendship and Love by different laws ordain
How we should treat the kindness we obtain.
Your favours, Priscus, promptly I reveal,
But *yours*, my Celia, sacredly conceal.
Honour and gratitude alike forbid
To hide what should be told, or tell what
should be hid."

The law and lawyers are, as might be expected, a favourite and fertile subject of epi-

grammatic merriment with the French ; and great lawyers were readily selected wherever they would prove appropriate butts. There are many epigrams on Cujacius the great civilian, who had an ill-behaved daughter ; but they are too abusive to quote. We venture to give the essence of several composed in French and Latin, on another great lawyer, Tiraquellus, or Tiraqueau, who had the reputation of producing every year a book, while his wife, with equal regularity, produced a bantling, till her number was said to have reached so high a figure as thirty. The jokes are endless against him for the equal number of *libri* and *liberi* that thus came into the world ; and as he was a teetotaler, he was all the more readily assailed by his less temperate brethren. Take these paraphrases of some of the squibs against him :—

"Tiraquellus and his wife,
Vying in a genial strife,
Every year, as sure as may be,
Give the world a book, and baby.
She, of course, has his assistance,
When she gives her babes existence ;
But has he, from her instructions,
Any help in *his* productions ?"

"Tiraqueau, while drinking water,
Has an annual son or daughter ;
Wine or beer he ne'er partook,
Yet he writes an annual book.
Large already is the score,
And we look for many more.
But if he, on water merely,
Can achieve these wonders yearly,
What if wine with gen'rous fire
Should a larger aim inspire ?
Such increase his works might gain,
As the world could scarce contain,
And 'twould be a task bewildering—
Where to put his books and children."

Our next is a very good imitation of Martial ; but well adapted to satirize a faulty style of tedious and pedantic pleading that prevailed in France, and which is so admirably ridiculed in Racine's *Plaideurs* :—

"Pour trois moutons qu'on m'avait pris,
J'avais un procès au bailliage ;
Gui, le phénix des beaux esprits,
Plaidait ma cause et faisait rage.
Quand il eut dit un mot du fait
Pour exagérer le forfait,
Il cita la fable et l'histoire,
Les Aristotes, les Platon :
Gui, laissez là tout ce grimoire,
Et revenez à nos moutons."—*La Harpe*.

"About three sheep, that late I lost,
I had a lawsuit with my neighbour ;
And Glibtongue, of our bar the boast,
Pleaded my case with zeal and labour.
He took two minutes first to state
The question that was in debate ;
Then show'd, by learn'd and long quotations,

The Law of Nature and of Nations ;
 What Tully said, and what Justinian,
 And what was Puffendorff's opinion.
 Glibtongue ! let those old authors sleep,
 And come back to our missing sheep !"

We forget whether the following is original in the French, or is imitated :—

"Huissiers qu'on fasse silence,
 Dit en tenant audience
 Un président de Baugé.
 C'est un bruit à tête fendre ;
 Nous avons déjà jugé
 Dix causes sans les entendre."

"TERMINER *sans* OYER.

" 'Call silence !' the Judge to the officer cries ;
 'This hubbub and talk, will it never be done ?

Those people this morning have made such a noise,
 We've decided ten causes without hearing one."

We shall now wind up our exhibition of specimens with a few English epigrams, which, for the most part, we believe to be unprinted, though some of them may be known by oral circulation. We cannot venture to say that all are good ; but we hope that a fair proportion of them are so, and that there are few which have not some epigrammatic interest :—

PROPOSED VALENTINE TO A GREEK PROFESSOR OF GREAT LEARNING BUT ROUGH MANNERS.

"Thou great descendant of the critic line,
 True lineal child of Bentley, Brunck, and Porson,

Forgive my sending you this Valentine—
 It is but coupling Valentine with Orson."

A GREEK IDEA EXPANDED.

"Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
 Of Venuses now two are seen ;
 Dois shines forth to dazzle men,
 A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen,
 But let me whisper one thing more :—
 The Furies now are likewise four."

RECIPROCITY.

From the Greek.

"Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
 With Doctor Critias an arrangement made.
 What grave-clothes Damon from the dead
 could seize,
 He to the Doctor sent for bandages ;
 While the good Doctor, here no promise-breaker,
 Sent all his patients to the Undertaker."

MEUM AND TUUM RECONCILED.

"The Law decides questions of *Meum* and *Tuum*,
 By kindly arranging—to make the thing *Suum*."

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

A parson, of too free a life,
 Was yet renown'd for noble preaching,

And many grieved to see such strife
 Between his living and his teaching.
 His flock at last rebellious grew :
 'My friends,' he said, 'the simple fact is,
 Nor you nor I can *both* things do ;
 But I can preach—and you can practise.'"

ON JANE DUCHESS OF GORDON DECLINING TO GO TO A WATERING-PLACE, AS BEING VULGAR AND DULL.

"Vulgar and dull ? you'll therefore stay away !
 That is, methinks, as if the Sun should say,
 'A cold, dark morning ; I'll not rise to-day.'"

TO A MR. WELLWOOD WHO EXAGGERATED.

"You double each story you tell ;
 You double each sight that you see :
 Your name's W, E, double L,
 'W, double O, D.'"

A CONTRAST.

" 'Tell me,' said Laura, 'what may be
 The difference 'twixt a Clock and me.'
 'Laura,' I cried, 'Love prompts my powers
 To do the task you've set them :
 A Clock reminds us of the hours ;
 You cause us to forget them.'"

FROM PETRARCH'S PROSE.

"You say your teeth are dropping out ;
 A serious cause of sorrow :
 Not likely to be cured, I doubt,
 To-day or yet to-morrow.
 But good may come of this distress,
 While under it you labour,
 If, losing teeth, you guzzle less,—
 And don't backbite your neighbour."

TO AN ASTRONOMER.

"An Astrologer once, old authorities tell,
 While he gazed at the stars, tumbled into a well :
 For the Sages, whose optics to distances roam,
 Very often o'erlook what may happen at home.
 So you, by your skill (be it whispered between us),
 Can foresee the conjunctions of Mars and of Venus ;
 But all your astronomy doesn't discover
 The proceedings, downstairs, of your wife and her lover."*

DOUBLE VISION UTILISED.

"An incipient toper was checked t'other day
 In his downward career in a rather strange way.
 The effect of indulgence, he found to his trouble,
 Was, that after two bottles, he came to see double ;
 When with staggering steps to his home he betook him,
 He saw always *two wives*, sitting up to rebuke him."

* This seems an imitation of an epigram by Sir Thomas More, which thus concludes :—

"Astra tibi aethereo pandunt sese omnia vati,
 Omnes et quæ sint fata futura monent.
 Omnibus ast uxor quod se tua publicat, id te
 Astra, licet videant omnia, nulla monent."

One wife in her wrath makes a pretty strong
case;
But a *couple* thus scolding, what courage could
face?"

A LATE REPENTANCE.

"Pravus, that aged debauchee
Proclaim'd a vow his sins to quit;
But is he yet from any free,
Except what now he *can't* commit?"

"GALLUS CANTAT."

"At Trent's famed Council, when, on Reason's
side,

A Frenchman's voice assail'd the Pontiff's
pride,

Some Romish priest, the Gallic name to mock,
Exclaim'd 'Tis but the crowing of a Cock!
'So call it,' twas replied; 'We're well content,—
If, when the cock crows, Peter would repent."

Whether, at the present time, Peter, *ad Galli cantum*, will repent of his late Encyclical Letter, or of any of his other errors, is a question which we shall not endeavour to determine.

We now bring to a close these rather desultory observations on a subject which, we think, is deserving of much more attention than it has lately received. Scholarship has not latterly been much in the ascendant among us. The literary past has been nearly swallowed up in the exciting interest of the present; and as far as style is concerned, condensation and simplicity have given way to a multiplication of words and an unnatural vehemence of manner. We think it not unreasonable to attempt reviving, in some degree, the interest which a former generation felt in a form of composition, where, in its different aspects, wit or elegance combines with cleverness and brevity, to produce its effect whether in touching the feelings or amusing the fancy.

We do not seek to raise the Lower Epigram to the level of the Higher; but the Lower has its own beauties and uses. In a serious view, it admits of some force and dignity, and it may sometimes serve as a vehicle of satire to unmask hypocrisy or punish vice. But its proper domain is that region of playful ridicule which, in a kindly and social spirit, points out and tends to rectify the harmless oddities and follies of human nature, and supplies one of the best relishes and relaxations of life, a source of joyous and innocent merriment, which many of our educationists of the present day, both of the romantic and of the utilitarian schools, seem very erroneously to leave out of view.

The subject that we have been considering has many and various bearings to which we have scarcely adverted in our remarks. In particular, we might suggest the literary interest which would attend a review of those

circumstances in which individual epigrams of a special kind have been called forth, whether in connexion with personal, political, or social incidents. Such a history would introduce us to a great store of entertaining and even instructive anecdote; but it would require an extent of knowledge and industry which are now but seldom met with, and which are certainly not possessed, or not displayed, by the editor of the volume which has led to the present notice.

ART. III.—1. *Spanien und Seine Fortschreitende Entwicklung*. Von Dr. JULIUS FREYHERRN VON MINUTOLI. Berlin, 1852.

2. *Spain: her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men*. By S. T. WALLIS. London: Sampson Low. 1853.

3. *Historia Política y Parlamentaria*. Por DON JUAN RICO Y AMAT. Madrid, 1860.

4. *Trienta Años de Gobierno Representativo en España*. Por DON JOSE MARIA ORENSE. Madrid, 1863.

5. *The Attaché in Madrid*. New York, 1856.

6. *Das Heutige Spanien*. Von FERNANDO GARRIDO. Deutsch, von ARNOLD RUGE. Leipzig, 1863.

7. *Olózaga*. Por DON ANGEL FERNANDEZ DE LOS RIOS. Madrid, 1863.

8. *Spain, and the War with Morocco*. By O. C. DALHOUSIE ROSS. London: Ridgway. 1860.

9. *La Asamblea Española de 1854 y La Cuestion Religiosa*. Madrid, 1855.

10. *Etudes Littéraires sur L'Espagne*. Par ANTOINE DE LATOUR. Paris, 1864.

THE opening, in August last, of the line from Beasain to Olazagutia, through a country as rugged, although fortunately more beautiful than those strange Basque names, completed the railway communication between Madrid and Paris. Amongst many good results which will flow from this, not the least will be the invasion of the Peninsula by many travellers, who have hitherto taken, all too literally, the witty saying, that "Africa begins with the Pyrenees." Such travellers will belong, for the most part, to one of two categories: those who go abroad in search of novelty, and those who are attracted to the Peninsula by the love of art. To these two classes we do not address ourselves, for they have, in numerous well-known books, every literary help that they can possibly need.

May we not hope, however, that in addi-

tion to those who go to Spain as the nearest preserve of picturesque barbarians, or as one of the great Museums of the world, there will be some who will go with other views—some who will cross the Bidassoa in the hope of seeing for themselves whether the vague rumours of revival which reach our shores are true or false; whether there is any hope that the nation, once so famous, is going to take part in the forward movement of Europe; or whether it is indeed true, as Mr. Buckle tells us, that “she lies at the further extremity of the Continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages.”

Travellers who have this purpose in view, will find that they have embarked upon an enterprise, which is made unnecessarily difficult by the erroneous notions about Spain, which prevail even amongst well-informed persons in England, as well as by the scantiness of the information with regard to her condition, which is readily accessible. It is mainly for the purpose of clearing away from the path of such investigators some preliminary difficulties that we have drawn up this paper—not without hope that some one who may be benefited by its hints may repay the obligation with interest; may give us, in a not too bulky volume, a full and accurate estimate of the state and prospects of Spain.

This is perhaps the place to say a word or two as to some books which such an investigator may take with him, or may buy in Madrid. They are not very numerous, and none of them is by itself of surpassing importance; but they are the best that exist, written by persons of very different views and characters, and one who is anxious to ascertain the truth may, by a sensible use of them, arrive at pretty correct conclusions.

First, we have Minutoli, whose work may be taken as a very exact inventory of Spanish affairs in 1851. Minutoli writes from the *Standpunkt* of a Prussian bureaucrat who thinks that Berlin is illuminated by *Intelligenz* in a quite supernatural manner, and who believes that the *via prima salutis* is to have an efficient and upright *Beamtenthum*. He is anxious for the development of all manner of wealth, and for the furtherance of the happiness of the greatest possible number, but he distrusts the power of the people to work out its own well-being, and is consequently a good friend to the Moderado régime which extended from 1843 to 1854. His book is, it will be observed, somewhat out of date, but it still is serviceable, though we must warn those who read it that it stands in the same relation to the typical blue-book in which that stands to a sensation novel.

Then we have Mr. Wallis, who wrote in 1853, and who looks at Spain through the spectacles—and very colourless ones they are—of an accomplished, highly cultivated American gentleman, a warm friend to free institutions, but possessed of a more than aristocratic hatred of popular clap-trap. His book is only too easy to read; but his means of information were ample, his head is clear, and his conclusions, after making allowance for a little unsoundness on questions of trade, will commend themselves to most Englishmen.

Next comes Rico y Amat, a prejudiced Tory writer, but very useful for giving the sequence of events down to 1854, discussing all Parliamentary matters in great detail, and quoting many important documents at full length. In strong contrast to him is the go-ahead Orense, Marquis of Albaida, who, dissatisfied with the conduct of his brother Progressistas, has cast in his lot with the Democrats. The views of the politicians who were hurled from power in 1854 may be gathered, by one who has eyes to look for them, from a very slight but clever little book called the *Attaché at Madrid*, which, professing to be translated from the diary of a young German diplomatist, who spent part of 1853 and 1854 in the Spanish capital, and published in America, really owes its origin to one who had the best information, and excellent reasons for wishing well to the cause of Sartorius. When the reader has laid it down, he may take up Garrido's work, which we have used in its German form. Garrido belongs to the extreme left, as may be guessed when we mention that his book was translated by Arnold Ruge, and that he was introduced to the ex-editor of the *Hallischen Jahrbücher* by Dr. Bernard. It would be as imprudent, unconditionally to accept his view of matters, as to find nothing to object to in those of Rico y Amat, or of the author of the *Attaché at Madrid*, but his pages are full of statistics and information of all kinds, deserving to be read and weighed most carefully.

The articles in the *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*, which extend in unbroken succession from 1850 to 1864, are somewhat Moderado in tone, but extremely valuable and interesting. The Spanish papers in the *Revue* itself are not, perhaps, so happy as those on several other countries; but some of them, such as C. de Mazade's on Larra, and on Donosc Cortes, will repay perusal even now. The life of Olozaga, lately published—surely the hugest political pamphlet which ever appeared—should also be consulted.

No one, of course, will omit to read the *Handbook* and the *Gatherings*, both full of

that wisdom of Spain which is treasured up in her proverbs, and quite indispensable, in spite of their constant offences against good taste. Captain Widdrington's works are still valuable, while most of the modern English books of travel in the Peninsula are absolutely worthless.

Spain has slipped of late years so thoroughly out of the notice of Englishmen, that it would be mere affectation to pretend to imagine that one in a thousand knows even the A B C of her recent history and politics. We must, therefore, briefly relate the events of the present reign, for some knowledge of these is quite necessary to those who would comprehend her actual position.

The Cortes of Cadiz, in 1812, devised a Constitution, which, in spite of many blemishes and shortcomings, was on the whole most creditable to its framers. It sinned, indeed, against several of the first principles of Liberalism; but it cordially accepted many others, and, considering the circumstances of the country, it unquestionably went too far in a democratic direction. In 1814, Ferdinand VII. overthrew this Constitution, restored the Inquisition, and ruled for six years despotically. In 1820, the revolt of Riego, and the movements which followed it, again inaugurated a brief period of liberty, which continued until the Spanish patriots were put down by the French, under the Duc d'Angoulême, and the *rè dissoluto* was once more able to ride rough-shod over all that was honest and virtuous from the Bidassoa to the lines of Gibraltar. This terrible time lasted until the day when Ferdinand VII. was trundled off to his last home in the Escorial, in the way which Ford has described with so much grim humour. The last act of importance in the wretched man's life had been the confirmation of the right of succession of his daughter Isabella II., as against his brother Don Carlos. The pretensions of that personage had been already loudly proclaimed, and he hardly waited for the challenge of the Royalists to erect his standard. That challenge soon came, for on the 24th October, 1833, the voice of the herald, according to ancient custom, was heard in Madrid, proclaiming, "Silencio, silencio, silencio, oyid, oyid, oyid, Castilla, Castilla, Castilla, por la Señora reina Doña Isabel II. que Dios guarde." Bilbao was the first place to pronounce for the Pretender, and ere long the whole of the North was in arms, and the civil war had begun. How that war raged, and how many souls, heroic and other, it sent to Hades, it is unnecessary to say. How it ended we shall presently have occasion to relate, but we must confine our narrative, for the present, to that portion of Spain which acknowledged the rightful sove-

reign, merely reminding the reader that Don Carlos represented two totally distinct interests,—first, that of bigotry and corruption generally, in all parts of the Peninsula; and, secondly, the infinitely more respectable aspirations of the Basques, who, attached to liberty, but possessed of little enlightenment, desired to remain a semi-republican island in the midst of an absolute Spain, rather than to lose the local franchises which they knew, in the general freedom of a constitutional Spain, which had not yet come into existence, although its advent was near at hand.

The queen-mother, obliged by the force of circumstances to rely on the support of the Liberal party, but anxious to be as little liberal as possible, accepted the resignation of Zea Bermudez, who represented the party of enlightened despotism, and called to her councils Martinez de la Rosa, who had suffered much for his attachment to constitutional principles during the late reign, but who from 1833 till his death in 1862, was one of the most eminent of the Moderado or Conservative statesmen of Spain. By his advice she promulgated the *Estatuto real*, a Constitution incomparably less liberal than that of Cadiz, but still a Constitution, and one professing to be founded upon the ancient and long-disused liberties of the land. This document, we may observe in passing, may, like that of 1812 and all its successors, be read at length in Rico y Amat's History. By the *Estatuto* were created an upper house of "Proceres," and a lower house of "Procuradores." These soon met, and the discussions which took place in them, combined with the agitation out of doors, and some diplomatic misadventures, soon obliged Martinez de la Rosa to retire. He was followed by Toreno; but he, too, was unable to hold his own. A far more energetic and enlightened minister was required, and that minister soon appeared in the great reformer Mendizabal.

He it was who concentrated the forces of the revolutionary agitation, which had already broken out in the provinces, and gave them a definite direction. This he did chiefly by three great measures, which will cause his name ever to be held in honour by all Spanish patriots. These three measures were the closing of the monasteries, the sale of all the lands belonging to the regular clergy, and the organization, on a thoroughly popular basis, of the National Guard. All this he effected in a very short space of time, for his Cabinet, attacked at once by the most impatient Liberals, by the retrograde party, and by French intrigue, had a hard battle to fight, and soon gave way to an administration, of which the leading spirits were Isturiz, and the once impetuous, but now tamed Galiano.

These politicians, however, utterly failed to carry the country with them, and their days of power were few and evil. Readers of the *Bible in Spain* will recollect the strongly contrasted descriptions of Mr. Borrow's visit to Mendizabal at the zenith of his power, and to Isturiz, when that Minister had already begun to hear the mutterings of the storm which was soon to burst upon his head. That storm was the mutiny which broke out amongst the troops stationed at the royal residence of La Granja, which is situated in the mountainous country to the north of Madrid. The leader of this mutiny was a certain Sergeant Garcia, and the chief objects of the discontented soldiery were to force the Queen Regent to dismiss her ministers and to proclaim the Constitution of 1812. In these objects they were completely successful. Christina yielded to the threats of the mutineers, and power passed once more into the hands of the movement party.

After the assassinations, disorders, and escapes across the frontier, which are usual in Spanish political crises, the new Government, which was of course composed of men of Liberal politics, convoked the famous Constituent Cortes of 1837. Out of its labours arose the new Constitution, which was based on that of Cadiz, but differed from it in many particulars. Argüelles, who had been one of the principal authors of the former, was also concerned in the latter, and was indeed a member of the committee which drew up the resolutions on which it was based. Its tone is much less democratic than that of its predecessor; and the fact that Olozaga and other distinguished Liberals supported it, created much dissatisfaction in the ranks of their followers. We are far, however, from thinking, that in the circumstances of Spain, the changes which they introduced were otherwise than necessary. With regard to the one point in which the Constitution of 1837 made more concession to Liberal opinions than that of 1812, there can be no great question among honest and intelligent men. The Cortes of Cadiz proclaimed the Roman Catholic religion to be the only true one. The legislators of 1837 contented themselves with asserting as a fact that the Spanish nation professed the Roman Catholic religion, and bound itself to maintain that form of faith.

This great work had not been long completed, when the Ministry which had been called into existence by the mutiny of Granja succumbed in its turn to another military revolt, excited by the partisans of those whom it had so summarily displaced, and Espartero, whose military reputation was already great, became for a brief period the President of the Council; for a brief period, we say, for, de-

feated in the elections, he was succeeded by the reactionary Ofalia; he again by others of little note, till the Convention of Vergara came to alter the whole position of affairs.

The reader will recollect that during all these ministerial changes, revolutions, and making of Constitutions, the Philistine was still in the land. The advanced posts of Don Carlos had been seen from the walls of Madrid, Gomez had made a sort of military progress from one end of the country to the other, La Mancha was in the hands of one rebel, Valencia was overrun by another, and the whole of the mountainous north was a camp of the factious. Fortunately for the cause of Queen Isabella, there were dissensions in the enemy's ranks not less bitter than those which distracted the capital. The military party and the clerical party hated each other with a deadly hatred; and at last their animosity became so embittered that Maroto, the most important of the lieutenants of Don Carlos, took the law into his own hands, and put some of the most conspicuous of his opponents to death. This was the beginning of the end; and after infinite intrigues, the little Basque town of Vergara saw the signature of the document which assured the throne of the young Queen, put a period to the war of Navarre, and made the pacification of Aragon merely a question of time. Espartero's attitude had now been for some time of the greatest possible interest to all who watched the politics of Spain. He was evidently inclining more and more towards the Progressista party, while his relations with the Moderado Government became ever colder. A letter addressed by his secretary to one of the Madrid papers had openly condemned the conduct of the Ministry in dissolving the Cortes, with a view to get rid of the Progressista majority; and the party which was now about to resort to revolutionary measures in Madrid, reckoned on his assistance.

The struggle in the Cortes of 1840 was fierce but short. The galleries, as was usual in those stormy times, took an active part in the political combat; and on one occasion the scenes of 1793 seemed about to be repeated. In spite of the gallant resistance of the Progressista party, the Government carried several reactionary laws,—the most important of which was one for the modification of the municipal system, which would have had the effect of very much diminishing the influence of the Liberals throughout the country, and of strengthening unduly the powers of the Crown. Just at this crisis, when Madrid was in a most uneasy state, and nearly all the large towns hardly more tranquil, the young Queen was advised to take warm sea-baths

Barcelona, and to that place she repaired, accompanied by her mother. Christina had not been long in the Catalan capital when she announced to Espartero that she had given her assent to the law relating to the municipalities. To this ungracious declaration he replied by resigning his position as commander-in-chief. His resignation was not accepted; and he then informed the Regent that he was about to retire from the city, as he could be of no further use to her. Hardly had he done so than Barcelona broke into full revolt, and the Ministers who had accompanied the Queen fled hither and thither. The movement begun amongst the turbulent Catalans, rapidly spread all over Spain. Madrid pronounced on the 1st of September, whereupon the Regent gave way, and Espartero was ordered to form a new Government. Her new advisers insisted that she should issue a manifesto, in which she should throw upon the late Cabinet the whole responsibility of the recent attempts at reaction, that she should solemnly promise that the law relating to the municipalities should not be carried into execution, and that the Cortes should instantly be dissolved. These terms she refused, resigned the regency, and took refuge in France, addressing from Marseilles to the Spanish people a proclamation, in which the sentiments of her heart were expressed, or disguised, in the ornate language of Donoso Cortes. The abdication of Christina left the first place in the State without an occupant, and it was necessary to fill it as speedily as possible. The question which now became urgent was, How should this be done? Two opinions divided the suffrages of the victors in the recent struggle. The advanced Progressistas were in favour of a regency of three. The immediate *entourage* of Espartero desired the elevation of their chief to undivided authority. It was this last view which prevailed; for the Moderados, seeing that the question was an apple of discord to their enemies, threw all their influence into the scale of Espartero, feeling sure that they should succeed in embroiling him, with the majority of those whose alliance had placed the successful soldier in a position to play the great game of politics. So it came about that on the 8th of May, 1841, Espartero was chosen by the Cortes to be sole Regent; and no sooner was he fairly installed in his office, than the edifice of his power began to crumble under his feet. His descent was more rapid than even his rise, for the circumstances in which he found himself required infinite skill in intrigue,—a quality of which the honest and well-meaning Duke of Victory had a very small share. His great mistake was his surrounding him-

self from the very first with Ministers and private advisers who had not the confidence of his party, and who soon became known to the public by several injurious epithets. Some called them *Ayacuchos*, from the name of one of the battles in South America which had been most disastrous to the Spanish arms,—the insinuation being that they were a mere clique of military *old fogies*; while others spoke of them as *Santones*, intending thereby to ridicule their want of revolutionary energy.

The Moderado party soon took advantage of the weakness of the Government; and in October, 1841, a military revolt broke out at Pamplona, at Madrid, and elsewhere, in the interest of Christina. The Regent showed a good deal of decision. A file of soldiers at Vittoria sent to his account Montes de Oca, who had been Minister of Marine in the former Government. General Leon met a similar fate at Madrid; while O'Donnell got safe to France, living "to fight another day."

Espartero, however, had other adversaries more formidable than even the Moderados. More than once he was obliged to put down with a strong hand the Democratic agitations of Barcelona; and each successive act of vigour directed against those who, after all, formed the extreme left of his own party, cost him a large portion of his popularity. Then the French Government did all it could by underhand methods to assist Christina, and to discredit Espartero, and at last a hostile vote in the Lower House destroyed his Ministry. By this time the Progressista party was so disorganized that his second Cabinet was not more generally satisfactory than his first. His third, at the head of which was Lopez, who had distinguished himself very much as a popular orator, came too late, and was too short-lived. Its fall, which was the result of Espartero's firm support of his friend Linaje against it, was another blow to his influence; nor did the friendship of England at all tend to his greater popularity amongst a proud and ignorant people. Of the many accusations brought against him, not the least potent in exciting hatred was his alleged subservience to our commercial policy. And now the end came fast. A coalition, which comprised large numbers both of the Progressista and the Moderado party, was formed throughout the country. *Pro-nunciamientos* followed. Narvaez, O'Donnell, and many of the exiled or fugitive generals, entered Spain. Treachery helped the work that disunion had begun; and in the beginning of August, 1843, the idol of September, 1840, was on his way to England, whither he was presently pursued by a decree which stripped him of all his titles, honours, and decorations.

Lopez was the next First Minister. His intentions were, we believe, not otherwise than honest, but his position was an untenable one. Himself an advanced Progressista, he found himself obliged to place all the military powers of the country in the hands of the Moderado generals, who had borne the brunt of the contest with the Duke of Victory. He soon saw that the game was up, and passed through the Cortes a measure for proclaiming the Queen of full age eleven months before the time which the Constitution prescribed. This done, he placed his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, and retired from power a sadder and a wiser man. He had much occasion for sadness, for the knell of his party was very soon to sound; nevertheless it was a Progressista Ministry which succeeded his, and there was still one act of the play to be played out.

The new President of the Council was Olozaga, who was then a foremost, and now perhaps the foremost, figure amongst the Progressistas.

Hardly was he fairly in the possession of power, when there occurred an incident of so strange a kind, that it only requires to be seen through the mist of ages to have the romantic interest of the Gowrie conspiracy. The President of the Council could reckon upon the ardent support of a minority in the Cortes, but of a considerable majority in the Electoral body. It was therefore his obvious interest to appeal, as soon as possible, to the country, and a decree dissolving the Legislature shortly appeared. Hardly, however, had it been promulgated, when strange rumours arose in Madrid, to the effect that the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes, to which the young Queen owed the declaration of her majority, had been obtained, not only by undue moral pressure, but by personal violence; and these rumours acquired additional confirmation, after a decree had appeared revoking the former one and dismissing the Minister. Expectation was raised to its height, when, on the day appointed for the discussion, a personage new to such functions, took his seat in the Congress, with the ministerial portfolio under his arm. This worthy defender of the Throne was no other than the editor of the Spanish "Satirist" of that day—Gonzalez Bravo; and the paper which he proceeded to read was a full account, signed by Her Majesty, of the violence which had been employed by the late Premier. The discussion was long and stormy. Its principal feature was of course the speech of Olozaga, which even his adversaries admit to have been a very great effort, and in which he contrived to exculpate himself without bringing home to his Sovereign the charge of falsehood. The real his-

tory of the matter was probably that the Minister was somewhat more peremptory in his manner than is usual, as a man of Olozaga's character and commanding appearance might well either be, or appear to be, when urging a matter of pressing national importance upon a puzzle-headed young woman, and that the worthless persons who surrounded the Queen, and who were entirely in the hands of the opposite party, magnified the importance of the incident in her eyes, until they actually brought her to sign a paper in which she perhaps hardly knew how to distinguish the false from the true.

Olozaga, after his defence, fled to Lisbon to avoid the by no means chimerical danger of assassination; and the meaning of the intrigue gradually unfolded itself, as it was seen that Gonzalez Bravo was merely an instrument in the hands of Narvaez—the bridge, as some one said at the time, by which that ambitious warrior meant to arrive at power with his pure Moderado following. When the bridge was passed, the Ministry of Gonzalez Bravo disappeared, and the Duke of Valencia, whom he had served so well, ruled in his stead, and advanced with firm steps upon the road of reaction. The leading measure of his Government—its flower and crown in the eyes of the Moderado party—was the revision of the Constitution, and the promulgation of the new Constitution of 1845. We have already seen that the Constitution of 1837 was less liberal than that of 1812. That of 1845 was in its turn far less liberal than its predecessor. The liberty of the press was curtailed; the Senate became a nominated, not an elective body; the Cortes lost its right of assembling by its own authority, in case the Sovereign neglected to summon it at the proper time, and the principle of the national sovereignty disappeared from the preamble. The most significant change, however, in the circumstances of the hour, was that which precluded the necessity of the approbation of the Cortes as a preliminary to the royal marriage. This was the event which was the pivot of intrigue for several years.

Those who would understand the complications of Spanish politics during the period that immediately preceded and immediately followed the marriage of the young Queen to her cousin Don Francisco de Assis, must find the clues of half a dozen plots, in which the interests of courtiers, ministers, and confessors were strangely interwoven with the hopes of Carlist, French, Neapolitan, and Portuguese competitors for the doubtful blessing of the royal hand. Most readers will, we presume, be satisfied to remember that no less than six Ministries rose and fell in an incredibly short space of time, and that all of them

were more or less of a Moderado complexion. At length a Cabinet was formed, in which the chief places were filled by Narvaez, and Sartorius, Count of San Luis, a very young man, who had acquired fame first as a journalist, and then as a politician. It was this Government which was in power when the events of February, 1848, threw Europe into confusion. It contrived to pilot Spain through that stormy time with tolerable success. More than once the democratic party took up arms. There was fighting in the streets of Madrid, and many persons were transported, but the amount of bloodshed was not very great. This Ministry fell, like so many of its fellows, before a palace intrigue, the wire-pullers in which were ecclesiastical persons. Their successors, however, only remained in place twenty-four hours, long enough to win a place in Spanish history as the "*ministerio del relampago*"—the lightning ministry—so rapidly did they flash out of and into obscurity. Narvaez and Sartorius returned to power with a somewhat modified list of colleagues, and tried to fortify their power by new elections, in which the authority of the Government was exercised in so barefaced a manner, that it scandalized even Madrid, and the assembly which resulted from this pressure was called the "*Congreso de familia*." All this zeal was, however, in vain. The intrigues of Christina, who had quarrelled with Narvaez, were too much for him, and down once more went the Sartorius Ministry. It was now the turn of Bravo Murillo, who claimed the confidence of the country as a financial genius and economical reformer. So determined was he to have this confidence entire that he actually succeeded in excluding from the new Cortes the very man who had peopled the last one with his creatures, and Sartorius found himself for a time in private life. The rock upon which Bravo Murillo ran was an attempt to imitate the *coup d'état*, and to remodel the Spanish Constitution by getting the Cortes to sanction *en bloc* nine new laws, which would have undone nearly all that had been done since the death of Ferdinand. His attempt, eagerly backed by the Court *camarilla*, utterly failed. In vain he sent Narvaez across the frontier. The country would have none of his reforms, and he too passed into nothingness, leaving behind him as his legacy the Concordat of 1852, by which the Pope to a certain extent accepted the measure of Mendizabal in 1836, and other accomplished facts, obtaining in return many concessions. Several short-lived Cabinets succeeded, and on the 18th September, 1853, Sartorius was again the President of the Council, with the Marquis of Molins, Calderon de la Barca, General Blaser, and others, to assist him.

The last months of 1853 and the first of 1854 passed uneasily. Every day the scandals of the Court and of the Ministry became more flagrant, and the measures of repression more severe. General after general was sent out of Madrid, and the persecutions of the Government fell, be it observed, not on the Progressistas, who were keeping quite aloof from public affairs, but upon all the sections of the Moderado party, except the immediate followers of Sartorius. Accusations of the grossest pecuniary corruption against many persons in high places were bruited about, and almost universally believed. The crisis came in June, 1854. "Will you not come with us?" cried General Dulce to the Minister of War, as he rode in the grey of the morning out of Madrid, to try, as was supposed, a new cavalry saddle. "I should like nothing better," answered General Blaser, "but I am too busy." In a few hours it was known that Dulce had been joined by O'Donnell, and that the long expected revolt had taken place. An indecisive action took place between the Queen's troops and the revolted generals at Vicalvaro, whence the name Vicalvarist—which is now very generally given to the followers of O'Donnell; and that commander issued a proclamation at Manzanares, explaining that the *pronunciamiento* was made in favour of constitutional government and morality. Up to this point the rising, it cannot be too distinctly understood, was a Moderado rising, and Narvaez himself, as afterwards appeared, was deeply implicated in the conspiracy. But on the 17th of July the whole aspect of affairs changed. A popular rising took place in Madrid, and the revolt of O'Donnell was swallowed up in a revolution. After a very agitated period, things began to settle down. The Moderado régime of eleven years was fairly at an end, and the Queen, with the Counts of Lucena and Luchana, O'Donnell and Espartero, was awaiting the meeting of a Constituent Cortes, which was to decide, amongst other things, whether the Bourbon dynasty was to continue to rule in Spain. It met on the 9th November, 1854, and soon decided that question—194 as against 19 were quite willing to keep Queen Isabella on the throne if she would conduct herself with tolerable propriety. The discussion on the other bases of the new Constitution took more time. There was a very long one early in 1855, upon the question of religious toleration, and other matters were hardly less warmly debated. The greatest work, however, of the Constituent Cortes was their carrying out to its legitimate issue the leading measure of Mendizabal's administration, and freeing the soil of Spain, with inconsiderable exceptions, from the tyranny

of the dead hand, and from the colossal entails under which it had so long suffered. The Queen resisted, in the interest of the Church, but yielded after a private interview with O'Donnell and Espartero at Aranjuez. Next to this great measure, which although one of its immediate results was a Carlist rising in Aragon, gave very general satisfaction, the best acts of this Assembly were those which it passed in furtherance of the material interests of the country. Its other purely political performances were not so successful. It settled the Constitution, but never promulgated it, and several of the most important laws which were necessary to supplement that Constitution were never finished. It should be the first care of all such bodies to do quickly whatever their hands find to do, for if their deliberations continue long, they invariably become unpopular, since they are always accused of wishing unduly to prolong their own power, while agitators are quite sure to take advantage of a provisional state of things to pursue their own objects. So it happened in Spain in the spring of 1856. Disturbances, and above all incendiary fires, became the order of the day. By the middle of 1856 people began to weary. The conflicts in the Cortes between the moderate Progressistas, on the one hand, and the advanced Progressistas, backed by the Democrats on the other, were frequent and severe. Not less marked was the division in the Cabinet between O'Donnell and Espartero. At length a quarrel, occasioned by an attack which was made by Escosura, the Minister of the Interior, upon the Moderado views of O'Donnell, brought about an open rupture, and at four o'clock in the morning, on the 14th July, a ministerial crisis took place. (In Madrid, ministerial crises always seem to take place in the small hours, thanks to the owl-like habits of society in that capital.) When the Madrilenian housewives came back from market, they were able to tell their lords that a revolution had taken place since they went to bed. Their lords committed the imprudence of flying to arms, and thereby gave O'Donnell and the Queen the excuse they wanted for a little *coup d'état*. O'Donnell and his colleagues, the most important of whom was Ríos y Rosas, straightway dissolved the Cortes, and as the Constitution which it had elaborated had never been promulgated, fell back upon the Moderado Constitution of 1845, supplemented by an additional act of their own, good as far as it went, although of extra-legal origin.

Henceforth they worked steadily, and with no unnecessary severity, to bring back matters to the position in which they would have been if the military revolt begun by O'Don-

nell and his friends in 1854 had not been followed by a revolution. This, considering their views, which were those of Liberal Conservatives (Union Liberal), was natural enough; but it was also quite natural that when the Court and its corrupt adherents saw that it was possible to go so far in a reactionary course, they should wish to go a little further; and so after three months of power O'Donnell was tripped up, and Narvaez came in with a Cabinet in which he was by no means the most anti-liberal element. He pushed the reaction a good deal further, and above all, made an arrangement with Rome by which the sales of Church lands already effected were recognised, but all further sales were stopped, and other concessions were made to the clergy. The Constitution of 1845 was likewise altered in so far as the composition of the Senate was concerned. Narvaez fell in the autumn of 1857, overthrown partly by the results of his interference in one of those bed-chamber questions which are so constantly arising in the palace of Madrid, and partly by the odium excited by the rabid reactionary tendencies of his colleague Nocedal. He was succeeded by General Armero, who took for his motto: "The Constitution of 1845—neither more nor less."

As, however, the Narvaez Government had turned out too reactionary for its own party, the Armero Government turned out to be too much the other way. In other words, the Moderados hardly knew their own mind. One combination more was tried. M. Isturiz, the *vir pietate gravis* of his side of politics, was sent for and formed an administration, which had no particular fault, except that it commanded the sympathies of nobody, and when it followed its predecessors, as it very soon did, the Queen once more called O'Donnell to her councils. O'Donnell came back, determined to represent the Union Liberal more thoroughly than ever, and to construct, if possible, some machine by which, amidst the decomposition of parties, he might contrive to guide the politics of Spain. So conciliatory was he, that in one province it is said he had a Progressista civil governor, a Moderado secretary, and a military commandant who belonged to the Union Liberal. The new Congress was composed of equally diverse elements, and gave him infinite trouble, when very luckily the Italian war of 1859 came to call off the attention of that people from internal affairs; and so kind were the influences of the Palmerstonian star under which he was born, that no sooner was the contest over, than the Moors began to make themselves so intolerably unpleasant, that he had an excellent excuse for proposing to his

countrymen to go to war on their own account.

The speech of the President of the Council, announcing the commencement of hostilities with Morocco, caused the greatest rejoicings in all parts of the country; and through the five months during which the war lasted, the Government had little to complain of, even from the Opposition press. The Spanish arms were, of course, victorious, and peace was soon restored. It was fortunate that this was so, since, if the struggle had lasted longer, the attempt of Ortega, who, in the beginning of April, 1860, landed at the mouth of the Ebro with the garrison of the Balearic Isles, of which he was captain-general, with a view to renew the Carlist wars, might have been more inconvenient. As it was, the danger did not last above twenty-four hours; Ortega was taken and shot, the Conde de Montemolin and his second brother were arrested, and liberated after signing a renunciation of their supposed rights,—a renunciation which, as they had pledged their honour in it, and were their father's sons, they naturally made haste to disavow, so soon as they were in a place of security. Their sudden and most strange deaths at Trieste, a few months after, deprived these transactions of any importance, and left their brother Don Juan at the head of the family. With the return of tranquillity the struggle of parties recommenced, and was envenomed as well by the severities which were exercised, or alleged to have been exercised, in putting down a sort of Socialist rising or *Jacquerie* which broke out during the summer of 1861 at Loja, not very far from Malaga, as by the constantly increasing influence of the clerical *camarilla*. O'Donnell, who had now been in power for a longer time than any Minister since Spain became a constitutional country, had become fond of office, and, in order to keep it, allowed his measures to be far too much moulded by the Court, which was under the control of the Nuncio, acting chiefly through the Nun Patrocinio, one of those personages, half-rogue, half-enthusiast, who are so common in Catholic countries. In the end of 1861, the attacks in both branches of the Legislature became very frequent and fierce. Olozaga particularly distinguished himself by his plain speaking, and when O'Donnell, with a strange want of tact, appealed from him to the other great Progressista leader, Don Pascual Madoz, it was only to draw from that statesman a warning to the Administration to change its ways, "lest some one might say, at the head of 2000 horse, that he would no longer serve a Government which was dishonoured by a *camarilla*,"—the quotation being taken from

O'Donnell's own rebel manifesto. A more dangerous adversary perhaps than two men so well known for their advanced Liberal opinions, was Rios y Rosas, who, as we have seen, was the leading spirit of O'Donnell's Cabinet in 1856, the very incarnation of the Union Liberal. When a politician of his colour reminds the Sovereign that princes who are too long obstinate generally finish their lives in exile, the state of affairs has become alarming. O'Donnell, knowing that his internal policy would not bear inspection, and satisfied with the success of his Moorish diversion, still continued to try to distract popular attention by bold diplomatic strokes. If the additional Concordat, published in 1860, made too great concessions to the clerical interest, had he not soon the re-incorporation of St. Domingo, and the impetuous action of the Spanish commander on the Mexican coast, to flatter the national vanity? The Liberal party from the first pointed out what these measures must lead to; but Ministers live from hand to mouth in Spain, and that is the best course which keeps things quiet for the moment.

The O'Donnell Cabinet continued all through 1862, reaped what little glory was to be gained from the successes obtained, in concert with France, in Cochinchina, and incurred much additional unpopularity from the results of the Mexican expedition. It fell at length early in 1863, and the Marquis of Miraflores, who had been a supporter of the proposals of Bravo Murillo in 1852, succeeded the Duke of Tetuan. The liberalism of the new chief did not, however, go far enough to prevent his allowing one of his colleagues to issue a most imprudent circular, restraining, after the model of Imperial France, the right of electoral meetings. The result of this mistake was, that the whole Progressista and Democratic parties refused to take part in the elections. Miraflores succeeded in getting a Congress, composed of various fractions of the several Conservative parties, but fell before an adverse vote of the Senate, on the question of reforming the composition of that body, as arranged in 1857.

The Mon Cabinet settled for a time the difficult question about the composition of the Senate by restoring in its integrity the Constitution of 1845, but agitated by rumours of revolutionary projects in various quarters, they acted in an extremely arbitrary manner, exiling Prim, for example, to Oviedo, and trying obnoxious journalists by councils of war. In the meantime, the conflict with Peru and St. Domingo, and the state of the finances, got more and more desperate. In September last, Narvaez was sent for, and came into power with a Cabinet which con-

tained, besides himself, no less than four ex-Presidents of the Council. So far as we can divine his intentions, they are to carry on the Government by means of the various sections of the Moderado party; but to modify the traditions of that party, to a certain extent, in a Liberal direction. It may be hoped, too, that necessity may ere long oblige him to take some step to improve the credit of Spain. The press in this country has, with one voice, applauded his conduct in the matter of St. Domingo, but the state of Spain is still excessively dangerous. The Liberal party continues to abstain. Recent experience has shown that the Queen has not learnt wisdom, and one of her unsuccessful attempts to create a Government in lieu of her present advisers, might, if it had been a little more successful, have cost her dear. Until the whole system of government is thoroughly altered, another 1854 is at any moment possible.

The reader who has followed us thus far will be able to judge for himself whether the country which has passed through so many political vicissitudes in thirty years can be fairly described, in the words of Mr. Buckle, as "a torpid mass." We shall now briefly sketch its existing Government, endeavouring to answer as shortly as possible the more important questions which an intelligent inquirer into the state of an European community is likely to ask. It will be seen, we hope, that the Spain of to-day, with all her faults, is hardly a representation of "the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages."

Dofia Isabel Segunda, Queen of the Spains, rules over the conterminous but most heterogeneous provinces of Spain proper (la Peninsula), over the "adyacentes," including the Canaries, the Balearic Isles, the small places (Presidios) on the north coast of Africa, with Fernando Po and Annabon in the Gulf of Guinea, and over certain colonies in America and Asia (Ultramar). *Espana* presidial is in some respects under the same, in others under different regulations, from the rest of the monarchy. The colonies, of which we shall speak hereafter, are subject to an exceptional régime.

By the Constitution now in force, which is, as we have seen, that of 1845, the Sovereign can do no wrong, and Ministerial responsibility is fully recognised. The legislative power resides in the Crown and in the Cortes, but far too large a space is left for the arbitrary action of authority, and royal decrees often do the work which ought to be done by the Legislature. The Cortes consists of two bodies: a Senate whose members are, with the exception of those sons of the monarch and of the heir-apparent who have attained the age of twenty-five, nominated for

life by the Crown, out of certain specified categories of persons; and a Congress of Deputies, who are chosen by those possessing the franchise in the various electoral districts. The number of the Senate may be at any time increased at the royal pleasure, and the conditions now required may be altered by law. In practice, a Ministry supported by the Crown can create a majority in the Senate at any moment.

The number and qualifications of the members of the Congress of Deputies depend on the electoral law for the moment in force. At present there are 349. Parliaments are quinquennial, and there is a property qualification. In practice, the system is so worked that the Government in power can always get a reliable, and, in general, an overwhelming majority. It does not fare much better with the guarantees of public and individual liberty common to most constitutions. They are pompously paraded in this Moderado great charter, but convenient little clauses are introduced, which leave the Ministers free to do pretty much what they please. In short, the existing Spanish Constitution deserves what has been said of it by many persons, and by none more pointedly than by Gonzalez Bravo, the present Home Minister. It is neither one thing nor another; the product neither of frank despotism, nor of frank constitutionalism.

The Government of Spain is carried on by nine Ministers. The Premier, who is, unhappily, but too often a soldier, is called the President of the Council, and is supposed to direct the general policy of the country. His colleagues are—

The Minister of Grace and Justice.

The Minister of the Interior (*de la Gobernacion*).

The Minister of Public Welfare (*de Fomento*).

The Minister of Finance (*de Hacienda*).

The Minister of War.

The Minister of Marine.

The Minister of the Colonies.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs (*de Estado*).

To the province of the Minister of Grace and Justice belongs everything that is connected with the administration of the law, both in the civil and ecclesiastical courts, and he superintends the proceedings of all legal functionaries, from the judges of the supreme tribunal at Madrid, down to the *Alcaldes*, or mayors of the towns, and to the *juges de paz* in the country districts. The state of the department committed to his charge is not one of the things upon which Spain can be congratulated, for the confusion, delay, and uncertainty of Spanish law is a frequent subject of complaint in the country. According to Mr. Wallis, the last collection of laws which had any pretension to completeness—

was published in 1806. This *Novissima recopilacion* was founded on the *Nueva recopilacion* of Philip II. Neither of these two documents, however, quite excludes the authority of some more ancient codes, which are understood to be in force, in cases not otherwise provided for. We need hardly say that the laws promulgated in 1806 have been altered in a thousand ways since.

The criminal law, as revised in 1853, is decidedly humane. The punishment of death is inflicted only in cases of wilful murder. The gallows, to which the Iberian mind has a peculiar objection, has been superseded by the garotte, to which it attaches, for some reason or other, more agreeable associations. Corporal punishments and the pillory have been abolished. Trials take place in public, but there are no juries, and have never been any, except in cases connected with the press. A curious description of his own trial, at Lerida, for publishing a pamphlet which was charged with a seditious tendency, is given by Garrido. The jury was however once more abolished in press cases after the counter Revolution of 1856, and now forms no part of the judicial procedure of Spain. Prisoners are often detained a most unreasonable time before they are tried; while caprice, bribes, and the protection of the powerful, have still far too much influence upon the lot of the criminal. Mr. Wallis, himself a lawyer, and with a keen interest in all that relates to his profession, bears testimony to the high character of the leading advocates at Madrid, and was evidently much struck with the advantage which they have over American lawyers, and, to a certain extent, over English barristers, in finding all the lower and mechanical part of litigation taken off their hands by the attorney and the notary, or *escribano*. This last-named personage is a kind of middleman between the attorney and the court. "Every picture," says Mr. Wallis, "that is painted of the law's delay, and of the costly injustice, for which men curse it, has for its chief figure the *escribano*."

"Con semblante infernal y pluma en mano."

All evidence "goes before the judge in the shape of declarations made before the *escribano*, and reduced by him to writing. Indeed there is nothing which concerns the case, in law or in fact, of which the *escribano* is not the conductor, from the judge to the parties, and from the parties to the judge and to each other."

This is an evil inherent in the system. We fear, however, that whatever evils there are inherent in the system of Spanish justice, they are far surpassed by the evils which

have been engrafted on it. The worst of these is the venality and partiality of the judges. As long as these prevail there is a canker at the root of all prosperity.

In the office of the Minister of the Interior, all the threads of a most elaborately centralized system meet in one point. France, as France was under Louis Philippe, supplied the model upon which the victorious Moderados of 1845 re-organized their own country; and the changes which have been introduced since, have not been favourable to local liberties.

The whole mainland of Spain is divided, for administrative purposes, into forty-seven provinces. Over each of these is an officer who bears, in the province of Madrid, the title of Political Chief, and in the other forty-six that of Civil Governor. Each of these personages is assisted by counsellors, appointed, like himself, by the Crown, and by a consultative body whose members are elected by the province. The local administration is carried on by *Alcaldes*, who are also nominees of the Government, and are helped in the discharge of their functions by elected councils, larger or smaller, according to the population of the district; those same *Ayuntamientos*, or municipalities, of which we have already spoken, and whose power, before the reaction abridged it, was the mainstay of the Liberal party. In the very smallest places there is a still humbler administrator, who is called the *Alcalde pedaneo*.

All these Alcaldes, great and small, must do as the Minister of the hour commands, and they are the principal instruments by which the elections are worked, so as to produce the results which are desired by the party in power.

The management of the police forms another part of the multifarious duties of the Minister of *Gobernacion*. Minutoli speaks well of it; and all men speak well of the allied service called the *Guardia Civil*, which looks after the safety of the roads, and is due to General Narvaez. The danger to which the traveller is exposed from robbers in Spain has, of course, been materially diminished by the increase of railways; but even the common roads are much safer than they were.

There is really hardly anything that does not fall within the province of the Minister of whom we are writing, and Minutoli, in describing his functions, speaks *de omni scibili*. Of the charitable institutions of Spain he expresses warm approbation, and on this head the reader will do well to consult the *Attaché in Madrid*, always remembering that he is reading the work of a Roman Catholic neophyte.

Of the lunatic asylums, the state of which Ford describes as very bad, Minutoli also gives a painful account. On the other hand, he says that the prison at Valencia was under the management of Col. Montesinos, the very best which he ever saw in Europe, except that at Munich under Obermayer, and he certainly adduces some most remarkable facts in support of his opinion. The aptitude of Col. Montesinos for his work must have been quite exceptional, and his prison very unlike some others in Spain; for about the very time that he was doing wonders at Valencia, the Carcel del Corte at Madrid was, as we know from Borrow, in a frightful condition.

The management of the post in Spain does scant credit to ministerial wisdom. Nothing more ridiculous can be imagined, and its irregularities are complained of by all travellers. Out of six letters recently addressed to the writer at Barcelona, according to the form advised by Ford, not one ever reached his hands. Tourists cannot be too earnestly cautioned not to have letters of importance addressed to them at the Post-office in Spain. They should always be sent to the house of some banker, or other well-known person.

The persecution of the press is another most important part of this Minister's functions, and whatever else he may neglect, he generally fulfils this part of his duty with great zeal. Two hours before a newspaper is published, a copy must be in the hands of the police, and they often exercise their right of confiscating the whole impression, and of prosecuting the editor. Bad as things are, however, there is certainly at this moment more freedom for public writers in Spain than in France.

The Ministry of Public Welfare has the care of the mines, of agriculture, of the scanty but priceless forests, of all public works, of the studs, of the telegraphs, in short, of commerce and material improvement of every kind.

The rapid development of the wealth of Spain during the last twenty years has excited more attention beyond her own boundaries than any other phenomenon connected with her recent history; but the very reasonable and proper attitude of the London Stock Exchange towards a defaulting State, has had the indirect effect of closing the channels by which we in England would in the natural course of things have heard of her prosperity. It is chiefly from France that those supplies of capital have come which have swelled the not inconsiderable hoards of the natives, which appear to have been kept out of harm's way during the

troubles, and to have come to light in recent and more peaceful times. Travel where you will in Spain, you will see more evidence of poverty than of abundance; but even in the poorest districts, let there be a piece of clerical or other land to be sold by the authorities upon advantageous terms, and it is curious to see how many people are able to offer for it. Not less interesting is it to notice that the ill-will of the Church has had so little effect in preventing the acquisition of estates once devoted to pious uses.

On the subject of the material revival of Spain—a revival to which nothing save peace has contributed so much as the sale of lands which belong to the clergy—a long array of most carefully marshalled and significant figures appeared in an article of our too short-lived contemporary, the *Home and Foreign Review*. The writer, who had peculiar means of information, shows that the population is steadily increasing, having risen more than five millions between 1797 and 1860; that there is every reason to suppose that agricultural production has increased during the same period more rapidly to the south than to the north of the Pyrenees; that the use of meat is becoming more common, and the number of cattle and other domestic animals rapidly multiplying. Not less cheering is it to learn that the consumption of coal has more than quadrupled in the last few years, and that the possessors of iron mines are not less prosperous, while the exports and imports had increased by 350 per cent. between 1843 and 1860.

There is no more agreeable feature in the last ten years of Spanish history than the rapid development of railway communication. We have seen that the line from Bayonne to Madrid is quite finished.

A gap of twenty hours occurs in the railway communication between the capital and Cordova, but when that city is once passed, there is no interruption till the traveller arrives at Cadiz. Fifteen hours of very comfortable railway travelling connect the seat of Government with the port of Alicante, and with the capital of the wealthy and important province of Valencia, while in less than two years we may hope to see the locomotive traversing the whole length of the coast line from the city of the Cid to Perpignan. Already passengers are set down at the Saguntum station, and are, indeed, carried considerably past it to the northward.

From Barcelona the line is only completed along the Catalonian shore as far as Gerona, but one can go straight across the country from sea to sea, without any diligence-travelling. Montserrat, Manresa, so famous in the life of Loyola, Lerida, the Ilerda of Ho-

race, Calahorra, the ancient Calagurris, and Tudela, are all stations upon this line, the latter half of which is singularly picturesque, ascending as it does the upper valley of the rapid and beautiful Ebro, and descending the course of the Nervion, affording through almost every mile the most beautiful views, and doing infinite credit to the engineering skill of its daring constructors. The journey from Miranda to Bilbao is the very poetry of railway travelling. The railway already connects Pamplona with Saragossa, and Saragossa with the metropolis, while the lounge of the Puerta del Sol can hurry to the fresh breezes of Santander without any of "les belles horreurs," which Mr. Borrow has so feelingly described. Even Zamorra, whose desolation had become as much of a jest in Spanish literature as that of Cumæ in the days of Juvenal, can now be reached by railway, and if only the lines from Santa Cruz to Cordova, and from Madrid to Badajoz were completed, the tourist would really have very little reason to complain. Several other important lines are in progress, and not a few minor lines are already completed, but we need not give further details, as Spain has already an *Indicador* of its own, on the plan of the well-known French publication. We would not have given even these, if it had not been that a good deal had been done, even since the publication of Hans Andersen's *In Spanien*, the most recently published book of Spanish travel which any of our readers is likely to have seen.

The roads that are to feed these railways advance more slowly, but still they advance. We can well believe that the Marquis of Albaida tells an "ower true tale," when he says that the promise of a road or a bridge is one of the commonest bribes held out by the Alcaldes to induce their fellow-townsmen to vote for the Government candidates,— "the Diputados di Amen," as they are wittily called. Not less true, we fear, is it that these roads and bridges are oftener promised than made.

The coasting vessels and those for foreign trade advance in numbers, and in the frequency of their voyages, while something is being done for the harbours, which, especially along the eastern coast, are far from being what they must be, if Spain is to become, as she surely one day will, a great maritime power.

Judging by the number of houses which bear upon them the device of some insurance company, we should have thought that fire insurance was more generally practised than the figures before us would lead us to believe. Banking is very far behindhand, and credit walks still with lame and staggering feet.

Turn where we will, we see what marvellous changes an increase of science would work in this splendid country. There are rivers of wine, but it is rarely fit to drink. There are lakes of oil, but it is equally abominable. There are acres of peaches, but the fruit is a sort of turnip. There is no want of industry. The Spaniard works hard with his hands, as those of our engineers who have superintended railways in Spain are ready to testify. Sobriety is a common virtue. Intelligence is not wanting, and elementary education is not so very backward. It is intelligent direction which is wanted, central direction, if nothing better can be got, independent local direction where that is possible. How many Spaniards, however, are there who have imitated Espartero, who devotes the greater portion of his time to making his property near Logroño a model for his neighbours?

It is melancholy when we reflect that vast spaces of fertile land in Spain have been utterly waste since the days of Philip III., to know that every year large numbers of industrious persons emigrate to Oran and elsewhere, and that the attempts at colonization in Andalucia have not been crowned with any great success. The religious difficulty here, as elsewhere in the old world, has done much to keep far from the borders of Spain the most hardy and useful colonists.

Garrido has accumulated, in his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, statistical tables illustrative of the commerce and manufactures of Spain. We should be more tempted to quote their principal figures, if they were more complete, and if some of the more important industries, as, for instance, the cotton spinning of Catalonia, were not exotics fostered by unwise laws. Of all Spanish exports, the most important is wine, and of all Spanish wines, the most important is sherry. We observe that the amount sent out of the country doubled between 1841 and 1861, though the price advanced by about 80 per cent. It should not be forgotten that, as Ford points out, sherry, although grown in Spain, is chiefly made by and for foreigners. There is less wine drunk at a Spanish *table d'hôte* in a month than at a German one in a day.

One of the most important matters to which the department of Fomento could devote itself, would be the increase and better distribution of the water supply of Spain. Drought is, next to misgovernment, the great curse of the country. The formation of reservoirs to catch the winter rains must one day be set about in good earnest, if Spain is ever to support a population at all equal to that which we see in many other countries.

The re-plantation of those forests which human shortsightedness and folly have destroyed is another urgent necessity, but its difficulty is, alas! proportionate to its importance.

The multiplication of canals for purposes of irrigation would be another great boon, but unfortunately this too is, from the character of the Spanish rivers, far from easy. Long and loud has been the clamour in favour of making the upper Tagus and upper Douro navigable, but neither they nor the Ebro are as yet of much use for purposes of transit. One is tempted to believe that the Moors, as they quitted the soil of Europe, laid a curse on the waters of Spain,—so unsuccessful have their conquerors been in imitating their dealings with that wayward element.

It was the brilliant and unfortunate Larra who proposed to inscribe over the gate of the Madrid Exchange, "Aqui yace el crédito Español," and who observed, that when that was done, everybody would compare the building to the Pyramids of Egypt, marveling that a work so vast should be raised for the sepulchre of a thing so little. The English translation of the suggested inscription has the advantage, as Ford perceived, of the double meaning of the verb. Things are somewhat better than they were in those days of repudiation and bankruptcy, but still the Spanish Finance Minister has a bad time of it.

The best source of information to which we can refer those who wish to know the most important facts about the public debt and the actual state of the money matters of Spain, are two sections of the article "Espagne," in Block's *Dictionnaire Général de la Politique*. They are both written by Barzanallana, who is at this moment the Spanish Chancellor of the Exchequer. He gives as the total amount of the debt on the 1st January, 1862,—14,603,231,950 reals, but it has of course increased since. He also states the amount of the budget voted on the 4th March, 1862, at 2,003,853,536 reals, for the ordinary expenses of the State, as against 2,009,938,000 reals, the estimated ordinary revenue, while more than 560,000,000 reals were assigned to extraordinary expenses, which it was expected would be met by receipts not forming part of the ordinary revenue. We may remind our readers that a sum in reals may be converted into one in pounds sterling, with sufficient accuracy for ordinary purposes, if it is divided by 100.

Many of the methods of raising the revenue are much complained of by intelligent Spaniards. The tariff is still ruinously protective. The tobacco and other monopolies are opposed to the most elementary princi-

ples. The barbarous *octroi* minimizes the internal commerce of the country, loses many hours of every day to thousands of industrious people, and fosters the vicious propensities of a whole army of officials, whose illegitimate gains, as every traveller knows, are far greater than their honest ones. An elaborate and vexatious system of stamps interferes with almost every transaction of life. With one hand the Minister of France beckons into existence a host of *contrabandistas*, and with another an army of *carabineros*, to keep them in check. The lottery still sows demoralization broadcast over the whole Peninsula. In short, there are few economical heresies which are not embraced as great truths by Queen Isabella's Government, in spite of the efforts of many enlightened persons who translate Bastiat, and otherwise attempt to dispel the darkness of the land.

Of the wrongs of the bondholders we will say nothing. There are few Spanish topics which are so familiar to the newspaper reader. Those, however, who would learn what can be advanced on the Spanish side of the case, might look with advantage at the pamphlet called *Spain and Morocco*, by Mr. Owen Ross.

So obvious are the benefits which would accrue to Spain from an honest arrangement with her creditors, and so perfectly able is she to make one which would be accepted as satisfactory, that we cannot doubt that such will be made. Made it would have been ere this, if the present state of things had not been useful to speculators, whose influence at Madrid is more powerful than any consideration of national prosperity, to say nothing of national honour.

We have seen that in the year 1858 the neo-Catholic party, which had attempted to stop the sale of the national Church lands, was obliged to give way to the politicians of the "Union Liberal." They re-commenced the good work, and an enormous amount of real property has now passed from the dead to the living hand. The money received by the State has been and is being applied to many good objects—*inter alia*, to the construction of harbours and lighthouses, to canals, roads, and bridges. Unfortunately, vast sums have been squandered on preparations for and munitions of war; while, according to Garrido, not one penny has been spent in promoting the increase of knowledge,—the great want of Spain.*

* As these sheets were passing through the press, the news arrived of the generous step taken by the Queen of Spain. It would be vain at present to speculate on the effect likely to be produced on the Spanish finances by the sale of the Crown lands;

Assuredly finance is not the bright side of Iberian affairs. And yet let any one compare the figures of recent budgets with those of the days of Spain's prosperity and pre-eminence, asking himself after he has done so what people mean when they say that she has declined. Her relative position has changed, and she has not advanced as she ought to have done; but how much of that halo of greatness which surrounds her past is mere delusion. It should not be forgotten that the figures we have cited are only those connected with the central Government. Very large sums are raised for public purposes by the provincial councils and by the municipalities. It should also be borne in mind that the debt has been much increased by the State's having given to the former owners of lands held in mortmain, obligations upon the National Treasury instead of the estates which they lost.

The events of the Peninsular War left on the English mind a somewhat too unfavourable impression of the Spanish soldier. Faults, which were really attributable only to his officers or to the War Department, were unhesitatingly ascribed to him; and his demerits are even now popularly accepted as part of the low estimate of Spain, which is usual amongst us. And yet the great Captain who freed the Peninsula by no means shared these views. He did not hesitate to express the highest opinion of the warlike virtues of the Spanish private; and a person is still living who can testify to his having said, "The British soldier—if you treat him well—if you feed him—if you clothe him—will go anywhere, and fight anybody; but the Spanish soldier—if you *don't* treat him well—if you *don't* feed him—if you *don't* clothe him—will do the same."

The necessities of the civil wars directed very great attention to the better organization of the royal troops in Spain; and when peace returned, the wants of the service were not lost sight of. Minutoli, who had himself served for twenty-four years in the Prussian army, gives a most detailed account of the whole military system, satisfying in his scrupulous pages alike the curiosity of the drill-sergeant and of the army tailor. His summing up is highly favourable to the efficiency and high character of the troops of Queen Isabella, who, when he wrote, had been for some time reposing on their laurels. When, a few years afterwards, they were called to make proof of their valour and endurance in the war with Morocco, they earned, it will be remembered, much praise at the hands of

the *Times* correspondent, whose letters have since been re-published, and should be referred to by those who are anxious to form an opinion as to the real importance of Spain.

Official returns of the year 1863, quoted in the *Statesman's Year-book*, give 151,668 men as the total strength of the Spanish military forces; but more than 22,000 of these belong to the Carabineros and to the Guardia Civil, while more than 44,000 are militiamen. There are also troops in the Canaries and in the Colonies, which are not included in the above. The army is recruited by conscription; but great privileges are given to volunteers, who receive a large bounty, and substitutes are freely permitted. Minutoli calls particular attention to the artillery, which is destined to act in mountainous districts,—an arm of the first importance in the land of Sierras. The exercises of the army in general, and of the cavalry in particular, are arranged on the French model. We have no very certain information as to how far Spain is keeping pace with the latest improvements in military science, but the recent educational programme for the Prince of Asturias inclines us to think that it will not be in this direction that Narvaez is likely to err. The Spanish navy, which had sunk very low, rose rapidly into importance under Charles III., and at the commencement of the present century was still in a very flourishing condition. The great disaster of Trafalgar inaugurated another period of decline, from which it is only now recovering. Perhaps it is to the filibustering expeditions against Cuba, more than to any other cause, that we must attribute the very marked improvement that is now visible in the Marine Department. Some credit is also due to the Marquis of Molins—better known by his name of Roca di Togores—whose poetical and rhetorical merits raised him to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty about the time that the Cuban question became alarming. As early, however, as 1845, things had begun to mend; and Minutoli speaks of as many as 78 vessels being in process of construction, or undergoing large repairs, in the spring of 1851. Ever since, there has been a gradual advance, and now, like other and greater powers, Spain is turning her attention to the construction of ironclads, of which she has several afloat.

The officers of the Spanish navy are very highly spoken of by Mr. Wallis and others. Both the war and commercial marine suffer much from the obstinate adherence of the authorities to a system based upon the French maritime inscription. The sailor too has, it would appear, other grievances, of which the chief are a low rate of pay and severe punishments. It is probable that the Spanish

but the measure is a certain sign that our hopes for Spain are not unfounded, and it goes some way to remove our fears for the Spanish Dynasty.

Government will follow in the wake of their great neighbour in undoing the mistakes of Colbert; but Garrido says that it as yet is only the Democratic party which urges this change.

The Minister who now presides over the colonies of Spain has not a very laborious office. Her gigantic colonial empire has now sunk to Cuba, Porto-Rico, a corner of the Virgin Islands, part of the Philippines, the Marian Archipelago, with the far scattered Carolinian group. The whole population of these possessions may be 8,000,000, so that Holland has now many more colonial subjects than her once terrible antagonist.

The want of good faith the Spanish Government has displayed in all that relates to the slave-trade, has been a frequent subject of complaint in this country. Since the treaty of 1817, the slaves in Cuba have enormously increased, and almost every Captain-General has made large sums by conniving at the importation of slaves from Africa. The most conspicuous exception to this rule was General Valdez, who administered the island during the regency of Espartero, and whose name is a synonyme for honour. The Democratic party is of course thoroughly opposed to the existing system, and its writers do not cease to point out that sooner or later the sins of the past and present will be washed out in blood. The absolute stoppage of the slave-trade, with gradual emancipation immediately begun and steadily persevered in, are the only possible methods of conjuring the frightful calamity which impends over the Queen of the Antilles.

The really Liberal party in Spain, as we have seen, is altogether opposed to attempts at "re-vindication" of colonial empire. Garrido even goes so far as to say, that Spain, if she lost the Colonies which she still has, would be all the stronger, and there is much to be said on that side of the question. He admits, however, that public opinion is not ripe for such a change as this, and Spain will have done all that England can expect, if she tries to imitate what we have done during the last thirty years, without attempting to place herself abreast of our most advanced colonial politicians. Her dependencies are still governed by an arbitrary system, for the laws procured in the Constitution of 1837 have never been introduced. The Captain-General of Cuba, if we believe the Democratic press, is as despotic as a pasha.

The Secretary for Foreign Affairs is generally placed in the list of Spanish Ministers immediately after the President of the Council. We have put him last, wishing thereby to indicate that there is none of his colleagues who does not occupy a more really important

position. The advice of every man of common sense, who desires the welfare of Spain, to the Spanish Foreign Minister, will, if he understands the circumstances of that country, be, for some time to come, a very simple one. "Instantly recognise all accomplished facts in Italy or elsewhere, and then withdraw for the next quarter of a century into a masterly inactivity. Try to forget that Spain has ever exercised any influence beyond her own borders. Instruct all your ambassadors to confine themselves to protecting the lives and rights of their countrymen in foreign lands, and to keeping you well informed, taking especial care to hear as much and to say as little as possible." If this policy were persevered in, and the other Ministers were as active as their colleague was tranquil, Spain would not, at the end of the period we have named, have to ask humbly to be admitted into the councils of Europe. She would be one of the "Great Powers," in virtue of being a *great power*.

The most important member of the present Cabinet is Narvaez, who is President of the Council, and who is just as old as the century. In 1822 he took the side of the Liberal party, and after the French invasion was obliged to live very quietly at Loja, his native place, until the death of Ferdinand. In 1834, he returned to the army and distinguished himself upon several occasions, more especially in 1836, when he overtook, and defeated the famous Carlist leader Gomez. From this time forward he became sufficiently important to be considered as a sort of rival to Espartero. His first attempts were however unsuccessful, and after a fruitless endeavour to put himself at the head of a party, he fled to France, whence, in 1843, he returned, as we have seen, to take a decisive part in the overthrow of the best and most patriotic of Spanish politicians. His history from that date has been sufficiently commented on in the preceding pages.

Avrazola, the Minister of Justice, was originally an advocate, but early took to politics, and has been long one of the most prominent Moderados. He also held for many years high judicial office, but is remarkable for the subtlety rather than the breadth of his intellect.

Gonsalez Bravo, the Minister of the Interior, was in his youth a violent Progressista, as he who cares to turn to the furious papers, quoted from the *Guirigay* in Rico y Amat, will readily see. Since he took office in 1843, he has, of course, become very different; witness his recent circular against the press. He is, however, we suspect, too clever a man not to see that in the present state of Spain some concessions to the Liberal party

have become quite necessary, and it was probably his influence that gave so liberal a tone to the professions which the Narvaez Government made, when it first came into power.

Alcalá Galiano, the Minister of Fomento, approaches the end of his long career. He was born at Cadiz in 1789, entered the diplomatic service in 1812, took an active part in the Revolution of 1820, and was banished for his share in it. During the eight years that he passed in England, he was a frequent contributor to the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly*. On his return to Spain he again entered political life; was a bitter opponent of the first two constitutional Ministries, and a supporter of Mendizabal. Like the Duke of Rivas, however, and many others, he soon changed his politics, and the second half of his life has been passed as a *Moderado*. He enjoys a great reputation as an orator, and his lectures at the Madrid Ateneo were in their day extremely celebrated. Of the remaining Ministers, the most distinguished is Benavides, one of the best debaters in the Cortes, who a few weeks ago succeeded Llorente as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Parties in Spain at the present time may be thus divided:—

I. The Royalists, “*pure et simple*,” who are again split into three factions: the Carlists, the Neo-Catholics, and the Royalists of Isabella II.

II. The Constitutionalists, who are either—
Moderados;
Men of the Union Liberal;
Moderate Progressistas;
Advanced Progressistas.

III. The Democratic party, which has two subdivisions, according as its members are—
Democratic Progressistas, or Socialist
Republicans.

Neither the Constitutional Progressistas nor the Democrats have taken any part, as we have seen, in the recent elections, but they, like all other sections, have their representatives in the press.

The Carlists have for their principal organ the *Esperanza*, a large paper, of very little merit, but which has, we believe, a great circulation. Practically, this party, of course, can only strengthen the hands of the clerical faction, the Neo-Catholics, whose chief paper is *El Pensamiento Español*. It must be remembered that Neo-Catholicism in Spain means something very different from the comparatively moderate views to which it is applied in France. In the latter country, we connect it with the name of Montalembert, and with certain *vellètés* towards Liberalism, while in Spain it is the creed of the “real old bats of bigotry.” The only paper in Spain

which supports the principles of the *Correspondant* is, so far as we are aware, the *Diario di Barcelona*, an old-established journal, which is now under the direction of M. Mañe y Flaquer, a man of intelligence and ability. The Royalists, who have rallied round the present dynasty, have the *Regeneración* for their organ.

The Moderados have the *Reino*, the *Contemporaneo*, and several other journals.

The Union Liberal has the *Epoca*, the *Politica*, etc.

The Progressistas have, amongst others, the *Novedades* and the *Iberia*, the latter of which is perhaps the best Spanish paper which now appears. It is strange that it is hardly ever quoted by the English press, while the names of very inferior journals appear frequently.

The *Democracia*, which is edited by Castelar, a professor at the University of Madrid, who has attracted much attention by a series of lectures at the *Ateneo*, upon the civilization of the first five centuries, represents the opinions of the Democratic Progressistas; while the *Discussion* is the organ of the Socialist Republicans. Till recently, that journal was under the guidance of a Catalan, M. Pi y Margall, and it still has great influence in Barcelona and its neighbourhood. In literary merit it seems to us very inferior to the *Democracia*, with which it lives on the worst possible terms.

There is at present no Spanish review. One was tried a few years ago, but its success was not sufficient to justify its continuance. Altogether, indeed, this is not one of the happiest moments of the Spanish periodical press. The laws which restrain it are severe, and they are not justly applied. Still, however, there is quite enough liberty to make very good writing possible, if there was in the journalist class the requisite amount of talent and information. The reader must not jump to the conclusion that the press of Madrid is to be despised, but the proportion of its words to its ideas is certainly too great.

Garrido gives 279 as the number of the journals of Spain. Of these, 62 were daily and political, 52 belonged to the bishops, 58 to the Government, and the other 92 were devoted to particular branches of knowledge, to commerce, and so forth. These figures have probably not been very much altered in the last two years; and although the state of things which they disclose is not one to make us over-sanguine, yet compare it with the accounts which we have of Spain from 1823 to 1833, and we seem to have entered a new world.

Students of Spanish literature who have been led down to the reign of Charles IV. by

the learned and only too painstaking Ticknor, may well be excused if they decline to pursue its history to our own times with such imperfect helps as they can find. They must not, however, conclude, as too many do, that nineteenth century Spain has no literature worthy of the name. The only substitute for Ticknor which we can suggest to them, of course a very imperfect one, is the two-volume collection of extracts from Spanish contemporary writers, edited by Ochoa for Baudry in 1840. A biographical notice of each author is prefixed to the passages taken from him. Amongst many now dead they will find the names of Hartzembusch, Pacheco, the Duke of Rivas, Ventura de la Vega, and not a few others who are still alive. There are also several writers who have appeared since Ochoa's collection was given to the world. Such is Campoamor, whose short pieces, called *Doloras*, are of really very great merit, and may be most strongly recommended to those lovers of fugitive poetry who have come to the end of all the better known literatures have to offer in this kind.

If quantity were of great importance in literature, great would be the place which would be filled in the eyes of his contemporaries by Don Modesto Lafuente, the twenty-second volume of whose history of Spain only brings us down to 1814; but those best entitled to speak with authority upon such a subject accuse him of much too great haste, and of pandering to some of the worst prejudices of his countrymen. The history of the reign of Charles III., by Ferrer del Rio, relates in minute detail the annals of a period which is very imperfectly known, and has been favourably received by foreign critics. Like these, the great statistical work of Don Pascual Madoz has found its way into good English libraries. Amador de los Rios is retracing in fuller detail the ground already so well traversed by Ticknor. Beginning, however, with the beginning, he thinks it necessary to go back not only to Lucan and Martial, but even to Portius Latro, the worthy rhetorician who was the teacher of Seneca.

The Marquis of Pidal, long prominent in politics, is an historian of a higher order, and unlike Lafuente, who is said to have spent only five days at Simancas, has brought many new facts to light.

The lady who writes under the assumed name of Fernan Caballero, is perhaps better known out of her own country than any living Spanish writer, and at least one of her novels has been translated into English. It is unfortunate that her influence, such as it is, is thrown into the scale of the anti-liberal party. This is the case, too, with the popu-

lar poet and romance writer, Don Antonio de Trueba. Those who care to know more about living Spanish writers may turn to the work of Latour, which we have placed at the head of this article. We should warn them, however, that this author is but the one-eyed in the kingdom of the blind, and we only recommend him because, superficial and prejudiced as he is, we know no better guide. When will some one do for Spain what Marc Monnier in *L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?* has done for the sister Peninsula?

Although the state of education in Spain is very far from being satisfactory, even when compared with other Catholic countries, it would be a sad mistake to suppose, as too many do, that it is no better than Mr. Borrow found it. In the year 1832 there were in the whole country only 700 educational establishments, and in 1839 these had, thanks to the civil wars, increased only to 900. In the end of 1851, Minutoli calculated that there were—

17,009 Boys' Schools, attended by . . .	626,882 scholars.
5,021 Girls' Schools, attended by . . .	201,200 „
287 Asylums for Children, educating .	11,100 „
Total,	839,182 „

On the 1st of January, 1861, according to official returns quoted by the writer in the *Home and Foreign Review* already alluded to, the number of children receiving instruction had risen to 1,046,558, and the proportion between the sexes had materially altered, for whereas in 1851 there were three times as many boys as girls in the schools, the ratio in 1861 was as nine to four—a change which can hardly fail to be fruitful of good to the next generation. Minutoli, speaking from personal observation in many parts of Spain, says that in spite of their low salaries the schoolmasters are in general very tolerable, and that he came from time to time upon schools which were quite excellent.

All this progress has been made in little more than a quarter of a century, for the first school-law that seems to have had any effect was framed in 1838. In 1797 there were not 400,000 children attending the primary schools.

Very little good, we fear, can be said of the class of schools corresponding to the French Lycées. They are few in number, and ill attended. Hence the Universities have to do much of the work that ought to be got over in the years of boyhood—an evil of which we know something nearer home. In Spain, Greek, which in the sixteenth cen-

tury had a very heretical flavour, has never been much studied, and we were recently assured by an eminent Professor of the University of Madrid, that the instruction in Latin usually given in Spanish schools, was extremely imperfect.

The Universities are ten in number, but of these Madrid is the only one which is organized on the scale of a great national establishment. It represents the famous University of Alcalá—whose name we connect with Cardinal Ximenes, and the Complutensian Polyglot. It alone bears the title of "Central," while its humbler sisters are only "District Universities." These are situated at Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Salamanca, Seville, Santiago, Valencia, Valladolid, and Saragossa.

The darkness of the Middle Ages still lies deep upon Valladolid and Salamanca, but in Seville the ideas of our time have at least one worthy exponent. In the capital of Catalonia the Scotch philosophy contrives to reconcile itself with the fervent Catholicism of Balmez, a foeman more worthy the steel of Protestant controversialists than any whom Spain has produced since the commencement of her decline; and the general tone of that University appears for the moment to be singularly alien to the Democratic tendencies which have of late been so prominent in the most active and turbulent of Spanish provinces. The University of Saragossa shares in the general decay of the old capital of Aragon; a decay whose persistence is all the more remarkable, when it is remembered how favourably it is situated with respect to railway communication. The library of this institution is really one of the most touching spectacles which the lover of letters is likely to see in any part of Europe. Room after room may be traversed without finding almost a single book likely to interest any one except the *bibliomane*. Yet even here, where so little provision is made for giving solid instruction to the students, we could mention the name of one professor who is honourably distinguished among his reactionary colleagues by liberality and intelligence.

A detailed account of the Madrid University, with all the apparatus of higher, secondary, and primary instruction which it sets in motion, is to be found in a convenient little volume, the *Memoria-Anuario de la Universidad Central*. On paper at least, everything seems well ordered, and in a course of steady improvement. Whether Dr. Pattison and Mr. Arnold would give as pleasant a picture of the actual working of the machine is quite another question. It is, however, undoubtedly doing good service to sound learning; and the tone of the very important philosophical

faculty is extremely liberal.* Not the least remarkable of its professors is M. Sanz del Rio, whose *Ideal de la Humanidad para la vida* now lies before us. Tell it not in Gath, but it is the philosophy of Krause which is now taught to the rising generation in the metropolis of the *auto-da-fé*,—of Krause, who found in freemasonry the germ of that higher order in which he believed that all States and Churches would one day merge. Vera is preaching Hegel at Naples, and Krause is indoctrinating the "only court." It is enough to bring Philip II. out of his grave again.

Garrido observes, that although the law of 1856, which now governs public instruction in Spain, was framed by a very reactionary Cabinet, the ideas of the time have been too strong for its contrivers, and it is to a great extent working in a liberal direction. He tells an amusing anecdote of the troubles of an unfortunate boy at school in Andalusia, who, when examined by the priest with regard to the creation of the world, made the same answer which he had been taught to make in the natural history class of the same establishment. Everywhere throughout Spain the old and the new, superstition and enlightenment, are in presence of each other, but nowhere do they meet in sharper conflict than in the educational institutions. All attempts to make the scientific works used even tolerably conformable to the teaching of the Church seem to have been given up. Education is certainly cheap, even when we consider that Spain is a poor country; and indeed it is difficult to understand how tolerably competent professors can be secured for the very small remuneration which is offered.

It is unfortunate that we cannot refer those who desire to know something of the religious state of Spain, to any recent work which can bear comparison with Doblado's *Letters*, which are now more than forty years old, for there is no subject on which it is more difficult for a foreigner to speak. A few facts, however, we may note as certain: *First*, The existing Spanish Constitution, although it still contains no clause proclaiming religious toleration, is in this one respect very much more liberal than that of Cadiz, which distinctly committed the nation to intolerance. At present the legislation of Spain recognises the liberty of religious opinions, but does not recognise the liberty of religious worship. The distinction is a pitiful one for these our days, but still it is very real,

* Even in medicine the land of Sangrado has made great progress. The clinical instruction now given at Madrid is not inferior to the best in Europe. See a long and interesting article in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, for 1861, p. 314.

and represents the abolition of an enormous amount of tyranny and annoyance. *Secondly*, The territorial power of the priesthood, once so great, has ceased to exist; monasteries are a thing of the past, and in their place we find only a few scattered mission-houses, while the whole number of ecclesiastics has been diminished by many thousands. *Thirdly*, Although it might be imagined that the sacrifice of so large a portion of its worldly advantages might have been repaid to the Spanish clergy by an increase of spiritual influence, this has certainly not been the case, and every traveller knows that neither they nor their office are respected by large sections of the community.

Some curious evidence with regard to this point is supplied by a book published in 1851, and entitled, *The Practical Working of the Church in Spain*. Its authors (for more than one had contributed to its pages) belong or belonged to that section of English Churchmen who talk of Dr. Pusey as "one whose words are priceless." It may then readily be inferred that they went to the Peninsula expecting to see and hear much with which they could sympathize. They thought that they were entering a land of "happy peasants, all holy monks, all holy priests, holy everybody," and great, accordingly, was their consternation when they found ceremonies profaned, confession laughed at, and the clergy despised. In Malaga and Cadiz, in Seville and Cordova, through all south-eastern Spain, they beheld the old religion sinking into contempt. The priests candidly confessed that they had lost their hold over the middle class, or, to use their own peculiar diction, they said, "If it was not for the poor, there would be no worship of God in the land." Sometimes, when a sermon of an exceptionally startling kind woke up the slumbering consciences of the masses, the ancient fanaticism flared up again in a ghastly way; but it was a mere momentary revival, and things soon returned to their accustomed course. We strongly recommend those who are interested in Spain to read this little work, because the testimony which it gives is evidently wrung from its authors with great reluctance. They had no sympathy with some of the more flagrant delusions of the Roman system, with its Mariolatry, for example; but with much that to a real Protestant is quite as objectionable, they were thoroughly at one.

If we turn to the debates which took place in the Constituent Cortes with regard to religious toleration, and which have been published in a separate volume, we shall see that not only were several of the amendments brought forward by the Liberal party very re-

spectably supported, but that the reason given by some of the most influential persons in support of the less liberal proposal of the committee, which was ultimately adopted, were by no means such as could be acceptable to conscientious bigots, while the counter proposal which was brought forward by the Neo-Catholic party met with very little favour. The motion of Montesinos, deputy for Caceres, in Estremadura, to establish complete religious toleration, was only lost, on the 15th of January, 1855, by 103 votes to 99. There is little doubt that if it had not been for the difficulties occasioned by the bigotry of Queen Isabella, and the fear of introducing another element of disturbance into an already agitated country, the amendment we have just alluded to, would have been carried.

It is probable that the barbarous suppression of the Reformed tenets was one of the chief causes of the decline of Spanish glory, but we do not feel by any means sure that the introduction of a considerable leaven of Protestantism into sixteenth century Spain might not have exercised so powerful a dissolving force as to have undone the work of Ferdinand and Isabella, by breaking the country once more into two or more separate kingdoms. No one has a right dogmatically to assert that this would not have been so, until he has well weighed and considered the centrifugal forces which have long worked, nay which are even now working, in Spanish politics. It is not impossible that the historians of the twentieth century may think that they understand why it was that the good cause was allowed so utterly to fail; and as they narrate the discomfiture which assuredly awaits the "Great Church" in the Peninsula, may see how fatal to the interests of superstition has been that national unity of which its advocates have said so much. The shades of Ægidius and San Roman are, if we mistake not, likely to be far more thoroughly avenged upon their enemy than they would have been by the kind of partial success which followed efforts similar to theirs in France or Southern Germany; and those who read their story by the light of what is now passing in the Peninsula, may comfort themselves with the saying—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that there is any tendency towards the Confessions of the sixteenth century on the part of any appreciable number of Spaniards. The expedition of Mr. Borrow, except so far as it produced a book which has been well called "*Gil Blas in Water-Colours*," was

a perfect failure, as is well explained in Captain Widdrington's second work. The more recent movement, to which the name of Matamoros is attached, has not even the proverbial importance of straws that show which way the wind blows. If any exhortations of ours were likely to reach the class of persons who find a vent for their superfluous energy in missions to the Mediterranean, we would advise them, for the present, to devote all their attention to Italy. There they will find, under the protection of an enlightened Government, a fair field and certainly no disfavour. There, by a plentiful expenditure of money and zeal, they will be able thoroughly to test how far their views are suitable to Latin populations in the nineteenth century. The cause of progress can only gain by their having full scope for their operations, whether judicious or otherwise. In Spain the case is very different: they have to deal with a half-enlightened Government, and with a people which, so long as we hold Gibraltar, will be apt to look with intense dislike on everything which has a peculiar English colour. Whatever they do, let them at least not make Gibraltar the pivot of their operations. The only result of doing so will be to stultify their own efforts, and to alienate the sympathy of Spaniards from any of their converts who may get into trouble. Our own impression is, that the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity, than that which exists in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold; but much rather as a superstition than as a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifferentism, and probably in their heart of hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration, oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up towards the religion of the State. At present they are Catholics, as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody: it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—Pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creeds. We cannot expect this miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature, and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards who

are as enlightened in these great matters, and earnest, as the best amongst ourselves; and just as surely as the opinions of Luther and Melancthon would, through the Enzinas family and many others, have-taken root in Spain and converted a large minority of the nation, if the persecutions of Philip II. and his successors had not made it absolutely impossible, so one or other of the forms of pure Christianity which, under various names and with differences more or less marked, but not of vital importance, are becoming the creed of most thinking men in the countries of Europe generally recognised as progressive, will most certainly, before the end of this century, have great influence in rapidly reviving Spain. Only let all concerned remember, that any attempt on the part of foreigners to hasten this good work will only retard it. There is an excellent Castilian proverb which impatient reformers would do well to remember: "*No por mucho madrugar, amanece mas temprano*:" "However early you get up in the morning, the dawn comes never the sooner."

All this is not very like the Middle Ages; and we cannot help thinking that if Mr. Buckle had lived, he would have found it necessary to reconsider the latter part of his elaborate and valuable treatise on Spain. We think that the key to modern Spain is to recollect that she is essentially not mediæval, but that, in the room of the old faith, loyalty, and *pundonor*, she has not as yet got any great national belief, philosophy, or idea, in the light of which to live. The old principles were bad enough, yet let no man condemn them utterly, till he has seen the Cathedral of Toledo, and read what is best in Calderon. Nearly all the moral and social phenomena which we now observe amongst the educated classes of Spain, may be explained by the influence of a superficial French culture acting upon a people in whom long tyranny had dried up the springs of national life.

The question which underlies all other questions in the Peninsula is the question of the dynasty. Will this wretched Bourbon race ever be able honestly to reconcile itself with constitutional government, or must it be trampled down at Madrid as elsewhere? Our readers will have gathered that, altogether apart from the play of the political forces, there is an evil influence which is perpetually interfering with the action of government. As long as there is the *camarilla* in the palace, there will be a constant danger of revolution in the streets. It is more than probable that Queen Isabella would ere this have been set aside, if it were possible to put anybody in her place; but against every candidate

whose claims have ever been canvassed, there are great objections, and he must be an ardent republican indeed, who would seriously propose to try his favourite form of government in such a country. As long as the Queen persists in giving her confidence to priests, swindlers, and favourites, it is impossible to say what may happen from hour to hour: but if the royal difficulty could be got over, and the intelligence of the country could be reconciled with its dynasty, which we should be heartily glad to see, the next step should be, if not to restore the Constitution of 1837, at least very much to alter that of 1845, and above all, to sweep away those dishonest saving clauses which leave it open to a Minister to exercise despotic authority under constitutional forms. We have not much fault to find with the franchise. Anyhow the improvement that would be effected, if all parties would consent honestly to abstain from the exercise of that undue influence which has been employed against all in turn, would be so enormous, that all questions relating to it sink by comparison into insignificance. Corruption by private persons has never made much progress in Spain, although there, as in France, it is upon the increase. If these reforms could be effected, Englishmen could look with great equanimity upon a nominated Senate, and the continued abeyance of the National Guard, although we are far from venturing to hope that real reforms will be carried out without recurrence to the use of that powerful but dangerous instrument. Another crying evil, which it would be most important to sweep away, is the intolerable number of functionaries and pensioners, who eat up the revenues of the State, and eke out their wretched pay by bribery and oppression. This, however, is an evil with which the constitutional government of Spain finds it as difficult to deal as does the Autocrat himself. It is easier to say that Spain ought to have half the number of employés which she now has, and to double their salaries, than to propose any feasible means of effecting such a reform. It is no less clear that her policy ought to be to have a small, thoroughly well-appointed army, which might act as a nucleus in the improbable case of a really necessary war, round which her population, than which none in Europe more easily adopt the habits of the soldier, might rapidly rally. Nor would it be less desirable that Spanish generals should confine themselves to their own art, standing aloof from politics, and imitating, in this respect, their naval brethren. We have alluded already to the ruinous results which have followed the unfair dealing of Spanish Finance Ministers, to the abominations of the tariff, and the

whole fiscal system, as well as to the extreme impolicy of the excessive centralization which prevails in every department of the State. We cannot, however, too strongly impress upon our readers that the punctual execution of the laws which even now exist in Spain, bad as these laws in many particulars are, would very much improve the position of the country. Everywhere there is slackness, gross dishonesty, want of business habits, and falsehood. With regard to all this side of Spanish affairs, the observations of Ford cannot be too frequently read, or too carefully treasured. Against such evils as these the best government can do but little; and any man who, like Espartero and some of his friends, stood erect amidst the general debasement, deserves, although their conduct amounts to little more than a protest, to be placed upon the same level as far more successful Reformers in more fortunate lands. The railways and the abolition of passports have done and will do much to diminish that intense provincial jealousy, which is one of the greatest difficulties of Spanish rulers. Intercourse with foreign nations, which has now become so easy, will gradually force the Spaniards of the upper and middle classes, both men and women, to become more educated. The bull-fight, at once an index and a stimulant of national brutality, is now more flourishing than ever; but this may be accounted for by increased wealth, and everywhere there is an intelligent minority which protests against it. We should, however, only be too happy to think, that the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Jovelanos attacked it would see it beginning to vanish.

If Spain had only, at the commencement of the present reign, adopted a reasonable policy towards her colonies, she might ere this have stood towards them in a position at once honourable and profitable, and have acted in Europe as the head of the Spanish race in all parts of the globe. As it is, it is more probable that she will lose the last of them, than that she will be wise in time, and introduce a good government. Her colonial, like her foreign policy, has remained that of Ferdinand the Seventh. There is surely no power in Europe to which non-intervention is more recommended by nature, for the Pyrenees, as has been truly said, "damp the sound of her voice." She has but two real foreign interests, and both these are peninsular: the union with Portugal, and the possession of Gibraltar. The former of these will, we think, certainly come about, when both nations arrive at a higher point of development, for such a union will increase the power of both in geometrical ratio. We

should not, however, be deceived, for as yet nothing is prepared for it, and the *Pedrist* intrigues of 1854 were quite premature. There are hardly two capitals in Europe, which have so little intercourse with each other as Lisbon and Madrid. When the frontier is cut by half-a-dozen railways it will be very different, and ere that time may we not hope to see a really free and good Government in both countries? At present, Portugal is politically much in advance. With regard to Gibraltar, we have not the space to discuss the question of its transfer either from the English or the Spanish point of view. Many years may pass before it becomes a question of immediate interest, but no reasonable man can doubt that it must one day be such; and we only trust that both Governments may have the good sense to set about its discussion, when the proper time arrives, with a due respect for themselves and for each other. In the meantime, it is desirable that writers and speakers should from time to time bring the matter before the attention of this country, in order that the public mind may not be unprepared. Spain would have made a very great step towards prosperity, if she could only understand, that all intelligent Englishmen wish that she should rise to a point of national wealth and real power, such as she has never as yet attained. They are quite aware that, in the present condition of the world, Spain cannot be prosperous without being enlightened, peaceful, and industrious, and they well know that the transformation of the Iberian Peninsula into an enlightened, peaceful, and industrious state, would not only be a great blessing to mankind, but would add enormously to the well-being of their own country, which is becoming every day more and more the workshop and the *entrepôt* of the world. Nor will the complete regeneration of Spain be less important to us in an intellectual than in a material point of view. Consider what she did when she was enslaved to a faith only less bloody than that which she overthrew in Mexico—a faith at which all intelligent Romanists now shudder; then judge what she may do when the fine intellects of her people are freed from the bondage of ignorance, and she has her fair share of the knowledge of those facts of the universe, which are now acquired for humanity. So surely as a new product of any value is discovered, it soon finds its way to England. So surely as a new idea is born into the world, it soon finds its way hither also, and no nation can now become rich or wise without largely contributing to the increase of our riches and wisdom.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. Oxford: Wheeler and Day. London: Hamilton & Co.; 1864.
2. *An Answer to Professor Goldwin Smith's Plea for the Abolition of Tests.* By Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College. London: Rivingtons.

WITHIN the last few years it has become almost a platitude to remark how different in character are the questions now rising into importance among us from those which were the objects of public attention and political warfare during the last two reigns. Some may think that, along with the more definite recognition of a policy of non-intervention abroad, there has come a more resolute concentration of interest upon domestic matters. Others may declare the phenomenon only the result of the indifference to sweeping political changes which it is natural that a period of great material prosperity should produce. Others again, penetrating deeper, will seek its causes in the spirit of an age, which, self-complacent and self-indulgent as it may appear, is yet restless, inquiring, and filled with a belief in progress. But whatever be the cause, the fact is certain. In each succeeding session of Parliament more and more time is consumed in debates upon projects of social and religious change; parties are beginning to reconstruct themselves upon the basis of new beliefs and new cries; the confidence of the nation is given to those statesmen chiefly in whom is recognised the zeal and the wisdom to deal successfully with questions of social improvement.

Among such questions, those relating to education hold a front place; and among those relating to education, there is none more important than that of University extension and reform. Strictly speaking, this is not a political matter at all, for little can be done in it by direct legislative interference. A wise and happy policy has left the Universities both of England and Scotland far more independent than their sisters in other European countries; and it is from their own decisions and their own free action that we have most to hope. However desirable it may be that the two great academies of England should exercise a greater influence in the education of the whole country; that they should be more easily accessible to the less wealthy classes; that room should be found in their curriculum for branches of knowledge as yet imperfectly recognised, but which to be studied rightly must be studied philosophically, these objects cannot be attained by the sudden enactment of any single

scheme, but must be left to the slowly working influences of frequent discussion, of individual example, of enlightened public opinion.

To this principle there is, however, one exception, an exception itself important, but still more so because a change therein is the necessary precondition of every other change. In the matter of religious tests nothing can be done but by the direct aid of the Legislature. Here, and here only, has the law stepped in to restrain the freedom of the University, by imposing, sometimes directly, sometimes through the medium of commissioners, certain subscriptions and declarations of religious belief or conformity, and it is accordingly by the law only that these can be removed.* This question is one of immediate practical moment; it has already been brought forward in Parliament, and it is likely to engage for several years to come no small measure of the attention of the Legislature. We may add, that it is a question affecting in the most serious way the interests of Scotland, though its bearings are unfortunately and unaccountably very little known among us here.

Before entering on the subject, one remark cannot be omitted. The discussion of the merits of these tests, as tests, has nothing to do with any discussion of their truth. Those who have attacked them, being often themselves sufferers, have sometimes appeared to rest their case upon the latter ground, and have mixed up an invective against the doctrine with an invective against the test. We do not propose to enter upon any such line of argument. If a test is as a matter of fact disbelieved by many persons, that, though it may be a very good reason against imposing it, can evidently have nothing to do with its abstract truth; and everybody knows that the legal establishment of both these and other formularies of doctrine has been and is condemned by many whose own orthodoxy is above suspicion.

Further, the question of University Subscription is wholly distinct from that of Clerical Subscription in the Anglican Church. Reasons have already been given in this Review for believing that a relaxation of that subscription is to be desired in the interests of the English Church herself,—reasons many of which apply to the case of the Universities also, for they tend to show that subscription is a broken reed in any hand. But seeing that both the persons subject to the test, and the circumstances, differ wholly in the two cases, each must be argued and judged apart;

nor will the decision in the one necessarily involve a similar conclusion in the other. The argument most frequently advanced for clerical subscription, that since the Christian Church rests upon dogma, and the clergyman's chief duty is to teach dogma, a statement of his dogmatic belief is necessary as a security to the laity, has obviously no application to the case of the Universities. Anything which affects the fortunes of the greatest ecclesiastical institution of Britain must always be to every thoughtful man, be he Churchman or Dissenter, Englishman or Scotchman, a matter of the profoundest interest. But without any disparagement to the question of English clerical tests, it may fairly be said that the question before us is a wider, if not a deeper one; for it affects not one body of Christians merely, but the whole nation; and it is interwoven with many other projects of reform in which neither religion nor the English Church has any direct concern.

We shall therefore make no apology for considering the subject of University Tests, apart from any theory as to the desirability of theological standards for the ministers of a religious body, seeing that it is at once a wider, a more practical, and above all, a far simpler question.

It will be in the remembrance of our readers, that in the sessions of 1862 and 1863, two petitions were presented to Parliament, praying for relief from certain academical tests. One of these—that of 1862—was signed by seventy-four fellows of Colleges at Cambridge, and sought for a repeal of that part of the Act of Uniformity which requires heads and fellows of Colleges to make on their admission a declaration of conformity to the Liturgy of the Church of England. That of 1863 came from Oxford, and was directed against the existing tests generally. The names of one hundred and six present and former fellows or tutors of Colleges and professors were appended to it, including a large proportion of distinguished teachers and writers.* Upon these petitions were founded the two bills introduced into the House of Commons in the sessions of 1863 and 1864 respectively. Mr. Dodson's, which proposed to abolish at Oxford the requirement of subscription to the Articles on taking the degrees of M.A., D.C.L., and D.M., was carried on the second reading by a majority of twenty-two, after a spirited debate in which many leading politicians took part; was carried again, on the proposal to go into committee, by a majority of ten; carried a

* Some of these restrictions are matter of statute, others only of academical law, but practically the intervention of Parliament would be as necessary in the latter case as in the former.

* It was stated in the House of Commons at the time that thirteen professors had signed, and that out of 131 first-class men who were fellows of Colleges, 56 had signed.

third time, against Sir W. Heathcote's amendment, by a majority of ten; read a third time by the casting vote of the Speaker; and finally rejected, on the question "that this bill do now pass," by a majority of only two, in the midst of an excitement only second to that of the Danish debate which followed. Mr. Bouverie's bill,* to make it lawful for Colleges to relax, if they should think fit, the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, by admitting Dissenters to fellowships, came on for discussion rather later in the session, and, from whatever cause, met with a less warm reception. It was rejected on the second reading by a considerable majority. Both measures, however, found an amount of support, and excited an amount of hostility, which must have surprised their authors themselves; and the commotion raised by them in Parliament, which has already found an echo in the country, proclaimed that they had fairly entered the sphere of political, it may almost be said of hustings' questions. To understand clearly what they proposed to do, it may be well to give an exact statement of the existing law, distinguishing those enactments which relate to the University as a whole from those which concern the several Colleges. And first, as to the Universities.

In Oxford, up to the Act of 1854, subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was required from all students at matriculation; to the Articles and the Thirty-sixth Canon in taking any degree whatsoever. That Act abolished the subscription at matriculation and in taking the degree of Bachelor in any of the lay faculties, leaving it subsisting in the case of the higher degrees. Thus at present, every one who proceeds to the degree of Master of Arts, or Doctor of Laws or Medicine, must sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and the three articles of the Thirty-sixth Canon, in the second of which the subscriber declares, "willingly and *ex animo*," that the Book of Common Prayer and of the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, and that it may lawfully be used, and that he himself will use, the forms in the said book prescribed, in public prayer and in the administration of the sacraments.† Only persons having so subscribed are admitted into the Houses of Convocation and Congregation and the Hebdomadal Council,—the three bodies by which the University is governed, and to whose members almost all academic power and privilege belongs.

At Cambridge no subscription is now (since

the Act of 1856) required in the taking of any lay degree whatsoever. But no one is admitted into the senate or governing body of the University, until he shall have declared himself a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. Of course, the degree of M.A., stripped of all rights of government, is a mere barren title, or rather a humiliating badge of inferiority; and the condition of things at Cambridge differs from that at Oxford chiefly in this, that the above declaration of membership is generally found to be less distasteful than a signature to the Articles.

Secondly, as regards the Colleges.

In both Oxford and Cambridge, every head and fellow of a College is required by the act of Uniformity to make, on his admission, a declaration before the Vice-Chancellor that he will conform to the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, as it is by law established. There can be little doubt that this provision was introduced into the Act in order to reach the clergy at the Universities, as its other sections were the means of ejecting beneficed clergymen. Now, of course, the majority of those whom it affects are laymen.

In addition to this, which is matter of the law of the land, the statutes of most Colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, prescribe to their heads and fellows tests more or less stringent. In some it is provided that the fellow shall be a person conforming to the Liturgy of the Church of England; in others, he is merely threatened with deprivation for contumacious non-conformity. Others, again, require him to declare that he embraces the faith of the English Church, or is willing to use her rites. Several Colleges at Cambridge require him to be or declare himself a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. It is also provided in some cases that if he openly secedes from the worship of the Church of England he shall be deprived of his fellowship. At Trinity, Cambridge, where this provision exists, the fellow makes before admission the following declaration:—*Ego N. N., promitto me veram Christi religionem omni animo amplexurum, Scripturæ auctoritatem humanis judiciis præpositurum, regulam vitæ et summam fidei ex verbo Dei petiturum; cætera quæ ex verbo Dei non probantur pro humanis habiturum.*"

It will be perceived from this statement that there are two very different sorts of tests imposed, and correspondingly two different classes of persons who complain of them. Subscription to a formulary of doctrine so minute as the Thirty-nine Articles is felt as a burden by members of the Church of England already admitted to the University, and chiefly, as is natural, by the laymen, of whom

* Introduced first in 1863; then in a modified form in 1864.

† The latter part of this declaration has evidently no meaning except as applied to clergymen.

a profession of faith is demanded on no other occasion in their lives. Conformity to the services of the Church they are generally willing enough to promise, since it binds them only to continue doing what most of them do already. On the other hand, the Nonconformists, the great majority of whom might sign the Articles as honestly as an Anglican, are unable to declare their conformity to the Liturgy, since that would be tantamount to forsaking the religious community in which they have been brought up. Practically, many of them probably would conform, but when it is thus put to them it becomes a point of honour to refuse. Thus the removal of either test singly, while relieving one party, would leave the other just where it is now. Different, however, as are the positions of the excluded Dissenter and the oppressed Churchman, their interest in the matter is really the same. The two tests must stand or fall together, for the party which defends them regards each as equally essential; and it would probably be found almost as hard to exclude Nonconformists from a body which maintained no doctrinal standard, as it would be to keep up that standard when the obligation to conform to the outward services of the Church had been withdrawn. For most purposes, therefore, these tests may be considered together as parts of one system, and it will only be necessary occasionally to examine into the peculiar claims of each.

Three questions may be asked with regard to any institution:—*First*, Is the end which it proposes to serve a good and fitting one, not merely laudable in itself, but a proper object for this particular institution? *Secondly*, Are the means by which this end is to be attained good in themselves? And *lastly*, Are those means actually successful?—is the end proposed attained by them? Let us try the University Test system in these three points.

The object for which these tests exist is commonly held to be the preservation and enforcement of sound doctrine; that is to say, of true opinions on the weightiest of all subjects. The importance of that object in itself will be granted by every thinking man, no matter what his views may be. It must, however, be also granted that the intrinsic goodness of an object does not oblige us to pursue it unceasingly by every lawful means and on every lawful occasion. The argument is no doubt hackneyed, but so is the fallacy. Common sense tells us, that we succeed best in all things by doing one thing at a time, and that the general ends of society are best served by a number of separate organizations, each devoted to its own proper purpose. The wants and the capacities of man are very various, and doctrinal truth, although the most im-

portant, does not by any means include the rest. Many means are open to us of promoting it which we do not use. It is surely desirable that those to whom the destinies of nations are intrusted should have correct speculative views, yet we do not require a declaration of belief from the Prime Minister. Wherever, in short, there is an immediate object to be attained, we look to that immediate object only, and neglect others, no matter how serious. So here of the University, as compared with the Church. The object for which the Church exists is to preserve and teach religious truth; and if that truth takes a dogmatic form, creeds and formularies of doctrine may be a necessary part of the ecclesiastical system,* since it is by them that her teaching is shaped. But the objects for which the University exists are education and learning, the training of the human mind, and the advancement of human knowledge: objects quite distinct from the enforcement of dogmatic truth, distinct even from the formation of a moral and religious character. It may indeed be said that the great aim of all education is to make men better, and that for this religious teaching and even religious dogma are indispensable. True, but it does not therefore follow that the training of the intellect and the moulding of the heart are indissolubly connected, and should be done by the same persons in the same way. As a matter of fact, we see that they are quite distinct. They appeal to different parts of our nature. The capacity for receiving the one is frequently out of all proportion to that for the other: so also is the capacity for teaching them. Strictly speaking, religion cannot be taught at all; and so far as it can be, should be taught first at home, and afterwards by the Church, whose peculiar function it is to do so. Intellectual education not only can, but must be and is pursued quite apart from theology, in a religious spirit, no doubt, but without reference to doctrine. To mix up the teaching of religious dogma with the teaching of Latin and Greek, of the natural sciences, of jurisprudence and logic, even of history and metaphysics, would pervert and impede all these studies, while it made religion itself ridiculous. If any one supposes that they are so taught in the most religious of Universities, he may satisfy himself by a visit to Oxford or Cambridge. He will there hear all those subjects treated exactly as they are treated in the schools of Germany, of Scotland, of America; that is to say, without reference to dogmatic theology at all. Or let

* This of course does not decide how far great strictness is desirable in such creeds, in the interests of theology and the Church itself.

him, if he wishes to spare himself the journey, take up the books which English undergraduates are directed or advised to read for their examinations—Gibbon and Grote and Mommsen, Locke and Adam Smith and Bentham and Mill—and judge from them for himself. It may indeed be said, that the nature of a great educational institution absolutely forbids her to teach dogma. It is not her business to force opinions upon her pupils, which would have no real value to them if so forced, but to enable them to form true and just opinions for themselves.

Let the University be set free from a distressing incubus to follow her own vocation,—a vocation which is the widest and the noblest any secular institution can have, and she will serve both the world and the Church far more effectively than she has ever done before.

Having thus endeavoured to show that the end for which these tests exist, the maintenance of orthodoxy, is one with which the University has nothing to do, we come, in the second place, to inquire more particularly into the essential nature of the means which the University is supposed to have hitherto employed for this end. What in themselves are these declarations and subscriptions; and what is their tendency on those who take them? This part of the argument is so very simple, and has been so often set forth before now, that a few words upon it may suffice. A test is a device by which we attempt to discover a man's feelings and wishes, just as our own observation enables us to know his physical qualities and his acts. Not being able to read his mind, we throw ourselves upon his honour, and ask him to declare it to us. Now, mark the result in different cases. We take extreme cases, because they show the result more clearly, but the principle is the same in all. An honest and scrupulous man may very possibly take the test proposed to him; but if it be a minute and exact test, the tendency of different minds, thinking independently, to arrive at different conclusions, is such that the chances are great that he will refuse. Certain it is, that the more honest and scrupulous he is, and the keener his interest is in theology, his refusal is the more probable. Take another case. You put your test to a man who has no strong sense of the importance of such matters at all. He signs, perhaps with an uneasy sigh, more probably with a smile. In any case, the less honest he is, and the more indifferent, the more ready is he to sign. See now what has been gained on the transaction. He must be a rigid dogmatist indeed, who, if orthodoxy and honesty cannot be had together, will give the preference to orthodoxy. Yet this is just what is

done. The man whose sense of honour, and sense of the magnitude of divine things, is so keen that he will not swerve a step from the path of truth for the sake of worldly advantage, has been rejected; the man whose conscience is more elastic, and who thinks that really theology is one of those things which signify very little anyhow, and should not be allowed to stand in a man's way, has been received. Unless you suppose a natural connexion between scepticism and honesty, the probability is, that the man who is lost to you, differed from your doctrine infinitely less than the man you have got.

But the mischief does not stop here. We all know what the practical result is. Some persons stay away from the University altogether, or leave it immediately on taking their bachelor's degree, knowing that to attain its crowning honours and emoluments they would have to desert the principles or the religious community to which they had formerly adhered. But of those who do come, who pass through the lower degrees and reach the point in their career to seek admission to Convocation, or to compete for fellowships, scarcely one refuses the test, and scarcely one believes it; that is to say, accepts it in the same plain obvious sense in which he would a set of propositions on any other subject. When we say scarcely one, it is understood that we do not speak of careless undergraduates, who have never thought about doctrinal theology at all. They sign from habit, when the time for M.A. comes, just as boys of twelve or fourteen used to sign last century. We speak of the intelligent students, from among whom the fellows of Colleges are taken, and who become in the end tutors and professors; who may be destined in after life to reflect lustre on their University; and who carry away from her the stamp of a culture higher than the common. To call such men dishonest or unscrupulous because they subscribe, would be eminently unjust. They act for what they believe to be the best, and choose of two evils that which seems the lesser. They look upon the Articles as a curious historical monument, quite out of place in the present day, attempting to deal with subjects which transcend human language, and whose very minuteness and preciseness, making it impossible to interpret each expression literally, allow them to interpret it away altogether. They console themselves by the example of friends and teachers whom they respect, and who have taken the tests in a more or less unnatural sense. "Why," each one asks himself, "should I injure my chance of an honourable and useful career? Why debar myself from aiding, by my vote and voice and zeal

in teaching, in the great work of raising and purifying the University and my own College, all for the sake of scruples which others have overcome, and which may very likely spring only from over-conscientiousness?" They say, and they say truly, that they are the victims of a system. But what are we to think of a system which must be defended by one or other of the alternatives given in the pointed and eloquent words of Mr. Goschen?

"How can we deal with a man who comes to the University with a superficial form of adherence to the Church, and under the stimulus of the very learning and study which it is the duty and highest privilege of the University to enforce, finds that although he honestly wishes to believe certain things, yet honestly he cannot? Is such a man to be told, 'Stifle that morbid craving after truth; if you cannot give an honest adhesion to the Church, give it anyhow.' Or are we to say to him, 'You ought to have arrived at one conclusion only from your study, and you have arrived at another. We wished you to listen, and not to reflect. Your learning is great, your genius undeniable, your character unblemished, but you dissent from one of the five hundred propositions contained in the Thirty-nine Articles; you are weak enough to confess it, and you can never be a member of that University, which otherwise you are so fitted to adorn.' I leave the opponents of the measure the benefit of the choice between these two answers."* Yet this is the system which religion is invoked to defend.

Bad, however, as the moral effects of such a state of things are, they are not so bad as might have been expected. It is not indeed possible for men deliberately to put their names to statements which they disbelieve, without having the purity of their conscience stained, and their sense of the binding nature of a moral obligation perceptibly weakened. But here, as one evil may sometimes cure another, the dangers of the lax practice are greatly alleviated by the prevailing laxity of opinion. Public feeling has done what law refuses to do, by abolishing the meaning of subscription. Thus it comes that nobody now supposes that signature to a test is a profession of belief at all, though such a notion is too often professed when it is desired to hold up some formidable opponent to the reprobation of the laity. Why, then, is the test maintained? Why, when it has confessedly failed to answer its original purpose, is it pleaded for as earnestly as if the life of the Church and Christianity depended upon it?

Partly on account of the general difficulty in this world of getting anything changed which has grown up with and become a part of old institutions,—men's self-interest or mere sullen stupidity maintaining the time-honoured abuse, until pent-up indignation finds its vent at last in a sort of moral earthquake, involving in a sudden and terrible overthrow that which ought to have been slowly and peaceably reformed in the bygone days of calm. Partly, however, also from a real fear of the future, a large party in the English Church and in Parliament still believe that these tests, although they do not exclude the heretic, are yet in some way or other a bulwark of sound doctrine. They are, it is thought, a sort of banner set on high in the midst of the University, round which the faithful may rally and enroll themselves (by subscribing) as its defenders. They may not inspire the disaffected with loyalty, or stifle treasonable thoughts, but they can at least prevent open revolt. They are a testimony rendered to the truth by the most learned bodies in the country,—an exhortation to the young man what he should believe, which if he neglect, it is at his own peril, and his instructors are blameless.

The reply to these arguments is by a question: Are these tests such a standard and testimony,—are they any part of it? Do they now discharge, have they ever discharged, the high functions thus claimed for them? Teachers supposed to be heretical they are powerless to punish or expel, for in the course of centuries there has never been but one such prosecution attempted, and that one ended in ludicrous failure. Yet it is certainly not to any want of fancied culprits that this fact can be ascribed. Heretical books they are still less able to exclude; nay, such books are recognised in the University examinations, and are, as we learn from the pamphlet before us, recommended to candidates for honours. Upon the general tone of thought and conversation in the two Universities, they do, no doubt, exercise an influence, a serious and increasing one. To state the nature of that influence, by describing the present condition of academical opinion, will be to answer the third of the criteria by which it was proposed at starting to try the test system. Supposing doctrinal orthodoxy to be the object for whose promotion tests exist, have they succeeded? Do they now promote it? There is no unfairness in judging the tree by its fruits.

In describing the present state of the Universities, some distinction must be made between Cambridge and Oxford. The former, from a variety of causes, among which may be counted the absence of a violent Roman-

* Speech of Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons, March 16, 1864.

izing party, and the greater freedom which she has hitherto enjoyed from legally imposed subscriptions, has been and still is comparatively unvexed by religious strife. But at Oxford, if the newspapers and the evidence of those who reside there is to be trusted, the bitterness of theological faction is greater than anywhere else in England, greater than has ever been known before even there. The presence of tests, and the constant reference to them in every dispute that arises, doctrinal or political, makes dogmatic theology almost the only topic of discussion; the sense of an oppressive yoke makes the tone of discussion invariably unfriendly to orthodoxy. Everybody is proud to show that if his hand signs his mind is free, and revenges himself for the humiliating compliance by hating and abusing the clerical power which enforces it. It is superfluous to say that among the younger members of the University there is no regular study of theology; they merely seize and repeat the notions which take their fancy, or are expounded by the oracle of their coterie, or seem effective for the purposes of controversy. If it was not for the peculiar circumstances of Oxford, theological problems would hardly occur to them at all, or, if they did come before them, would be met in a calm spirit. But in Oxford, the more clever and active of the young men are excited by the contests of their seniors, and naturally sympathize with the party of attack. Liberalism is fashionable among them, and liberalism is fast becoming synonymous with heterodoxy. Some one may say: "What then? it surely matters little what a set of hasty young men think or do?" We doubt it. Is it so light a thing that a large part of the ablest youth of England should learn to associate the doctrines of Christianity with a policy of tyranny and repression and timidity? Be this as it may; the present state of Oxford is at least a proof that the imposition of tests does not produce unanimity of opinion, nor dispose men to love what they are bidden under penalties to accept. And just as intrusion of theological dogma into things with which it has nothing to do tends to injure theology herself, so has it still more conspicuously injured the University by drawing her away from her proper functions. The minds of the younger graduates and teachers are now wholly absorbed by religious or political partisanship, and the cause of education and learning suffers in proportion. The turmoil of discontent, the ever-recurring faction fights, canvassings and agitations of all sorts, unsettle men's minds, and turn their energies into an unprofitable channel. They have little leisure and less inclination for studies that lie out of the common track. It is not possible for

them to preserve, in the midst of contests in which their sympathies are strongly engaged, the fairness and moderation which befit a teacher. Even the relation between pupil and tutor is disturbed, and the suspicion which accusations and insinuations have engendered is too apt to take the place of that mutual confidence which can alone give such a relation value. The pupil not unfrequently watches closely for any expression of the tutor's opinions, eager, according to his own predilections, to condemn or applaud the expected heterodoxy. The tutor, knowing himself observed, is sensible of an invisible barrier between himself and his pupil, and seldom ventures to address him at all on a religious topic, lest he should be suspected of a wish to influence his faith. It is not the test that makes him avoid even the appearance of proselytizing, but his own sense of honour to the pupils and the pupils' parents; it is the state of morbid theological excitement, for which the test system is responsible, that obliges him to forego one of the most precious means of forming the character of those who are intrusted to him. All the while, too, the test is burdensome to himself,—not much less burdensome if he happens to agree generally with it, than if he rejects it altogether. It is a badge of servitude and degradation, like that light fetter which the refined cruelty of some Oriental tribe forces the captive always to wear, not too heavy to make him useless as a slave, but heavy enough to remind him always of its galling presence.

The prospect of this state of quasi-bondage and discomfort has not failed to produce its natural consequence. It is found more and more difficult to persuade persons of distinction to remain at the University, either as lay-tutors or as clergymen. There seems some danger that the work of teaching will soon be left in the hands of men inferior to those who have discharged it during the last forty years. As in the similar case of that decline in the acquirements of the Anglican clergy, about which such loud complaints have been raised by the bishops, the phenomenon is partly due to the greater prospects which other careers of life open up to ambition, compared with the quiet life and moderate income of a tutor or professor. Nevertheless it is certain that some—and those who know Oxford and Cambridge will be at no loss for examples—are deterred by the idea that if they remain at the Universities, they must lead what is more or less a false life, a life of enforced submission to formularies of whose truth they are not convinced, with the possibility that a time may come when an increasing divergence from those formularies may make it their

duty eventually to resign their academical posts.

Do not let us be mistaken here. It may be thought that if this be so, it is so far an argument for tests, for it shows that they are not wholly effectless. We wish to allow them all the credit they deserve, and are ready to admit that they sometimes do induce men of doubtful theology to prefer a life elsewhere. Those who see no necessary connexion between excellence in teaching Latin or chemistry and a belief in the Athanasian Creed, will think this not a gain at all. But what we wish to point out here is that, if a gain, it is wholly neutralized by the other circumstance of the case. When many men known to be heterodox remain, the departure of a few, and those not always the most extreme, makes no perceptible difference. They would not have proselytized had they stayed, just as no one now proselytizes; their opinions would probably have become known, but so are the opinions of every eminent resident known. The mere fact that men of ability dislike an exclusive religious system so much that they go away to get rid of it, is not without its influence upon the undergraduate mind.

It must not, however, be forgotten that there is another and very different ground on which these tests are defended. Many persons who do not care much for the invisible Church or her doctrines, have a great tenderness for the visible Church and her privileges; and these men say the business of the tests is not to preserve Christian dogma, but to keep the Universities in connexion with the Church of England. We are thus brought back to the old starting-point, and must follow out from it a different line of argument. Supposing this last suggested end to be really the end which the tests are meant to serve, is it a right and a fitting one? In other words, do the Universities, either historically, or on what may be called grounds of abstract reasoning, belong to the Church of England; or is their present connexion with her a comparatively modern and an accidental one? The so-called argument from history is so often appealed to by the extreme Church party, that it cannot be left unexamined. But we will be brief upon it, and will say as little about the Middle Ages as possible.

When the Universities arose in Europe, not only learning, but also every profession and all education was in the hands of the clergy. They were, indeed, not so much ministers of religion as a great intellectual caste, charged to promote in every way the spiritual good of mankind. This system, already decaying from the operation of other causes, was rudely broken up by the Refor-

mation, which deprived the priesthood of the sanctity and power it had hitherto enjoyed, and made it nothing more than one of many learned professions, the most sacred, but by no means entitled to control the rest. Conformably to this altered state of things, the Universities, which had never been religious, but always educational institutions (theology was indeed the chief study, but theology then included all knowledge), passed in every Protestant country but one out of the hands of the clerical order, but still remained devoted to their original function, that of being centres where able men might gather to pursue their own studies, and instruct the young in every branch of useful learning. In England alone it was not so. There, in the midst of the violence and disorder of the religious contest, the University as distinct from the Colleges, disappeared; the Colleges, rich and exclusive corporations, remained, by mere force of usage and habit, clerical. Usurping the power of the deserted University, and reconstituting it from their own members, the priestly Colleges impressed upon both Oxford and Cambridge that exclusively clerical character which was never seriously disturbed till quite recent times. The case of England, therefore, so far from being an instance of the rule that education has remained in sacerdotal hands, is the solitary exception to the contrary rule,—an exception partly owing to the greater wealth of her collegiate foundations, partly to the alliance between her Church and arbitrary power. The functions of the mediæval priesthood are now discharged by lawyers, physicians, engineers, by professional statesmen, by public writers and men of letters generally, just as much as by the modern clergy. Nor can the Church now claim, in virtue of anything more than the accident of name, to represent the Church of the Middle Ages, and enjoy like her the exclusive right of educating the people; while if it be said that she is at any rate the legal heir of the old Church, and as such entitled to the endowments which were her predecessors, we shall have to ask whether the intentions of the founders of those endowments are or are not to be strictly observed. If they are, do not the endowments now belong to the Roman Catholics, who hold the creed of their founders? If, on the other hand, the nation, represented by its Legislature, has the right of altering their distribution, and was justified in transferring them at the Reformation to a body professing a different creed, and persecuting those who adhered to the old one, does not that right still subsist? May not the Legislature, by another exercise of its power, admit to a share in these foundations,

religious bodies differing less from the Church of Elizabeth than the Church of Elizabeth differed from the Church of Becket? We cannot be in doubt which alternative to embrace. The Church of the Reformation has now become divided into many branches. But the Universities were at first, and continued till the time of the last Stuarts, what they are in justice now: the property, not of any one Church, nor of all the Churches taken together, but of the English people. And the true restoration of the ancient system would be to make every citizen of Great Britain now, as every citizen of the whole European commonwealth was then, eligible to all their offices, honours, and emoluments.

So much for the history of the matter: let us see now upon what abstract grounds of right the claim of the Anglican Church is rested. It is said that the control of the national Universities is essential to the existence of the national Church, and we are threatened with the ultimate destruction of the Establishment if we inflict such blows upon her. We firmly believe that no such results would follow; but after all, the question is not of the interests of the Church of England, but of the claims and interests of the whole country; and, even if the proposed change should impair the power of the Church, it would nevertheless be a necessary, because a just measure. If, as has been argued in the preceding pages, the functions of the Universities are secular, if they have really nothing to do with any Church, what reason can be given for keeping them in the hands of the State Church? In the eye of the law they are lay corporations, subject to no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, visited by the Sovereign in the Court of Queen's Bench. Historically, they are national institutions, founded to be the instructors of the whole people, at a time when, as the whole people were of one Church, there was no sectarian jealousy to interfere with their beneficent mission. Their restriction to members of the Church of England dates only from the reign of Charles II., when the Church ceased to represent the nation, and is but a part of that system of exclusion and persecution which disgraced our history for a century and a half; the system which "treated the Dissenter as half a criminal and half a citizen," and which has left among us an evil legacy of hatred and envy, and the rankling sense of wrong. To quote the words of the eloquent pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article:*

* We have not quoted more largely from Professor Goldwin Smith's pamphlet, one of the most

"These tests are the vestiges, the last lingering vestiges, of an age of religious tyranny and oppression of conscience,—an age when the best of Christians and of citizens, guilty of no offence but that of loving the truth, and desiring to impart it to their brethren, were treated as felons, harassed, fined, thrust into noisome dungeons, and kept there till they died, at the instigation of ecclesiastics who dishonoured the Christian name, and by the hands of politicians, who equally dishonoured it, and who in many cases had no convictions whatever of their own; when the Eucharist itself, the bond of Christian love, was prostituted to the purposes of political hatred with the approbation of a so-called Christian clergy, though with a profanity worse, because deeper in its nature, and polluting holier things, than the impieties of the ignorant heathen; when in Scotland, many a peasant, merely for worshipping God in the way he thought the best, was shot down by a godless soldiery hounded on by bishops styling themselves the successors of the Apostles; when Ireland was oppressed by the penal code which bribed the child to apostasy by enabling him, as a reward, to strip his father of his property, and not only of his inherited property, but of that which he might himself acquire; when immorality and infidelity went hand in hand with spiritual slavery; and, while Baxter and Calamy lay in prison for their convictions, obscene plays were being acted in the harem of a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of superstition. Is not that age, with all that belonged to it, numbered with the past? Are not its practices disclaimed even by those who have not yet eradicated its sentiments from their hearts? Have not all men, capable of profiting by any experience whatever, profited by the experience which, recorded in characters more terrible than those of blood, tells us that conscience cannot be forced, that God will accept none but a free allegiance; and that reason, and reason alone, is our appointed instrument for bringing each other to the truth? Can any one imagine that the suppression of differences of opinion, which the great powers of the earth, seated on its most ancient and awful thrones, fail to effect with their united force, will be effected by a party born but yesterday, and still unsettled in its own opinions, with so miserable a fragment of that force as an academical test? Why should we, the great body of the English people, who have no interest to serve but those of truth and sincere religion, any longer oppress, vex, and harass the consciences of each other? Why should we thus aggravate the religious perplexities and distresses which are gathering fast enough around us all? If it is for a political object that we do this, how can true policy be divorced from justice? If it is for a religious object, how can religion consist with depravation of conscience?"

brilliant productions of its brilliant author, only because we conclude that every person who is interested in the question will procure and read it for himself.

Nor, indeed, can any reason be given for confining the Universities to Churchmen, which would not have been equally a reason for maintaining the Test and Corporation Acts.

But if the National Church be not the Church of the whole nation, but of little more than the half; if the proportion of its adherents has been steadily decreasing; if struggles and recriminations within threaten disruption; if there is not, judging the future from the past, any prospect of its gathering, while its services and its tests remain what they are, the whole population within its pale, the question assumes a very different aspect. If the interests of Anglicanism are not those of the nation, what reason can be given for sacrificing the greater to the less? Every Englishman has just as good a right to seek the benefits of the education which the great public academies provide, and share in the endowments which the munificence of past generations has bequeathed to the nation, as he has to enter the civil or military service of the Crown, to become a member of an Inn of Court, or of the House of Commons. Sectarian restrictions are as unjust in the one instance as in the other.

It will be seen that our case against tests, considered as enforcing conformity to the Church, differs from that brought against them as aids to theological truth. Both ends appear to us equally mistaken, equally removed from the business of a place of education. The means too are equally objectionable on moral grounds, for the means are the same declarations and subscriptions. But here the likeness ends. In the former case we saw that the means had signally failed of their aim, that their tendency had been to create doubt instead of allaying it. Here no such complaint has been made. As a means of excluding Nonconformists from the Universities, the tests are not only effective, but far more effective than any one supposed they would be. Their maintenance for the degree of M.A., and for the fellowships, has at Oxford almost wholly neutralized the benevolent intentions of the Legislature, when it invited Dissenters to come, by abolishing the subscription at matriculation and the B.A. degree. Seeing themselves debarred from all the great prizes of the place, and knowing that whatever their aptitude for teaching or love of study, they will not be permitted to remain as tutors, few, very few, members of any non-Anglican body have availed themselves of the change of 1854. At Cambridge, which has never been quite so exclusive, it happened lately that two senior wranglers in succession, being one of them a Scotch Presbyterian and the other an English Nonconformist, were obliged to leave the University

without obtaining fellowships, much to the vexation of their College, which was powerless to help them. While Dissenters have so mortifying a prospect before them, it need not be thought strange that the Church is left in undisputed possession. If outward conformity be that which is really vital to a Church—more vital than faith in her doctrines, or love for her services, or zeal in her work—then may the church rejoice, for outward conformity at the Universities she has. It is purchased at the price of a great injustice to the nation, and of the sorrow and disgust of many of her own best members. But it is supposed to be the necessary support of her power, and so every change will be resisted until resistance has at last become hopeless.

That resistance, however, will come not from the Church of England herself, but from a political faction within her which falsely claims to speak in her name. The force of her reasons which have been set forth above is admitted by many excellent men, some in the Universities, others filling positions of dignity and influence in the Church. They grant that a test is of all tools the most useless and the most dangerous, and they deplore both the disquietude of mind which exists in the great seats of learning, and the exclusion of so large a part of their fellow-subjects from the benefits of a high education. They would willingly relax or abolish the present subscriptions, if they did not fear such a course might involve other evils still graver than the present. Even if mere timidity and aversion to change were at the bottom of these fears, the characters of those whom they influence would oblige us to regard them with respectful attention. But it would be absurd to deny that there are some difficulties in the reform proposed, as well as much in the circumstances of the time, to excite apprehensions and make objections even plausible. To show, therefore, if possible, that their importance has been exaggerated, that they are not sufficient to outweigh the advantages of a change, is at least as important a part of the whole case as the statement of the accusations brought against tests themselves.

The first and most serious of these objections is that which concerns the religious teaching of the Universities. That teaching, it is feared, will be lost if its standards, the tests, are removed.

One might suppose, from the reverence and affection with which this religious teaching is dwelt on, that it is the chief occupation of the University to give it, and that a correspondingly deep impression is produced on those who receive it. The influence may be

great, but the quantity is certainly small. For the benefit of those persons who know it only by report, an exact statement of it must be given. At Cambridge one Gospel is required at the little-go examination, and two or three questions are put in Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. The best examination on record has been passed by a Jew. At Oxford the candidate is questioned in the text of the four Gospels at the examination before moderators, and a general, usually a very general knowledge of Old Testament history and of the *text* of the Thirty-nine Articles is required in passing the final examination for the degree of B.A. Even this may be avoided by any one who, professing himself not a member of the Church of England, offers himself for examination in one Greek and one Latin author, by way of compensation. Of the Colleges we will speak presently; but as far as regards the University, all the religious training that the undergraduate receives is comprised in these several examinations. There are, indeed, both at Oxford and Cambridge, theological professors giving stated lectures; but inasmuch as only students of theology are obliged to attend these lectures, and no one else ever does, they cannot be considered a part of the general teaching. Now, an academical body has a perfect right to examine for her degrees in any branch of knowledge whatever, the narratives of Scripture included; and to such an examination no Protestant Dissenter, perhaps not even a Roman Catholic, would have either the right or the will to object. There is not therefore any need for a change in this respect. But considering that this so-called religious teaching is just what the University of London or the "godless Colleges" in Ireland would give, if they asked the candidate for a degree two or three questions about the kings of Israel and Judah, and the chronological order of the gospel miracles, and considering also that it is usually crammed up, in the fortnight before the examination, from the manuals of Pincock or Wheeler, its supposed peril need hardly excite such terror. As to the Colleges, those of Cambridge give no compulsory instruction in theology at all. In those of Oxford, a "Divinity lecture," as it is called, is a regular part of the College work, being intended to prepare the student for the University examination. In this lecture, however, little or no doctrinal instruction is given; the pupils construe the text of the Gospels, the tutor asks what such and such a phrase would be in Attic Greek, or inquires a little into the genealogies of the Herods. That is all.* There is nothing which can affect the

conscience of a Dissenter; but if any should object, it would be easy to excuse his attendance, just as those who are thought able to pass the University examination are frequently excused now. Lastly, there are the public University sermons, which no student is bound to attend, but which the orthodox Dissenter, who has usually more taste for sermons than his Anglican compeer, is rather more likely to frequent than the majority of the present undergraduates. Can any one who really values religious teaching attach any weight to what has been described? If religious instruction is the chief business of the University, how comes it that she gives her pupils such a scanty pittance? Such as it is, however, it is quite independent of the tests, and might, as far as doctrine goes, be given equally well by or to a Catholic or a Dissenter. The abolition of tests would not affect it, unless Parliament added a provision to that effect, for it rests on University and College rules, which a majority of Convocation or of the fellows in any existing College are alone competent to change. Lastly, so far as it is a difficulty, it has arisen already at the bidding of Parliament, for Dissenting undergraduates do now come to Cambridge, and Roman Catholics to Oxford.

It is also said, and this was an argument on which stress was laid in the Oxford petition against Mr. Bouverie's bill, that the abolition of tests will introduce all sorts of religious differences, and destroy the peace and harmony which now prevail in the Universities. The subject is grave, yet one can hardly repress a smile at such words as these. Peace and harmony indeed! when professors anathematize their colleagues; when University quarrels are fought out in the columns of the daily press; when, on every question to which the least religious colour can possibly be given, excited voters swarm up from every country parsonage; when every common-room resounds with theological warcries; when members of Parliament come down from London to encourage the undergraduates to organize themselves into societies against the so-called liberalism of their teachers. The discord which has prevailed in Oxford since the beginning of the Tractarian movement could not be aggravated by the presence of Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, for the points upon which those bodies differ from the standards of the Church of England are less serious than the points now debated between members of the Church herself. It may be said that as this state of things is recent, and due to temporary causes,

day; and there the taught have never been oppressed by tests at any time, while the teachers have been free from them since 1853.

* Very much the same thing takes place in the Greek classes of the Scotch Universities every Mon-

so it will be transient. This is surely an admission that tests have not produced unanimity, at least no one proposes to check the variance of opinion by imposing stricter ones. Transient, indeed, we believe it may be made, but by an expedient exactly opposite. It is not to be expected or wished that all theological controversy should cease, for so long as the minds of fallible men differ, so long will discussion be a sign of life and interest and activity, and silence a sign of deadness. All that can be hoped for is to take from theological disputes that peculiar acrimony which now disgraces them. In the world at large, this can be accomplished only by the growth of a spirit of charity and forbearance. In the University, nothing is so likely to promote it as a removal of the existing tests, which draw men's attention perforce to doctrinal differences, which give occasion to the reproach of deceit, which, by humiliating men, incline them to talk and write more bitterly.

Some persons who admit that the claims of the Nonconformists deserve consideration, argue that as they have already their denominational Colleges, and free entrance to the University of London, there is no injustice in keeping the older academies for the Church of England, which must also have theological seminaries of her own. Here there is a serious misapprehension. Oxford and Cambridge are in no sense theological seminaries. The religious teaching given to the ordinary undergraduates is, as has been seen, a mere phantom,—a phrase which sounds well in Parliament, but has nothing corresponding to it in the reality. That which the theological student receives is somewhat greater, but still absurdly small, far less than a candidate for orders is forced to pass through in Scotland or Germany. It is confined to attendance at two courses of lectures of some of the Divinity professors; that is to say, to the production of two certificates, each witnessing that A. B. has sat for ten or twelve hours in the professor's lecture-room. At Cambridge there is a theological examination, but the University leaves it optional, though some bishops require candidates for orders to have undergone it. In fact, the want of a proper course of Divinity at the old Universities has been felt so much, that a whole crop of theological Colleges has sprung up to supply its defects. It is not easy to see how the admission of Dissenters would interfere with the Divinity lectures, for the professors being by statute clergymen, and most of them canons, would necessarily continue members of the Church of England, subject in that behalf to the ordinary clerical tests. The state of things would be just that which now exists

in the Scotch Universities, where the theological faculty remains in connexion with the Established Church, while the other faculties are free. Those who suppose that the orthodoxy of the future clergy of the Church depends on their being kept from all contact with persons of any other religious body, must have very little confidence in a faith so ready to fall at the first assault, and must surely be ignorant of the dangers which beset the student now. If, as might be supposed from the language of some among them, the chief duty of a clergyman is to combat dissent in his own parish, is he likely to be fitted for the fight if he has never before seen his enemy? If, as it is surely more in the spirit of the Gospel to hope, his duty is rather to cultivate friendly relations with all who bear the Christian name, will he not look more charitably upon those who differ from him in what are after all minor points, when he has learnt to know them in the familiar intercourse of the lecture-room and the dining-hall? The mutual hatred of Anglicanism and Nonconformity could never have been so bitter if the two parties had not been socially strangers to one another. Unless this hostility is natural and is to be permanent, anything which allays it is a common benefit. As for those persons who tell us that if Dissenters were admitted, Church parents would no longer send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge, but retire somewhere else to found new seminaries conducted on Anglican principles, they do not deserve, and probably do not expect, to be seriously answered. The English laity are not possessed by any such horror of the schismatics when they meet every day in the world. They wish only that their sons should be well educated, and obtain the start in life which a fellowship gives. They know that dissent is the last vice their son is likely to contract; and as for orthodoxy, they see that it can't be insured now, and that, to have a value at all, it must be able to keep itself scatheless in the presence of the heterodox.

A difficulty somewhat more serious, and indeed the only one that can be considered serious at all, has reference to the domestic arrangement of the Colleges. Divine service is performed in their chapels according to the rites of the Church of England, and it is thought that, if Dissenters are not required to attend, it will be hard to enforce the attendance of others. The difficulty is not, however, a new one, for undergraduates are now admitted who belong to other communions, and no complaints have been made of perplexities caused thereby. If Catholics, they are desired by the College authorities to attend mass on Sundays in their own place

of worship. If Protestants, they are not usually compelled to go to the College service, but in nine cases out of ten they go, and would probably continue to do so. They admit the beauty of the English Liturgy, and find little or nothing in it of a controversial nature. Some Colleges at Cambridge have had a good many Nonconforming students, and as things have gone smoothly enough there, one does not see why they should not be made to do so at Oxford. It is only in the position of the fellows, whom the abolition of tests would release from the obligation of conformity, that any change would be introduced. Even here the difference would be scarcely perceptible. Practically, a fellow of a College goes to chapel now when he pleases, and stays away when he pleases,—the latter more frequently; he would do much the same then. In fact, most of these difficulties which look formidable in the abstract are found in the concrete to vanish altogether. There never was a great principle advocated yet which did not find men starting up to oppose it with petty objections of detail,—objections which, even supposing them valid, were not worthy to be weighed against the benefits it promised, and which, when the experiment was tried, were usually proved to be chimerical. So will it be in this case also. The Anglican service will not be interfered with, for the vast majority both of undergraduates and fellows will continue to be Anglicans. No problem will present itself which may not easily be solved by a little mutual consideration and forbearance. As to the notion that men of different religious persuasions cannot join in the common offices of College life, cannot dine at the same table, or help to set the same examination papers, it is not more injurious to the character of the fellows than it is chimerical. If the quarrels of the last few years have not destroyed courtesy and mutual regard, as they assuredly have not, nothing will.

No examination of this question would be complete without some account of the various compromises by which it has been proposed, while rendering a measure of relief to the persons who now complain, to respect the scruples and allay the fears of those who think downright abolition too hazardous a course. Among these there was one eagerly canvassed during the debate in Parliament last session, the proposal to place Oxford on the same footing with Cambridge, by substituting for subscription to the Articles, a declaration of *bona fide* membership in the Church of England. Considerable as this relief would be to many, it would not meet the case of all who now suffer. Such a declaration would still be a test, and therefore both

ensnaring and disquieting. It would also be a new test, with a meaning perplexing because unascertained, and liable to be interpreted more strictly than the old one, whose edge has been now pretty well blunted in the wear and tear of three centuries. If *bona fide* membership were taken to mean, as it would naturally seem to mean, that the person professing it was in full communion with the Church of England, accepted her faith in a general sense, and was in the regular habit of attending her services, then a great many persons who now become members of Convocation could not with honesty take it. If it means less than this, what is its value as a safeguard at all? To those classes, moreover, who are now excluded, it would be no benefit, but an injury and discouragement. The great majority of English Nonconformists and Scotch Presbyterians can at present sign the Thirty-nine Articles, considered merely as a doctrinal formulary, as honestly as most Anglicans. But a declaration such as this it would be quite impossible for them to make, without openly deserting the religion of their fathers. There would also be a peculiar harshness, a refinement of injustice, in thus giving relief to those within, while shutting the door tighter against others without. For it would be to reason thus: "Outward uniformity with the Church appears to us so vitally important, that we must reject you if you cannot profess it. But the belief in dogmatic truth is so slight a thing, that we will not require it of you at all." Or in other words: "That which is essential to the Church and to salvation is her organization as a visible body; that which is indifferent, is the doctrinal system she holds." Feeling this, the strong Church party are resolved to cling to the Articles at all hazards; and we confess, that if there are to be tests at all, doctrinal ones appear to us the most consistent, and not the most unfair. Nothing would really be gained to the cause of justice by this compromise, nor do we suppose it likely to find support in any quarter.

A second compromise that has been suggested is less objectionable in itself, although it is but a small instalment of what may fairly be demanded. It is proposed, instead of admitting Dissenters into the existing Colleges, to allow them to found halls of their own, where they may celebrate their own services, and educate their students in the way they like best. This they cannot do now, on account of a clause in the University statutes requiring the master of a private hall to be a member of Convocation, *i.e.*, to have signed the Articles; and if that clause were removed, any number of miniature sectarian Colleges might be erected at once. Com-

pared with the present system, such permission might be considered a boon, and so Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to represent it. But it would be an infinitesimal one, and clogged with restrictions that would further lessen its value. Unless the masters and tutors of such halls were admitted to the governing body of the University, they would have to live in a degraded and client-like condition, obeying laws which they had no share in making, and looked down upon by the regular Colleges. The young men educated at them would still be excluded from the great prizes of the place—the College fellowships—and their ambition confined to the barren honour of a place in the Tripos or the class-list. Living apart, and associating only with persons of their own religious persuasion, they would lose the distinguishing benefit and glory of the English University system, the opportunity of mixing freely in a large and varied society, where a man learns to be tolerant and wise-minded,—to know men as well as opinions. If, therefore, these non-Anglican halls are to have a fair chance at all, they must be put on an equal footing with the old foundations.

To quiet the fears of those who think that the abolition of the present tests would make it easier to utter or teach heresy in the University, the plan has been started of retaining the test in a penal instead of a declaratory form. No one should in future be asked to sign it, but if, in his capacity of University teacher, he openly contravened it, he might be made liable to censure or punishment. Or a man might be required to declare that he would not, as a member of the University, impugn the doctrines of the Articles, or attack the Church of England. This expedient, which has frequently been employed as a compromise in similar cases in England, is that by means of which the test question at the Scotch Universities was finally disposed of. It is humiliating, and if the views of the function of the University stated in the preceding pages be correct, it is indefensible in principle. Probably, however, men would be found sufficiently willing to accept it; for it does not interfere with their freedom of thought, and demands only that abstinence from open assault which good sense and good feeling would in any case have counselled. We have already said that the fear of an attack on orthodoxy by University teachers appears to us groundless; but if any one is possessed by it, such a declaration as this would answer his purpose as well as the existing tests.

The last compromise to be mentioned here is that contained in Mr. Bouverie's bill of last session. He proposed not to repeal the Act of Uniformity altogether, but to allow any

College which wished to dispense with it, either permanently or for a time, to do so. The effect would be that a College of strong Church sympathies, which objected to receive a Nonconformist as fellow, might still refuse him; while another more tolerant one, might suspend the Act by a resolution or bye-law, and be then free to take the candidate who pleased them best in the examination, whether Anglican or Dissenter. The advantages of this plan are obvious. It relieves the Colleges from a restriction to which no similar lay corporation is subject elsewhere, and which obliges them, as was conspicuously the case at Cambridge not long since, to pass over men whom they are eager to elect. This restriction would be removed wherever it was felt to be one. But no College would have to fear the intrusion of unwelcome strangers, and if the existing fellows do dread the evils which have been dilated on as likely to follow the admission of Dissenters, the remedy would be in their own hands. How far those evils are probable is a matter on which, having themselves grown up under the beneficent shade of the test system, and learnt to know its virtues, they must be admitted competent to judge. If this arrangement were introduced, an arrangement the moderation and fairness of which none but the most bigoted partisan can impeach, it is probable that only two or three Colleges in each University would in the first instance avail themselves of the liberty. If it were found to answer ill, they could renounce it, and the others would be warned. If it succeeded, the objections now made would be for ever disposed of.

No one, however, who looks at the present state of parties in the Church and in Parliament expects to see either this or any other compromise peaceably accepted. The warmth of the debates last session, the rigorous whipping up of members, the close division lists, the joy of the one party at its success, the scarcely less conspicuous satisfaction of the other at a defeat which was almost a victory, finally, the excitement with which the matter was discussed among University men everywhere, all showed that the question had passed into the region of party warfare, there to remain till the majority, one way or the other, becomes overwhelming. Nevertheless, it may not be too late to ask the more moderate and charitable of those who oppose the measure, to consider the probable issue of the policy they have been induced to adopt. Let us quote the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's speech upon the second reading of Mr. Dodson's bill:—

“No doubt it is natural for bodies of men, and the history of all religious sects and parties show

it, to make use of the day of prosperity, not, as I think true wisdom would dictate, for the purpose of accommodating difficulties and removing grounds of offence, but for the extremest assertion of every right and every privilege to which it still remains within their strength to cleave. Various bills have been proposed involving concession in one shape or another to Dissenters, and persons who desire the relaxation of tests; and it appears to me, that the readers of our discussions will have concluded with regret, if they are readers of wise and dispassionate mind, that very precious opportunities—golden opportunities—have been lost of uniting and knitting together the minds and hearts of men by reasonable concession, and that the assertion of right by majorities, which have been, perhaps, somewhat ruthlessly, and certainly sternly made, are by no means calculated to diminish those dangers which lie in the future,—that they procure, indeed, the gratification of a triumph for the moment, but that they store up difficulties for those who are to sit on these benches in this House hereafter. With that policy of indiscriminate resistance to almost every measure aiming at relaxation or relief, I must say it is not simply as a minister of the Crown, and not only as a member sitting on this side of the House, that I decline to associate myself, but because I believe that, however sincerely, however honourably intended—and that I do not for one moment question—it is a policy no more fatal to the application of the principles of civil and social justice than to the best interests of the Church of England herself."

These are grave words, coming as they do from the most illustrious and not the least dutiful of the sons of the English Church, but not too grave for the occasion. Why, it may well be asked, should the clergy be always associated with resistance to reform? Why should the people be always alienated by the contempt of their claims? Why, above all, should the Church herself descend from her pure and lofty seat of spiritual power, to become the accomplice or the tool of a political faction? Those are her worst enemies who would force her into such an alliance, or make her believe that any temporary advantage so gained can compensate for the degradation which will surely follow. In struggling to retain the exclusive possession of every emolument, every vestige of legal privilege, every rag and tatter of legal power, when she might appeal so confidently to the liberality of her own members, is not the Church, or rather the party which claims to represent her, doing her best to make men believe it is not her religious mission that is first in her thoughts, but her worldly wealth and sway? Unjust, indeed, such a belief may be. But it is one which cannot but recur, so long as she attempts to play in the nineteenth century, the part of the Church of the middle ages, and grasp, by a tyranni-

cal exercise of power, what she might win far more easily by generosity and self-devotion. It is not in the poor shreds of privilege which still remain to her that her strength consists, but in the purity of her doctrines, in the zeal and learning of her ministers, in the affection of her people. As it is in the world, so is it in the University. She reigns there not by virtue of tests, which seem made to be evaded, which are sources, not of faith, but of discontent, but by the prestige of her antiquity, by her association with the upper classes of the country, by the impressiveness of her worship, by that very theological toleration which she wishes now to repudiate. By these she will reign, though all, and more than all, the changes now proposed should be accomplished. With such perennial fountains of strength, need she so dread the admission of others to benefits which will none the less be hers, because they are not hers alone?

That admission, however, certain as it may appear, will not be achieved without quickened activity on the part of men in Parliament and of the non-University public generally. The party within has done all that can be expected from them in urging their views by petition; it remains for members of the Legislature and their constituents to see the magnitude of the question. Hitherto the English Dissenters and the people of Scotland have shown an apathy in the matter, which can only arise from ignorance of the advantages to be contended for. They seem to suppose, for one thing, that the Universities are still the seat of a large party—Romanizing in religion, ultra-Tory in politics—who will strain every nerve to oppose a change, and, if defeated, will make the place as uncomfortable as possible to the newcomers. No idea can be more unfounded. The unfortunate constitution of the Universities constantly causes the wishes and opinions of the residents to be misrepresented. The governing body, which alone has the right to speak officially, is composed of all Masters of Arts whose names are on the books, the overwhelming majority of whom are country clergymen, who represent not the Oxford or Cambridge of to-day, but of some thirty or forty years ago, with all the additional prejudices which a retired and professional life is likely to engender. The Oxford Convocation is therefore not an academical body at all, but a mere organ of the Anglican clergy, ignorant of the present state of the University, and alien in feeling from its pursuits. The real body to be regarded is that of the residents, fellows, tutors, and professors, very many of whom, as their two petitions showed, desire the removal of tests,

while the general spirit of almost all is a tolerant and liberal spirit, which would not repel the help of Dissenters in the work of education. The traditional bigotry of these seats of learning is not what it once was, and those whom it still enthrals are not to be found among the ablest men and the most active workers. It is hardly to be expected that a majority of the residents would as yet declare a wish to have Dissenters admitted; but the latter may be sure that if they come they will not be coldly or slightly received. Nor is this all. The real advantages and benefits which Oxford and Cambridge offer are very imperfectly understood by the world at large. Their vast and yearly increasing revenues, once grossly abused for private ends, have within the last twenty years been arranged on a wholly new footing, devoted to educational purposes, and made real prizes of merit, setting aside in nearly every case distinctions of birth or country or previous place of education. In Oxford, between thirty and forty fellowships are given away by competition every year; in Cambridge, a number usually greater.* The number of scholarships and exhibitions, whose value ranges from £30 or £40 up to £90, each College giving away three or four, it may be five or six annually, is still greater. Of these, indeed, the supply exceeds the demand; for the tutors are beginning to complain that they sometimes cannot find candidates sufficiently deserving; and any measure which would enable the University to draw her members from a wider field, would be a benefit to her no less than to the classes excluded.

These pecuniary prizes are, however, but a small part of the benefits which the old Universities hold out, and which no newer institution can pretend to equal. Those who bid the Roman Catholics content themselves with Oscott, and the Nonconformists with the University of London, know well enough the differences between these seminaries and those which they keep to themselves. The teaching at Oxford and Cambridge, however inferior to what it might be, is still incomparably the best to be had in England. But the teaching is the smallest part of their educational power. No other Universities in the world have social advantages at all comparable to those which the mixture of the University and College systems gives; in no other is so large a number of intellectual men

gathered, intercourse with whom is readily opened to every promising junior. Even the external splendours of the place must not be omitted in enumerating the influences which form the student's character, and which contribute to give him a breadth of view, a keenness of susceptibility, and what may be called a fine intellectual polish, which are among the most precious and the rarest of mental gifts and excellences. But there is another aspect of the question, which seems to us of wider import than either the relief to conscience within the Church or the act of justice to Dissenters, and that is the prospect of further measures of reform to which the abolition of tests is only the prelude. The time seems to have come, in what may fairly be called the great educational revival of our days, for the Universities to resume in some measure their old position, and again become the great educators of the country.

If the subject were not too large a one to be touched upon in the conclusion of an article, it would be easy to show that in any scheme of national education, very important functions, such as no Government Board could discharge, might be intrusted to bodies so venerable, so influential, and so independent. The middle-class examinations may be considered as a step in this direction, and many other plans might be suggested by which the learning and culture of the old academies might be brought to bear upon the middle and lower schools of the country with the most valuable results. Nor are the benefits less clear which would flow from a change by which the education given at Oxford and Cambridge might be placed within the reach of poorer men. Class distinctions would be softened down; the Universities themselves would be invigorated; the culture and tone of feeling of the whole nation would be sensibly raised. Before, however, any part of this programme can be carried out, the barrier must be overthrown which cuts off the University from half of the people; the fetter must be broken which impedes her in the performance of her proper functions. A hundred examples prove that she will be none the less religious when a doctrinal profession is no longer a passport to her offices. That she should again become, as in the first and brightest period of her history, the intellectual leader of the country, is not to be looked for, although even now it is hard to over-estimate the value of places where science may be cultivated apart from its practical results, where learning may be pursued more deeply than by men engaged in active professions, where the real bearings of a political problem may be investigated away from the disturbing influence of party conflicts,

* In the smaller Colleges at Cambridge the fellowships are not directly competed for; but as they are almost invariably given to those who have most distinguished themselves in the University examinations, they are not less truly prizes of merit.

where, in the common meeting ground of all studies, the relations of the several branches of human knowledge and their methods may be most fitly discussed. But, admitting the narrower scope of her present duties, enough is left to make her welfare a matter of the most vital interest to all of us. In the Middle Ages she was national, and it was because the learning and intelligence of the whole people centred in her that her mission was so great and so beneficent. She was then the constant foe of Ultramontaniam, as well as the foremost leader of domestic progress. That position she cannot indeed resume, nor is it to be wished that she should; but she may still confer incalculable benefits on the people, if released from the control of a party, which, while it cherishes all that was worst and weakest in the mediæval system, sets itself to oppose the spirit, of which the mediæval University was the chosen seat, the spirit of progress and intelligence. To the modern University that spirit may again return, when, by ceasing to be a sectarian, she has become a national institution, and when the removal of obsolete restrictions has set her once more free for her own great work of education.

ART. V.—1. *A Map of the Chain of Mont Blanc, from a Survey by A. ADAMS REILLY, Esq.* Privately Photographed, 1864.

2. *The Alpine Journal.* Vol. I. 1864. 8vo. Longman and Co.

3. *Scenes from the Snow Fields of Mont Blanc.* By EDMUND T. COLEMAN, Esq. With Coloured Lithographs by VINCENT BROOKS. Folio. 1859. Longman and Co.

COULD Windham and Pococke revisit Chamouni in the year of grace 1865, after their sleep of a century, no doubt they would be somewhat astonished. Instead of the poor *cabaret*, with its bush hanging out as a sign, they would find luxurious hotels, thronged by wealthy and fashionable parties, and placarded with advertisements in English of the "Chamouni Hotels Company (Limited); capital, £100,000!" Not less would the pious Saint François de Sales be scandalized to find his priory defunct, and a place of English Protestant worship built not far from the massive Catholic church erected during his episcopacy. But it may be doubted whether the consternation of these worthies would not be exceeded by that of

the great De Saussure (though he lived far later than either), to find that parties of active young Englishmen, fresh from barristers' chambers and mercantile counting-houses, stroll unconcernedly amongst the "seracs" of the glaciers of Géant and Bossons, start one morning *à l'improviste* for the summit of Mont Blanc, and cross as many dangerous cols, and ascend as many *aiguilles* in one week as the sedate Genevese (more frugal in his excitements) thought of undertaking in a twelve-month. We say nothing here of the spirit of feminine adventure, of bivouacs at the Tacul, and of pic-nics at the Jardin; these are every-day matters.

It is refreshing to think that while fashion and civilisation have altered so much, Nature in her stupendous constancy remains unchanged. A new road or bridge may make a scar here or there, but the trace is lost amidst the gigantic scenery around; cultivation may be pressed a little higher than formerly, but the eternal hills and the inexhaustible ice-floods keep their own without challenge. The voice of gay or of discordant music, the rattle of equipages, and the many-tongued voice of the crowd, assembled out of every nation under heaven, are altogether but as an inaudible whisper in the boundlessness of that mountain space, whose echoes can resound only to the crash of thunder, the ill-boding fitful noise of distant cataracts, and the roar of the icy avalanche. Happily, we say, there are some things which human art cannot utterly spoil. Of these Chamouni (by which we mean the Alpine district of which it is the capital) is one.

To return for a few moments to Windham and Pococke. Their visit to Chamouni and Montanvert took place in June, 1741. It was related with much simplicity and absence of exaggeration, in a letter from Mr. Windham to his friend M. Arlaud, a landscape-painter at Geneva, which was published later (1743) as a small quarto pamphlet, in English, which appears to be rare, as but a single copy has ever fallen under the notice of the present writer.

It is quite true, in a general sense, that Windham and his companions were the *discoverers* of Chamouni. Unquestionably, a Priory had existed there for several centuries previously. It had been visited by bishops and other dignified clergy in the course of their ecclesiastical journeys; the valley was inhabited and cultivated, had an annual fair, and traded with the neighbouring town of Salenches in agricultural produce. But all this did not bring it within the ken of the general outer world, or even of the more curious prying travellers and naturalists, the Simlers,

the Merians, the Fatio, the Wagners, and the Scheuchzers, not to mention foreigners, such as Burnett and Addison.* It appears to be unquestionable, however surprising, that the cultivated men of Geneva had never yet thought of penetrating to the foot of that noble snowy range, which forms one of the chief glories of their landscape; nay, they believed that the mass of the glaciers lay to the north instead of the south of Chamouni; that is to say, between Chamouni and Sixt. J. C. Fatio de Duillier, a Genevèse of some reputation, and a member of the Royal Society of London (where, however, his brother Nicholas was better known), although he estimated with considerable accuracy the height of Mont Blanc from trigonometrical measures taken at a distance, propagated these errors, and manifested the same incredible absence of curiosity. This was in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Chamouni and the district of Mont Blanc were to all intents and purposes (save ecclesiastical) unknown to the outer world until Windham's journey; and its subsequent notoriety is directly traceable to that alone. So that our modern guide-books (such as Mr. Murray's and Mr. Ball's) have gone somewhat towards the opposite extreme from the older ones of Ebel and Reichard, when they represent Chamouni to have been well known to strangers at the period to which we refer.

Windham and Pococke were both remarkable men; and we think it not without interest for our readers to note a few particulars respecting the society of Englishmen who thus invaded the peaceful valley which has since become so celebrated. Pococke, the best known of the group, had just returned from his important travels in the East, which had lasted from 1737 to 1741, when, happening to pass through Geneva, he became associated with a party of his countrymen, who for several winters had made that city their home. This intelligent and cultivated society

consisted of William Windham of Felbrigg, in Norfolk, father of the statesman who was the contemporary and colleague of Pitt; his tutor Benjamin Stillingfleet, the naturalist; Lord Haddington and his brother Mr. Baillie, with their tutor Mr. Williamson, an eminent but somewhat eccentric scholar; Mr. Aldborough Neville, an ancestor of the present Lord Braybrooke; Robert Price, a man of great worth and accomplishment, father of Uvedale Price; Mr. Chetwynd; and last of all Pococke, as already mentioned, who joined, but did not originate the expedition. All those above named, except Mr. Williamson (whose health did not allow it) took part in the excursion to Chamouni. But Windham was the leader, for which post his alert, muscular, and ardent temperament well fitted him. He is described as having been tall, thin, and narrow-chested, yet eminently handsome, so fond of athletic sport as to have been known in London as "boxing Windham." He rather affected the air of a gay man of fashion, impatient of restraint, yet he was an excellent linguist, and was acquainted besides with the sciences and fine arts to an extent of which few believed him capable. Had he lived a hundred years later, he must inevitably have been first President of the Alpine Club. He was exemplary in private life, and several of his friends have recorded the attachment which he inspired; especially his tutor Stillingfleet, both in prose and verse.* Windham and Price both died in 1761; Pococke in 1765, having previously become an Irish bishop.

Next to Windham, Price and Stillingfleet seem to have taken most interest in the expedition to Chamouni; the former acted as draughtsman, the latter as naturalist. It is stated in a Swiss publication that Pococke amazed the population of Sallanches by appearing in the dress of an Arabian Emir, an account which seems scarcely probable. The journey was undertaken in June, 1741, and occupied seven days. The first they slept at Bonneville; the second at Servoz; the third, they proceeded to Chamouni, visited Montanvert, descended on the glacier, and returned to Chamouni to sleep. The fourth day they slept at Sallanches, the fifth at Bonneville. There is no exaggeration to be found in the narrative. Considering the unfrequented nature of the country, and the size and character of the party, it was natural for them to take their own servants, horses, provisions, and a tent.

* Chamouni knew more of the outer world than the outer world knew of Chamouni. The natives, with what appears to be the instinct of the Savoyard and the dwellers in the Piedmontese valleys, even at that early period, went abroad in the prime of life to learn trades and make money in foreign countries, but generally returned to settle and to die in their native glens. Let us here say, once for all, that we adhere to the good old-fashioned spelling of Chamouni, sanctioned by De Saussure, in preference to the modern official corruption of Chamonix. The derivation of the name is ascribed by Captain Sherwill, with great probability, to the Latin words *campus munitus*, by which it is designated in an early monastic charter. And it is interesting to find in Scheuchzer's map of Switzerland, antecedent to the time of Windham, that the spelling is given Chamunny, approaching still nearer to the Latin.

* See Literary Life of Benjamin Stillingfleet, 3 vols. 1811. From this interesting work we have extracted these particulars of Windham. Had it not appeared too great a digression, some account of the other members of this remarkable group of men might have been added.

That they carried fire-arms was conformable to the habits of travellers of the period, even in Britain. Windham's party were too short a time on the glacier to make more than passing observations. That it resembled the seas of Greenland, or a lake put in agitation by a strong wind and frozen all at once, were the apt comparisons by which they described it. The magnificent slab on the Moraine near Montanvert, which has the names of Windham and Pococke painted on it, still traditionally commemorates the spot where they took refreshment. It has been immemorially called "*La pierre des Anglais*," but was unfortunately broken in half some years ago by some foolish persons lighting a fire upon it. Another possibly less certain tradition exists, that one Tairraz, an ancestor of the present or recent proprietor of the *Hôtel de Londres*, had the honour of lodging the English party in his humble inn, and that Windham himself suggested the name for the hotel.

Windham, by his letter to Arlaud the Genevese, had made known the wonders of Chamouni to the curious of that capital, who for ages had lingered listlessly under the shadow of Mont Blanc. In 1742, accordingly, a party from Geneva, better provided than the English had been with the means of observation, made a more detailed survey of the Valley of Chamouni and the *Mer de Glace*. They made a sort of rude survey of the ground, measured the heights of some mountains, and recorded many useful and correct observations on the phenomena of glaciers, as well as on the mineralogy of the district. Pierre Martel, an engineer and teacher of mathematics, seems to have taken the lead in this matter, and published an English account of it in a letter to Windham, along with which we find, for the first time, Windham's own letter to Arlaud.* The plates are grotesque, and that of the village of Chamouni and the Aiguilles so extravagantly inaccurate, that we must suppose it done, for the most part, from memory. Of the small attempt at a map we shall speak by and by.

De Saussure was born in 1740, whilst Windham and his friends were residing at Geneva. His biographer, Senebier, expressly refers his first journey of 1760 to the interest excited by the Englishmen's visit to Chamouni. In the interval we know of no allusion to Chamouni, except the narrative of

Martel. After the date of De Saussure's visit it became notorious enough. Deluc, Pictet, Bordier, Bonrrit, and many others, made the mountains of Savoy the objects of their summer excursions, but De Saussure excelled them all in the ability and perseverance of his researches, and in the ability of his descriptions. These are too well known to require notice here. Our chief object in this article is a limited one. It is to give an outline of the physical peculiarities of the chain of Mont Blanc, and to make the reader acquainted with some recent and partly unpublished investigations of that wonderful mountain group. We shall first consider the topography; next trace the steps by which our present knowledge of it has been obtained; and then illustrate some of its more striking features in a little more detail.

Mont Blanc, as every one knows, is the highest mountain in Europe, and, indeed, in the old world, with the exception of the Himalayas. It lies in the chain of Alps, yet peculiarly situated with regard to these, being on a sort of angle or elbow where the Alps turn from a south and north direction (starting from the Mediterranean) to a direction more nearly, though not accurately, west and east, which they may be said to follow throughout the remainder of their course till they terminate in Styria. But the chain is not continuous, like the vertebrae of a serpent, as it used to be represented in the older maps. On the contrary, it is being much broken up into groups having more or less definite boundaries. One of the most distinct of such groups or mountainous centres is that of Mont Blanc. It may be described as a rude parallelogram, whose longer diagonal extends from south-west to north-east, and which is enclosed by four valleys. These are:—

1. On the n.w., the valley of the Arve; chief place, Chamouni.
2. On the s.e., the valley of the Doire; chief place, Courmayeur.
3. On the w., the valley of Montjoie; chief place, Contamines.
4. On the e., the valley of Ferret; chief place, Orsières.

Of these valleys, the two first are by much the longest; and the parallelogram has its two acute extremities at the Col de Bonhomme on the south-west, and the Mont Catogne on the north-east, the distance of these points being twenty-nine English miles. Mont Blanc is situated, *not* in the centre of the parallelogram, but much nearer to its western end. Throughout its extent, the mountain ridge of which Mont Blanc is the culmination is single and continuous, so far resembling the serpentine vertebrae, to which, as we

* The full title of the book or pamphlet is, "An Account of the Glaciers or Ice Alps in Savoy, in Two Letters, one from an English Gentleman [Windham] to his Friend at Geneva; the other from Peter Martel, Engineer, to the said English Gentleman, as laid before the Royal Society, London, 1744."

have said, the Alps as a whole cannot be likened. The southern slopes in general are much steeper than the northern slopes. The summit of Mont Blanc is considerably nearer to the valley of Courmayeur than to the valley of Chamouni; in consequence, it is utterly inaccessible from that side. But it is also the more imposing object as seen from thence. The stupendous walls of the range rising from the valley of Courmayeur form a spectacle perhaps unequalled in the Alps, especially when enhanced by the exquisite scenery and Italian vegetation of the valley of the Doire. Courmayeur is only 4200 English feet above the sea; and as Mont Blanc has a height of 15,780 feet, the relative elevation is in the highest degree impressive. The relative elevation is 11,580 feet, an amount barely exceeded in the case of even the highest mountains of the globe, which rise from valleys or

from table-lands already of great height. The valley of Chamouni is 3425 feet above the sea at the *Prieuré* or village.

As it is well known that the magnitude of glaciers depends principally on the area of the mountain-basins in which they take their origin, and by whose snows their waste is continually supplied, it follows that the glaciers are least important when the slopes are most precipitous. With one notable exception, the glaciers of the Chamouni side of Mont Blanc are by far the most important of the chain, as well as the best known. As the glaciers form the key to the topography of the district, we will here enumerate the larger ones according to their position on the four sides of the chain, commencing from the north-east angle, distinguishing by small capitals those most remarkable by their size:—

N.W. Slope, Chamouni.	W., Val Montjoie.	S.E. Slope, Courmayeur.	E., Val. Ferret.
Trient. Tour. ARGENTIÈRE. GL. DES BOIS (Mer de Glace). Bossons. Taconnay:	Bionassay. Miage (N.) TRELATÈTE.	“Glacier.” Allée Blanche. MIAGE (S.) Brenva. Jorasses. Triolet. Mondolent.	Laneuvaz. Salena. Arpetta.

The position of these glaciers (which are all shown upon the map) is important, as indicating the natural drainage of the district; and we shall find that an extraordinary diversity of opinion has obtained at different periods as to their distribution and arrangement.

Early in the last century, as we have seen, the chief glaciers were supposed to lie to the north, instead of to the south of Chamouni.

This, of course, was rectified by the visit of Windham and Pococke; but their idea of the extent and course of the ice-streams of Mont Blanc was equally limited and inaccurate. Windham says, “The glaciers consist of three large valleys that form a kind of Y; the tail reaches into the *Val d’Aoste*, and the two horns into the valley of *Chamoigny*.” We might at first sight imagine that the Y represents the Mer de Glace and its branches,—the glaciers of Géant and Léchaud. There is no doubt, however, that this is not the case, and that the branches he refers to are the glaciers of Bois and Bossons, the only two of those in the valley of Chamouni which he distinctly saw; and that the “tail” reaching into the Val d’Aoste was symbolical of the glacier of Brenva, or possibly of the Col du

Géant, which he mentions as traditionally spoken of as a pass or col in the chain. This interpretation of Windham’s meaning is rendered more clear by the words which follow: “The place where we ascended was between them [*i.e.*, the horns], from whence we saw plainly the valley which forms one of these horns.” As the place he speaks of was the Montanvert, the “horns” could only be, as already said, the glaciers of Bois and Bossons, the only ones which actually obtrude themselves on the notice of the visitor to Chamouni by the route of Servoz.

Pierre Martel, in his expedition of 1743, made a considerable step. For in the quaint map which accompanies his pamphlet, we find all the chief icy outlets of the N.E. slope indicated after a fashion, beginning with Trient, and ending with Bossons and Taconnay considered as one. This map represents very curiously the idea which seems strongly to possess the minds of the dwellers near great glacier-bearing chains, that the glaciers are but the overflows of one great central reservoir or accumulation of snow and ice. In some parts of the Alps singular traditions prevail of such unvisited central valleys, imagined to be habitable, and peopled by a race

who hold no communication with the lower world. The natural tendency is to exaggerate the extent and importance of what is unknown. All untraversed mountain chains are assumed to be greater in area than they prove to be when surveyed, and the popular estimate of the length of glaciers is at least double or three times the reality. The persistence of the notion of a common reservoir or "*Mer de Glace*," with numerous outflows reaching to the valleys, by means of which its accumulations are discharged, together with the acknowledged fact of the motion of the ice of glaciers (referred to in Windham's letter), proves that the "viscous" or "plastic" theory of glaciers has been the creed of the peasantry from early times. Martel conciliates easily and ingeniously what he could see with what he imagined. An ice stream or ocean is represented as taking its rise near Mont Blanc, and flowing parallel to the whole chain in a *N.E.* direction, terminating in the glacier of Trient. From it descend, as separate overflows, the glaciers of Bossons, Bois, Argentière, and Tour. A "tail" extends towards Cormayeur, symbolizing probably the glacier of Brenva. It is sufficient here to note, that in every case the ridges separating the glaciers of Chamouni, indicated here as mere islets in the icy flood, are stupendous ranges, nearly or altogether impassable, and linked on to the backbone of the chain.

It is astonishing how slight was the improvement of the map of Mont Blanc during the remainder of the last century. In 1778, De Saussure put forth, in the first and second volumes of his immortal work, two maps based on the map of Savoy by Borgonio, with emendations by Pictet of Geneva, of which it is hardly possible to speak too disparagingly. They are in one sense worse than the map of Martel, because they are filled up with material absolutely fictitious. The great ice-sweep is now interrupted by the range at the back of the Glacier of Talèfre; but the Glaciers of Argentière, Tour, and Trient, are thrown into one, as are those of Bionassay, Trelatête, and Miage. De Saussure's sense of truth could never, one would suppose, have been satisfied with these wretched productions, yet they reappeared in 1803 (after his death, indeed) in the second edition of his Travels.

Very superior, undoubtedly, to these must be considered the special map of Mont Blanc by Raymond, published early in the present century, when Savoy was under the régime of Imperial France. The valleys are tolerably well laid down, and some of the features of the best-known parts of the chain have a certain truth; but a hazy feebleness predomi-

nates over the whole; the boundaries of the glaciers are very inaccurate, and the interior of the group is hopelessly conjectural.

In 1842, the writer of the present article made a special survey of the *Mer de Glace* of Chamouni and its tributaries, which, in some of the following years, he extended by further observations so as to include the Glacier of Bossons. The area of this survey extended parallel to the chain from the summit of Mont Blanc to the borders of the Glacier of Argentière, and in a perpendicular direction from the Grandes Jorasses to the chain of the Breven.

About the same time, M. Séné of Geneva was engaged on his remarkable model, on a considerable scale, of the chain of Mont Blanc. It was acquired by and is still exhibited in his native town. Though immense patience was bestowed on this interesting work, the author of it had two defects which seriously marred its accuracy. In the first place, he was no surveyor, and used no divided instruments; and, secondly, he eschewed glaciers and mountain peaks, and contented himself with peering into the recesses of the chain from the most commanding points which he could find on its outskirts. Hence, wherever the chain becomes intricate, or its central parts are removed from ordinary observation, this otherwise fine model is valueless.

The only parts of the range of Mont Blanc, which, down to 1850, could be said to be well understood, were those which were opened up by three well-known expeditions,—the route to the Jardin, the passage of the Col du Géant, and the ascent of Mont Blanc. The extreme eastern and western parts of the chain were yet untraversed. In 1850, the present writer succeeded in traversing the main chain from the Col de Balme to Orsières, but the time was too short to unravel the intricate mountain group which intervened between this route and the Jardin. The fact was however established of the undiminished height of the main chain, even so near its eastern extremity. At the head of the Glacier du Tour it was found to be 11,300 English feet, or somewhat higher than the Col du Géant in the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc. All the existing maps—mainly feeble copies from one another—throw very little light on this part; and M. Séné's model was especially in fault. Not less ambiguous was the course of the chain between Mont Blanc and Col de Bonhomme to the westward, which includes three or four magnificent summits, such as the aiguilles of Bionassay, Miage, and Trelatête, and several noble glaciers.

In 1858, if we recollect rightly, the Alpine

Club was founded in London;* and those who felt an interest in the improvement of our knowledge of mountains were sanguine as to what might be done by its members. In the first volume of its Transactions (*Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, 1859), we find an account of the pass of the Col de Salena by Mr. Wills, and an exploration of the Col de Miage from the north side by Mr. Hawkins. The last-named col, and the summit of the Aiguille de Miage had, however, been already attained by Mr. Coleman, whose magnificent work,† published in the same year, contains the most vivid pictures of glacier landscape which have yet appeared. But neither Mr. Coleman nor his companions possessed the enviable art of topographical sketching—at least they did not exercise it on this occasion; and such geographical knowledge as they may have personally acquired, could not be communicated or rendered definite by the use of words alone. At this time an unfortunate prejudice against the use of a theodolite was present to the minds of most members of the Alpine Club, whose leading passion—that of boundless muscular exertion, and unfettered freedom of range—would certainly have been controlled by the companionship of that estimable instrument, which is somewhat heavy to carry as well as liable to damage, and which demands for its use leisure, patience, and unlimited power of resisting benumbing cold on isolated summits and glacial wastes. No, the theodolite was not popular amongst the Alpine Clubbists!

Mr. Tuckett of Bristol, however, one of their number, possessing a correct eye and good fingers, as well as legs, contributed some able sketches of country in 1860 and 1861. In the former year he followed the glacier of Argentière for the first time to its origin behind the curtain of rocks which separates it from the glacier of Talèfre, and, ascending the main ridge of the Alps, he attained a col of the immense height of 12,500 feet, without, however, descending on the opposite side,—a passage first effected in 1861 by Mr. Winckworth, who reached the Val Ferret by the Glacier de la Nevaz. Mr. Tuckett, however, made a sketch of this knot of mountains—not unworthily called the Gordian Knot,—for its extrication was not reached without further time and labour. In 1861, he contributed a careful eye-sketch of the country between the summit of Mont

Blanc and the Col de Bonhomme, which was a great advance upon anything which had then appeared; but the meagre engraving from it in the second series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* (1862), was very far from doing it justice. In Mr. Tuckett's drawing something like the mutual relations of the glaciers of Trelatête, Miage, and Bionassay appears for the first time, although the proportions of the ground plan were far from exact,—the s.w. extremity of the chain being carried out to an angle far too acute.

It was in 1861 that the much desired Sheet xxii. of the Swiss Federal Map was issued by General Dufour. It contained so much of the chain of Mont Blanc as is included within Swiss territory, that is, the eastern slope between the Col de Balme and the Col Ferret. Unfortunately this was not a very important part of the chain, but at least it furnished one boundary of the "Gordian Knot" already referred to, which lay between the Glacier of Talèfre, already surveyed, and the Glacier of Salena, which is wholly Swiss. The chain of Mont Blanc was, however laid down in outline throughout a considerable part of its extent, but the Swiss surveyors were only responsible for its accuracy up to their own boundary. The remaining features were taken, it is believed, from Piedmontese documents; but it required only a slight inspection to show that the data on the two sides of the frontier were not reconcilable, and the result proved the truth of the proverb, that old work patched with new makes the rent worse. The relative position of the Glaciers of Argentière, Tour, and Salena was, if possible, more unintelligible than it had ever been.

In 1862, Mr. A. Adams Reilly, a gentleman of liberal education and an accurate draughtsman, directed his attention to the "Gordian Knot" in question. He crossed the Col d'Argentière, discovered by Mr. Tuckett, and made panoramic drawings of the chain in various directions. But it was found impossible to reconcile these with the position of the summits and glaciers as indicated on the Swiss map; and Mr. Reilly decided on directing his journey of 1863 expressly to clear up such ambiguities. For this purpose he provided himself with an excellent theodolite, and arranged to extend the triangulation which formed the basis of the survey of the Mer de Glace of 1842, up the valley of the Arve to the Col de Balme, and thence again to the very origin of the Glacier of Tour. The present writer was fortunately able to place at Mr. Reilly's disposal the unpublished additions which he had made in 1846 and 1850 to his original survey, extending it from the south to the north bank of the

* The more immediate antecedents to the formation of the Club were the appearance in 1856 of Mr. Wills's *Wanderings in the High Alps*, and Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy's *Ascent of Mont Blanc by a New Route and without Guides*.

† *Scenes from the Snow Fields of Mont Blanc*, folio, 1859.

Arve near Chamouni. In particular, he had determined with considerable accuracy the interval in English feet between the Pavillon de Flegère and the summit of Mont Breven. The distance between these two is nearly three English miles, and it forms an admirable base for extending the triangulation in any direction. Mr. Reilly dexterously availed himself of it; and after a survey of much labour, owing to the exceeding roughness of the country, finally connected the survey of the Mer de Glace and Chamouni district (including Mont Blanc), with the Swiss survey, which terminated at the Col de Balme and the east boundary of the Glacier of Tour.

It would require the reader to have before him the Swiss map of 1861, or some equivalent authority, to understand the geographical emendation thus effected. To state its chief result in a single sentence, two mountains, each 13,000 feet high, and *standing on the map a mile and a half apart*, were pulled together and made one; while a snow field of some four square miles in extent was annihilated. The Glacier of Tour takes its origin from a mountain spur leading north-eastwards from the Aiguille de Chardonnet. Behind that spur, the Glacier of Salena extends itself southwards up to the foot of the Tour Noire, and is separated from the Glacier of Argentière solely by the ridge extending from that summit to the Aiguille de Chardonnet. Now, previously, things had been very differently represented. The Glacier of Tour was imagined to extend southwards far beyond the Aiguille de Chardonnet, and far beyond even that of Argentière, and to be bounded on the south-east by the Glacier of Lancuvaz, which in reality it does not approach within two miles, which are occupied by the upper basin of the glacier of Salena. If this description be followed, it will be understood that the Swiss surveyors, when mapping the upper basin of the Salena, had right in front of them the great rocky boundary of the glacier of Argentière, including the two vast peaks of Argentière and Chardonnet. But, misled by the Piedmontese survey, they believed that they were still divided from it by a parallel ridge, to the culminating point of which (a magnificent frosted cone as seen from the east) they gave the name of *Point des Plines*, a peak which proved the very bugbear of geographers; and no wonder, for the Point des Plines, *as such*, had no existence,—it was and is neither more nor less than the long familiarly known Aiguille d'Argentière.

The results of his painstaking survey of the Glacier of Tour, Mr. Reilly laid down on a map to the scale of $\frac{1}{400,000}$, or about an inch and a half to a mile, and nothing can be

more satisfactory than the clear and beautiful draught which now lies before us, in which even the secondary clusters of peaks are defined with admirable exactness by readings of the theodolite. It is a work which leaves nothing to be desired, and would do credit to the most expert professional surveyor.

But Mr. Reilly, having theoretically disentangled the Gordian Knot, confirmed his extrication of it by actually *walking through it*. Ascending the Glacier of Argentière to the gap separating the Aiguille de Chardonnet from that of Argentière, he ascended that gap. A glance from the summit, of course, showed how the land lay. When he descended upon the eastern side of the ridge, he found himself on the Glacier of Salena, *not* on the Glacier of Tour. Had the Federal map been correct, he would have been still in Savoy; as it was, he found himself in Switzerland. This col he distinguished by the name of the Col de Chardonnet. Not long before, two members of the Alpine Club, Messrs. George and Macdonald, having been led astray in seeking for the Col d'Argentière of Mr. Tuckett (which lies to the south of the Tour Noire), had already effected a passage from Argentière to the Glacier of Salena across the ridge intermediate between these two-passes. But it is so highly dangerous and impracticable that it will probably never again be tried.

Most amateurs would have considered it a fair summer's work to explore and map an intricate and desolate country, which had for years been the despair of topographers. But Mr. Reilly was of a different opinion, and having surveyed the chain upwards from Chamouni as far as its eastern declivities, he proceeded with his theodolite in a westerly direction, and proceeded to make a *reconnaissance* of the far larger remaining portion of the chain of Mont Blanc. Taking suitable and prominent stations, especially the Mont Joli and Rosaletta (in the Val Montjoie), he turned the Col du Bonhomme, and continuing his observations on the Col de la Seigne, managed to connect his observations on the north side with those on the south side of Mont Blanc, and to complete a topographical draught of the entire mountain group by means of a chain of twenty stations, extending to the Col Ferret, where, entering Switzerland, the Federal map supplied all needful information.

This *reconnaissance*, as we have called it, was performed, though with the utmost care, yet in a far less elaborate style than that which we have described as belonging to his survey eastward. Considering the short time in which it was done, and absence of extrane-

ous materials, it is one of the most admirable instances which have come across our notice of what is commonly called a "tour de force." Aided he no doubt was by two or three fundamental positions which he obtained from a French engineer, to whom they had been communicated by the Dépôt de la Guerre. But with this trifling exception, and the base line from which he first started, all was his own. The map of the chain of Mont Blanc, founded on these observations, and displayed at a meeting of the Alpine Club in London, on the 3d May, 1864, is in all respects a triumph of sagacity and of art. Mr. Reilly, in a short paper explanatory of that map, has stated the principles on which it was constructed:—

"All the points I have determined," he says, "about 200 in number, lie where my observations placed them; and I have not changed the position of one of them in deference to any map, however much I might differ from it. I was careful to do this, for I thought that a series of original observations would be far more useful—useful in its very errors—than any compilation of existing ones; for in dealing with these it is impossible to say whether any change one makes increases or diminishes the error. . . . This departure from the system usually employed, I found of inestimable value, and had it been more generally pursued, nearly all the mistakes with which mountain maps abound would have been avoided."—*Alpine Journal*, June, 1864, p. 269.

After this very clear statement, no one can doubt that Mr. Reilly's results, whatever they may be, are original to him; and we cannot but admire the union of boldness and sagacity, amounting to genius, with which our amateur, undertaking a work of the kind for the first time, proceeded to execute a plan so self-denying, yet so wise. We are prepared to allow that the structure of Mr. Reilly's chain of triangles was not what an officer of the Ordnance Survey would have chosen. We may perhaps even admit with him that "the hair of an engineer would rise up on his head at the unprofessional way in which his results were arrived at;" but we also know how much may be done by a thorough insight into the matter in hand, even with irregular materials. Had Mr. Reilly been able to spend twice as long as he did in fixing his stations and connecting them, he would no doubt have saved himself a world of anxious labour in the protraction of his results, and in the final draught of his map. We are satisfied, however, that the result would have been little different from what it proved to be; in fact, that as far as the map is to be useful to the tourist or to the geologist, the deviations in it from the proportions of nature are inappreciable and of no positive

importance. The result, however, is owing to the admirable manner in which, on his return home, Mr. Reilly made use of the observations which he had accumulated. The rapidity of the survey was to be compensated for by the patience of the reductions. And one is at a loss whether most to admire the truly masculine vigour with which observations of a very fatiguing and elaborate kind, extending over a crooked line of fifty miles in the most rugged country in Europe, were obtained and recorded in the course of a very few weeks, or the indomitable perseverance with which he spent the whole succeeding winter and spring at his desk, evolving point by point the exquisite convolutions of that chain, and the details of its wonderful structure. With certain trifling exceptions, Mr. Reilly states that he "has not indicated the smallest feature for which he had not the authority of a photograph, or of a series of rough sketches which he had taken from nearly all his stations, and on which his theodolite observations were noted." The remarkable panoramas, which he thus slightly mentions, form no insignificant part of Mr. Reilly's contributions to the topography of the district. They extended, we believe, to a length of some 160 feet, and embraced views of the chain in almost every conceivable direction. They have been largely increased in number by his excursions during the past summer (1864); and experience has enabled the author to combine in making them a rapidity of execution with an accuracy of proportion and outline, which might well seem to be irreconcilable.

We have already said that 200 points of the chain were fixed by the actual intersection of theodolite angles. This is sufficient to trace out the main skeleton of the whole range. The intervals were filled up by the aid of eye sketches, and of the panoramas just mentioned.

The map on the scale of $\frac{1}{40000}$, beautifully shaded and coloured, having been presented by the author to the Alpine Club, the first consideration, of course, was how it might be most fitly rendered available to travellers and men of science. In deference to the author's wishes, its publication was delayed until he should have revisited the ground in the course of the succeeding summer, and thus again tested the general accuracy of the whole. In the meantime, a reduced photographic copy was made at the expense of some members of the Alpine Club.

The routes indicated in red on Mr. Reilly's map show the principal traverses of the chain of Mont Blanc, which, chiefly of late years, have been effected. They have, we believe,

been all crossed by Mr. Reilly himself in one or other of the last few summers, and it is evident to simple inspection how full an insight these expeditions must give into the deepest recesses of the chain, and that to one so eminently qualified to use the advantages of his position, no considerable peculiarity of structure or arrangement could have remained undetected by his eye, or unrecorded by his unwearied pencil. But in point of fact, the routes in question by no means exhaust our topographer's explorations. The ordinary pathways round about the entire chain, which are printed in black, have of course been all, once or oftener, trod by him; but further, to avoid confusion, we have, with the exception of the tracks to and from Mont Blanc, indicated in red, only "through routes" leading from one face of the chain to another. Numberless ascents and deviations in different directions have been made by him besides. During last summer, 1864, besides the now usual feat of mounting Mont Blanc—the ordinary summer recreation of an Alpine Club man—Mr. Reilly had the good fortune to ascend, for the first time, three virgin peaks of the chain, all among the highest of the second order of summits. There was first the Aiguille d'Argentière (12,800 feet), whence he could survey at a glance the "Gordian Knot," and testify to the non-existence of a distinct "Pointe des Plines." Then there was the Mondolent (12,566 feet), which he reached from the Col Ferret, and which, though lying on the very outskirts of the chain in a south-easterly direction, commands, as Mr. Reilly records in his notes, "*the perfection of a view*." Mont Blanc is thence seen from an uncommon direction, supported on the left by the vast summits of the towering Jorasses seen in profile, and on the right by the aspiring, and till lately all but unknown, Aiguille de Triolet. The views towards the Combin and the Alps of Cogne are unsurpassed. The third and loftiest summit of the three new ascents was the Aiguille de Trelatête (12,851 feet), in a very different (the south-western) quarter of the chain, commanding the whole of that region,—so lately almost a *terra incognita*, and an unparalleled panorama of the western and steepest slopes of Mont Blanc.

To return, however, for a few moments—for we must now draw to a conclusion—to the "through routes" of the chain indicated in red, we must recall the fact that until little more than a dozen years since, only a single pass was recognised in the whole extent of twenty-eight miles, intervening between the Col du Bonhomme and the col or valley of Champey. This pass was the Col du Géant, celebrated—in the days when Alpine clubs

were unknown—for its height and difficulty; more justly celebrated, however, for the truly remarkable sojourn there in 1788, for seventeen days, of the great De Saussure, for the purposes of scientific experiment. But now the map shows by its red lines eight other passes (or nine in all) by which the chain has been crossed. Beginning at the s.w. end, we find two of no special difficulty, the Col du Mont Tondn and the Col d'Enclaves, numbered with the figures 2 and 3, which must afford a grateful variety to the traveller bound from the Val Montjoie to the Allée Blanche, who has already crossed the somewhat wearisome pass of the Bonhomme. Next we have the Col de Miage (numbered 6), connecting the northern and southern glaciers of that name, which probably yields in interest to no other in the chain. Its height is 11,100 feet, and it is one of the steepest and narrowest of the practicable barriers in the Alps. It was first traversed in 1858 by Mr. Coleman, thus abridging immensely in point of distance, though not so much so in time, the long circuit from Chamouni to Courmayeur; while the perfect insight which it gives into the unsurpassed magnificence of the great glacier of the South Miage, with its views of the western precipices of Mont Blanc, places it in the very first rank in point of scenery. The Col de Miage will long be remembered for a singular accident which happened there in 1861 to a young Englishman, who slipped down a face of snow and ice through a *vertical* height of more than 1700 feet, and barely escaped with life.*

Intimately connected with this col is the fifth in order (numbered 8 on the map), which was traversed last summer, for the first time, by Mr. Reilly, who calls it the Col du Dôme de Gouté. It undoubtedly forms a most remarkable pass, as by it Courmayeur may be reached from Chamouni by the route of the Grands Mulets and Dôme de Gouté. Mr. Reilly's point of departure was the summit of the Col de Miage, from whence he reached diagonally the ridge which extends from the Aiguille de Bionassay eastwards to the "Dôme;" and it is still uncertain whether this ridge can in all circumstances be reached directly from the level of the S. Glacier of Miage. Having attained the summit of the Dôme by this novel route, Mr. Reilly, with his accustomed intrepidity, proceeded to cut his way down the n.e. face of the Dôme right upon the Grands Mulets, instead of going round by the *grand plateau*. It is interesting to know that he was accompanied on

* A detailed account of the accident will be found in *Peaks and Passes*, Second Series.

this occasion by Mr. Birkbeck, the victim of the accident of 1861 above referred to, whose Alpine ardour appears to have suffered no diminution in consequence of that tremendous somersault. The expedition which it had interrupted was directed towards the very passage thus effected three years later.

The neighbourhood of the Dôme de Gouté is intersected by several routes. Two of these lead to the summit of Mont Blanc. One is the usual route by the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges. Another is that originally tried by De Saussure, and repeatedly attempted since, by the Glaciers of Bionassay and the Aiguille de Gouté. This last route offered no advantages while it was necessary to *re-descend* from the level of the Dôme to the *grand plateau*, and take the old course to the top; but in 1859 the Rev. C. Hudson* effected the direct passage from the Dôme to Mont Blanc by the n.w. ridge of the latter, which overhangs the awful precipices of the S. Miage, traversing the intermediate knoll, known from an early period under the name of the Bosse du Dromedaire. It does not appear that any special difficulty occurs on this, the most natural access of any to the highest mountain of Europe; and it is inexplicable why, though repeatedly "prospected," it has for generations been regarded as impracticable.

Mont Blanc was ascended in 1863 from one other direction by Messrs. Maquetin and Briquet. By crossing the Col de Géant from Courmayeur, and bivouacking at the south foot of the Aiguille de Midi, they gained the summit of Mont Blanc by the Mont Mandit and the Mur de la Côte. This route presents some points of interest, but it is absurd and illogical to consider it as a route from Courmayeur to the summit of Mont Blanc. It is essentially a route by Montanvert and the Glacier du Géant, entirely situated on the northern slopes.

Of the next pass in order, the Col du Géant (11,200 feet), numbered 27 on the map, we need say no more here. The following one, the Col de Triolet, achieved by Mr. Reilly in 1864, has a newer interest, and is likely, we should think, to become popular amongst members of the Alpine Club. This is the only outlet yet discovered from the Glacier of Talèfre, and it leads into the Italian Val Ferret, near to the col of that name, by the Glacier of Triolet. Mr. Reilly, starting from Montanvert, slept under a shelter-stone on the Convercle. From the notes with which he has kindly furnished us, we find that, leaving his bivouac at 4.30 A.M., passing the

Jardin, and ascending the Talèfre Glacier to its s.e. angle, he, with his companion, Mr. Whymper, attained the Col de Triolet without very serious difficulty at 8.10, an early hour, considering the great height, which is 12,160 feet. The view must partake much of the character of that from the Mondelant, already referred to, which is but a little way farther east, and only 400 feet higher. The descent from the Col to the Glacier of Triolet is steep and difficult. The more level part of the *nêvé* of the glacier was only reached at 10.50, and the moraine an hour later. The glacier is a long one, and in order to escape the torrent at its foot, the next higher glacier, that of Mont Dolent, had to be used as a bridge. Finally, the chalets of Praz de Bar were reached at four, being eleven and a half hours from the Convercle. To descend the valley to Courmayeur would take three hours more.

The remaining cols of the chain are those of Argentière (19), from Chamouni to la Folly; of Chardonnnet (18), from Chamouni to Orsières; and that of the Fenêtre de Salena (21), in the same direction. Of these we have already said enough.

Not one of all these passes, excepting the two nearest to the Col du Bonhomme, is under 11,000 English feet in height.

And here we must take leave, for the present, of Mr. Reilly and his map. He has generously made over all right of property in the latter to the Alpine Club, and the Club, by accepting the trust, have engaged that the public shall receive the benefit of Mr. Reilly's labours. The author having undertaken to reduce and redraw the map on a scale of $\frac{1}{300,000}$ of nature, and to correct it throughout from his latest observations, this finished drawing—which is a masterpiece of its kind—has, we understand, been placed in the hands of a competent artist in lithography, and will be published in the course of two or three months. The result, even after making some allowance for the lithograph falling short of the original, will, we trust, justify the encomiums we have pronounced on Mr. Reilly's labours. It will be a real boon to the tourist, the geographer, and the geologist. It will be by far the proudest trophy which the Alpine Club can show of the enterprise and devotion of its members. The junior but rival Clubs of Switzerland, Vienna, and Turin, will find that the coronet of Alpine exploration has been secured for Britain. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that a mountain range so limited in extent as that of Mont Blanc, so remarkable by its elevation, so attractive by its scenery, should have remained unsurveyed till the second half of the nineteenth century. It is still more remarkable that the three import-

* So stated in Mr. Ball's *Guide*. We cannot recollect to have met with the original account.

ant States—France, Italy, and Switzerland—which share amongst them this stronghold of nature, should have been unable to agree to make a map of it on a common scheme, and that it should have been left to a British amateur to supply so glaring a deficiency.

As to Mr. Reilly himself, we can only express the hope that his perseverance, skill, and taste, having found a fit field for their exercise, will continue to be further employed for the promotion of geography and the benefit of mountaineers.

ART. VI.—*Essays in Criticism.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London, 1865.

IN a recent number of this Journal,* when quoting one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's luminous judgments, we ventured to express our belief that his papers, should they ever be brought together, would furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the English language. No man hastily decides on publishing a volume of essays; and we fear, therefore, that Mr. Arnold must have determined on this step before those remarks can have met his eye. Otherwise, it would be no small satisfaction to think that any words of ours had suggested the idea of this publication; or, what is perhaps more possible, had in some degree strengthened a half-formed purpose.

Writers in the periodical press are addicted to republishing their essays, and are prone to apologize for so doing. The tendency is natural; the apologies unnecessary. Men of the greatest ability and most profound information do not now think it unworthy of them to write, and to write their best, in magazines and reviews. And it is very natural that such men should seek to rescue their work from that forgetfulness which inevitably overwhelms such a form of publication. Moreover, it is for the interest of readers that this tendency should be encouraged. In their behalf it is especially to be desired that writings of the class we refer to should be preserved at least beyond the hour. It is not that the days of books, and of good books, too, are over. Surely to call English literature at the present time frivolous, is to take a very partial view. There is no lack of good writers or of thoughtful readers; but each of these classes appears smaller than it did some years ago, because the number of writers and readers of all sorts has increased. Especially

what may be called a middle class of readers has been in our day almost created,—men of too active intelligence to live by fiction alone, but who do not venture among the highest places of literature from want of leisure, or of mental range, or it may be from imperfect education,—men who will hardly encounter Grote, or Merivale, or Mill, but who yet weary of the flash of Miss Braddon or the commonplace of Trollope. It must indeed be a mind of a very ordinary stamp whose requirements can be satisfied by English fiction, disorganized and inartistic as it now is. The wants of this class of readers are best supplied by good essays or articles; and we therefore think that when a writer gratifies a natural ambition by seeking for his work a more abiding form than the review or the magazine, he should receive a hearty welcome, not, as is too often the case, a condescending, almost a contemptuous recognition.

It is, however, questionable how far considerations such as these are applicable to the case before us. Mr. Arnold's essays can hardly be classed as good popular writing, and will hardly recommend themselves to ordinary and hasty readers. Their publication in this form can be justified on a higher ground—on the ground of their intrinsic merit. On the other hand, doubts may be entertained as to their probable popularity. They are all in the strictest sense critical, and criticism is never popular. Most of the sources of attraction which have made the success of so many similar publications are wanting here: we have not the attractiveness of biography, the power of history, or the yet livelier interest which attaches to social and political questions. Nor is the style of the criticism calculated to conciliate. No prejudices are flattered; no faults are left unexposed; and the standards appealed to are not such as will readily be recognised, or even comprehended, by the every-day reader.

Mr. Arnold began his literary career as a poet. It is not often that prize poems are worthy of being remembered; but Mr. Arnold's poem on Cromwell, which obtained the Newdigate at Oxford, in 1843, was an exception to this general rule of oblivion. The purely poetical merit of some portion of it was not inconsiderable; but it was specially remarkable for the manliness and good taste which prevailed throughout, and still more for an effort at construction which succeeded in giving, even to a prize poem, something of artistic completeness. This manliness and cultivated taste, and this reverence for art, can be traced in all Mr. Arnold's subsequent poems; and these qualities, beyond all else, have made him the critic he is. In 1849 Mr. Arnold published anonymously a small

* No. lxxxi., August, 1864.

volume of poems, and another in 1852. These were republished under his name in 1857, with additions and alterations; and in 1858 he attempted to enrich English literature with "what is most perfect in the forms of the most perfectly formed literature in the world,"—namely, the form of Greek tragedy. *Merope*, however, proved a failure, as such experiments usually do; but his other poems have achieved a very considerable amount of popularity. It is no part of our present purpose to enter into any criticism of Mr. Arnold's poetical labours. It must be conceded that the highest imaginative power is not his; but he possesses many eminent poetical gifts notwithstanding. His varied and musical versification; his diction, of great beauty, yet never overloaded with gaudy richness,—indeed he sometimes carries his horror of mere verbal ornament to excess; his cultivated thought; a good taste which is never forgotten; a repose which dwells upon his page,—all these things combine to give his poetry a peculiar charm. It is refreshing to turn from the feverish obscurities which, under the name of poems, so trouble our literature, to the vigour of *Mycerinus*, the Homeric echoes of *Sohrab* and *Rustum*, the pathos and romantic beauty of *Tristan* and *Isolt*. Beyond question, Mr. Arnold can claim to be numbered among the licensed critics, according to Pope—

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

But it is Mr. Arnold's prose writings which will gain for him the greatest and most enduring reputation. For some years he has been in the habit of contributing to various reviews and magazines, papers which had power to command attention even amid the turmoil of periodical literature. Marked beyond common by originality of view and fearlessness of expression, they often excited dissent, sometimes provoked hostility; but they never failed to arouse interest and to stimulate thought. They were for the most part critical, and the criticism was of a rare stamp. Long ago, Dr. Johnson remarked that "criticism, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and capacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science." (*Rambler*, 158). If this was true of the criticism of Dr. Johnson's day, it is far more true of the criticism of our own. Formerly, when reviews and magazines were unknown, criticism stood by itself, and was pursued for its own end; or otherwise, was given to the world by the leading poets as explanatory of

the principles on which they worked, and the rules by which they were guided. Such was, on the one hand, the criticism of Johnson himself; such was, on the other hand, the criticism of Milton, of Dryden, and in our own times of Coleridge, and even of Wordsworth. Yet at no time was good criticism common; and now it has almost passed away from amongst us. It has lost much by having become anonymous. The censor no more speaks with the weight of a great name, and the *genus irritabile* refuse to bow before an authority which they have not otherwise learned to reverence. Worse than this, criticism is forgotten in article-writing. The primary object is to make an entertaining article; and the work is undertaken by able men and experienced writers, but who have not made criticism a special study, and who do not set it before them as an exclusive aim. This tendency is quite fatal: for the first purpose of criticism is by no means to amuse or entertain; on the contrary, its first purpose is to teach and discipline, and herein lies its weakness as regards noisy popularity, but its real glory and strength. To these causes mainly it is owing that, in Mr. Arnold's words, while of "the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is, almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism."

The truth of this sentence will be questioned by few. English criticism for years past has been at the lowest ebb; it observes no system, it rests on no principles, it lays down no rules. It was at first sight startling to see the *Saturday Review* not long ago contending that the prevailing fault of our criticism was too great leniency. But, doubtless, the remark was true. Those who love to disparage the critic's craft are always telling us how much easier it is to blame than to praise. It may be so, if whether the praise or the blame is well founded be held a thing of no account. On the other hand, vaguely to praise implies infinitely less trouble than to censure according to sound principles, and to justify censure by argument and example. A flagrant instance, now some years old, of the commonness and worthlessness of critical praise, has lately been again brought before the public. Moved by we know not what sudden impulse, Professor Aytoun has written to the newspapers denying that commendatory expressions with regard to *Festus*, which have been printed with his name at-

tached, were really written by him. It had, we are told, been too hastily assumed that Mr. Aytoun was the writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which the said expressions did appear; and he is therefore free from the reproach of having praised overmuch; but then, in the same list of "opinions of the press," there were extracts from the best periodicals in the country (though without the names of the writers), extolling the merits of *Festus* in language which would have required some modification if applied to *Paradise Lost*. What can be the causes of all this evil? Mr. Arnold suggests the following:—

"For, what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it; it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for the free play of the mind, we have not; but we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favour. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain; we saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*; perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it; the *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserv the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way toward its end,—the creating a current of true and fresh ideas."

Other influences are also at work, some of slighter force than the above, others more deeply-rooted and more powerful. Good-nature, a dislike of trouble, the arts of puffery, all tend to pervert criticism; but worst of all is the indecision and want of fixed principles among critics, who, uncertain as to what should be really aimed at, have, of course, no sound basis on which to rest their judgments. And what incalculable mischief is hereby done to literature? Writers reject only too gladly the authority of judges who speak with hesitating lips, and give themselves over to all manner of lawlessness. That a novel or a poem should be a work of art, framed according to certain artistic rules, seems an idea never present to their minds. They strive indeed after effect, but it is not legitimate effect; it is the effect of "fine passages," so misplaced, so at variance with artistic excellence, that things which might have been beauties become deformities brought out into strong relief. To such writers the merit of a poem like *Dora*, or a novel like *Tom Jones*, is an utter mystery. We need not dwell on this theme. Unhappily there is little need to convince the world of the shortcomings of English literature at the present time.

For this dismal saturnalia of sensation novels and spasmodic poetry, our so-called criticism is in no small degree responsible. The vagaries of half-educated writers have had no control; the taste of half-educated readers has had no direction. How much evil has thence resulted no man can tell; things are at a sad pass when the watchers prove to be themselves in need of watching. Nay, our critics do more than negative mischief. They are strenuous in the propagation of evil. One critic like Mr. George Gilfillan can do infinitely more harm to literature than any number of spasmodic poets. For he is the prime source of mischief: he it is who calls those poets into their brief but harmful existence.

"But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

Are these things irremediable? Is criticism nothing but mere opinion resting on no more certain basis than caprice? and must literature therefore for ever wander without control, without a guide? Surely no. Criticism may not yet have become what Dr. Johnson would have it to be, a science; but it is, when rightly understood, an intelligible and certain art. The laws which it lays down are not arbitrary; they are generalized from the practice of the masters of literature, and come to us approved by experience, and invested with the weight of authority. Criticism concerns itself both with form

and matter, applying to these certain definite tests. It inquires, in the first place, whether the language, the illustrations, the metaphors are correct, and in good taste; in the second place, whether they are rich and beautiful; and, in the third place, it rises to a study of the characters, takes in the nature of the subject, looks to the due subordination of the parts, and the artistic completeness of the whole. It is very idle, therefore, to assail such an art as being nothing beyond an unkindly love of fault-finding. On the contrary, it has its origin in a love of truth, and its real aim is to discover and foster excellence, though, as a means to this end, it may be sometimes necessary to expose pretence and incompetence. To be impatient of the restraints of criticism, to disparage it, to rail at it, to affect an unreal independence of its judgments, are certain signs of weakness in an author.

To prove all this, and illustrate it, and exemplify it, has been the aim of much of Mr. Arnold's writing. His first separate prose publication was, we think, the lectures on translating Homer, which he delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The originality, the fearlessness, we regret to add the occasional arrogance of tone which marked these lectures, gained for them much attention. But as they were fully noticed in the *North British Review** at the time of their publication, we cannot do more than allude to them now. In the present volume he has collected together essays, ranging over a great variety of subjects, but all of them in the strictest sense critical. In the first of these, called *The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time*, he not only explains those functions, but also vindicates their dignity and utility. Mr. Arnold must tell us himself what, and of what sort, is the criticism he upholds and would endeavour to practise:—

"But stop, some one will say; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism: *a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world*. How much of current English literature comes into this 'best that is known and thought in the world?' Not very much, I fear; certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics,

who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass,—so much better disregarded,—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own; and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with,—the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

"I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible."

We must not, however, suppose that Mr. Arnold would limit the sphere of criticism to literature alone. On the contrary, he maintains that criticism, being truly an endeavour to see things as they really are, cannot be limited in its scope, but must extend its efforts in all things relating to man and human life,—society, politics, religion. He admits, indeed, that where these burning matters are concerned, it is most likely to go astray; nevertheless, it must set out on the dangerous wayfaring, and take its chance. Safety, according to Mr. Arnold, lies in this only, that criticism must "maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims." It must abandon altogether the sphere of practical life, and rest content with discovering and impressing on the world adequate ideas, trusting that those ideas will bring forth their fruit in a fitting, though it may be a distant season. Such a work may be slow and obscure, but it is not the less the only

* No. lxxii., May, 1862.

proper work of criticism. Now this is a striking thought, but we doubt whether it be a sound one. It seems to rest on a confusion between the direct and the indirect influence of the critical spirit on the affairs of life. The indirect influence is exerted, of course, through literature. It is in this sense that Mr. Arnold upholds the justice of Goethe's claim to have been "the liberator" of the Germans, because he taught the German poets that men must live from within outwards, placing the standard inside the man instead of outside him,—a doctrine, as Mr. Arnold says, "absolutely fatal to all routine thinking." All this, to be sure, had not much effect on the political life of Germany, has not even yet had much effect in that direction; whence Heine's impetuous attacks on Goethe, "come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition; poor German people! that is thy greatest man." But whether such influence of criticism be really important, or all but imperceptible in its working, this at least is clear, that it is an indirect influence. The immediate effect is produced by literature, and we do not gain much towards clearness of thought by running up the chain of causality, and attributing that effect to criticism. But if we do so, we must be careful to note that the word thus used means pure literary criticism only—affecting active life, if at all, slowly and indirectly; and surely to say that such criticism must sever itself from the merely practical, and concern itself with "adequate ideas," though true and valuable doctrine, is not a novel discovery.

On the other hand, when comment or criticism, or whatever we choose to call it, applies itself directly to matters of action, it seems impossible but that it must take a practical turn. Let us test the thing by Mr. Arnold's own instances. When extreme or ill-timed demands for political change are met by dwelling on our present "unrivalled happiness," he objects to the answer, not on behalf of the reformers, but in the interests of a correct theory of criticism. But what style of answer does he suggest as in accordance with his own theory? Why, the somewhat rude one of taking an aggravated case of child-murder from the newspapers, and tabling it against the "unrivalled happiness" notion. Now, we say nothing as to the value of this answer, nor pause to inquire how far the fact of child-murders taking place in England from time to time is inconsistent with the position that the people of England as a body enjoy more happiness than the people of any other nation; but we ask, is not this of Mr. Arnold's a most *practical* answer? It seems to us every whit as

practical, though by no means so relevant, as the argument with which Mr. Arnold contrasts it, viz., that, happy as we may be, we should probably be yet happier were the desired political changes to take place. We remember a London paper, of a very unideal and Philistine* character, which had a column, entitled "Our Civilisation," exclusively devoted to the chosen arguments of Mr. Arnold's ideal theory of criticism.

Again, the illustration given by Mr. Arnold of how criticism should approach religious themes, succeeds in keeping quite clear of any practical tendency, but this at the expense both of distinctness and utility. He objects to Bishop Colenso's criticism on the ground that it strengthens the common confusion between science and religion; and though he does not reprint his two essays on the Bishop's first volume, which appeared some time ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, yet he "cannot forbear repeating once more, for his benefit and that of his readers, this sentence from my original remarks upon him: *There is truth of science and truth of religion; truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious.* And I will add: Let us have all the science there is from the men of science; from the men of religion let us have religion." Now this passage, so far as we understand it, appears to rest upon a very extraordinary misconception. If the truths of science and the truths of religion are to be kept always distinct—the one delivered only by men of science, the other delivered only by men of religion, what are we to make of their seeming opposition? That there is a *seeming* opposition no one will deny, and must we, then, accept the opposition as inexplicable? Can we make no endeavour to get beyond this seeming? Can criticism do nothing to reconcile? Is the task of showing that there is no real opposition between science and religion too "practical?" It rather seems to us that this might be attempted without placing any

* This is a German nickname of which Mr. Arnold is very fond, and, as it is hardly possible to write on these Essays without referring to it, we subjoin his explanation of its meaning:—"Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a 'chosen people,' as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong."

harsh restraints on the free play of thought, and that, if accomplished, it would be the greatest and happiest step ever made in spiritual progression; in a word, criticism might herein exercise not only its appropriate, but its noblest functions. Finally, approaching social questions in the same spirit, Mr. Arnold falls foul of the Divorce Court, because that institution does not accord with the "refreshing and elevating" marriage theory of Catholicism.

Now, if all this merely means, that criticism, being an honest endeavour to get at truth, must keep itself free from party catch-words, from party considerations, ay, even from party ideas, there can hardly be room for dispute. Surely so simple a truth need not have been so elaborated. But if it mean more than this, if it mean that criticism can be applied with profit, or indeed, can be applied at all to questions of active life, yet in no way concern itself with results, keeping above all practical considerations, then we think Mr. Arnold altogether mistaken, and we are sure that his criticism will be for ever barren. Indeed, his theory breaks down in his own hands. In the examples he himself gives, he refutes the self-laudatory Briton by extracts from newspapers; he attacks the Divorce Court on the very practical grounds of its "crowded benches, its reports, its money compensations;" and when he turns to religion, his criticism only ceases to be practicable by becoming totally useless, and not a little obscure.

To say the truth, it is not when dealing with these weighty matters that Mr. Arnold is at his best. He does not understand them; he does not, we suspect, greatly care to understand them; his interest in them strikes us as being forced. When he passes from confuting Mr. Adderley and Mr. Roebuck to analysing the beauties of Maurice de Guérin, he carries his readers into a new atmosphere of warmth and light. His principles of criticism will be found safe guides in the region of the fine arts, though he does not seem to possess the special knowledge required in an art-critic; but literature is the theme he knows best, likes best—where he is, in all respects, most at home. His natural qualifications for the work of literary criticism have been enhanced by assiduous cultivation. No man can be a good critic who does not possess a familiarity with at least one great literature besides his own. And this is especially the case with Englishmen, who, as we have said before, find so little in their own literature which can stimulate or foster the critical spirit.

"By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is

known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence; the English critic, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason, specially likely to escape him."

Mr. Arnold's mind is open to foreign thought from many sources. His scholarship shows itself in the only way in which scholarship can show itself becomingly, *i.e.*, in its results, its influence on the judgment and the style. It has given him what Pope considers the rarest quality of the critic, good taste:—

"In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share."

But he has much that is higher than mere scholarship, though unfortunately separable, and too often separated from it; he has caught "the secret of antiquity"—has penetrated to the spirit of the ancient writers. The influence of Germany seems to have been but slight upon him; on the other hand, he has a perfect familiarity with French literature—the literature of criticism *par excellence*; some will say that he surrenders himself too unreservedly to its dominion. His Gallicism is perhaps extreme, and this, combined with his devotion to classical models, may give a certain narrowness to his judgments; but in these days of utter lawlessness, when there is truly no king in Israel, and every man writes as seems good in his own eyes, we welcome any ruler even though his laws be rigid and his rule severe. Coming to his work of criticism with such powers and such resources, he magnifies his office, very naturally, and not, we think, unduly. We have quoted one passage in which he tells us what criticism should *be*, in another and yet more striking passage, he tells us what criticism can *do*:—

"The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the true function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men; they may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of lite-

ature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now in literature,—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises,—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; at any rate, we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher; the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them: of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare; this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

"Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, 'in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is.' Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

"Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society, considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable,—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a com-

paratively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are."

This book of Mr. Arnold's is not a large one, containing but nine short essays in all. From the first, that on the Functions of Criticism, we have quoted so largely that our readers can judge for themselves of its import and merits. We have also indicated pretty fully the scope of the second paper, on the Literary Influence of Academies, which appeared last summer in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Two beautiful critical estimates of *Matrice* and *Eugénie de Guérin* follow, showing a rare power of sympathy and appreciation, and containing some very perfect specimens of translation; and not less beautiful and appreciative is a sketch of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Perhaps the best paper in the book, certainly the most characteristic, is that on Joubert, the "French Coleridge;" while that on Spinoza is plainly the most unsatisfactory and inadequate. Numerous as our quotations have been, we give the following extract from the notice of Heinrich Heine, because it illustrates, far better than any remarks of ours, Mr. Arnold's views on English literature, and thus throws light on his theory of criticism:—

"We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism,—to use the German nickname,—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas,—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intellectual sympathy had upheld a Shakspeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation, says Job, and straiteneth it again.* In the literary

movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakespeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect;—they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will be long remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognised, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra*."

It would be too strong to call the critique on Heine disappointing, yet we may say that its very excellence makes us wish there were more of it. Some of his best poetry was translated by Mr. Arnold into prose—into pure and beautiful prose certainly; but still we thus lose the grace, the nameless charm, the divine light; and a writer who is himself a poet might, we think, have attempted a metrical rendering. Moreover, this paper, though, like all the rest, rich in subtle observation and suggestive thoughts, as an estimate of Heine is insufficient. We are told distinctly enough what he was, but we get no idea of what he did. We have no full picture of his life, of the influences which made him the strange and wild writer he was; we

have not even an adequate description of his writings themselves, still less an estimate of his merits, or an explanation of his influence. English literature has yet to be enriched with a true and sufficient representation of that most remarkable man, who combined "the wit and ardent modern spirit of France, with the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany." But to do this was no part of Mr. Arnold's purpose; so we rest with what he has given us well content.

Our readers will readily forgive us if we recall to their recollection Pope's picture of a model critic:—

"But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?"

Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?"

Not a few of these qualities meet in Mr. Arnold. Certainly he has the taste, and the knowledge, the freedom from dull prepossessions, the readiness to recognise merit, and is far above all bias from any personal motive whatever. But we are not quite so sure about the "soul exempt from pride," or the "*humanly severe*." Mr. Arnold, indeed, is very strong on the necessity for urbanity in criticism; and in his essay on the Influence of Academies, condemns more than one English critic for undue vehemence. But those who love justice rather than mercy, will gladly learn that, with Mr. Arnold as with Dr. Newman, urbanity does not by any means involve gentleness. It is not too much to say that the tone of his lectures on Homer was in some instances quite insulting; and how lasting is the pain inflicted by this polished venom, is shown by a letter addressed but the other day to the Dean of Canterbury by one of the least of the victims, the Rev. Ichabod Wright, in every line of which wrath against Mr. Arnold is seen struggling with imperfect powers of expression. To show how evil of this sort begets evil, and how unbecoming and discreditable to literature are the results, we will quote a passage from Mr. Wright's letter, where, finding prose fail him, he gives vent to his emotions in strains of sarcastic verse:

"Condemned by himself—refuted by himself—
—alas for his late 'Io Triumphe,' when visions
of glory flitted across his soul, and exalted him
in his rapt imagination to a throne interior only

to that of Homer himself! And you, Mr. Dean, will I am sure now that he lies, 'μέγας μεγαλωσὶ πανοσιεῖς,' allow me once more to indulge my fancy in an imaginary soliloquy, reminding us of the reverses incident to humanity, from which even a Professor is not exempt.

"Alas! how my throne is tottering and shaking beneath me!

Methought I had slain all my foes,—Pope, Cowper, and Newman;

But ah! there they stand, like the ghosts of the children of Banquo;

And up from the ground, not the worse for my dagger, again springs

To haunt me, that wretch Wright, who dares now to beard and defy me,—

Exulting that I, the guardian and friend of the Muses,

Have penned lines so vile, that even the *Times* who befriends me,

Is begged to scan them, and bids me go back to my Gradus.

O cursed Hexameters—ye upon whom I once counted

To wake up immortal, *unique* Translator of Homer,

I would ye had never been cherished and nursed in my bosom!

Ye vipers, ye sting me! Disgraced is the chair that I sit in;

And Oxford laments that her Muses have lost their protector."

True, in his last words on Homer, Mr. Arnold expressed regret that his "vivacities of expression" should have offended Mr. Newman; and in the preface of this volume he expresses a similar regret with regard to Mr. Wright. But no apologies can atone for these so-called "vivacities." A tardy and half-contemptuous expression of regret can never do away with a rankling sense of insult. An injury may be forgiven; but an insult gives a feeling of degradation which, until it is revenged, makes forgiveness impossible. In truth, Mr. Arnold's love for "vivacity" is extreme. On this score he defends Mr. Disraeli's late speech at Oxford—that wonderful specimen of the tone of Pharisee and the spirit of the Sadducee, combined with the grossest clap-trap of modern Philistinism,—and is almost indignant that any one should condemn the notorious outburst against "nebulous professors, who, if they could only succeed in obtaining a perpetual study of their writings, would go far to realize that eternity of punishment which they object to," or express surprise at the taste of the Bishop of Oxford and his clergy, who welcomed the clever and unworthy sneer with "continued laughter;" nay, on the assumption that Mr. Maurice was alluded to, he "cannot doubt that Mr. Maurice himself, full of culture and urbanity as he is, would be the first to pronounce it a very smart saying, and to laugh at it good-humouredly." As if Mr. Maurice's good-

nature was to be the measure of Mr. Disraeli's impertinence. As if such outrages upon the amenity of literature, to say nothing of the courtesies in use among gentlemen, were not the uttermost Philistinism; as if urbanity consisted only in the avoidance of vehemence, but gave all allowance to cruel and contemptuous insolence. Foppery of this sort only makes the man who indulges in it ridiculous—a consideration which may have more weight with Mr. Arnold than graver remonstrances.

It is but fair, however, to add that, with the exception of the Preface, the tone of this book presents a pleasant contrast to the tone of the "Lectures"—though the manner in which Mr. Kinglake is disposed of shows how an aggravated case of Philistinism must be treated; "on the breast of the huge Mississippi of falsehood called history, a foam-bell more or less is of no consequence."

Nor do we quite recognise as a leading characteristic in Mr. Arnold that he is "*modestly* bold," though herein also he improves with age and experience. Formerly his arrogance astonished even the *Saturday Review*; now, however, while far from observing the precept to "speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence," he offends less than he did. We wish we could add that a similar improvement is observable in another of Mr. Arnold's faults—the fault of affectation. This is a fault very prevalent among us now; and it is one peculiarly unbecoming in a critic who aims at recalling our literature to some perception of classic purity and dignity. Can anything be worse than the affectation of the following passage from the Preface—combined, too, with a straining after humour which is very dismal:—

"But there is the coming east wind! there is the tone of the future!—I hope it is grave enough for even the *Guardian*;—the earnest, prosaic, practical, austere literal future! Yes, the world will soon be the Philistines; and then, with every voice not of thunder, silenced, and the whole earth filled and ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dimmest, the most unimpeachable gravity. No more vivacity then! my hexameters, and dogmatism, and scoffs at the Divorce Court, will all have been put down; I shall be quite crest-fallen. But does Mr. Wright imagine that there will be any more place, in that world, for his heroic blank verse Homer than for my paradoxes? If he does, he deceives himself, and knows little of the Palatine Library of the future. A plain edifice, like the British College of Health enlarged: inside, a light, bleak room, with a few statues; Dagon in the centre, with our English Caabah, or Palladium of enlightenment, the hare's stomach; around a few leading friends of humanity or fa-

thers of British philosophy;—Goliath, the great Bentham, Presbyter Anglicanus, our intellectual deliverer Mr. James Clay, and . . . yes! with the embarrassed air of a late convert, the Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Many a shrewd nip has he in old days given to the Philistines, this editor; many a bad half-hour has he made them pass; but in his old age he has mended his courses, and declares that his heart has always been in the right place, and that he is at bottom, however appearances may have been against him, staunch for Goliath and 'the most logical nation in the whole world.' Then for the bookshelves. There will be found on them a monograph by Mr. Lowe on the literature of the ancient Scythians, to revenge them for the iniquitous neglect with which the Greeks treated them; there will be Demosthenes, because he was like Mr. Spurgeon; but, else, from all the lumber of antiquity they will be free. Everything they contain will be modern, intelligible, improving; *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, *Old Humphrey*, *Bentham's Deontology*, *Little Dorrit*, *Magnall's Questions*, *The Wide Wide World*, *D'Iffanger's Speeches*, *Beecher's Sermons*;—a library, in short, the fruit of a happy marriage between the profound philosophic reflection of Mr. Clay, and the healthy natural taste of Inspector Tanner."

One form of affectation, frequent with Mr. Arnold, is specially objectionable, we mean the inappropriate use of scriptural phraseology. Thus he took as a motto for his "Last words," *multi, qui persequuntur me, et tribulant me; a testimoniis non declinavi*; to those who laugh at the grand style, he "repeats, with compassionate sorrow, the gospel words, 'Ye shall die in your sins;'" and he illustrates the uncertainty of literary success by quoting, "many are called, but few are chosen." We assure Mr. Arnold that this sort of thing cannot fail to offend; and, perhaps, he will be not less moved by the consideration that people will probably accuse him of having caught the trick of it from Mr. Carlyle, though certainly Mr. Carlyle is never so distasteful in his allusions.

We confess that even Mr. Arnold's egotism and arrogance has for our minds we know not what curious charm; but we cannot feel assured that other readers will feel the same; and we therefore regret these and such-like blemishes, exactly in proportion as we estimate highly the services which a writer like Mr. Arnold is capable of rendering to English literature. As we ventured to tell him when commenting on his Lectures, a censor so outspoken, and who judges by so high a standard, is sure to provoke bitter opposition. Many will be impatient of his cultivated criticism. Many will be abashed by his usual good sense and moderation. He, more than most men, should be careful to afford no vantage-ground of attack to his enemies, to show no weakness which his

friends will find it hard to defend. He owes this not only to his own reputation, he owes it also to the hopes of doing good to literature, which he is justly entitled to entertain. Why should he give occasion for triumph to the sons of the Philistines?

What, then, are these hopes? or, in other words, what benefits can be expected to come from sound criticism? Mr. Arnold, as we have seen, claims for it high and useful functions, as the servant and pioneer of the creative faculty, discovering, or at least rousing into activity the ideas with which that faculty must work. Besides this, and below this, it exercises a more direct influence—a *corrective* influence. And this it does on the general public as well as on writers; with the former, insisting on correctness of opinion, with the latter, on correctness of production. "In France," says M. Sainte-Beuve, as quoted by Mr. Arnold, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused or pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it?" Mr. Arnold may well call these words "remarkable;" they throw a flood of light over the whole doctrine of criticism. How clearly they expose the mere folly of what we hear every day around us with regard to works of art of all kinds—"It may not be very good, but I like it:" the people who thus speak, seeming to think that their unreasoning caprices are criticism, never dreaming that if a thing is not good, they should strive *not* to like it,—that they are bound, had they any intellectual conscience, *first* to ascertain whether a work of art is good or not, and that liking or disliking should follow the results of that endeavour, not precede or be independent of it. No one who studied the French pictures in the Exhibition of 1861 will dispute the truth of M. Sainte-Beuve's words. For such a study must have satisfied any one that Frenchmen can with truth claim for their artists a pre-eminence in good taste, and such pre-eminence can only be attained by those who approach these matters in the spirit which the great critic ascribes to his countrymen. *To seek above all to see whether we are right in being amused or moved*; if this rule could be impressed on the public, what an advance would be made, from what blunders would art and literature be preserved! We should no longer have people landing the commonplace of Trollope as an artistic representation of life, or mistaking for humour that gross caricature by which Mr. Dickens is pulling down his reputation; or, in a different style of art, letting foolish weakness rise in the heart and

gather to the eyes—over deathbeds according to the popular novel, or before such pictures as Mr. O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" they would feel rather that they were wrong in allowing their feelings to be stirred by unreality and false taste, that it was their duty to resist any such clap-trap appeals to sources of deep and real emotion. And so these sources of emotion would be opened to us more freely; and, in the intellectual as in the moral world, seeking what is right only, we should find most surely the highest pleasure and the truest beauty.

On writers, again, it is the function of criticism to impress moderation—*sanity* both in thought and expression. It is as an aid to criticism in discharging this function that Mr. Arnold thinks an academy would be of value—at once supplying a standard of judgment and forming a court of appeal. We think he overrates the utility of such an institution. It might, and probably would do something for the form, but we cannot share Mr. Arnold's expectations of what it would do for the matter of our literature. We can see how it might cure "notes of provincialism" in expression; but how could it affect notes of provincialism arising from poverty of thought? An academy might have had power to chasten the style of Burke, but we doubt if it could ever have made a profound moralist of Addison. At all events, English criticism must be content to labour without such aid. And the work to be done, at least in our day, is mainly a work of correction. Hence the common remark, that it is the duty of the critic to welcome merit rather than discover faults, is not true. Ben Jonson puts it: "Some do say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily." Now, of course, criticism must not make faults, but we maintain that its first duty is to detect and expose them. The truth is, that the above remark applies only to the productions of the highest genius. In everything below this there are errors which cannot be left unchecked, or still worse, included in a gush of indiscriminating praise, if sound literature is to be fostered, prejudices and bad taste abated. To the duty of labouring for this end, the pleasure of praising must always be postponed; and, as has been said more than once already, that duty was never more incumbent on the critic than at the present day. Eccentricities, false estimates, and every sort of extravagance in style are rife among us. The common limitation of the word "art" to painting exclusively, is itself a sign, if any sign were needed, of how utterly inartistic our literature is. In such a state of matters unjust censure is as nothing; real merit will struggle through: but the

critic who praises carelessly, recklessly, is guilty of a grievous offence against the true interests of literature.

Of our eccentricities Mr. Arnold gives some examples, showing how they strike the minds of French critics. The examples he selects are the *Jashar* of the late Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Forster's *Life of Mahomet*. It may be that both Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Forster have been guilty of extravagance, yet it would have been well had Mr. Arnold selected more eminent offenders. In literary, as in political rebellions, the great leaders should be first left for punishment. Nor are there wanting men of mark who have sinned grievously against literary law. Mr. Carlyle, during the latter portion of his career, has impaired his reputation, and diminished his influence, by plunging into every sort of eccentricity both of thought and style. And a man, even more prominently before the public than Mr. Carlyle, has wandered into extravagancies yet wilder, and that on one of Mr. Arnold's favourite subjects. It seems to us very unaccountable that, in his lectures on Homer, Mr. Arnold should have passed without notice the uncontrolled eccentricities of Mr. Gladstone, and the amazing meanings which he tortured from the poet. And this is not only unaccountable but much to be regretted. The reception given to Mr. Gladstone's bulky volumes might be cited as one of the strongest instances of the insufficiency of English criticism. Every newspaper and periodical in the country, except, if our memory serve us right, the *Times* and the *Scotsman*, joined in the chorus of unreasoning and exaggerated praise. Especially no depths of prostration could be too deep for the *Saturday Review*. Now Mr. Gladstone violated every law which Mr. Arnold regards. His book showed neither moderation nor sanity, nor even good taste—as in the famous comparison of Minerva to the electric telegraph. It is against such a parrot-cry as this that Mr. Arnold's testimony would be of especial value. Such a critic as he is renders his fitting service not in holding up small men to ridicule, but in exposing the errors of great men. But though we cannot quite forgive him for not having shown Mr. Gladstone's *Homer* in its true light, he yet deserves some praise for having in this preface at least indicated, for the first time, so far as we know, the truth as regards Lord Derby's *Homer*: "I admire its freshness, its manliness, its simplicity; although, perhaps, if one looks for the charm of Homer, for his play of a divine light, . . . Professor Pepper must go on, I cannot."

In the work of resisting false estimates, criticism will find plenty of occupation in

Scotland. Partly from our noisy nationality, partly from the want of general cultivation, and the consequent absence of good taste, this fault is very prevalent among us. Indeed, Scotland at the present day, fallen from her high literary estate, is in many respects, in her narrowness, in her inaccessibility to great ideas, in her vehement self-assertion, a very Philistia. But at all times Scotchmen have been given to over-estimate and over-praise Scotchmen in a manner which works much evil. In the lowest point of view, this does no lasting good to the praised themselves, for other tribunals are less partial, nay, may be led into excess of severity by this excess of praise; while, in any other point of view, it does direct harm, hindering real advancement, obscuring both from ourselves and from others the knowledge of the truth. Thus we find the late Francis Horner, a sedate man of a well-balanced mind, placing Dugald Stewart on a level with "the first of those who know," and predicting that his "writings will live as long as those of Cicero and Plato, and will go down to distant times with their works." Here we have a "note of provincialism" which jars upon us rudely. Thus to class Cicero with Plato in the same rank as philosophers shows a culpable carelessness almost amounting to indifference to truth; but to set Dugald Stewart there also, is to treat the critical spirit as altogether a thing of naught, and, though this is a less matter, to run the risk of depriving him of the reputation which is justly his. Again, Lord Jeffrey—for it is better in such a matter as this to take examples from the past—was beyond doubt an accomplished man, and a brilliant writer. But if we compare him with such a critic as M. Sainte-Beuve, or if we read Mr. Arnold's comparison of him with Joubert, we can hardly fail to see that it would be more becoming if the terms in which his merits are often extolled among us were to suffer some abatement.

The third tendency which it is the appointed duty of criticism to resist, namely, fine writing, is also a peculiarly northern vice. It is a tendency at present extending itself, like some pestilent weed, over all English literature: a writer on this subject in the *Cornhill** could select his "samples of fine English" not only from Tupper and *Reynolds' Miscellany*, but also from the *Times*, the *Literary Gazette*, and the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*! But in Scotland the vice is almost universal. It is to be found in our books and our newspapers, it is rampant in our pulpit, it intrudes, when opportunity offers, even upon the dignity of our bench.

Were the writer in the *Cornhill* to set about collecting a few "samples" of fine Scotch, he might produce an amusing and most astonishing paper. This may be partly ascribed to the popularity of writers like the late Professor Wilson, a man of undoubted genius, but of a wild and unregulated genius, and in whose writings the influence of severe cultivation is hardly ever to be traced—an unfortunate popularity, in that it has led weaker men to imitate what is not susceptible, nor, indeed, deserving of imitation. These admiring mimics have caught the faults only of the original—in the well-known words of Johnson, they have "the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration." But the main source of this vice, as of the former, is the want, so general and unhappily so increasing, of a familiarity with the best models, especially of those which antiquity has left us. And this leads us to an objection occasionally urged against Mr. Arnold's critical point of view. He is sometimes spoken of as an upholder of the classical as opposed to the Romantic style, and in a sense he is so. Thus he cannot yield to the dogma frequently announced now-a-days, that "the poet who would really fix the public attention must leave the exhausted past, and draw his subjects from matters of present import, and *therefore* both of interest and novelty." He believes, on the contrary, that the best materials for poetry are to be found not in situations and incidents in themselves mean and disagreeable, however they may be elevated by the power of the imagination, but rather in events and ideas in themselves grand and beautiful, possessing an immediate dignity and interest, irrespective of the force of association; and, so far, he holds with the classicists. He believes, further, that distance from ourselves, either in time or idea, tends to bestow this immediate dignity and interest, while nearness to ourselves tends to take it away. Poetry, according to his idea, should approach, as with the most classic of the great poets it did approach, to sculpture, at once in natural beauty of subject, and in perfection of form. Yet he is far from confining poetry to classical themes in the strict sense of the word. He does not so limit his own choice. Most of his largest poems come from very different sources—from Northern mythology, from Eastern legend, from the cycle of Arthurian romance. His view, in short, is, that all noble subjects are fitting for poetry, only that the more distant the subject the more likely it is to possess this element of nobility, not having been exposed to the vulgarizing influences of familiarity. In this point of view Macbeth becomes as clas-

* Vol. iii. p. 205.

sical as Agamemnon—the Weird Sisters, “withered and wild in their attire,” as classical as the awful Eumenides—Una, with her lion, as classical as Antigone or Electra. We believe Mr. Arnold to be right in his theory. Despite such successes as those of Wordsworth or of Tennyson, we suspect that what is so glibly called “the poetry of every-day life,” will generally prove a very sorry affair. The poet is indeed, as is often said, the interpreter of his age, but he is so indirectly, by allusion, by general tone, by his point of view, not directly by depicting the common life of people round about him. No great poet has done this—not even Shakspeare, the most universal of all. Not in this way have the highest peaks of Helicon been scaled. Aspects of life so different from those familiar to us as to seem of another world—or, it may be, other worlds altogether, creations of imagination or of faith; such are the fit and chosen materials of the highest poetry. Seeing that the “poetry of every-day life theory” has found a supporter so acute as the late Mr. Brimley in his essay on Tennyson, we are glad to find it opposed by Mr. Arnold.

But while it would be incorrect to call Mr. Arnold a disciple of the classic style, as the expression is employed by Schlegel, no man can have a truer appreciation of classical literature, or value a familiarity with it more highly. Men, he says, who often enjoy commerce with the ancients, seem to him “like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience, they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live.” Now, no one can reproach Mr. Arnold with admiring the ancient beyond due measure, because of ignorance of modern literature. He but adds another to the many instances which show that it is the most accomplished and most cultivated men who most value the cultivation of antiquity. It is the want of this cultivation more than any other cause, which fosters, especially among us Scotch, those sins of eccentricity, and over-estimates, and fine writing, on which we have already remarked. Criticism can do much to restrain these things, but the discipline which the study of the classics gives can do far more; nay, without such discipline we may not hope for any such criticism. It is very idle to quote Shakspeare with his “little Latin and less Greek;” we are speaking now of ordinary mortals, of men who write from intelligence and understanding, not of the divine sons of genins. It is impossible, within this range, to rate too highly the importance of a knowledge of the classics as a regulating and corrective influence. Here we can cite in our

favour a witness whose testimony can never be otherwise than acceptable, and who certainly had no love for Latin and Greek in excess, Sydney Smith:—“Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients: the moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists.” It is a thing of some moment just at present, that the value of the ancient writers should have found so powerful an advocate as Mr. Arnold—a man eminently qualified to form an opinion on the matter, and not less capable of upholding it.

This subject naturally leads the mind to Oxford, on which nothing has ever been written more beautiful than the following passage—in itself no unfavourable example of the grace of Mr. Arnold’s style:—

“No; we are all seekers still: seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

‘There are our young barbarians, all at play.’

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her garments to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! What example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend’s highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him;—the bondage of *was uns alle bändigt*, DAS GEMEINE? She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?”

Readers who have accompanied us thus far do not need to be told that, in our judgment, Mr. Arnold’s little volume is a work at once of sterling merit and of great value. That he may be, as indeed we believe him to be,

wrong in many of his practical results—such as his admiration for academies, and his choice of English hexameters as a vehicle for rendering Homer—is a thing of no real moment. The virtue of his teaching consists in the excellence of the standard he sets up, and in the soundness of the principles he applies. The more widely he is read, the greater the influence he obtains, the brighter the prospects of our literature. And it is because of this high estimate of Mr. Arnold's labours that we have dwelt more fully on those points where we differ from him than on those where we agree with or yield to him; and, would that we were not forced to add, that it is also because of this estimate that we regret deeply the foppishness, the arrogance, the affectation which marred the beauty of the lectures on Homer, which, in the preface to these essays, moves a sorrowful laughter, and which appears rarely indeed, yet too often, disfiguring the essays themselves, lingering like a subtle poison. With these weaknesses Mr. Arnold has done, and yet will do, much; but, without them, how much more! Admiring him as we do, we can forgive him; but how can he forgive himself?

ART. VII.—*The Holy Roman Empire.* By JAMES BRYCE, B.A. Oxford, 1864.

It may seem a hard saying, but it is one which the facts fully bear out, that hardly one student in ten of mediæval history really grasps that one key to the whole subject without which mediæval history is simply an unintelligible chaos. That key is no other than the continued existence of the Roman Empire. As long as people are taught to believe that the Empire came to an end in the year 476, a true understanding of the next thousand years becomes utterly impossible. No man can understand either the politics or the literature of that whole period, unless he constantly bears in mind that, in the ideas of the men of those days, the Roman Empire, the Empire of Augustus, Constantine, and Justinian, was not a thing of the past but a thing of the present. Without grasping the mediæval theory of the Empire, it is impossible fully to grasp the theory and the career of the Papacy. Without understanding the position of the Empire, it is impossible rightly to understand the origin and development of the various European States. Without such an understanding, the history of the nations which claved to the Em-

pire, and the history of the nations which fell asunder from it, are alike certain to be misconceived. Unless viewed in the light of the Imperial theory, the whole history of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy becomes an inexplicable riddle. The struggle of Hildebrand and Henry loses half its meaning, the whole position of the Swabian Emperors becomes an insoluble puzzle, the most elaborate prose and the most impassioned verse of Dante sink into purposeless gibberish, if we do not fully realize that, in the mind of all contemporary Europe, the Hohenstaufen were the direct and lawful successors of the Julii. How Germany, once the most united state of Western Europe, gradually changed from a compact and vigorous kingdom into one of the laxest of confederations, can never be understood unless we trace how the German kingdom was crushed and broken to pieces beneath the weight of the loftier diadem which rested on the brow of its kings. Those misrepresentations of all European history with which French historians and French politicians are apt to deceive the unwary can never be fully exposed, except by a thorough acquaintance with the true position and true nationality of those Teutonic Kings and Cæsars, whom the Gaul is so apt to look upon as his countrymen and not as his masters. The relations between Eastern and Western Europe can never be taken in, unless we fully realize the true nature of those rival Empires, each of which asserted and believed itself to be the one true and lawful possessor of the heritage of ancient Rome. We see our way but feebly through the long struggle between the East and the West, between Christendom and Islam, unless we fully grasp the position of the Cæsar, the chief of Christendom, and the Caliph, the chief of Islam; unless we see, in the complex inter-penetration of the divided Empire and the divided Caliphate, at once what the theory of Christian and of Moslem was, and how utterly those theories failed to be carried out in all their fulness. In a word, as we began by saying, the history of the Empire is the key to the whole history of mediæval Europe, and it is a key which as yet is found in far fewer hands than it ought to be.

The immediate cause of the failure of most historical students to realize the paramount importance of the Imperial history, is of course to be found in the fact that hardly any of the books from which students draw their knowledge give to the history of the Empire its proper prominence. This is indeed little more than a truism. The question is, how it comes to pass that even able and well-informed writers have failed to bring forward this most important portion of history as it

should be brought forward. The causes, we think, are tolerably obvious.

First, our own national history has been less affected by the history of the Empire than that of any other European country. Britain, Spain, and Sweden, in their insular and peninsular positions, were the parts of Europe over which the Imperial influence was slightest, and of the three, that influence was even slighter over Britain than it was over Spain, and hardly greater than it was over Sweden. Of direct connexion with the Empire, England had very little, and Scotland still less. The external history of England does indeed ever and anon touch the history of the Empire, in the way in which the history of every European state must ever and anon touch the history of every other state. Once or twice in a century we come across an Emperor as a friend or as an enemy, in one case as a possible suzerain. As England supplied the spiritual Rome with a single Pope, so she supplied the temporal Rome with a single King, a King who never visited his capital or received the crown and title of Augustus. But the whole internal history of England, and the greater part of its external history, went on pretty much as if there had been no Holy Roman Empire at all. Our one moment of most intimate connexion with the Empire brings out most fully how slight, compared with that of other nations, our usual connexion with the Empire was. Every reader of English history knows the name of Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, and knows the part which he played in the internal politics of England. But very few readers, and we suspect by no means all writers, of English history seem to have any clear notion what a King of the Romans was. On Scotland indeed the Roman Empire has had, in one way, a most important internal influence, through the authority which Scottish lawyers, in such marked contrast to those of England, have for so long a time attached to the Roman law. But this is simply because Scottish lawyers or lawgivers chose it to be so; on the actual events of Scottish history, external and internal, the Empire and its rulers have had even less influence than they have had on those of England. As, then, our own national history can be written and understood with very little reference to the Holy Roman Empire, British readers lie under a strong temptation to undervalue the importance of the Holy Roman Empire in the general history of the world.

Secondly, When British readers get beyond the limits of their own island, not only is their attention not commonly drawn to the history of the Empire, but it is commonly

drawn to a history which is actually antagonistic to the history of the Empire. France, so long the rival of England, and for that cause so long the ally of Scotland, is the country with which, next to their own, most British readers are most familiar. Now it is certain that no one who learns French history at the hands of Frenchmen can ever understand the history of the Empire aright. The whole history of France, strictly so called, the history of the Parisian kings, has been for six hundred years one long tale of aggrandizement at the expense of the Empire. From the annexation of Lyons to the annexation of Savoy, all have been acts of one great drama, a drama of which the devastation of the Palatinate, the seizure of Strassburg in time of peace, the tyranny of the first Bonaparte over the whole German nation, are familiar and characteristic incidents. French history consists mainly of a record of wrongs inflicted on the later and feebler Empire, prefaced by a cool appropriation of the glories of the Empire in the days of its early greatness. In official and popular French belief, two great German dynasties, who held modern France as a subject province, are conveniently converted into national Frenchmen. The greatest of German Kings, the first of German Cæsars, Charles, the Lord of Rome and Aachen, is strangely turned about into a French Emperor of the West, the precursor of either Bonaparte. The ancient landmarks of European geography are wiped out, the names of the most famous European cities are mutilated or barbarized, in order to throw some colour of right and antiquity over the results of six hundred years of intrigue and violence. French history, as it is commonly presented to Englishmen, exists only through a systematic misrepresentation of Imperial history. Till all French influences are wholly cast aside and trampled under foot, the true history of the Holy Roman Empire can never be understood.

Thirdly, It seems not unlikely that the righteous and generous sympathy which we all feel towards regenerate Italy has tended somewhat to obscure the true character of the Empire. So many Austrian Archdukes were elected Kings of Germany and Emperors of the Romans, that people have gradually come to identify the House of Austria and the Roman Empire. Nothing is more common than to see the title of "Emperor of Austria," the most monstrous invention of modern diplomacy, carried back into the last century, and even earlier. Even Sir Walter Scott in some of his novels, *Anne of Geierstein* for instance, seems to have had great difficulty in triumphing over a notion that every Emperor must have been Duke of Austria, and

that every Duke of Austria must have been Emperor. We have seen Frederick Barbarossa set down as an Austrian because he was an Emperor; we have seen the Leopold of Morgarten and the Leopold of Sempach exalted into Emperors because they were Austrians. People thus learn to identify two things, than which no two can be more unlike, and to look on the ancient reality with the eyes with which they rightly look on the modern counterfeit. The dislike which every generous mind feels towards the oppressors of modern Italy is thus transferred to that earlier Empire which, always in theory and often in practice, was as much Italian as German. As Charles the Great becomes the forerunner of Buonaparte, so Frederick the beloved of Lodi, and Frederick the native King of Palermo, and Otto, the dream of whose short life was to reign as a true Roman Cæsar in the Eternal City, all are popularly looked upon as forerunners of Francis Joseph, perhaps of Philip the Second.* The Austrian delusion, no less than the French delusion, must be utterly cast aside by every one who would understand what Charles and Otto and Henry and Frederick really were.

Lastly, Even among those who better know the facts of the case, and who better understand the leading idea of the mediæval Empire, there is a certain tendency to underrate the importance of the Imperial history, on the ground that the mediæval Empire was throughout an unreality, if not an imposture. We fully admit the utter unreality of the position of Francis the Second, Emperor-Elect of the Romans, King of Germany and Jerusalem; we fully admit that Charles the Great himself was not a Roman Emperor in exactly the same sense as Vespasian or Trajan. We may freely grant that the Imperial idea was never fully carried out, and that it was by no means for the interest of the world that it should be carried out. We may wonder at the belief of the ages which held, as undoubted and eternal truths, *first*, that it was a matter of right that there should be an universal monarch of the world; *secondly*, that that universal monarchy belonged, no less of eternal right, to the Roman Emperor, the successor of Augustus; and, *thirdly*, that the German King, the choice of the German Electors, was the undoubted Roman Cæsar, and therefore, of eternal right, Lord of the World. This belief seems to us very strange, but it was the belief of Dante. We rejoice that this scheme of universal dominion was never practically carried out; we pride our-

selves that own island, at least, was always exempted from the sway of the universal sovereign. But all this should not lead us at all to underrate the paramount importance of the Imperial idea. A belief may be false, absurd, unreal, mischievous, as we please; but this in no way touches the historical importance of such belief. Christians believe that the leading idea of Mohammedanism is a grievous error; Protestants believe that the leading idea of the Papacy is a grievous error; but no one argues that either Mohammedanism or the Papacy has therefore been without influence on the fate of the world, or that any historical student can safely neglect the history of one or the other, merely because he looks on them as erroneous beliefs. In fact, the deadlier the error the more important are the results of an error which is accepted by large masses of men. It may be very wrong to believe that Mohammed was the Prophet of God; but the fact that millions of men have so believed has changed the destinies of a large portion of the world. It may be very wrong to believe that St. Peter was the Prince of the Apostles, and that the Bishop of Rome is St. Peter's successor, but the fact that millions of men have so believed and do so believe, has affected the course of all European history and politics down to this day. In these cases no one attempts to deny the importance of the facts; no one holds that either Mohammedan or Papal history can safely be neglected. So it should be with the history of the mediæval Empire. The Imperial idea may have been unreal, absurd, mischievous; but it is not therefore the less important. Men did believe in it; perhaps they were wrong to believe in it; but the fact that they did believe in it affected the whole history of the world for many ages. It may have been foolish to believe that the German King was necessarily Roman Emperor, and that the Roman Emperor was necessarily Lord of the World. But men did believe it; and the fact of their believing it changed the whole face of Europe. It might have been much wiser if the German Kings had been content to be real German Kings, and had not striven after the shadowy majesty of Roman Emperors. But, as a matter of fact, they did so act; it was not in human nature for men in their position to act otherwise; and the fact that they did so act entailed the most important consequences upon their own and upon every neighbouring realm. If the history of the Empire is to be set down purely as the history of error and folly, it should be remembered that the history of error and folly forms by far the largest part of the history of mankind.

* We have seen in a popular work, the words "The Emperor Philip the Second." The reasoning is irresistible: Philip's father was an Emperor; how could Philip himself fail to be an Emperor too!

Now we are far from admitting that the history of the Empire is purely a part of the history of human folly, though we may be obliged to admit that it is a part of the history of human error. The idea of the Empire, the idea of an universal Christian monarchy, not interfering with the local independence of particular kingdoms and commonwealths, but placing Caesar Augustus, the chosen and anointed chief of Christendom, as the common guide and father of all—such an idea is as noble and captivating as it is impracticable. It is an idea which has commended itself to some of the noblest spirits that the world has seen. It was the idea for which Frederick struggled with far from a merely selfish aim. It was the idea to which the early revivers of scientific jurisprudence clung as to the one foundation of order and legal government throughout the world. It was the great principle which acted as the guiding spirit of the prose, the verse, and the life of Dante. To men of that time, living amid the perpetual strife of small principalities and commonwealths, the vision of an universal empire of law and right shone with an alluring brightness, which we, accustomed to a system of national governments and international relations, can hardly understand. But be the worth of the idea what it may, its practical influence on the history of Christendom can hardly be overrated. The Empire may have been a shadow, but it was a shadow to which men were for ages ready to devote their thoughts, their pens, and their swords. The results were none the less practical because the object was unattainable. We repeat that, without a full understanding of the mediæval conception of the Empire, without a full grasp of the way in which that conception influenced men's minds and actions from the eighth century to the fourteenth, the greater and more important part of the mediæval history remains an insoluble riddle.

Knowing then, as we do, the unspeakable importance of right views of the Empire to a true understanding of mediæval history, and being unable, as we are, to lay our hand upon any other book in the English tongue which gives so clear and thorough an account of the whole matter, it is with no common delight that we welcome the appearance of the small but remarkable volume whose name we have placed at the head of this article. It is, as far as we know, the first complete and connected view of the mediæval Empire which has ever been given to British readers. It would not be difficult to point out portions of various historical works, papers in various reviews and collections of essays, which have dealt with

the matter in the same spirit. But they have dealt with it only incidentally, or have treated of particular portions only. Mr. Bryce himself points to various forerunners of this kind among his sources of information. Still the ground, as a whole, was untouched, and Mr. Bryce has the credit of being the first to give to the British public a complete view of the great political idea of the middle ages. Mr. Bryce's book is of course not a history, but an essay; he has not attempted so hopeless a task as to narrate the fates of the Empire and its attendant kingdoms within the space of a single thin volume. But no one must confound Mr. Bryce's *Arnold Essay* with the common run of prize compositions. Mr. Bryce's book, if it be not a bull to say so, has been written since it gained the historical prize at Oxford. "It is right," he tells us, "to state that this *Essay* has been greatly changed and enlarged since it was composed for the *Arnold Prize*." Any one who knows anything of prize essays could have told as much by the light of nature. It is hardly possible that any mere academic exercise could have displayed the depth of thought, the thoroughness of research, the familiarity with a whole learning of a very recondite kind, which stand revealed in every page of this volume. The merits of the book are so palpably due in the main to this later revision, that we could almost wish that the words *Arnold Prize Essay* were removed from the title-page.

Of the *Essay* itself, in its present form, we can hardly trust ourselves to speak all our thoughts. Men naturally and rightly look with some suspicion on criticism which speaks of a novice in language which is seldom deserved except by a veteran. But it is only in such language that we can utter our honest conviction with regard to the merits of the volume before us. Mr. Bryce's *Essay* may seem ephemeral in form, but it is not ephemeral in substance. He has, in truth, by a single youthful effort placed himself on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study. Like the young Opuntian in Pindar—

οἶον ἐν Μαραθῶνι, σὺ-
λαβὲς ἀγενεῖων,
μένεν ἄγωνα πρεσβυτέρων.

Mr. Bryce's *Essay* must be placed in the same rank, and must be judged by the same standard, as the most voluminous works of professed historians. He has done for historic literature a service as great as any of theirs.

Mr. Bryce's great merit is the clear and thorough way in which he sets forth what the mediæval conception of the Empire

really was, and especially that religious sentiment which so strangely came to attach itself to the power which had once been special representative of heathen pride and persecution. This is a part of the subject which we have never before seen set forth with the same power and fulness. For, of course, in combating the vulgar error that the Roman Empire came historically to an end in 476, though Mr. Bryce is doing excellent service to the cause of truth, he is not putting forth any new discovery. Thus much Sir Francis Palgrave has already established for the West, and Mr. Finlay for the East. The Eastern side of the subject, one to which we ourselves called special attention just ten years ago,* is, we cannot but think, somewhat neglected by Mr. Bryce, as perhaps, on the other hand, the Western side is by Mr. Finlay. Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Bryce have to deal with the same side of the subject, but they look at it with somewhat different eyes. With Mr. Bryce indeed the Empire is his main, or rather sole, subject, while the contributions of Sir Francis to Imperial history, valuable as they are, have come out incidentally in dealing with matters not immediately connected with the Empire. Sir Francis again concerns himself mainly with those outward forms and institutions which show that the Empire did not formally die. Mr. Bryce has more to do with the theory of the Empire itself, and with the various shapes through which it passed from Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus to Francis the Second of Lorraine. This he has done in so complete and admirable a manner that we trust that the essay is only the precursor of a narrative. We trust that Mr. Bryce may one day give us a history of the mediæval Roman Empire worthy to be placed by the side of Dean Milman's history of the mediæval Roman Church.

The theory of the mediæval Empire is that of an universal Christian monarchy. The Roman Empire and the Catholic Church are two aspects of one society, a society ordained by the Divine will to spread itself over the whole world. Of this society, Rome is marked out by Divine decree as the predestined capital, the chief seat alike of spiritual and of temporal rule. At the head of this society, in its temporal character as an Empire, stands the temporal chief of Christendom, the Roman Cæsar. At its head, in its spiritual character as a Church, stands the spiritual chief of Christendom, the Roman Pontiff. Cæsar and Pontiff alike rule by Divine right, each as God's immediate Vicar

within his own sphere. Each ruler is bound to the other by the closest ties. Cæsar is the Advocate of the Roman Church, bound to defend her by the temporal arm against all temporal enemies. The Pontiff, on the other hand, though the Cæsar holds his rank not of him, but by an independent Divine Commission, has the lofty privilege of personally admitting the Lord of the World to his high office of hallowing the Lord's Anointed, and of making him in some sort a partaker in the mysterious privileges of the priesthood. The sway alike of Cæsar and of Pontiff is absolutely universal; it is local, in so far as Rome is its chosen seat; but it is in no way national; it is not confined to Italy, or Germany, or Europe; to each alike, in his own sphere, God has given the heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession. And each of these lofty offices is absolutely open to every baptized man; each alike is purely elective; each is open to merit in any rank of life or in any corner of Christendom. While smaller offices were closely confined by local or aristocratic restrictions, the throne of Augustus and the chair of Peter were, in theory at least, open to the ambition of every man of orthodox belief. Even in the darkest times of aristocratic exclusiveness, no one dared to lay down as a principle that the Roman Emperor need be of princely or noble ancestry. Freedom of birth—Roman citizenship, in short, to clothe mediæval ideas in classical words—was all that was needed. Each power as a Divine Vicar upon earth, rises alike above all small considerations of race or birthplace. The Lord of the World has all mankind alike for the objects of his paternal rule; the successor of St. Peter welcomes all alike, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, within the one universal fold over which he has the commission to bind and to loose, to remit and to retain.

Here is a conception as magnificent as it was impracticable. No wonder indeed that such a theory fascinated men's minds for ages, and that in such a cause they were willing to spend and to be spent. That it never was carried out, history tells us at the first glance. It is evident that neither the Roman Pontiff nor the Roman Cæsar ever extended their common sway over the whole of the world, or even over the whole of Christendom. And the two powers, which were in theory designed to work in harmony, appear, for the most part, in real history as the bitterest rivals. Still no theory, as a theory, can be more magnificent. But how did such a theory arise? What is the Roman Empire and the Roman Emperor? At the two ends

* *North British Review*, Feb. 1855 (vol. xxii.).

of their existence those words express ideas as removed from one another as either of them is from the theory which Otto the Third and Gregory the Fifth did for a moment carry out in practice. At the one end of the chain we see the heathen magistrate of a heathen commonwealth, carefully avoiding all royal titles and royal insignia, associating on terms of equality with other distinguished citizens, but carefully grasping the reality of absolute power by the stealthy process of uniting in his own person a variety of offices hitherto deemed inconsistent with one another. Such was the first Roman Emperor, and in his days the Roman Pontiff as yet was not. The last Roman Emperor was a German King, whose German Kingdom was almost as imaginary as his Roman Empire. He was a mighty potentate indeed, but mighty only through the possession of hereditary or conquered realms, which mostly lay beyond the limits of either Roman or German dominion. He was adorned with all the titles, and surrounded with all the external homage, which could befit either German King or Roman Emperor. But with the local Rome he had no farther connexion, no farther authority or influence over it, than might belong to any other Catholic prince of equal power. The Roman Emperor no longer claimed any shadow of jurisdiction in his ancient capital; and even in his German realm, his position had sunk to that of the president of one of the laxest of federal bodies. The Lord of the World, the temporal head of Christendom, retained nothing but a barren precedence over other princes, which other princes were not always ready to admit. His position, Roman, German, and œcumenical, was, as the event proved, utterly unreal and precarious, ready to fall in pieces at the first touch of a vigorous assailant. Such were Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, the first, and Francis the Second, the last, of the Roman Emperors. Each is equally removed from the Roman Emperor of the true mediæval theory. How, then, did the same title, in theory denoting through the whole period one unchanged office, come to be attached at different times to personages so widely unlike each other? We will, under Mr. Bryce's guidance, run briefly through the various stages through which the grand theory of the Christian Empire arose and fell.

Mr. Bryce properly begins at the beginning. He starts with a sketch of the state of things under the old Roman Empire, the old dominion of the Roman Commonwealth under her nominal magistrates and practical sovereigns, the Emperors of the Julian, Claudian, and other imperial houses, down to the changes introduced first by Diocletian, and then by Constantine. The chief point here to

be noticed is the absolute want of nationality in the Empire. To this characteristic of the Roman dominion, we once called attention in the article on the historical works of Mr. Finlay, to which we have already referred. But, in this lack of nationality, the Roman Empire does but continue the Roman Republic. The Roman Republic was intensely local; every association gathered round the one centre, the city of Rome; but it was less national than any other commonwealth in all history. It grew, in fact, by gradually extending its franchise over Latium, Italy, and the whole Mediterranean world. The edict of Caracalla, whatever were its motives, did but put the finishing touch to the work begun by the mythical Romulus in his league with the Sabine Tatius. From the Ocean to the Euphrates, the civilized world was now Roman in name, and from the Ocean to Mount Taurus it was Roman in feeling. Mr. Bryce, we think, overrates the distinct nationality of the Greeks of this age, and underrates that of Syria and Egypt, provinces which never really became either Roman or Greek. Then came, under Diocletian and Constantine, the transformation of the Empire into something like an avowed royalty—we can hardly say an avowed monarchy, seeing that the system of Diocletian involved the simultaneous reign of more than one Emperor. Under this system too the Old Rome ceased to be the seat of government. Milan and Nikomêdeia became imperial cities, till Constantine made a better and more permanent choice than all, in his New Rome by the Bosphorus.

With Constantine, too, comes in a new element more important than all. Hitherto we have indeed had a Roman Empire, but it has as yet had no claim whatever, in a Christian sense, to the epithet of Holy. Hitherto Rome and her princes have been the enemies of the Faith, drunken with the blood of the saints. But from the conversion of Constantine onwards, the epithet, though not yet formally given, was, in truth, practically deserved. Rome and Christianity formed so close an alliance, that, in at least one portion of the Empire, the names Roman and Christian became synonymous.* Emperors presided in the councils of the Church; Christian ecclesiastics obtained the rank of high temporal dignitaries; orthodoxy and loyalty, heresy and treason, became almost convertible terms. Christianity, in fact, became the religion of the Roman Empire, universal within its limits, but making hardly any progress be-

* The Greek, mediæval and modern, down to the late classical revival, was indifferently called *Ρωμαϊσμός* and *Χριστιανισμός*. *Ἑλληνισμός*, as in the New Testament, expressed only the Paganism of a past age.

yond them. And so it is to this day. Christianity still remains all but exclusively the religion of Europe and European colonies, that is, of those nations which either formed part of the Roman Empire, or came within the range of Rome's civilizing influence.* Thus the Empire, which once had been the bitterest foe of the gospel, now became inseparably connected with its profession. The heathen sanctity which had once hedged in the Emperor was now exchanged for a sanctity of another kind. The high Pontiff of pagan Rome passed by easy steps into the Anointed of the Lord, the temporal chief of Christendom.

The Empire then, and the Emperor, thus become Holy; but yet the Empire, even in the East, was not a Caliphate. The successor of Mohammed inherited alike the temporal and the spiritual functions of the Prophet. In the Mohammedan system, Church and State needed not to be united, because they had never been distinct. But closely as the Roman Empire and the Christian Church became united, one might almost say identified, traces still remained of the days when they had been distinct and hostile bodies. The internal organization of the Church, the gradations of its hierarchy, the rights of bishops and of councils, had grown up nearly to perfection before the Empire became Christian.

The constitution of the Church was a kind of theocratic democracy. The bishop's commission was divine, proceeding neither from the prince nor from the people; but it was the popular voice, and not the voice of the priesthood alone, which marked out the person on whom that divine commission should be bestowed. Of such an organization the Emperor might become the patron, the protector, the external ruler, but he could not strictly become the head. The spiritual power thus remained something in close alliance with the temporal, but still something distinct. The two were never so completely fused together in the Imperial idea, as they were in the idea of the Caliphate. In the East, the priesthood became subservient; in the West it became independent, and at last hostile. But in either case it was distinct. Whether Emperors deposed Patriarchs or Popes excommunicated Emperors, the Pontiff and the Emperor were two distinct persons. In the Mohammedan system, the Caliph is Pontiff and Emperor in one.

From the time of Constantine, Constantinople, the New Rome, became the chief seat of empire; towards the end of the fifth century it became the only seat. It should

never be forgotten, and Mr. Bryce calls all due attention to the fact, that the event of the year 476, so often mistaken for a fall of the Roman Empire, was, in its form, a reunion of the Western Empire to the Eastern. Here again, nothing is easier than to say that this is an unreal, unpractical view. It is an obvious thing to argue that Italy was not reunited to the East, but that the Roman dominion was destroyed altogether; that the supremacy of the Eastern Emperors in Italy was merely nominal, and the pretended reunion of the Empire merely an excuse to save their foolish pride. Be it so; but, as we said before on the general subject, when words and forms, however unreal in themselves, exercise a practical influence on men's actions, they cease to be unreal. The majesty of Rome still lived in men's minds; the Roman Emperor, the Roman Consuls, the Roman Senate and People, still existed. Odoacer and Theodoric might reign as national kings over their own people;* but the Roman population of Italy cheated themselves into the belief that the barbarian King was merely a lieutenant of the absent emperor. Such a belief might be a delusion, but it was a living belief, and it did not always remain a delusion. When Belisarius, in the year of his consulship, landed in Italy, he appeared to the Roman population, not as a foreign conqueror, but as a deliverer come to restore them to their natural relation to their lawful sovereign. And as Mr. Bryce truly observes, unless we remember that the line of Emperors never ceased, that from 476 to 800 the Byzantine Cæsar was always in theory, often in practice, recognised as the lawful lord of Rome and Italy, it is impossible rightly to understand the true significance of the assumption of the Empire by Charles the Great.†

Almost the only defect of any consequence in Mr. Bryce's work is that he seems hardly to realize the importance, in any theory of the Empire, alike of the Eastern Empire and of the Eastern Church. He shows neither ignorance, nor concealment, nor even misconception of the facts. But he hardly gives

* Mr. Bryce, otherwise most accurate in his account of these events, repeats the common statement that Odoacer assumed the title of "King of Italy." We know of no ancient authority for this statement, and it is most unlikely in itself. Territorial titles were not in use till some ages later, and no one would be so unlikely to assume one of this kind as one, who professed himself to be an imperial lieutenant.

† Mr. Bryce remarks that, in the Middle Ages, the Western Emperors of the fifth century seem to have been quite forgotten. The lists of emperors from Augustus to Maximilian or Rudolf or Ferdinand, always go on uninterruptedly in the Eastern line from Theodosius to Constantine the Sixth.

* See *North British Review*, August, 1855 (vol. xxxiii.).

the facts their full prominence. The truth is, that the existence of Eastern Christendom, as it is the great stumbling-block of the Papal theory, is also the great stumbling-block of the Imperial theory. Ingenious men might theorize about the two lights and the two swords, and argue whether of the twain were the brighter and the stronger. They might debate whether the Pope held of the Emperor, or the Emperor of the Pope; but it was agreed on both sides that there could be only one Pope and one Emperor. These magnificent theories of the Church and the Empire were in truth set aside by the fact that a large portion of Christendom, that portion, too, which could most truly claim to represent unchanged the earliest traditions both of the Church and of the Empire, recognised no Pope at all, and recognised a rival Emperor. It is impossible to deny that, as far as uninterrupted political succession went, it was the Eastern and not the Western Emperor who was the lineal heir of the old Cæsars. The act which placed Charles the Great on the imperial throne was strictly a revolt, a justifiable revolt, it might be, but still a revolt. It was in the East and in the East alone, that the Imperial titles and Imperial traditions—in a word, the whole political heritage of Rome—continued absolutely unbroken down to the days of the Frank Conquest. The Greek prince whom, as Mr. Finlay says, the Crusaders hurled from the Theodosian column, was a truer successor of Augustus than was Frederick Barbarossa. The Eastern Church too presented even a more practical answer to the claims of the Western Pontiff, than the Eastern Empire did to the claims of the Western Cæsar. The universal dominion of either was a theory, and only a theory, as long as their dominion reached not to the world's end, not to the Euphrates, but only to the Adriatic. Alike in the days of Otto and in the days of Dante, the most unchanged portion of the Roman world still refuses to acknowledge the sway of either the Western Cæsar or the Western Pontiff.* In truth, the elaborate theories of the mediæval Empire were not propounded, and could not with any decency have been propounded, as long as the Eastern Church and Empire retained their old position. When Dante wrote, an Emperor of the Romans still reigned at Constantinople, but he had sunk to be simply one amidst a crowd of Eastern princes, Greek and Frank. By that time too there had begun to be some ground for bringing the charge of schism

against the ancient Churches of the East. There was at least a pretext for saying that the Church of Constantinople had been reconciled to the Church of Rome, and had again fallen away. Such a theory could hardly have been put forth in the days of the great Macedonian Emperors, when the new Rome and not the Old, was still mistress of the Mediterranean, and when a large portion of the Italian peninsula still owed allegiance to the Eastern and not to the Western Cæsar. Mr. Bryce does not forget these things; but we cannot think that he gives them all the prominence which they certainly deserve.

From the accession of Charles the Great onwards, Mr. Bryce is thoroughly at home. During the whole of the eighth century, the Imperial power in Italy had been gradually waning. Lombard invasions had narrowed the boundary of the Imperial province, and the Iconoclast controversy had shaken the loyalty of the Imperial subjects. The Bishop of Rome had stood forth as the champion alike of orthodoxy and of nationality, and the practical rule of the city had been transferred to the Frankish King. Still the tie was not formally severed; the image and superscription of Cæsar still appeared on the coin of his Western capital, and Pippin and Charles ruled, like Odoacer, by no higher title than that of Patrician. At last the accession of Eirênê filled up the measure of Western indignation. The throne of Augustus could not be lawfully filled by a woman, least of all by a woman who raised herself to power by the deposition and blinding of her own child. The throne was vacant; the Christian world could not remain without an Emperor;* the Senate and People of the Old Rome had too long submitted to the dictation of the New; they asserted their dormant rights, and chose their Patrician Charles, not as the founder of a new empire, not as the restorer of a fallen empire, but as the lawful successor of their last lawful sovereign, the injured Constantine the Sixth. In Mr. Bryce's words:—

* Dante, *De Monarchiâ*, iii. 10. Scindere imperium esset destruere ipsum, consistente imperio in unitate monarchiæ universalis.

* *Chron. Moissiac*, A. 801 (*Pertz Mon. Hist. Germ.* i. 505, "Cum enim apud Romanos nunc præfatus Imperator, delati quidam sunt ad eum, dicentes quod apud Græcos nomen Imperatoris cessasset, et femina apud eos nomen Imperii, teneret, Herena nomine, quæ filium suum Imperatorum fraude captum, oculos eruit, et sibi nomen Imperii usurpavit, ut Atalia in libro Regni legitur fecisse, audito Leo Papa et omnis conventus episcoporum et sacerdotum seu abbatum, et senatus Francorum et omnes majores natu Romanorum, cum reliquo Christiano populo consilium habuerunt, ut ipsum Carolum, Regem Francorum, Imperatorem cominare deberent, qui Romanam matrem Imperii tenebat, ubi semper Cæsares et Imperatores sedere soliti fuerunt; et ne pagani insultarent Christianis, si Imperatoris nomen apud Christianos cessasset."

"Later jurists labour to distinguish the power of Charles as Roman Emperor from that which he held already as king of the Franks and their subject allies: they insist that his coronation gave him the capital only, that it is absurd to talk of a Roman Empire in regions whither the eagles had never flown. In such expressions there seems to lurk either confusion or misconception. It was not the sovereignty of the city that Charles obtained in 800: that his father had already held as patrician and he had constantly exercised in the same capacity: it was the headship of the world, believed to appertain of right to the lawful Roman Emperor, whether he reigned on the Bosphorus, the Tiber, or the Rhine. A new title was not invented to serve the Pope's ambitious ends and gratify Frankish vanity, but the act of 364, and again of 476, was rescinded. The Empire became again what it had been before Diocletian, the place of the deposed Constantine VI. being legally filled up by a new Emperor, chosen by the people of the imperial city, and crowned by their bishop. And hence in all the annals of the time and of many succeeding centuries, Charles, sixty-eighth from Augustus, succeeds without a break to Constantine sixty-seventh."

Of the memorable scene of Christmas Day, 800, we will also transcribe Mr. Bryce's brilliant picture:—

"At length the Frankish host entered Rome. The Pope's cause was heard; his innocence already vindicated by a miracle, was pronounced by the Patrician in full synod; his accusers condemned in his stead. Charles remained in the city for some weeks; and on Christmas Day, A.D. 800, he heard mass in the basilica of St. Peter. On the spot where now the gigantic dome of Bramante and Michael Angelo towers over the buildings of the modern city—the spot which tradition had hallowed as that of the Apostle's martyrdom, Constantine the Great had erected the oldest and the stateliest temple of Christian Rome. Nothing could be less like than was this basilica to those northern cathedrals, shadowy, fantastic, irregular, crowded with pillars, fringed all round by clustering shrines and chapels, which are to most of us the types of mediæval architecture. In its plan and decorations, in the spacious sunny hall, the roof plain as that of a Greek temple, the long rows of Corinthian columns, the vivid mosaics on its walls, in its brightness, its sternness, its simplicity, it had preserved every feature of Roman art, and had remained a perfect expression of the Roman character. From the transept, a flight of steps led up to the high altar underneath the great arch, the arch of triumph as it was called: behind, in the semicircular apse, sat the clergy, rising tier above tier around its walls; in the midst, high above the rest, and looking down past the altar over the multitude, was placed the bishop's throne, itself the curule chair of some forgotten magistrate. From that chair the Pope now rose, as the reading of the Gospel ended, advanced to where Charles, who had exchanged his simple Frankish dress for the sandals and the chlamys of a Roman patrician, knelt in prayer by the high altar; and as in the

sight of all he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Cæsars, then bent in obeisance before him, the church rang to the shout of the multitude, again free, again the lords and centre of the world, 'Karolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico Imperatori Romanorum vita et victoria.' In that shout, echoed by the Franks without, was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilisation of the South with the fresh energy of the North, and from that moment modern history begins."

Thus was accomplished that revolution on which, in the West at least, no man had hitherto ventured. As yet no man of avowed Barbarian blood had ventured to assume the Imperial rank. Alaric, Ricimer, Chlodwig, Theodoric, Pippin himself, had never dared to style themselves Emperors of the Romans. They might be Kings of their own people, and Roman Consuls or Patricians, they might create or depose Emperors, but the Empire itself was beyond them. But now a man of Teutonic blood and speech was, by the election of the Old Rome, placed on her Imperial throne. The Frankish King became a Roman Cæsar. And what should never be forgotten, he claimed, after his Imperial coronation, to reign not only as King but as Cæsar over the whole of his dominions. Those who had already sworn allegiance to the King were now called on afresh to swear allegiance to the Emperor. Thus was the dominion of Rome and her Emperor again formally extended alike over large provinces which had been wrested from the Empire, and over vast regions which the older Cæsars had never possessed. The Roman eagle was now replaced on the banks of the Ebro, and planted for the first time on the banks of the Eider. When Germany swore allegiance to the new Augustus, the defeat of Varus might be thought to be avenged by the hands of one who, in blood and speech and manners, was the true successor of Arminius. If Greece led captive her Roman conqueror, Rome now still more effectually led captive the Barbarian who strove to conceal, even from himself, the fact that he had conquered her.

All this, it is easy to say, was mere unreality and delusion. It is easy to argue that Charles was not a Roman Emperor in the same sense as Augustus or even as Augustulus. With what right could he be called the successor of Constantine the Sixth, when the dominions of the two princes had hardly a square mile of ground in common, while the Byzantine succession continued undisturbed, and bore sway even over some portions of Italy itself? Charles, it may be argued, was simply a Teutonic king, who satisfied a mere prejudice on the part of a portion of his sub-

jects, by assuming an empty title which neither extended his rule over new dominions nor increased his prerogative within the old.

All this, no doubt, is true; it is all obvious enough to us at the distance of a thousand years. But it was not obvious to men at the time. And, as men's actions are governed, not by what, with further knowledge, they might have thought, but by what they actually did know and think, the assumption of the Imperial rank by Charles was neither unreal nor illusory, because it led to important practical results. In the eyes of all Charles's Italian subjects, probably in the eyes of many of his Gaulish subjects, the assumption of the Roman title made all the difference between legitimate and illegitimate dominion. The King of the Franks was a Barbarian conqueror, or at best a Barbarian deliverer; in the Emperor of the Romans men beheld the restorer of lawful and orderly government, after a long and violent interruption. Even in the eyes of his own Germans, Charles Augustus became, in some vague way, greater and holier than Charles the mere Frankish king, and in their exaltation of their prince, the nation felt itself exalted also. The form of words did not as yet exist, but the West now saw again a Holy Roman Empire, and it was now a "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation."

This truth, however, was not as yet legally acknowledged; indeed it did not as yet exist in all its practical fullness. Charles was indeed a German king; but the possession of the Imperial crown by a German king did not identify the Imperial crown with the German nation in the same way that it did from the time of Otto the Great onward. The difference between the position of Charles and that of Otto is this: Otto was indeed the most powerful king of the West, but he was not the only king. The Imperial crown was annexed to the distinct local kingdom of the Eastern Franks, when it might conceivably have been annexed to the kingdom of the Burgundians, or even to the kingdom of the Western Franks. There thus arose, from Otto onwards, a distinct connexion between the Roman Empire and Germany as a distinct country and nation, one country and nation out of several possible competitors. But Charles was far more than all this: he was not only the most powerful king, but he was in some sense the only king. He might claim to be Lord of the World in a truer sense than any Emperor after his son, in as true a sense as any Emperor since Theodosius. Setting aside our own island, which passed almost for another world, Charles was actually either the immediate sovereign or the suzerain

lord of all Western Christendom. The East was indeed ruled by a second Cæsar, who might, according to circumstances, be looked on either as an Imperial rival, a Tetricus or a Carausius, or as an Imperial colleague, a Valens or an Arcadius. But the West was all his own. He ruled, and, after his Imperial coronation, he ruled distinctly as Roman Augustus, over all the lands from the Ocean and the Ebro to the Elbe and the Theiss. His frontiers were surrounded, as the frontiers of Rome were in ancient times, by a string of allied and tributary states, the antitypes of the Massinissas and the Herods. In such a dominion as this, the mere Frankish nationality might well seem to be lost; Frank, Gaul, Burgundian, Italian, might seem to be alike subjects of Cæsar, or, if they better liked the title, citizens of Rome. Of course this appearance of universal dominion was delusive; but it was only in human nature that men should, at the time, be deluded by it.

But such an Empire as this needed the arm of Charles the Great himself to support it. One hardly knows whether it was in wisdom or in folly, because he saw not the consequences or because he saw that the consequences were unavoidable, that Charles sanctioned the principle of a division of his dominions among his sons. The Empire was still to be one and indivisible, but the Emperor was to reign only as the superior lord over several Kings of his own house. Under Charles himself, his sons had reigned as kings over Italy and Aquitaine, and he had found them ever his loyal vicegerents. Possibly he hardly foresaw that the submission willingly yielded to a father, and such a father, would not be so willingly yielded to a brother, an uncle, or perhaps a distant cousin. Possibly he saw that no hand but his own could keep his dominions together; that it was better to make the best of a sad necessity; that it was something to secure a nominal and theoretical unity in the vassalage of all the kings to the imperial head of the family. Anyhow, he had precedents enough, Roman and Frankish. He was only treading in the steps of Chlodwig and of Pippin, and he may well have thought that he was treading in the steps of Diocletian, Constantine, and Theodosius. At all events, from the death of Lewis the Pious, or rather from the death of Charles himself, a state of division begins: Kings and Emperors rise and fall; the Empire is sometimes nominally, always practically, in abeyance. For one moment, under Charles the Fat, nearly the whole Empire is reunited; but, with his deposition in 888, the Eastern and the Western Franks, *Francia Teutonica* and *Francia Latina*—in modern language, Germany and France—are sepa-

rated for ever. Germany, West France, Burgundy, Italy, become distinct kingdoms, ruled for the most part by kings not of the blood of the Great Charles. Through the first half of the ninth century, whenever there was an Emperor at all, instead of being Lord of the World, he was at most a King of Italy, with a very feeble hold indeed even on his peninsular kingdom.

Then came the revival under Otto the Great, the foundation of the Roman Empire under its latest form. The kingdoms of Germany and Italy were now united, and their common king, though he did not as yet assume the title, was, from the moment of his coronation at Aachen, Roman Emperor-Elect, "*Rex Romanorum in Cæsarem promovendus*." Once only, on the extinction of the direct line of the Ottos, did Italy again strive to establish a real national king. Though Kings of Italy were once or twice elected in later times in opposition to the reigning King or Emperor, they were discontented or rebellious princes of the imperial house, who certainly had no mind to confine their rule to Italy, if they could extend it over Germany and Burgundy also. From the days of Otto, the principle was gradually established that the chosen King of Germany acquired, as such, a right to the royal crowns of Italy and Burgundy,* and to the imperial crown of Rome. He was not Emperor till he had been crowned at Rome by the Roman Pontiff, but he, and no other, had a right to become Emperor. This was a state of things very different from the Empire of the first Cæsars, very different from the Empire of Charles, but it was still more widely different from the "phantom Empire," to use Mr. Bryce's words, of Guido and Berenger. The union of three out of the four kingdoms into which the dominions of Charles had split, made the Empire, if not an universal monarchy, yet a power which had as yet no rival in Western Europe. France—modern, Celtic, Capetian, Parisian France—looked exceedingly like a revolted province, wrongfully separated from the body of the Empire and from the sway of the successor of Charles. States of which the old Cæsars had never heard, Denmark, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, owed a homage more or less practical, to the Saxon, Frankish, or Swabian Augustus. The Holy Roman Empire had now assumed essentially the same form which it retained down to 1806; another distinct step had been taken towards making it the special heritage of the German nation.

It is at this point, the beginning of the Em-

pire in its last shape, that Mr. Bryce stops to review the imperial theory as it was understood in the Middle Ages. What that theory was we have already tried to set forth; but it should be borne in mind that the theory grew in clearness and fulness, and moreover that people became the more inclined to theorize about an ideal Empire the more they saw the actual Empire depart from their own theories. One may doubt whether Otto the Great or any man of his time could have set forth the imperial creed in the distinct and elaborate shape into which it was thrown by Dante. Still the essential elements of the theory existed from the beginning. It was held, from the days of Otto, that the eternal fitness of things required an universal temporal, and an universal spiritual, chief of Christendom; that those chiefs were to be looked for in the Roman Emperor and the Roman Pontiff; lastly, that the true Roman Emperor was the German King. No Emperor was ever so thoroughly imbued with these notions as Otto the Third, who seems to have seriously intended to make Rome, in fact as well as in name, the seat of his Empire, and thence to rule the world by the help of a Pontiff like-minded with himself. Of the schemes, or rather the visions, of this wonderful young prince, so sadly cut off, in the days of his brightest promise, Mr. Bryce gives us an eloquent picture:—

"Otto III.'s reign cannot pass unnoticed: short, sad, full of bright promise never fulfilled. His mother was the Greek princess Theophano; his preceptor, the illustrious Gerbert: through the one he felt himself connected with the old Empire, and had imbibed the absolutism of Byzantium: by the other he had been reared in the dream of a renovated Rome, with her memories turned to realities. To accomplish that renovation, who so fit as he who with the vigorous blood of the Teutonic conqueror inherited the venerable rights of Constantinople? It was his design, now that the solemn millennial era of the founding of Christianity had arrived, to renew the majesty of the city and make her again the capital of a world-embracing Empire, victorious as Trajan's, despotic as Justinian's, holy as Constantine's. His young and visionary mind was too much dazzled by the gorgeous fancies it created to see the world as it was: Germany rude, Italy unquiet, Rome corrupt and faithless. . . . With his tutor on Peter's chair to second or direct him, Otto laboured in his great project in a spirit almost mystic. He had an intense religious belief in the Emperor's duties to the world—in his proclamation he calls himself 'Servant of the Apostles,' 'Servant of Jesus Christ'—together with the ambitious antiquarianism of a fiery imagination, kindled by the memorials of the glory and power he represented. . . . How far these brilliant and far-reaching plans were capable of realization, had their author lived to attempt it, can be but guessed at. It is reason-

* After the acquisition of the kingdom of Burgundy in 1032. Mr. Bryce has an important note on the various uses of the word Burgundy, the most fluctuating and perplexing name in history.

able to suppose that whatever power he might have gained in the South he would have lost in the North. Dwelling rarely in Germany, and in mind more a Greek than a Teuton, he reined in the fierce barons with no such tight hand as his grandfather had been wont to do, he neglected the schemes of northern conquest, he released the Polish dukes from the obligation of tribute. But all, save that those plans were his, is now no more than conjecture, for Otto III., 'the wonder of the world,' as his own generation called him, died childless on the threshold of manhood;—the victim, if we may trust a story of the time, of the revenge of Stephanina, widow of Crescentius, who ensnared him by her beauty, and slew him by a lingering poison. They carried him across the Alps with laments whose echoes sound faintly yet from the pages of monkish chroniclers, and buried him in the choir of the basilica at Aachen some twenty paces from the tomb of Charles the Great beneath the central dome. Two years had not passed since on his last journey to Rome, he had opened that tomb, had gazed on the great Emperor, sitting on a marble throne, robed and crowned, with the Gospel-book open before him; and there, touching the dead hand, unclasping from the neck its golden cross, had taken, as it were, an investiture of Empire from his Frankish forerunner. Short as was his life and few his acts, Otto III. is in one respect more memorable than any who went before or came after him. None save he desired to make the seven-hilled city again the seat of dominion, reducing Germany and Lombardy and Greece to their rightful place of subject provinces. No one else so forgot the present to live in the light of the ancient order: no other soul was so possessed by that fervid mysticism, and that reverence for the glories of the past, whereon rested the idea of the mediæval Empire."

Mr. Bryce comments at some length on the union in the same person of the incongruous functions of German King and Roman Emperor:—

"No two systems can be more unlike than those whose headship became thus vested in one person: the one centralized, the other local; the one resting on a sublime theory, the other the rude offspring of anarchy; the one gathering all power into the hands of an irresponsible monarch, the other limiting his rights, and authorizing resistance to his commands: the one demanding the equality of all citizens as creatures equal before heaven, the other bound up with an aristocracy the proudest, and in its gradations of rank the most exact that Europe had ever seen."

He then goes on to show how the two conceptions were fused into a third different from either; how the Emperor-King strove to merge his Kingship in his Empire; how the titles of German royalty were dropped for ages, so that Cæsar was held to rule as Cæsar no less in Germany than in Italy; how again, by a natural interchange of thought, the idea of the Empire became mingled with feudal notions; how the Emperor became a Lord

of the World, not as a direct ruler, like the old Cæsars, but as an universal suzerain, of whom local kings and dukes and commonwealth might hold as his vassals, while he himself held his Empire immediately of God alone. There can be no doubt that in Germany the effect of the union of the Kingdom with the Empire was the weakening and the final destruction of the royal power. The Germany of the Ottos and the Henries, divided and turbulent as it seems when compared with modern centralized states; was actually the most united power in Western Europe, incomparably more united than contemporary England or France. The whole later history of Germany is simply a history of the steps by which this once united realm fell to pieces. The King gradually lost all real power, and yet he remained to the last surrounded by a halo of outward reverence beyond all other kings. The full examination of the causes of these phenomena belongs to German history. But it cannot be doubted that the chief cause of all was the fact that the German King was also Roman Emperor. It was not only that their Italian claims and titles led the German Kings into never-ending Italian wars, to the neglect of true German interests. This outward and palpable cause had doubtless a good deal to do with the matter; but this was by no means all. The true causes lie deeper. The Emperor, Lord of the World, became, like the supreme deities of some mythologies, too great to act with effect as the local king of a popular kingdom. His local kingship was forgotten. The Emperors strove to merge their kingship in the Empire, and they did merge it in the Empire, though in an opposite way from that which they had intended. They would reign as Emperors and not as Kings, meaning to reign as Emperors with more absolute and undisputed power. They did reign as Emperors and not as Kings, because the imperial power was found to be practically far less effective than the royal power. The Emperor, Lord of the World, exercised only a most vague and nominal supremacy beyond the limits of his own kingdoms; why, now that he reigned as Cæsar rather than as King, should Cæsar claim any more effective authority over Germany, Burgundy, and Italy, than he did over Gaul, or Spain, or Britain? He was Emperor alike in all realms; why should his jurisdiction, nominal in one, be any more practical in another? Thus, because their suzerain was of greater dignity than all other suzerains, did the vassal princes of Germany obtain a more complete independence than the vassal princes of any other realm. Again, the Empire was in its own nature elective. Mere kingdoms or duchies,

mere local sovereignties, might pass from father to son like private estates; but the Empire, the chieftainship of Christendom, the temporal vicarship of God upon earth, could not be exposed to the chances of hereditary succession; it must remain as the loftiest of prizes, the fitting object of ambition for the worthiest of Roman citizens, that is, now, for all baptized men above the rank of a serf. The practical effect of this splendid theory was that, while the crowns of England and France became hereditary, the crown of Germany, as inseparable from the Empire, became purely elective.* Then followed the consequences which, in any but a very early state of society, are sure to follow on the establishment of a purely elective kingship. Each Emperor, uncertain whether he would be able to transmit his dignity to his son, thought more of the aggrandizement of his family than of maintaining the dignity of his crown. Escheated or forfeited fiefs, which in France would have gone to swell the royal domain, were employed in Germany to provide principalities for children whose succession to anything higher was uncertain. The election of each Emperor was commonly purchased by concessions to the Electors, and if an Emperor was so lucky as to procure the election of his son as King of the Romans during his lifetime, that special favour was purchased by further concessions still. The Empire sank to such a degree of poverty, that it became absolutely necessary to elect a prince whose hereditary dominions were large enough to enable him to maintain his imperial rank. Such princes made their hereditary dominions their first object, and retreated altogether to their hereditary capitals, sometimes beyond the limits of Roman or German dominion. Italy fell away, Burgundy was gradually swallowed up by France. The Holy Roman Empire was cut down to a German kingdom, whose very royalty was little more than a pageant. As if in some desperate hope of reviving the royal authority, Maximilian re-assumed the royal title,† almost forgotten since the days of Otto. The Roman Empire and the German Kingdom became practically hereditary in the House

of Austria. From Charles the Fifth onwards, the Roman Emperor was again a mighty prince, but his might was neither as Roman Emperor nor as German King. The Emperor-King, with his Kingdom and Empire, sank, as we have already said, to be the president of one of the laxest of federal bodies.

Thus it was that the acquisition of the imperial dignity crushed and broke up the ancient kingdom of the Eastern Franks. Yet the influence of that splendid possession was not wholly destructive. It preserved in the very act of weakening. The Imperial idea was like the ivy which first makes a wall ruinous, and then preserves it from falling. The Empire in every way lessened the real power and influence of the Kingdom, but it insured its existence. We may be sure that any other kingdom whose King retained so little real authority as the King of Germany, would have fallen asunder far sooner than Germany did. But the King of Germany was also the Roman Emperor; as such he was surrounded by an atmosphere of vague majesty beyond all other kings; he was the object of a mysterious reverence, which did not at all hinder his vassals from robbing him of all effectual prerogatives, but which altogether hindered them from formally abolishing his office. The Roman Empire, as far as any real power or dignity was concerned, was buried in the grave of Frederick the Wonder of the World. But its ghost lingered on for five hundred and fifty years. Cæsar survived the Interregnum; he survived the Golden Bull; he survived the Reformation; he survived the Peace of Westphalia. The Roman Emperors, powerful as heads of the Austrian House, became, as Kings and Cæsars, almost as vain a pageant as a Merovingian King or an Abbasside Caliph of Egypt. The temporal head of Christendom saw half of his own kingdom fall away into heresy. He saw his vassals, great and small, assume all the rights of independent sovereigns. He saw cities and provinces fall away one by one, some assuming perfect republican independence,* some swallowed up by royal or revolutionary France. But the frail bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes still kept on its course amid so many contending blasts. It was only when the magic spell of the name of Empire was dissolved by the rise of upstart and rival Emperors, that the fabric at last gave way. The assumption of the Imperial title by the Muscovite was the first step, but this alone did but little. The Russian Empire might be

* Of course the old Teutonic law, in Germany and everywhere else, was election out of one royal family, but in England and France the hereditary element in this system grew at the expense of the elective, while in Germany the process was reversed.

† The old titles, "*Rex Orientalium Francorum*," etc., were gradually dropped under the Ottos. Henceforth the Emperor, though crowned at Aachen and sometimes at Arles, took no title but "*Imperator*" or "*Rex Romanorum*." Maximilian restored the ancient style under the form of "*Rex Germanie*," "*König in Germanien*."

* The Confederations of Switzerland and the United Provinces, whose independence of the Empire, practically established long before, was not formally recognised till 1648.

looked upon as in some vague way representing the Empire of Byzantium, or its sovereign might be spoken of as an Emperor according to that rough analogy which confers the imperial title on the barbaric princes of China and Morocco. It was not till a rival appeared close on its own ground, that the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation fell utterly asunder. Side by side with the Emperor of the Romans suddenly arose an "Emperor of the French," giving himself out, with consummate but plausible impudence, as the true successor of the Great Charles. The Kingdom of Italy, almost forgotten since the days of the Hohenstaufen, arose again to place a new diadem on the same presumptuous brow. A King of Rome, a title unheard of since the days of Tarquin, next appeared, as if to mock the long line of German "*Reges Romanorum*." The assumption of the Imperial title by Buonaparte was met by Francis the Second in a way which showed that he must almost have forgotten his own existence. He, the King of Germany and Roman Emperor-Elect, could find no better means to put himself on a level with the Corsican usurper, than to add to his style the monstrous, ludicrous, and meaningless addition of "Hereditary Emperor of Austria."* An hereditary Emperor of Lichtenstein would have seemed no greater absurdity in the eyes of Charles or Otto or Frederick. When it had come to this, it was time that the old titles of Rome and Germany should pass away. As the elective King had made himself an hereditary Emperor, Dukes and Electors thought they had an equal right to make themselves hereditary Kings. Their new-fangled Majesties and Highnesses re-

* "*Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*," as distinguished from "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*." This, as Mr. Bryce remarks, besides its absurdity in other ways, implies a complete forgetfulness of the meaning of the word "*Erwählter*." The title of "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*," "*Romanorum Imperator electus*," was introduced by Maximilian, under Papal sanction, to express what hitherto had been expressed by "*Rex Romanorum in Cæsarem promovendus*," that is, a prince elected at Frankfurt and crowned at Aachen (latterly crowned at Frankfurt also), but not yet Emperor, because not yet crowned at Rome by the Pope. This was the condition of all the Emperors since Charles the Fifth, none of whom were crowned by the Pope. They were therefore only "Emperors-elect," just like a bishop-elect, one that is chosen, but not yet consecrated. But when *Erbkaiser* could be opposed to "*Erwählter Kaiser*," it was clear that people fancied that *Erwählter* meant not "elect," but *elective*, as opposed to hereditary. In short, Francis the Second seems to have altogether forgotten who and what he was.

In the Peace of Presburg, in 1805, the Emperor is called throughout "Emperor d'Allemagne et d'Autriche," in the heading, "*Kaiser von Oesterreich*" only.

volted against their renegade overlord, and found a willing protector west of the Rhine. The Roman Empire and the German Kingdom was now no more; the foreign Emperor declared that he did not recognise its existence;* and its own imperial chief proclaimed the final dissolution of the creation of Augustus, Charles, and Otto, in a document in which, after the formal enumeration of his own now degraded titles, the name of Rome does not occur.†

We have thus hurried through a period of more than eight hundred years, the revolutions of which are set forth by Mr. Bryce with singular clearness and power. He brings forth in its due prominence the great reign of Henry the Third, the moment when the Empire reached its highest pitch of real power. This was followed by the struggles between the spiritual and temporal powers under his son and grandson, which showed how vain was the theory which expected the Roman Cæsar and the Roman Pontiff to pull together in harmony. But Mr. Bryce's highest enthusiasm centres round the great House of Swabia. He gives us a brilliant picture of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, into whose real character and position we need hardly say that he fully enters. On the reign of his grandson, "Fridericus stupor mundi et innovator mirabilis," Mr. Bryce is less full and less eloquent than we should have expected, but he clearly points out the importance of his reign as an epoch in Imperial history, and marks out boldly the fact that "with Frederick fell the Empire." The Empire, in short, from Rudolf onwards, is a revival, something analogous to the Empire of the Palæologi at Constantinople. Internal disorganization had done in the Western Empire what foreign conquest had done in the Eastern. Rudolf, Adolf, Albert, were mere German kings; they never crossed the Alps to assume either the golden crown of Rome or the iron crown of Monza. With Henry the Seventh we reach a new period, or rather his reign is like a few years transported onwards from an earlier time. The

* See the addition made by Buonaparte to the Act of Confederation of the Rhine: "*Sa Majesté . . . ne reconnoît plus l'existence de la constitution Germanique*."

† The form used throughout is "*deutsches Reich*." But the titles run as of old, "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*," "*König in Germanien*," etc., only the new-fashioned "*Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*" is thrust in between them. Even the "*zu allen Zeiten Mehrer des Reichs*," the old ludicrous mistranslation of "*semper Augustus*" is not left out in the document which proclaims the Empire to have come to an end.

revival of classical learning had given a revived impulse to the Imperial idea, just as the revival of the Civil Law had done at an earlier time. Of the ideas with which men then looked upon the Empire, Dante, in his work *De Monarchiâ*, is the great exponent. It must not be thought for a moment that Dante's subject is monarchy, in the common sense of the word, royal government as opposed to aristocracy or democracy. With him *monarchia* is synonymous with *imperium*. There may be many kings and princes, but there is only one monarch, one universal chief, the Roman Emperor. He proves elaborately, in the peculiar style of reasoning current in that age, that an universal monarch is necessary, that the Roman Emperor is of right the universal monarch, that the Emperor does not hold his crown of the Pope, but immediately of God alone. But he has not a word of argument to show that the German King is really the Roman Emperor; that is assumed as a matter of course; there was no need to prove, because nobody doubted, that whatever belonged of right to Augustus Cæsar belonged of right to his legitimate successor, Harry of Luxemburg. On this branch of the argument—one which, to our notions, stood quite as much in need of proof as any of the others—Dante does not vouchsafe a single line. The illusion survived untouched. In Mr. Bryce's words:—

"The offices of the imperial household, instituted by Constantine the Great, were attached to the noblest families of Germany. The Emperor and Empress, before their coronation at Rome, were lodged in the chambers called those of Augustus and Livia; a bare sword was borne before them by the prætorian prefect; their processions were adorned by the standards, eagles, wolves, and dragons, which had figured in the train of Hadrian or Theodosius. The constant title of the Emperor himself, according to the style introduced by Probus, was 'semper Augustus,' or 'perpetuus Augustus,' which erring etymology translated 'at all times increaser of the Empire.' [Zu allen Zeiten Mehrer des Reichs.] The *pontifex maximus* of his predecessors was supposed to be preserved by his admission as a canon of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Mary's at Aachen. Annalists invariably number the place of each sovereign from Augustus downwards. The notion of an uninterrupted succession, which moves the stranger's wondering smile as he sees ranged round the magnificent Golden Hall of Augsburg the portraits of the Cæsars, laurelled, helmeted, and periwigged, from the conqueror of Gaul to the partitioner of Poland, was to those generations not an article of faith only because its denial was inconceivable."

The philosophy of the matter Mr. Bryce explains in a brilliant passage:—

"In truth, through all that period which we call the Dark and Middle Ages men's minds

were possessed by the belief that all things continued as they were from the beginning, that no chasm never to be recrossed lay between them and that ancient world to which they had not ceased to look back. We who are centuries removed, can see that there had passed a great and wonderful change upon thought, and art, and literature, and politics, and society itself; a change whose best illustration is to be found in the process whereby there arose out of the primitive basilica the Romanesque cathedral, and from it in turn the endless varieties of the Gothic. But so gradual was the change, that each generation felt it passing over them no more than a man feels that perpetual transformation by which his body is renewed from year to year; while the few who had learning enough to study antiquity through its contemporary records, were prevented by the utter want of criticism and of that which we call historical feeling, from seeing how prodigious was the contrast between themselves and those whom they admired. There is nothing more modern than the critical spirit which dwells upon the difference between the minds of men in one age and in another; which endeavours to make each age its own interpreter, and judge what it did or produced by a relative standard. . . . And thus, when we remember that the notion of progress and development, and of change as the necessary condition thereof, was unwelcome or unknown in mediæval times, we may better understand, though we do not cease to wonder, how men, never doubting that the political system of antiquity had descended to them, modified indeed, yet in substance the same, should have believed that the Frank, the Saxon, and the Suabian, ruled all Europe by a right which seems to us not less fantastic than that fabled charter whereby Alexander the Great bequeathed his Empire, to the Slavic race for the love of Roxalana."

We have not room to follow Mr. Bryce through all the stages of the later German history, when the Empire had lost all Roman and imperial character, when the Emperor was again a mere German King, or rather a mere president of a German Confederation. The steps by which Germany sank from a kingdom into a confederation have an interest of their own, but it is one which more closely touches federal than imperial history. Germany is, as far as we know, the only example of a Confederation which arose, not out of the union of elements before distinct, but out of the dissolution of a formerly existing kingdom. From the Peace of Westphalia—we might almost say from the Interregnum onwards—the imperial historian has little more to do than to watch the strange and blind affection with which men clung to the mere name of what had once been great and glorious. And yet we have seen that even that name was not without its practical effect. If, in Mr. Bryce's emphatic words, "the German Kingdom broke down beneath the weight of the Roman Empire," it was

certainly the name of the Roman Empire which hindered the severed pieces from altogether flying asunder. And the recollection of the Empire works still in modern politics, though we fear more for evil than for good. Patriotic Germans indeed look back with a sigh to the days when Germany was great and united under her Ottos and her Henries, but these are remembrances of the Kingdom rather than of the Empire. The memory of the Empire is mainly used in modern times to prop up the position of the two upstart powers which now venture to profane the Imperial title. Because Gaul was once a German province, the Lord of Paris would have us believe that the successor of Charles is to be found among a people who in the days of the great Emperor had no national being. Because certain Austrian Dukes were chosen Roman Emperors, we are called upon, sometimes to condemn the great Frederick as a forerunner of Francis Joseph, sometimes to justify Francis Joseph as a successor of the great Frederick. We will wind up with the fervid and eloquent comments of Mr. Bryce on this latter head. A more vigorous denunciation of the great Austrian imposture we have seldom come across—

"Austria has indeed, in some things, but too faithfully reproduced the policy of the Saxon and Suabian Cæsars. Like her, they oppressed and insulted the Italian people: but it was in the defence of rights which the Italians themselves admitted. Like her, they lusted after a dominion over the races on their borders, but that dominion was to them a means of spreading civilisation and religion in savage countries, not of pampering upon their revenues a hated court and aristocracy. Like her, they strove to maintain a strong government at home, but they did it when a strong government was the first of political blessings. Like her, they gathered and maintained vast armies; but those armies were composed of knights and barons who lived for war alone, not of peasants torn away from useful labour and condemned to the cruel task of perpetuating their own bondage by crushing the aspirations of another nationality. They sinned grievously, no doubt, but they sinned in the dim twilight of a half-barbarous age, not in the noon-day blaze of modern civilisation. The enthusiasm for mediæval faith and simplicity which was so fervid some years ago, has run its course, and is not likely soon to revive. He who reads the history of the Middle Ages will not deny that its heroes, even the best of them, were in some respects little better than savages. But when he approaches more recent times, and sees how, during the last three hundred years, kings have dealt with their subjects, and with each other, he will forget the ferocity of the Middle Ages, in horror at the heartlessness, the treachery, the injustice all the more odious because it sometimes wears the mask of legality, which disgraces the annals of the military monarchies of Europe. With regard, however, to the pretensions of

modern Austria, the truth is that this dispute about the worth of the old system has no bearing upon them at all. The day of imperial greatness was already past when Rudolf of the first Hapsburg reached the throne; while during what may be called the Austrian period, from Maximilian to Francis II., the Holy Empire was to Germany a mere clog and incumbrance, which the unhappy nation bore, because she knew not how to rid herself of it. The Germans are welcome to appeal to the old Empire to prove that they were once a united people. Nor is there any harm in their comparing the politics of the twelfth century with those of the nineteenth, although to argue from the one to the other seems to betray a want of historical judgment. But the one thing which is wholly absurd is to make Francis Joseph of Austria the successor of Frederick of Hohenstaufen, and justify the most sordid and ungenial of modern despotisms by the example of the mirror of mediæval chivalry, the noblest creation of mediæval thought."

ART. VIII.—1. *Etchings and Sketchings.*

By A. PEN, Esq.

2. *Sketches Contributed to Bell's Life.*
3. *The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book.*
4. *Parody in Lithograph of Mulready's Post-office Envelope.*
5. *The Children of the Mobility.*
6. *The Comic Latin Grammar.* By PERCEVAL LEIGH. Illustrated by LEECH.
7. *The Comic English Grammar.* By the same.
8. *Bentley's Miscellany.* For many years. Profuse Illustrations.
9. *The Marchioness de Brinvilliers.* By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
10. *The Adventures of Jack Ledbury.* By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
11. *Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*
12. *Ballads.* By BON GUALTIER.
13. *Puck on Pegasus.*
14. *The Militiaman Abroad.*
15. *Christopher Tadpole.*
16. *Paul's Dashes of American Humour.*
17. *Seeley's Porcelain Tower.*
18. *Christmas Numbers of the London Illustrated News.*
19. *The Quizziology of the British Drama.* By G. A. A'BECKETT.
20. *The Story of a Feather.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
21. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.*
22. *Life of a Foxhound.* By JOHN MILLS.
23. *Crock of Gold, etc.*
24. *Colin Clink.*
25. *The Book of British Song.*
26. *Stanley Thorn.*
27. *Jack Hinton.*

28. *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Up to 1864. Etchings and small woodcuts.
29. *Douglas Jerrold's Collected Works*.
30. *The Earlier Volumes of Once a Week*.
31. *Jack Brag*. By THEODORE HOOK.
32. *Journey to Pau*. By Hon. ERSKINE MURRAY.
33. *The Month*. By ALBERT SMITH.
34. *The Rising Generation: A Series of Twelve Large Coloured Plates*.
35. *The Comic Cocker*.
36. *Young Troublesome*.
37. *The Comic History of England*. Etchings and woodcuts.
38. *The Comic History of Rome*. Etchings and woodcuts.
39. *Handley Cross*.
40. *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*.
41. *Ask Mamma*.
42. *Plain or Ringlets*.
43. *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*.
44. *A Little Tour in Ireland*. By an Oxonian.
45. *Master Jacky in Love: A Sequel to Young Troublesome*.
46. *The Christmas Carol*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
47. *The Cricket on the Hearth*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
48. *The Chimes*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
49. *Punch from 1841*.

If man is made to mourn, he also, poor fellow! and without doubt therefore, is made to laugh. He needs it all, and he begets it. For human nature may say of herself in the words of the ballad, "Werena my heart licht, I wad die."

Man is the only animal that laughs; it is as peculiar to him as his chin and his *hippocampus minor*.* The perception of a joke, the smile, the sense of the ludicrous, the quiet laugh, the roar of laughter, are all our own; and we may be laughed as well as tickled to death, as in the story of the French nun of mature years, who, during a vehement fit of laughter, was observed by her sisters to sit suddenly still and look very "gash" (like the Laird of Garscadden†), this being considered a farther part of the joke, when they found she was elsewhere.

In books, old and new, there is no end of philosophizing upon the ludicrous and its cause; from Aristotle, who says it is some error in truth or propriety, but at the same time neither painful nor pernicious; and Cicero, who defines it as that which, without impropriety, notes and exposes an impropriety; to

Jean Paul, who says it is the opposite of the sublime, the infinitely great, and is therefore the infinitely little; and Kant, who gives it as the sudden conversion into nothing of a long raised and highly-wrought expectation; many have been the attempts to unsphere the spirit of a joke and make it tell its secret; but we agree with our excellent and judicious friend Quinctilian, that its *ratio* is at best *anceps*. There is a certain robust felicity about old Hobbes's saying, that "it is a *sudden glory*, or sense of eminency above others or our former selves." There is no doubt at least about the suddenness and the glory; all true laughter must be involuntary, must come and go as it lists, must take us and shake us heartily and by surprise. No man can laugh any more than he can sneeze at will, and he has nearly as little to do with its ending—it dies out, disdaining to be killed. He may grin and guffaw, because these are worked by muscles under the dominion of volition, but your diaphragm, the midriff, into which your joker pokes his elbow, he is the great organ of genuine laughter and the sudden glory, and he as you all know, when made absurd by hiccup, is masterless as the wind, "untamable as flies;" therefore is he called by the grave Haller, *nobilissimus post cor musculus*; for ladies and gentlemen, your heart is only a (often very) hollow muscle. If you wish to know what is done in your interior when you laugh, here it is from Dr. Carpenter. He classes it along with sobbing and hiccup, and says: "In it the muscles of expiration are in convulsive movement, more or less violent, and send out the breath in a series of jerks, the *glottis* being open," the *glottis* being the little chink at the top of the windpipe.

As to the mental impression on the sensorium that sets these jerks agoing, and arches that noble muscle, we, as already said, think it may be left to a specific sense of its own, and that laughter is the effect and very often the cause of the laughable, and therefore of itself—a definition which has the merit of being self-contained. But is it not well that we are made to laugh, that, from the first sleepy gleam moving like sunshine over an infant's cheek, to the cheery and feeble chirrup of his great-grandfather by the fireside, we laugh at the laughable, when the depths of our strange nature are dappled and rippled, or tossed into wildest laughter by anything, so that it be droll, just as we shudder when soused with cold water—because we can't help it.

But we are drifting into disquisition and must beware. What is it to us or the public that the pneumogastric and phrenic nerves are the telegraphs from their head-quarters

* No other animal has a chin proper, and it is a comfort, in its own small way, that Mr. Huxley has not yet found the lesser sea-horse in our grandfather's brain.

† Vide Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

in the brain to this same midriff—that if cut, there would be an end of our funny messages, and of a good deal more; that the *musculus nobilissimus*, if wounded in its feelings from without or from within, takes to outrageous laughter of the dreariest sort; that if anything goes wrong at the central *thalami*, as they are called, of these nerves, the vehicles of will and feeling, they too make sad fools of themselves by sending down absurd, incoherent telegrams “at lairge”?

One might be diffuse upon the various ways in which laughter seizes upon and deals with mankind; how it excruciates some, making them look and yell as if caught in a trap. How a man takes to crowing like a cock, or as if under permanent hooping-cough, ending his series of explosions victoriously with his well-known “clarion wild and shrill.” How provocative of laughter such a musical performance always is to his friends, leading them to lay snares for him. We knew an excellent man—a country doctor—who, if wanted in the village, might be traced out by his convivial crow. It was droll to observe him resisting internally and on the sly the beginnings of his *bravura*; how it always prevailed. How another friend, huge, learned, and wise, whom laughter seizes and rends, is made desperate, and at times ends in crashing his chair, and concluding his burst on its ruins, and on the floor. In houses where he is familiar, a special chair is set for him, braced with iron for the stress.

Then one might discourse on the uses of laughter as a muscular exercise; on its drawing into action lazy muscles, supernumeraries, which get off easily under ordinary circumstances; how much good the convulsive succussion of the whole man does to his chylipoietic and other viscera; how it laughs to scorn care and *malaise* of all kinds; how it makes you cry without sorrow, and ache every inch of you without wrong done to any one; how it clears the liver, enlivens the spleen, and makes the very cockles of the heart to tingle. By the bye, what are these cockles of tradition, but the *columnæ carnea*, that pull away at the valves, and keep all things tight?

But why should we trouble ourselves and you with either the physiology or the philosophy of laughter, when all that anybody needs to say or to hear, is said, so as to make all after saying hopeless and needless, by Sidney Smith, in his two chapters on Wit and Humour, in his *Notes of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*? Why it is that when any one—except possibly Mr. Tupper—hears for the first time, that wisest of wits’ joke to his doctor, when told by him to “take a walk on an empty stomach;”—“on whose?”—he

laughs right out, loud and strong, may be a question as hard to answer as the why he curls up his nose when tickled with a straw, or sneezes when he looks at the sun; but it is not hard to be thankful for the joke, and for the tickle, and for the sneeze. Our business rather is now gratefully to acknowledge the singular genius, the great personal and artistic worth of one of our best masters of “heart-casing mirth,” than to discourse upon the why and how he makes us laugh so pleasantly, so wholesomely and well,—and to deplore along with all his friends (who has not in him lost a friend?), his sudden and irreparable loss. It was as if something personal to every one was gone; as if a fruit we all ate and rejoiced in had vanished for ever; a something good and cheery, and to be thankful for, which came every week as sure as Thursday—never to come again. Our only return to him for all his unfailing goodness and cheer, is the memory of the heart, and he has it if any man in the British empire has. The noble, honest, kindly, diligent, sound-hearted, modest, and manly John Leech—the very incarnation in look, character, and work of the best in an Englishman.

As there is and has always been, since we had letters or art of our own, a rich abounding power and sense of humour and of fun in the English nature; so ever since that same nature was pleased to divert and express itself and its jokes in art as well as in books, we have had no lack of depictees of the droll, the odd, the terrible, and the queer. Hogarth is the first and greatest of them all, the greatest master in his own *terribile via* the world has ever seen. If you want to know his worth and the exquisite beauty of his colouring, study his pictures, and possess his prints, and read Charles Lamb on his genius. Then came the savage Gillray, strong and coarse as Churchill, the very Tipton Slasher of political caricature; then we had Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Woodward, more violent than strong, more odd than droll, and often more disgusting than either. Smirke, with his delicate, pure, pleasant humour, as seen in his plates to *Don Quixote*, which are not unworthy of that marvellous book, the most deeply and exquisitely humorous piece of genius in all literature; then Edwin Landseer’s *Monkeyana*, forgotten by, and we fear unknown to many, so wickedly funny, so awfully human, as almost to convert us to Mr. Huxley’s pedigree—*The Duel*, for instance. Then we had Henry Alken in the Hunting Field, and poor Heath, the ex-Captain of Dragoons, facile and profuse, unscrupulous and clever. Then the greatest since Hogarth, though limited in range and tending to excess, George Cruickshank, who happily still

lives and plies his matchless needle; it would take an entire paper to expound his keen, penetrating power, his moral intensity, his gift of wild grimace, the dexterity and subtlety of his etching, its firm and delicate lines. Then came poor short-lived tragical Seymour, whom Thackeray wished to succeed as artist to *Pickwick*; he embodied *Pickwick* as did "Phiz,"—Hablot Browne,—*Messrs. Quilp* and *Pecksniff*, and *Micky Free*, and whose steeple-chasing Irish cock-tails we all know and relish; but his manner is too much for him and for us, and his ideas are neither deep nor copious, hence everlasting and weak repetitions of himself. Kenny Meadows, with more genius, especially for fiends and all eldritch faucies, and still more mannerism. Sibson and Hood, whose drawings were quaint and queer enough, but his words better and queerer. Thackeray, very great, answering wonderfully his own idea. We wonder that his *Snobs* and *Modern Novelists* and miscellaneous papers were ever published without his own cuts. What would *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* be without *The Mulligan*, as the spread-eagle, frantic and glorious, doing the mazurka, without *Miss Bunyon*, and them all; and the good little *Nightingale*, singing "Home, Sweet Home" to that young, premature brute Hewlett, in *Dr. Birch*. But we have already recorded our estimate of Mr. Thackeray's worth as an artist,* and all his drolleries and quaint bits of himself,—his comic melancholy, his wistful children, his terrific soldans in the early *Punches*. They should all be collected,—wherever he escapes from his pen to his pencil, they should never be divorced. Then Doyle, with his wealth of dainty phantasies, his glamourie, his wonderful power of expressing the weird and uncanny, his fairies and goblins, his enchanted castles and maidens, his plump caracolling pony chargers, his charm of colour and of unearthly beauty in his water-colours. No one is more thoroughly himself and alone than Doyle. We need only name his father, "H. B.," the master of gentlemanly, political satire,—as Gillray was of brutal. Tenniel we still have, excellent, careful, and often strong and effective; but more an artist and a draughtsman than a genius or a humourist.

John Leech is different from all these, and, taken as a whole, surpasses them all, even Cruickshank, and seats himself next, though below, William Hogarth. Well might Thackeray, in his delightful notice of his friend and fellow-Carthusian in the *Quarterly*, say, "There is no blinking the fact, that in Mr. Punch's Cabinet John Leech is the right-

hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's picture! What would you give for it?" This was said ten years ago. How much more true it is now! We don't need to fancy it any longer! And yet, doubtless, nature is already preparing some one else—she is for ever filling her horn—whom we shall never think better, or in his own way, half so good, but who like him will be, let us trust, new and true, modest and good; let us, meanwhile, rest and be thankful, and look back on the past. We'll move on by and bye—"to fresh fields and pastures new"—we suppose, and hope.

We are not going to give a biography, or a studied appraisalment of this great artist,—that has been already well done in the *Cornhill*,—and we trust the mighty "J. O." who knew him and loved him as a brother, and whose strong and fine hand—its truth, nicety, and power, we think we recognise in an admirable short notice of Leech as one of the "Men of Mark," in the *London Journal* of May 31, 1862—may employ his leisure in giving us a memorial of his friend. No one could do it better, not even the judicious Tom Taylor, and it is worth his while, to go down the great stream side by side with such a man. All that we shall now do is to give some particulars, not, so far as we know, given to the public, and end with a few selected woodcuts from *Punch*—illustrative of his various moods and gifts—for which we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans,*—two men to whom and to whose noble generosity and enterprise we owe it that *Punch* is what he is; men who have made their relation to him and to his staff of writers and artists, a labour of love; dealing in everything, from the quality of the paper up to the genius, with truly disinterested liberality; and who, to give only one instance, must have given Mr. Leech, during his twenty-three years' connexion with them, upwards of £40,000,—money richly deserved, and well won, for no money could pay in full what he was to them and to us; but still, not the less honourable to them than to him.†

* The cost of re-engraving these cuts is altogether too great to allow of their being published in our reprint.—[AM. PUBL.]

† When the history of the rise and progress of *Punch* comes to be written, it will be found that the Weekly Dinner has been one of the chief things which contributed to its success. Almost from the foundation of that journal it has been the habit of the contributors every Wednesday to dine together. In the winter months, the dinner is usually held in the front room of the first floor of No. 11, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars,—the business offices of the proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Sometimes these dinners are held at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. During the summer months, it is

John Leech, we believe remotely of Irish extraction, was a thoroughly London boy, though never one whit of a Cockney in nature or look. He was born in 1817, being thus six years younger than Thackeray, both of them Charterhouse boys. We rejoice to learn that Lord Russell has, in the kindest way, given to Mr. Leech's eldest boy a presentation to this famous school, where the best men of London birth have so long had their training, as Brougham and Jeffrey, Scott and Cockburn, had at the Edinburgh High School. This gift of our Foreign Minister is twice blessed, and is an act the country may well thank him for.

When between six and seven years of age, some of Leech's drawings were seen by the great Flaxman, and, after carefully looking at them and the boy, he said, "That boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less."

customary to have ten or twelve dinners at places in the neighbourhood of London, Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, etc. And once a year they attend the annual dinner of the firm, at which compositors, readers, printers, machinememen, clerks, etc., dine. This dinner is called the "Way Goose," and is often referred to in *Punch*.

At the weekly dinner, the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed, and dessert is laid on the table, the first question put by the editor is, "What shall the Cartoon be?"

During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the discussions after dinner ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two. Jerrold being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In these rows it required all the suavity of Mark Lemon (and he has a great deal of that quality) to calm the storm; his award always being final.

The third edition of Wednesday's *Sun* is generally brought in to give the latest intelligence, so as to bring the Cartoon down to the latest date. On the Thursday morning following, the editor calls at the houses of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all copy is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised, the forms made up, and with the last movement of the engine, the whole of the type is placed under the press, which cannot be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggyish tricks on the part of practical joking compositors.

At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper are permitted to attend; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Layard, the present Foreign Under-Secretary, Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens, junior. As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold always used to say, "It is no use any of us quarrelling, because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we will all have to shake hands again." By means of these meetings, the discussions arising on all questions helped both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as enabled the editor to get his team to draw well together, and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

This was said in full consciousness of what is involved in advising such a step. His father wisely, doubtless, thought otherwise, and put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. Stanley. He was very near being sent to Edinburgh, and apprenticed to Sir George Ballingall. If he had come to us then, he would have found one student, since famous, with whom he would have cordialized: Edward, afterwards Professor Forbes, who to his other great gifts added that of drawing, especially of all sorts of wild, fanciful, elfish pleasantries and freaks, most original and ethereal—and the specimens of which, in their many strange resting-places, it would be worth the while to reproduce in a volume. Leech soon became known among his fellow-students for his lifelike, keen, but always good-natured caricatures; he was for ever drawing. He never had any regular art-lessons, but his medical studies furnished him with a knowledge of the structure and proportions of the human form, which gives such reality to his drawing; and he never parades his knowledge, or is its slave; he values expression ever above mere form, never falsifying, but often neglecting, or rather subordinating, the latter to the former.

This intense realism and insight, this pure intense power of observation it is that makes the Greek sculptors so infinitely above the Roman.

We believe the Greeks knew nothing of what was under the skin—it was considered profane to open the human body and dissect it; but they studied form and action with that keen, sure, unforgetting, loving eye, that purely realistic faculty, which probably they, as a race, had in more exquisite perfection than any other people before or since. Objective truth they read, and could repeat as from a book. The Romans, with their hardy, penetrating, audacious nature—*rerum Domini*—wanted to know not only what appears, but what is, and what makes appear. They had no misgivings or shyness at cutting into and laying bare their dead fellows, as little as they had in killing them or being themselves killed; and as so often happens, their strength was their weakness, their pride their fall. They must needs show off their knowledge and their muscles, and therefore they made their statues as if without skin, and put on as violent and often impossible action as ever did Buonarrotti. Compare the Laocoon and his boys (small men, rather) with the Elgin marbles; the riders on the frieze so comely in their going, so lissome; their skin slipping sweetly over their muscles; their modestly representing not of what they know, but of what they see.

In John Leech and Tenniel you see something of the same contrast; the one knows more than he needs, and shows it accordingly; the other knowing by instinct, or from good sense, that drawing has only to do with appearances, with things that may be seen, not with things that may be known, drew merely what he saw, but then with what an inevitable, concentrated eye and hand he did draw that! This made him so pre-eminent in reproducing the expression of action—especially intense and rapid action. No knowledge of what muscles were acting, and what are their attachments, etc., could teach a man how a horse trots, or how he gathers himself up to leap, or how a broken-backed cab-horse would lie and look, or even how *Mr. Briggs*—excellent soul—when returning home, gently and copiously ebriose from Epson on his *donkey*, would sway about on his podgy legs, when instructing his amazed and ancient groom and friend as to putting up and rubbing down—the *mare*. But observation such as the Greeks had, that ἀκριβεία or accuracy—carefulness, as they called it—it enabled Leech to do all this to the life.

All through his course, more and more, he fed upon nature, and he had his reward in having perpetually at hand her freshness, her variety, her endlessness. There is a pleasant illustration of this given in a letter in *Notes and Queries* for November 5, 1864:—“On one occasion he and I were riding to town in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. He stared so hard and made such wry faces at us, that I could hardly refrain from laughter. My discomfiture was almost completed when Leech suddenly exclaimed, ‘By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?’ and, producing his notebook, added, ‘Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you *can* make of it?’ The page was *blank*; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it.” There is humour in the choice of the word “Prendergast.” This is the true way to nurse invention, to preen and let grow imagination’s wings, on which she soars forth into the ideal, “sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air.” It is the man who takes in, who can give out. The man who does not do the one, soon takes to spinning his own fancies out of his interior, like a spider, and he snares himself at last as well as his victims. It is the bee that makes honey, and it is out of the eater that there comes forth

meat, out of the strong that there comes forth sweetness. In the letter we refer to, which is well worth reading, there is a good remark, that Leech had no mere *minutiae*, as Turner had none; everything was subordinated to the main purpose he had, but he had exquisite *finesse* and delicacy when it was that he wanted. Look at his drawing of our “Jocund Morn,” from the boots to the swallows. His pencil work on wood was marvellous for freedom and loveliness.

The bent of his genius and external causes made him, when about seventeen, give up the study of medicine and go in stoutly and for life for art. His diligence was amazing, as witnessed by the list we give, by no means perfect, of his works; in *Bentley* they are in multitudes; and in *Punch* alone, up to 1862, there are more than three thousand separate drawings! with hardly the vestige of a repetition; it may be the same tune, but it is a new variation. In nothing is his realistic power more seen than in those delightful records of his own holidays in *Punch*. A geologist will tell you the exact structure of that rock in the Tay at Campsie Linn, where *Mr. Briggs* is carrying out that huge salmon in his arms, tenderly and safely, as if it were his first-born. All his seascapes—Scarborough, Folkestone, Biarritz, etc., etc.—any one who has been there does not need to be told their names, and, as we have already said, his men are as native as his rocks, his bathers at Boulogne and Biarritz, his gamekeepers and gillies in Blair-Athole and Lochaber—you have seen them there, the very men; Duncan Roy is one of them; and those men and women at Galway, in the Claddich, they are liker than themselves, more Irish than the Irish. In this respect his foreigners are wonderful, one of the rarest artistic achievements. Thackeray also could draw a foreigner,—as witness that dreary woman outworker in the Kickleburys. Mr. Frith can’t. Then as to dress; this was one of the things Leech very early mastered and knew the meaning and power of, and it is worth mastering, for in it, the dress, is much of the man, both given and received. To see this, look at almost his first large drawing in *Punch*, two months after it started, called “Foreign Affairs.” Look, too, at what is still one of his richest works, with all the fervour and abundance, the very dew of his youth,—*The Comic Latin Grammar*. Look at the dress of Menelaus, who threatens to give poor Helen, his wife, “a good hiding.” Look at his droll etchings and woodcuts for the otherwise tiresomely brilliant *Comic Histories*, by Gilbert A’Beckett, with their too much puns.

Leech was singularly modest, both as a man

and as an artist. This came by nature, and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his essence; but doubtless the perpetual going to nature, and drawing out of her fullness, kept him humble, as well as made him rich, made him, what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength; but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons, as a child, for ever learning and doing.

This honesty and modesty were curiously brought out when he was, after much persuasion, induced to make the coloured drawings for that exhibition which was such a splendid success, bringing in nearly £5000. Nothing could induce him to do what was wanted, call them *paintings*. "They are mere sketches," he said, "and very crude sketches too, and I have no wish to be made a laughing-stock by calling them what they are not." Here was at once modesty and honest pride, or rather that truthfulness which lay at the root of his character, and was also its "bright consummate flower," and he went further than this, in having printed in the Catalogue the following words:—"These sketches have no claim to be regarded or tested as finished pictures. It is impossible for any one to know the fact better than I do. They have no pretensions to a higher name than that I have given them—*SKETCHES IN OIL*."

We have had, by the kindness of Mr. John Hengh, their possessor, the privilege of having beside us for some time two of the best of those coloured sketches, and we feel at once the candour and accuracy of their author's title. It is quite touching the unaccustomedness, the boyish, anxious, laborious workmanship of the practised hand that had done so much, so rapidly and perfectly in another style. They do not make us regret much that he did not earlier devote himself to painting proper, because then what would have become of these 3000 cuts in *Punch*? But he shows, especially, true powers of landscape painting, a pure and deep sense of distance, translucency, and colour, and the power of gleams and shadows on water. His girls are lovelier without colour—have, indeed, "to the eye and prospect of the soul," a more exquisite bloom, the bloom within the skin, the brightness in the dark eye, all more expressed than in those actually coloured. So it often is; give enough to set the looker on a painting imagining, realizing, bringing up "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," and no one but the highest painter can paint like that. This is the true office of the masters of all the ideal arts, to evoke, as did the rising sun on Memnon, the sleeping beauty and music and melody of another's

soul, to make every reader a poet, every on-looker an artist, every listener eloquent and tuneful, so be it that they have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the loving and understanding heart.

As is well known this exhibition took London captive. It was the most extraordinary record by drawing, of the manners and customs and dress of a people, ever produced. It was full "from morn to dewy eve," and as full of mirth; at times this made it like a theatre convulsed as one man by the *vis comica* of one man. The laughter of special, often family groups, broke out opposite each drawing, spread contagiously effervescing throughout, lulling and waxing again and again like waves of the sea. From his reserve, pride, and nicety, Leech could never be got to go when any one was in the room; he had an especial horror of being what he called "caught and talked at by enthusiastic people." It is worth mentioning here, as it shows his true literary turn as a humourist, and adds greatly to the completeness of his drawings and of his genius, that all the funny, witty, and often most felicitous titles and wordings of all sorts *were written by himself*; he was most particular about this.

One day a sporting nobleman visited the gallery with his huntsman, whose naïve and knowing criticisms greatly amused his master. At last, coming to one of the favourite hunting pictures, he said, "Ah! my Lord, nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud have draw'd them ere 'unters." The origin and means of these sketches in oil is curious. Mr. Leech had often been asked to undertake works of this character, but he had for so many years been accustomed to draw with the pencil, and that only on small blocks, that he had little confidence in his ability to draw on a large scale. The idea originated with Mr. Mark Lemon, his friend and colleague, who saw that by a new invention—a beautiful piece of machinery—the impression of a block in *Punch*, being first taken on a sheet of india-rubber, might be enlarged; when, by a lithographic process, the copy thus got could be transferred to the stone, and impressions printed upon a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained an outline groundwork consisting of his own lines enlarged some eight times the area of the original block, Leech proceeded to colour these. His knowledge of the manipulation of oil colours was very slight, and it was under the guidance of his friend, John Everett Millais, that his first attempts were made, and crude enough they were. He used a kind of transparent colour which allowed the coarse lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the production presented the appearance of indifferent

lithographs, slightly tinted. In a short time, however, he obtained great mastery over oil colour, and instead of allowing the thick fatty lines of printer's ink to remain on the canvas, he, by the use of turpentine, removed the ink, particularly with regard to the lines of the face and figure. These he redrew with his own hand in a fine and delicate manner. To this he added a delicacy of finish, particularly in flesh colour, which greatly enhanced the value and beauty of his later works. To any one acquainted with these sketches, we may mention for illustration of these remarks, No. 65 in the Catalogue. This work presents all the incompleteness and crudity of his early style. The picture represents *Piscator* seated on a wooden fence on a raw morning in a pelting shower of rain, the lines necessary to give the effect of a leaden atmosphere being very numerous and close. The works which illustrated his later style are best shown in Nos. 36 and 41. In the framing of these sketches he persisted in leaving a margin of white canvas somewhat after the manner of water-colour sketches.

Of all art satirists none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as Leech. Hogarth alone, as in his *Poor Poet's Wife*, comes near him. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could come only from a man who was much at his own fireside, and in the nursery when baby was washed. You see he is himself *paterfamilias*, with no Bohemian taint or raffish turn. What he draws he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in. It is this wholesomeness, and, to use the right word, this goodness, that makes Leech more than a drawer of funny pictures, more even than a great artist.* It makes him a teacher and an example of virtue in its widest sense, from that of manliness to the sweet devotion of woman, and the loving, open mouth and eyes of *parvula* on your knee. How different is the same class of art in France! you dare not let your wife or girls see their Leech; he is not for our virgins and boys. Hear what Thackeray says on this point:—

"Now, while Mr. Leech has been making his comments upon our society and manners, one of the wittiest and keenest observers has been giving a description of his own country of France, in a thousand brilliant pages, and it is a task not

a little amusing and curious for a student of manners to note the difference between the two satirists—perhaps between the societies which they describe. Leech's England is a country peopled by noble elderly squires, riding large-boned horses, followed across country by lovely beings of the most gorgeous proportions, by respectful retainers, by gallant little boys emulating the courage and pluck of the sire. The joke is the precocious courage of the child, his gallantry as he charges at his fences, his coolness as he eyes the glass of port or tells grandpapa that he likes his champagne dry. How does Gavarni represent the family-father, the sire, the old gentleman in his country, the civilized country? *Paterfamilias*, in a dyed wig and whiskers, is leaning by the side of Mademoiselle Coralie on her sofa in the Rue de Bréda; *Paterfamilias*, with a mask and a nose half-a-yard long, is hobbling after her at the ball. The *enfant terrible* is making Papa and Mamma alike ridiculous by showing us Mamma's lover, who is lurking behind the screen. A thousand volumes are written protesting against the seventh commandment. The old man is forever hunting after the young woman, the wife is forever cheating the husband. The fun of the old comedy never seems to end in France; and we have the word of their own satirists, novelists, painters of society, that it is being played from day to day.

"In the works of that barbarian artist Hogarth, the subject which affords such playful sport to the civilized Frenchman is stigmatized as a fearful crime, and is visited by a ghastly retribution. The English savage never thinks of such a crime as funny, and a hundred years after Hogarth, our modern 'painter of mankind' still retains his barbarous modesty, is tender with children, decorous before women, has never once thought that he had a right or calling to wound the modesty of either.

"Mr. Leech surveys society from the gentleman's point of view. In old days, when Mr. Jerrold lived and wrote for that celebrated periodical, he took the other side: he looked up at the rich and great with a fierce, sarcastic aspect, and a threatening posture; and his outcry or challenge was—'Ye rich and great, look out! We, the people, are as good as you. Have a care, ye priests, wallowing on the tithe pig, and rolling in carriages and four; ye landlords, grinding the poor; ye vulgar fine ladies bullying innocent governesses, and what not,—we will expose your vulgarity, we will put down your oppression, we will vindicate the nobility of our common nature,' and so forth. A great deal is to be said on the Jerrold side; a great deal was said; perhaps even a great deal too much. It is not a little curious to speculate upon the works of these two famous contributors of *Punch*, these two 'preachers,' as the phrase is. 'Woe to you, you tyrant and heartless oppressor of the poor!' calls out Jerrold as Dives's carriage rolls by. 'Beware of the time when your bloated coachman shall be hurled from his box, when your gilded flunkey shall be cast to the earth from his perch, and your pampered horses shall run away with you and your vulgar wife and smash you into ruin.' The other philosopher looks at Dives and his cavalcade in his

* It is honourable to the regular art of this country that many of its best men early recognised in Leech a true brother. Millais and Elmore and others were his constant friends; and we know that more than twelve years ago Mr. Harvey, now the perspicacious President of the Royal Scottish Academy, wished to make Leech and Thackeray honorary members of that body.

own peculiar manner. He admires the horses, and copies with the most curious felicity their form and action. The footman's calves and powder, the coachman's red face and floss wig, the over-dressed lady and plethoric gentleman in the carriage, he depicts with the happiest strokes; and if there is a pretty girl and a rosy child on the back seat, he 'takes them up tenderly' and touches them with a hand that has a caress in it. This artist is very tender towards all the little people. It is hard to say whether he loves boys or girls most—those delightful little men on their ponies in the hunting fields, those charming little Lady Adas flirting at the juvenile ball; or Tom the butcher's boy, on the slide; or ragged little Emily pulling the go-cart freighted with Elizabeth and her doll. Steele, Fielding, Goldsmith, Dickens are similarly tender in their pictures of children. 'We may be barbarians, Monsieur —, but even the savages are occasionally kind to their papooses.' When are the holidays? Mothers of families ought to come to this exhibition and bring the children. Then there are the full-grown young ladies—the very full-grown young ladies—dancing in the ball-room, or reposing by the sea-shore—the men can peep at whole seraglios of these beauties for the moderate charge of one shilling, and bring away their charming likenesses in the illustrated catalogue (two-and-six). In the 'Mermaids' Haunt,' for example, there is a siren combing her golden locks, and another dark-eyed witch actually sketching you as you look at her, whom Ulysses could not resist. To walk by the side of the much-sounding sea and come upon such a bevy of beauties as this, what bliss for a man or a painter! The mermaids in that haunt, haunt the beholder for hours after. Where is the shore on which those creatures were sketched? The sly catalogue does not tell us.

"The outdoor sketcher will not fail to remark the excellent fidelity with which Mr. Leech draws the back-grounds of his little pictures. The homely landscape, the sea, the winter wood by which the huntsmen ride, the light and clouds, the birds floating over head, are indicated by a few strokes which show the artist's untiring watchfulness and love of nature. He is a natural truth-teller, and indulges in no flights of fancy, as Hogarth was before him. He speaks his mind out quite honestly, like a thorough Briton. He loves horses, dogs, river and field sports. He loves home and children, that you can see. He holds Frenchmen in light esteem. A bloated 'Mosoo' walking Leicester Square, with a huge cigar and a little hat, with 'billard' and 'estaminet' written on his flaccid face—is a favourite study with him; the unshaven jowl, the waist tied with a string, the boots which pad the Quadrant pavement, this dingy and disreputable being exercises a fascination over Mr. Punch's favourite artist. We trace, too, in his works a prejudice against the Hebrew nation, against the natives of an island much celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs; these are lamentable prejudices indeed, but what man is without his own? No man has ever depicted the little 'Snob' with such a delightful touch. Leech fondles and dandles this creature as he does the children. To remember one or two of those

dear gents is to laugh. To watch them looking at their own portraits in this pleasant gallery will be no small part of the exhibition; and as we can all go and see our neighbours caricatured here, it is just possible that our neighbours may find some smart likenesses of *their* neighbours in these brilliant, life-like, goodnatured sketches in oil."—*Times*, June 21, 1862.

We could not resist giving this long extract. What perfection of thought and word! It is, alas! a draught of wine we can no more get; the vine is gone. What flavour in his "dear prisoned spirit of the impassioned grape!" What a *bouquet*! Why is not everything that hand ever wrote, reproduced? shall we ever again be regaled with such ænanthic acid and ether?—the volatile essences by which a wine is itself and none other—its flower and bloom; the reason why Chambertin is not Sherry, and Santerne neither. Our scientific friends will remember that these same delicate acids and oils are compounds of the lightest of all bodies, hydrogen, and the brightest when concentrated in the diamond, carbon; and these in the same proportion as sugar! Moreover, this ethereal oil and acid of wine, what we may call its genius, never exceeds a forty-thousandth part of the wine! the elevating powers of the fragrant Burgundies are supposed to be more due to this essence than to its amount of alcohol. Thackeray, Jeremy Taylor, Charles Lamb, old Fuller, Sydney Smith, Ruskin, each have the felicity of a specific ænanthic acid and oil—a bouquet of his own; others' wines are fruity or dry or brandied, or "from the Cape," or from the gooseberry, as the case may be. For common household use commend us to the stout home-brewed from the Swift, Defoe, Cobbet, and Southey taps.

Much has been said about the annoyance which organ-grinding caused to Leech, but there were other things which also gave him great annoyance, and amongst these was his grievance against the wood-engravers.

His drawings on the polished and chalked surface of the wood-block were beautiful to look at. Great admiration has been bestowed upon the delicacy and artistic feeling shown in the wood-blocks as they appeared in *Punch*, but any one who saw these exquisite little gems as they came from his hands would scarcely recognise the same things when they appeared in print in *Punch*. When he had finished one of his blocks, he would show it to his friends and say, "Look at this, and watch for its appearance in *Punch*." Sometimes he would point to a little beauty in a landscape, and calling particular attention to it, would say that probably all his fine little touches would be "cut away," in a still more literal sense than

that in which he uses the word in his address.

When, however, we come to consider the circumstances and pressure under which these blocks were almost always engraved, the wonder will be that they were so perfect. The blocks upon which he drew were composed of small squares, fastened together at the back, so that when the drawing was completed on the block, it was unscrewed, and the various pieces handed over to a number of engravers, each having a square inch or two of landscape, figure, or face, as the case might be, not knowing what proportion of light and shade each piece bore to the whole.

Had these blocks been carefully and thoughtfully engraved by one hand, and then been printed by the hand instead of the steam press, we might have seen some of the *finesse* and beauty which the drawing showed *before* it was "cut away."

There was nothing that was so great a mark of the gentleness of his nature as his steady abstinence from personality. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shows how careful he must have been, to have shunned the many traps that were laid for him to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for everything in the shape of personality.

We need do little more than allude to the singular purity and good taste manifested in everything he drew or wrote. We do not know any finer instance of blamelessness in art or literature, such perfect delicacy and cleanness of mind,—nothing coarse,—nothing having the slightest taint of indecency,—no *double entendre*,—no laughing at virtue,—no glorifying or glozing of vice,—nothing to make any one of his own lovely girls blush, or his own handsome face hide itself. This gentleness and thorough gentlemanliness pervades all his works. They are done by a man you would take into your family and to your heart at once. To go over his four volumes of *Pictures of Life and Character* is not only a wholesome pleasure and diversion: it is a liberal education. And then he is not the least of a soft or *goody* man, no small sentimentalism or *petit maître* work: he is a man and an Englishman to the backbone; who rode and fished as if that were his chief business, took his fences fearlessly, quietly, and mercifully, and knew how to run his salmon and land him. He was what is better still, a public-spirited man; a keen, hearty, earnest politician, with strong convictions, a Liberal deserving the name. His political pencillings are as full of good, energetic politics, as they are of strong portraiture and

drawing. He is almost always on the right side,—sometimes, like his great chief Mr. Punch, not on the popular one.

From the wonderful fidelity with which he rendered the cabmen and *gamins* of London, we might suppose he had them into his room to sit to him as studies. He never did this; he liked actions better than states. He was perpetually taking notes of all he saw; but this was the whole, and a great one. With this, and with his own vivid memory and bright informing spirit, he did it all. One thing we may be pardoned for alluding to as illustrative of his art. His wife, who was every way worthy of him, and without whom he was scarce ever seen at any place of public amusement, was very beautiful; and the appearance of those lovely English maidens we all so delight in, with their short foreheads, arch looks, and dark laughing eyes, their innocence and *esprit*, dates from about his marriage. They are all, as it were, *after* her,—her sisters; and as she grew more matronly, she may still be traced in her mature comeliness and motherly charms. Much of his sketches and their dramatic point are personal experience, as in "Mr. Briggs has a Slate off his House, and the Consequences." He was not, as indeed might be expected, what is called a funny man. Such a man was Albert Smith, whose absolute levity and funniness became ponderous, serious, and dreary, the crackling of thorns under the pot. Leech had melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production and work made his fine organization super-sensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. It was about a year before his death, when in the hunting field, that he first felt that terrible breast-pang, the last agony of which killed him, as he fell into his father's arms; while a child's party, such as he had often been inspired by, and given to us, was in the house. Probably he had by some strain, or sudden muscular exertion, injured the mechanism of his heart. We all remember the shock of his death: how every one felt bereaved,—felt poorer,—felt something gone that nothing could replace,—some one that no one else could follow.

What we owe to him of wholesome, hearty mirth and pleasure, and of something better, good as they are, than either—purity, affection, pluck, humour, kindliness, good humour, good feeling, good breeding, the love of nature, of one another, of truth—the joys of children, the loveliness of our homely English fields, with their sunsets and village spires, their glimpses into the pure infinité beyond—the sea and all its fulness, its waves "curling their monstrous heads and hanging them," their crisping smiles on the sunlit

sands—all that variety of nature and of man which is only less infinite than its Maker; something of this, and of that mysterious quality called humour, that fragrance and flavour of the soul, which God has given us to cheer our lot, to help us to “take heart and hope, and steer right onward,” to have our joke, that lets us laugh at and make game of ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or play with—of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of the cloud, and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own “troubled tears;”—something of all these has this great and simple-hearted, hard-working artist given to us and to our children, as a joy and a possession for ever. Let us be grateful to him, let us give him our best honour, affection, and regard.

Mr. Leech was tall, strongly but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive, gentle mouth, but a mouth that could be “set,” deep, penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead, exquisitely modelled. He looked like his works—nimble, vigorous, and gentle; open, and yet reserved; seeing everything, saying not much; capable of heartiest mirth, but generally quiet. Once at one of John Parry’s wonderful performances, “Mrs. Roseleaf’s Tea-party,” when the whole house was in roars, Leech’s rich laughter was heard topping them all. There are, as far as we know, only two photographs of him: one—very beautiful, like a perfect English gentleman—by Silvey; the other more robust and homely, but very good, by Caldesi. We hope there is a portrait of him by his devoted friend Millais, whose experience and thoughts of his worth as a man and as an artist one would give a good deal to have.

When Thackeray wrote the notice of his sketches in *The Times*, Leech was hugely delighted—rejoiced in it like a child, and said, “That’s like putting £1000 in my pocket.” With all the temptations he had to Club life, he never went to the Garrick to spend the evenings, except on the Saturdays, which he never missed. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, Thackeray and he might often be seen regaling themselves with their fellow-creatures in the Zoological Gardens, and making their own queer observations, to which, doubtless, we are indebted for our baby hippopotamus and many another four-footed joke. He never would go to houses where he knew he was asked only to be seen and trotted out. He was not a frequenter of *Mrs. Leo Hunter’s* at homes.

We now give a few typical woodcuts.* It

is impossible, from the size of our page, to give any of the larger, and often more complete and dramatic drawings. We hope ours will send everybody to the volumes themselves. There should immediately be made, so long as it is possible, a complete collection of his works, and a noble monument to industry and honest work, as well as genius and goodness, it would be.

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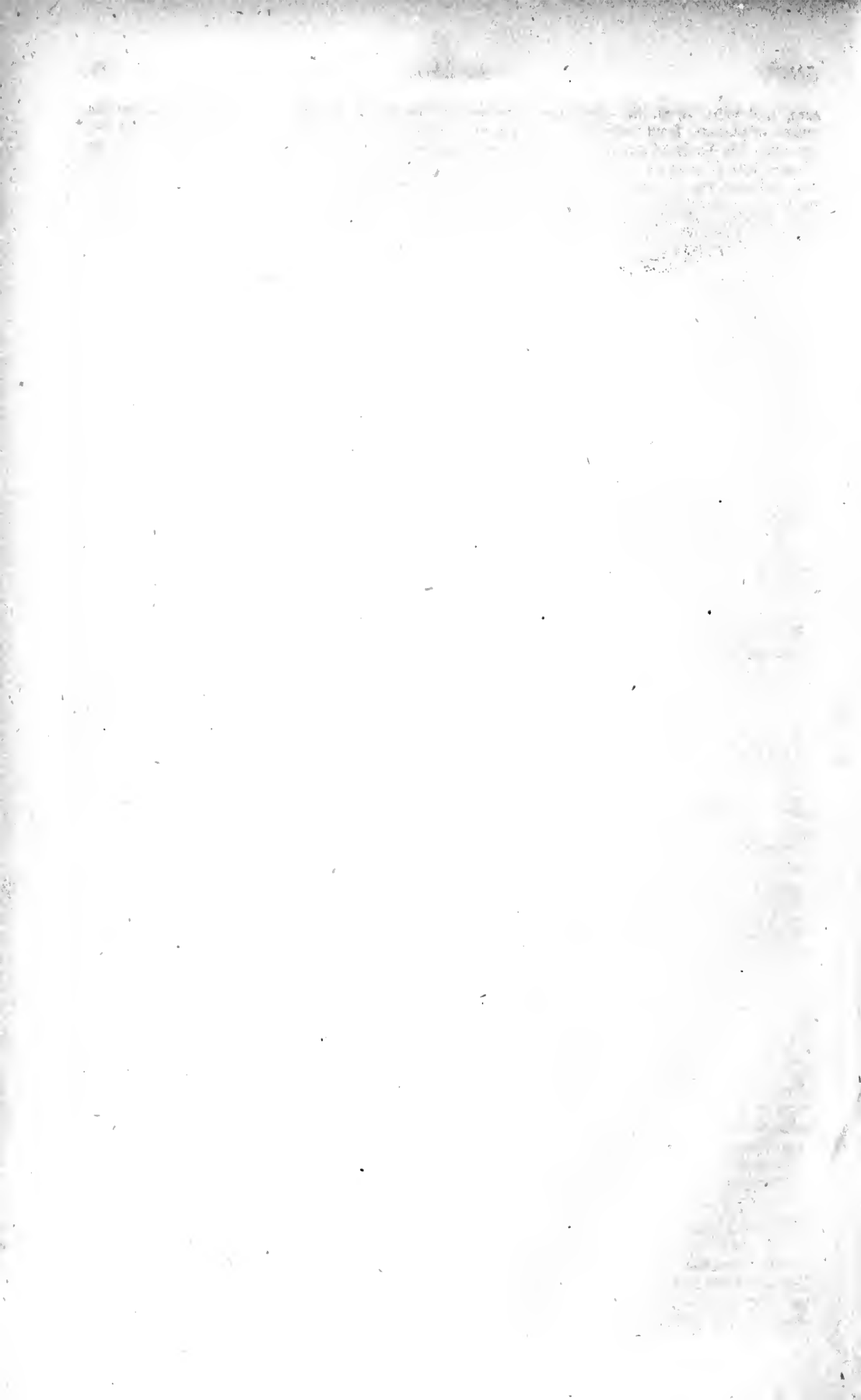
We end as we began, by being thankful for our gift of laughter, and for our makers of the same, for the pleasant joke, for the mirth that heals and heartens, and never wounds, that assuages and diverts. This, like all else, is a gift from the Supreme Giver—to be used as not abused—to be kept in its proper place, neither despised nor estimated and cultivated overmuch; for it has its perils as well as its pleasures, and it is not always, as in this case, on the side of truth and virtue, modesty and sense. If you wish to know from a master of the art what are the dangers of giving one’s-self too much up to the comic view of things, how it demoralizes the whole man, read what we have already earnestly commended to you, Sydney Smith’s two lectures, in which there is something quite pathetic in the earnestness with which he speaks of the snares and the degradations that mere wit, comicality, and waggery bring upon the best of men. We end with his concluding words:—

“I have talked of the *danger* of wit and humour: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and

* See *Am. Publishers’* note, page 111.

care, and pain, to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. *Genuine and*

innocent wit and humour like this, is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marble.'"



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ART. I.—*Friedrich August Wolf in seinem Verhältnisse zum Schulwesen und zur Pädagogik dargestellt.* Von Prof. Dr. J. F. J. ARNOLDT. 2 Bde, 8vo. Braunschweig, 1861-2.

F. A. WOLF is known to us in this country, if at all, in connexion with a certain theory of the origin of the Homeric poems. Here is a German life of him, in two volumes, in which that authorship is barely alluded to. Professor Arnoldt treats of Wolf as a teacher exclusively. If sectional biography be defensible at all, Professor Arnoldt needs no apology for bringing forward Wolf in this capacity. Wolf was eminently the professor; very secondarily the writer. Everything that he wrote, even his famous *Prolegomena* to Homer, was thrown upon paper under some casual inducement. He left no elaborate work; nothing with which he was himself satisfied. His editions were prepared for the use of his classes. On the other hand, it was he who created, and who himself gave the first example of, that enthusiasm for philological studies, which for sixty years—two generations—has been the quickening life of German education. Wolf seized, more completely than any one, since the first teachers of the Renaissance, that side of classical studies by which they are qualified, more completely than any other studies, to form and inspire the opening mind. Equally removed from the grammatical pedantry of the old schoolmaster, and the superficial *schön-geisteri* of the French Lyceum, Wolf, at once accurate and genial, struck out a new and original path. Wolf is the true author of modern classical culture. It appears to us impossible to find any other material of mental cultivation which can expand the soul as

classical literature can expand it, and equally impossible, in the application of that literature to its purpose, to find any better example of method than that of Wolf.

It would require a volume to do justice to what Wolf was and effected in this function. We can pretend to do no more than direct the reader's attention to it in the following brief outline of his life and labours. In doing this, we shall have recourse, besides Wolf's own remains, which have never been collected, to an older biography, written by his son-in-law, Körte. It is by no means a well-written book, but it is naïve, simple, unaffected, real. Above all, it is a living book, a natural account of a man by another man. Professor Arnoldt's book, on the other hand, is written by a Prussian official. It is not in any spoken language, but in that written dialect which is current in Prussian bureaux. All imagination, all colouring, all individuality is expelled from these dreary sentences, which average ten lines each, and of which we feel sure that no English or French readers would ever get through ten pages without nausea.

FRIEDRICH AUGUST WOLF was born in 1759, in the same year as Porson, of whom Wolf himself has noted that his birth was (*Lit. An.* iii. 285) exactly 200 years after that of Casaubon. His father was in very humble circumstances. He was village schoolmaster and organist of Hainrode, a little village at the foot of the Harz, not far from Nordhausen. He was afterwards promoted to be assistant-teacher in the girls' school at Nordhausen, the highest preferment he ever reached. But in the Harz, poverty was not a synonyme for demoralization. The housekeeping of the poor schoolmaster was

exemplary. The tone of the family was quiet, high-minded, and aimed at good-breeding. Of his mother, Wolf always spoke with tender affection. To her he owed the awakening of his intellectual life. She it was who had taught him to aim high. He never forgot her delight with him, when to the question—what he would like to be? the child stammered out, a “a superdent” (superintendent, *i. e.*, “a bishop”). He often quoted her favourite axioms: “Poor! no one is poor but the devil; this is why people say, ‘Poor devil!’” She would not hear of good disposition unless where the conduct was also good: “Neighbour’s cow is well-disposed, but gives no milk.” The schoolmaster had also his proverbial philosophy. The secret of happiness, he thought, might be communicated in half a dozen axioms: “Take thankfully whatever Providence sends;” “*Nihil ad nos;*” “*Optationes tabes sunt animi,*” characterize the mild wisdom of the much-enduring German.

The father had had a little education; enough to make him ardently desire it for his son. He was so impatient to begin, that before the infant was two years old, it knew a large number of Latin words, and had acquired a sort of notion of declension and conjugation. By the time he was eight years old, the boy had learnt Latin enough to read an easy writer, the rudiments of Greek and French; could sing and play the piano. His memory was as remarkable as Porson’s. At this age he could retain from ten to fifteen lines on hearing them once read over. The father tried on him a variety of experiments which Wolf long afterwards recognised in Quintilian. But his ordinary way was the simple way: continued reading aloud with distinct utterance and exact pronunciation, learning by heart and repeating, combined with mental arithmetic. The removal to Nordhausen brought a grammar school within reach. Nordhausen is now a Prussian town with a manufacturing population of 16,000. It was then a quiet Imperial city, within its own walls, and with perhaps not half that number of inhabitants. But it had its grammar school, the stepping-stone for the very poorest of its citizens to the university and the world. Young Wolf rapidly passed through all the forms to the top of the school. At twelve, he had learnt all the Latin and Greek his masters here could teach. They would teach nothing else. The best of them, Hake, finding the boy reading Wieland’s *Musarion*, snatched the book from his hands, not because it was a bad book, but because it was written in German. Of this Nordhausen we know all about the head-masters, the second-masters, and down to

the assistant-masters. Not one of them who had the honour of teaching, or misteaching, F. A. Wolf, but is handed down to posterity at full-length for what he accomplished or what he neglected. Poor old Rector Fabricius, intrepidly teaching Greek grammar on the verge of seventy, and solemnly admonishing his boys to avoid “*nefandas libidines, et linguas novicias,*” was really learned in literary history. His successor in the rectorate, Hake, is described as a first-rate teacher, but was cut off at thirty-eight by a complaint brought on by over-study. Of him Wolf always spoke with gratitude for what he had learned of him in the few months he was under him. The next rector, Albert, was an ignoramus. The best thing he could do was what he did,—shut up the school for months together. Wolf now fell into bad hands, or what seemed so. The young music-master was fast, if not dissipated, but also variously accomplished, a union of qualities fascinating to a boy of fifteen, eager to learn everything, and know life. Comrad-ing with him, Wolf, it seems, fell into bad habits. But they cannot have been very bad, as we find nothing specified worse than loafing, and playing practical jokes on the rector, whose incapacity for his post was notorious in the city. We suppose the spirits and precocity of the boy were too much for the *kleinstädter*, in whose eyes the music-master, Frankenstein, was a veritable rip, a “cantor Tigellius.” When the schoolmaster’s son forsook Greek for French, his ruin must have been half accomplished. These frolics, however, left no trace in Wolf’s later life, unless so far as they may have contributed, together with his own native vein of humour, to save him from starching into a Prussian martinet. In Wolf the man was never extinguished under the Doctor. He himself always maintained that he owed much to the cynical precentor, whom he called “a rough diamond.” Frankenstein knew little Latin and Greek, but he was a good French scholar, and could read Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English. Under his auspices Wolf took up French and Italian together; pushed these with his characteristic impetuosity as far as to read Molière and the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and then began Spanish. As Frankenstein’s housekeeper had mislaid the Spanish dictionary in her lodger’s bed, Wolf was obliged to get through *Don Quixote* with help of a Dutch translation, thus pulling a pair of sculls. Dictionaries were not to be had at the Nordhausen stationer’s. Frankenstein had to lend his pupil his own wretched Italian vocabulary; and as he could only part with it for a short time, Wolf set to work and copied out all the words to which neither Latin nor French

would help him. He got the loan of a 'Bailey' for one month, wrote out one-third, and committed the rest to memory. He found a Jew in the city to teach him the rudiments of Hebrew grammar, and then threw himself with all his might into music, learning five or six instruments, and studying general bass, as if he had been designed, like his younger brother Theodore, for the musical profession. He took dancing lessons, and of course fell in love, not with any of the young ladies—little girls, and beneath the notice of a man of sixteen—but with a charming widow who superintended the class.

Such was Wolf's idle time, in Nordhausen eyes. It was not long before he began to think so himself. He returned with more zest than ever to classics. Having fared so ill in the way of teachers, he resolved, like Scaliger, to begin again, and be his own teacher. Had his tutors been better, there was something in Wolf's nature which would not be taught. He thought it some peculiarity of his mind that he never could bear a teacher three days together. He was still nominally at school. But the masters connived at his absence, judging, like Gibbon's Magdalen tutors, that his time would be better employed elsewhere. He always maintained that the character is formed between twelve and fifteen. Of himself he said, that all that he afterwards became he was at thirteen. Certainly the bent his studies now took was that which they afterwards obeyed. He resolved to devote himself to classics, and drew out an extensive scheme of self-education. An idea possessed him that, owing to the incompetency of his masters, he had been fundamentally mistaught. What if all he had been told as history should turn out mere fable? Beginning again with the declensions, he read with new eyes the Latin and Greek classics, some carefully, others more cursorily; learnt by heart whole books of Homer, much of the Tragedians and Cicero, and went through the whole of Scapula and Faber's *Thesaurus*. He early saw how important it is to know in what books required information is to be looked for. He had long exhausted the scanty school library, of which he exercised, as by natural right, the guardianship. He borrowed of the two ministers and the physician, the only persons in the Imperial free city who had books. In Ilfeld, a neighbouring town, he found, besides another school library, a collection of books belonging to one of the masters, Leopold, who had edited some lives of Plutarch. From his frequent visits here, himself and his mother would return home both loaded with books. When he got hold of a

book which he had not time to read, he committed the title to memory, and ran over the preface and table of contents. In this way he laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of the literature of Philology. An instinct of good sense kept him in his youth to the best authors, and in their proper order. As his horizon widened, his ambition to exhaust it grew. He used to look back with a shudder at what he exacted from his constitution in those two years, between school and university. He would sit up the whole night in a room without a stove, his feet in a pan of cold water, and one of his eyes bound up to rest the other. It was high time that this suicidal process should cease, when, in April 1777, it was brought to a close by his removal to the university.

GÖTTINGEN, 1777-1779.—He had already been to Göttingen, trudging from Nordhausen on foot, in March of the previous year, to secure a lodging and make the necessary arrangements. The second journey he had the luxury of an *Einspanner* to carry his clothes and books, and might himself mount on the top when tired. Though they left Nordhausen at dawn, it was dark before they reached the last village, where they had to put up for the night. Wolf's first act on entering Göttingen was to recruit himself with a good sleep, after which he set out to be matriculated. Wolf insisted on being inscribed in the matriculation book as "Student of Philology." The pro-rector, Baldinger, an M.D. of some celebrity, laughed at the absurdity, and informed him that there was no such faculty. Medicine, Law, Arts, and Theology were the four faculties; if he wanted (God forbid he should!) to become a schoolmaster, the way was to enter as student of Theology. Wolf, with his habitual obstinacy, refused to see the force of this. He meant to study Philology, and did not intend to study Theology; why should he be called what he was not? The pro-rector gave up the point, and Wolf was actually inscribed as "Student of Philology," the first instance, not only at Göttingen, but at any university. That matriculation was an epoch in German education.

After the pro-rector came the rector. This was no other than Heyne, already at the height of his celebrity, and all-powerful in the university. Wolf had waited on Heyne the year before, bringing a letter of introduction. Heyne had received the awkward youth with his habitual discourtesy. Heyne, who was in fact overwhelmed with more business than he could get through, always had the air of grudging the minutes he gave

to those he had to see officially. You saw that he was wishing the whole time that you would go. He hastily glanced at the letter, and asked young Wolf, who had been stupid enough to advise him to study "what he called Philology?" Wolf blundered out that this was the only study that had ever had any attraction for him. "Attraction! but it is not one of the university studies at all! You must be either theologian or jurist, and then you may give a little time by the way to classics, if you find you have leisure. That's the way I did?" Wolf was struck dumb at hearing the great philologist, whose name was awful through all the schools of North Germany, slight his own art, and repel a would-be disciple. Recovering himself, he explained that "he looked not for bread, but for fame. Not that he was well off, but that his liking for classical studies was so strong, he was ready to make sacrifices to gratify it. Were it only on account of the greater intellectual freedom, he vastly preferred these studies to Theology. No philologist was branded as a heretic for holding singular opinions." For an instant Heyne was surprised out of his official reserve, and exclaimed, "Freedom! where is freedom to be found in this life? The young must obey; and, in after life, let alone our superiors, there is always the public usurping an authority over our actions. As for classical studies they are the straight road to starvation. At this moment lie on my desk letters from rectors and correctors (head and second masters of grammar schools), who tell me that they would be glad to be hanged, from actual destitution. Not all the learning in the world can get a thaler out of the purses of school committees. Professors in the classical department are but a little better paid. There are about four—at most six—good chairs of Philology in Germany." The young aspirant modestly suggested that one of those six he destined for himself. After this there was nothing left for Heyne but to laugh. He took a friendly leave of the future Professor of Philology, kindly intimating that any lectures of his for which Wolf entered his name should cost him nothing.

Heyne had not forgotten this conversation when Wolf came before him the second time. After a little demur the "*Studiosus Philologiae*" of the matriculation book was suffered to pass. But when Wolf would have entered into some explanations about himself, Heyne abruptly wished him good-day, and retreated into his study. He left the youth, of whom he must have seen that he required and deserved advice and guidance in no ordinary degree, without either. He neither

examined him, nor ascertained his point of proficiency, nor showed any inclination to interest himself in his reading in any way. Heyne's indifference made a deep impression upon Wolf. It is true, indeed, that it read him a useful lesson. When he became Professor, he made it a rule never to send a student away without seeing him, and giving him his best attention. However pressed by business, however pre-occupied with literary research, he regarded a call from a pupil as a first claim on his time; this too at Halle, surrounded by students whose poverty made them importunate, while Heyne had to do with the better-bred and better-to-do Hanoverians. Wolf took care not to inflict upon his own pupils the discomforts which Heyne's slight had entailed upon himself. So far, Heyne had unintentionally done him a service. But from this first interview all the relations of scholar and teacher received an unhappy bias, from which they never recovered, and which exercised an important influence on Wolf's whole career.

Before leaving the Professor's apartment, Wolf entered his name for a private course on the Iliad. This was then Heyne's crack lecture. He was known to be preparing an edition of Homer which was to drive out of the field all others: not an impossible enterprise, seeing that Ernesti's revision of Clarke was in possession. Wolf came to this course with the overstrained anticipations of a freshman. He took pains, which freshmen do not always take, in preparing for it. He noted all the books cited in the introductory lecture, assembled them round him, and spent often twenty hours in preparation for a single lecture. The result was, that at the end of five weeks, and the first book of the Iliad, Wolf absented himself. He was disappointed. The lecturer's commentary seemed to him superficial. Heyne said of himself that he prelected as "a dog drinks from the Nile." There was a "hesitation—what seemed to Wolf a helplessness—in his method." "We might read so and so, but it is better, perhaps, to keep the old reading." "Emendation is a hazardous game!" "Can any one explain that?" Wolf's desertion could not escape even the short-sighted Heyne. He had his revenge on the deserter. Next semester Heyne announced a course on Pindar. The obscurities of Pindar particularly stimulated Wolf, who had long exhausted the little light that the commentators—Schmid, to wit, and Benedict—could afford. He attended to give in his name. "This," said Heyne, "is a private course, to which only advanced students are to be admitted." Wolf indignantly demanded to be examined. Heyne took no notice of this,

but declined to take his name. Some time afterwards, Heyne, who was placable, offered Wolf a nomination to his philological seminary, on condition of sending in the usual written exercise. Wolf retaliated by neither giving in the exercise nor taking notice of the offer. This headstrong temper clung to Wolf through life. What made his conduct on this occasion more foolish, was, that Heyne's voice was all-powerful with the Hanoverian Government, and that a Göttingen student could not carry with him into the world any better recommendation than to have been one of Heyne's seminarists.

To the Nordhausen boy, Göttingen had meant Heyne. If he could not learn from Heyne, what could he learn from such poor creatures as Vollborth, Suchfort, Kulenkamp, a pastor, who, however, lectured upon Sophocles? They lived upon fragments of Heyne, carried off years before in their *Heften*. It is true that Göttingen contained Michaelis, and Walch, and Meiners, and Blumenbach. Wolf attended regularly or irregularly, and admired the learning of Walch, and the critical method of Michaelis. But they did not teach classics. He gradually withdrew from the class-rooms altogether. The first day of a new course would see him there diligently taking down all the authorities which on such occasions the lecturer would recite and criticise. Armed with this bibliographical list he hurried to the library, carried off, by favour of one of the sub-librarians, a basket-load of books, and shut himself in his room till he had gone through them.

The marks of a "reading man" in a German university are the number of the courses he undertakes, the regularity with which he attends to the hour, and the diligence with which his pen follows the Professor's voice. Wolf despised *Heften*, and even to give his attention to a speaker for an hour was irksome to him. But if he was little seen in the *Auditorium*, he was never to be found in the streets, the *Kneipe*, or the *Conditorei*. He gave up lectures to save time. Of this he was so great an economist that he grudged the time spent in walking from one lecture to another, in dressing, but especially in hair-dressing. This last he put a stop to at the end of the first week. He had his hair cut short, and replaced the pigtail by a *perruque*, in defiance of the singularity, thus saving himself the hours wasted in waiting upon the *friseur*. He simplified his dressing—of washing, of course there is no mention—till he could boast that the operation cost him three minutes out of his day. His acquaintances were many, but he contracted few or no intimacies. He had no leisure for friendship. It was rare that a comrade

knocked at his door. He himself was as sparing in his visits to others. He was never even present at a students' drinking bout, till at Halle, after he had become Professor. His Nordhausen attachment, though not an engagement, preserved him from vulgar temptation, and he had not the *entrée* of a single house in the town. During the whole three years of his university life he had no female society. His books were all in all to him. The weekly batch which he drew from the public library must be got through in the time. Recreations he had none. We are not surprised to hear that at the end of his first year he was prostrated by a severe attack of illness. The skill of Baldinger and Weiss saved his life, and a visit to his native air recruited him. But he had learnt a lesson, and from this time forward his lamp was always extinguished by midnight.

In later life, and in a published letter, Wolf did not hesitate to ascribe the irregularity of his studies at the university to Heyne's neglect of him. With Wolf's after-career before us, we cannot help thinking that his own headstrong and self-willed character had at least as much to do with it. In the result it was as well. Since Gibbon, who took to Magdalen "a stock of learning which might have puzzled a doctor," so extraordinary a student had perhaps never entered a university. Not that Göttingen, in 1777, had sunk to the level of Oxford in 1754. Even Wolf might at eighteen have learnt from a less than Heyne. Heyne was essentially a dull, wooden man,—a pigtail professor after all. But there was life within, if you could break through to it. Heyne had an apprehension of antiquity as a real world. Without any originality of view himself, he had the skill to adapt the suggestions of more philosophical modern minds to the ancient world. He mediated between the ancient and the modern world. He did not invent historical science, but he first applied it, as it was supplied to him by others, to antiquity. Before him the mythology of Greece and Rome was a farrago of nursery tales. He at least led the way to an intelligent interpretation of it. To have been near Heyne, to have caught his points of view, would have been of great service to Wolf. That Wolf did learn from Heyne, that he did get from him, not directly but indirectly, all that Heyne was capable of giving him, appears to us highly probable. Most of us learn through our sympathies. But there are natures who also learn through their antipathies, natures which acquire from that which they resist. Wolf did not want drilling in the technical part of scholarship, a part which was Heyne's weakest side. He

wanted insight, method, suggestions of meaning, drift, and purpose. His keen ear, on the watch for every whisper, collected we do not doubt by other methods as much of this sort as he could have got from attending Heyne with the utmost diligence. Wolf himself admitted that he had learned from Heyne. He would have been more liberal in his acknowledgments had it not been necessary for him to defend himself against Heyne's claim to have suggested his Homeric theories. This claim Wolf indignantly rejected. But, putting the Homeric theory aside, we say that Heyne contributed to form Wolf. The process, indeed, was not that of docile attendance in a lecture-room, but rude collision, perhaps necessary to sharpen the attention of a defiant and unreceptive mind such as that of Wolf. Wolf was quite capable of nursing his resentments, and sacrificing comfort to brooding over the wounds of pride. But the restlessness of his faculties would not allow him to miss any notions which might be floating in his neighbourhood. Negligent as he was of lectures, Wolf carried away from Göttingen all that for his purposes was to be learnt there.

The Professors, however shut up in their *Fachstudien*, could not but remark the presence of such a phenomenal student. They did so, but without understanding the phenomenon. Indeed, looked at from the dons' side, there was so much presumption and self-conceit—the commonest of all phenomena—that they may be pardoned for not having looked beyond. How must the great Heyne have been ruffled, when going one morning to the library for the literature illustrative of the Latin classic on which he was going to lecture, he found the whole *apparatus criticus* to that author swept clean out of the shelves! Who could have got the books? There was only one person who knew his way to them. This was Wolf, who, in his usual odd way of following a lecture without attending it, was reading ahead of Heyne's course on Latin literature; reversing the usual practice, and being present in spirit, not in the flesh. He was an uncanny inmate of a comfortable university. Still more so when he began to give lectures as a private tutor, and got considerable classes. They were glad to get rid of him. This Heyne managed. Though not a seminarist, Heyne made him the offer of a place in the Government school at Ilfeld, of which Heyne was curator. This school was a select grammar school of the higher class; not a local *gymnasium*, but a grammar school on the English system, where about forty boys were boarded. Places in it were much coveted, and Wolf was at once pleased and surprised

by the offer. Heyne, however, contrived to mortify him by requiring of him a trial lesson. The pretext of this was, that the appointment rested with the Ilfeld masters. It did so formally. But it was well known that Heyne's recommendation was a command, and that he repeatedly sent his own seminarists to fill vacancies without further ceremony. A letter from Heyne to the head master of Ilfeld has been discovered in the school archives there, which leaves no doubt as to Heyne's feeling towards Wolf:—

"30th August, 1779.—. . . Herr Wolf . . . has capacity, but I don't like him. We must not go by that in this case. I have told him that he goes to Ilfeld to give a probationary lesson, and that he is not to think that he has got the place. I beg you will put him to a severe trial, and specially to test him on the point of docility. Set him a passage in Greek and another in Latin to put a class through, and let him, besides, correct an exercise which you have dictated to your boys."

Wolf was fully alive to the affront contrived for him, but had the good sense to submit. He was of course appointed, but only to the second of two assistant-masterships which were vacant at the same time. On 29th October, 1779, he went through the ceremony of induction into his new post. There is a "report" to Heyne upon his lesson; "report" on that report by Heyne to the department at Hanover; "rescript" of minister ordering Wolf's installation; "deed" of installation, four pages in length; execution of deed by Wolf; finally, ceremony of "induction" to office,—which office is that of fourth master, in a school of forty boys. Surely the paper-lust of a German bureau is satiated! Not at all! there is yet the "report" of the induction ceremonial, chronicling with faithful prolixity how the new *collaborator* was introduced at 10 A. M. into the great class-room, where the assembled school was addressed by *Director* Meisner,—here abstract of Director's discourse,—whereupon the pupils promised fealty to Wolf; how, between eleven and twelve, he was led round the rooms and introduced to each boarder singly; how, at twelve, they sat down to table; how, after dinner, they took him to the music-lesson, etc. All these documents are still to be seen in the archives at Ilfeld or Hanover.

ILFELD AND OSTERODE, 1779–1783.—We will not be betrayed by our authorities into a detailed account of Wolf's school life. Two points only must be noticed. The proportion of masters to boys was liberal, consequently none of the masters were overwhelmed with work. Much time was thus left to Wolf for his own studies. Ho-

mer—here we see Heyne's influence—had occupied him much at Göttingen. It continued to do so; and it was at Ilfeld that his ideas on the composition of the Homeric poems took root in his mind. He had some negotiation with a publisher at Berlin about a volume of "Homeric Researches" which he projected. It fortunately came to nothing then. He had already begun to work upon Plato, and contemplated an "Introduction" to Plato for the use of students. This was also dropped. But he actually published an edition of the *Symposium* (Leipz. 1782). It is remarkable for having notes and preface in German, being one of the earliest examples of this innovation. But we are not to infer that Wolf deliberately approved the fashion which soon set in. He had an unavowed object in his experiment. The great Friedrich's Letter to his Minister Von Zedlitz, in 1779, had sounded like the call of a trumpet through all the schools of North Germany. Wherever there was found a man of ambition or of zeal, his secret hope and prayer was to receive a call to Prussia. What Wolf's secret thoughts were, may be gathered not only from the allusion in the Preface to "the philosopher on the throne and his enlightened minister," from the compliment to Gedike, at that time all-powerful with Von Zedlitz, but from the character of the innovation, which aims at that "logical analysis of the matter" on which the "Letter" had laid such peculiar stress.

Besides the *Symposium*, Wolf printed an edition for school use of Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity*, with a short account of the author's life in English. A copy of this would be a bibliographical curiosity, since all the efforts of Wolf's biographer to recover one have been unsuccessful. But these were the diversions of his leisure. Wolf was never the writer. And though a prodigions reader, he threw now an undiminished energy into his school work. He soon became the life of Ilfeld. He reformed more than one malpractice in the school, and yet contrived to keep on good terms with his colleagues. He even improved his footing with Heyne. We can easily understand that he had frequent collision with the Director. Meisner was a personage irritably jealous of his authority, and here was the youngest of his staff continually throwing him into the shade. Nothing could have withstood Wolf's ascendancy had his judgment been equal to his force of character. He was ever and anon putting himself in the wrong from neglect of official etiquettes. He would bring a complaint directly before a college meeting, instead of lodging it with the Director, whose place it was, by the statutes, to bring it before the

meeting. Then the Doctor triumphed. At other times, we find Meisner whining to Heyne: "I know not how I am to carry on the directorate, when it comes to such a pass that the young people are grasping at all the power! I must beg that my authority may be upheld, as is very needful."

Wolf had already, at twenty-two, outgrown a subordinate sphere, when, in the autumn of 1781, he was promoted, in the most unexpected way, to an independent post. He happened to see an advertisement in a newspaper, already three months old, that the municipality at Osterode, in the Harz, would shortly proceed to the election of a head-master at their grammar school. Within an hour, Wolf was in a vehicle on the road to Osterode. He found on arrival that the place was as good as promised to one Krause, a private tutor at Göttingen. Wolf, not to be daunted, got leave to deliver a trial lesson, and so captivated the electors, with the *Superintendent* at their head, that they threw poor Krause overboard, and proceeded to elect Wolf unanimously. There was a momentary hitch, owing to the High Consistory in Hanover exacting a theological examination, to which Wolf declined to submit. This was got over. The promotion to be Rector of Osterode school, with its 700 thalers a year and house, was the more welcome to Wolf, as he had recently engaged himself with Sophia Hüpeden, daughter of a *Justiz-ammann* at Neustadt. In March, 1782, he was settled at Osterode with his bride. In August, 1783, he left it for Halle. In that short interval he had re-organized a school fallen to decay during the rectorate of his blind and aged predecessor, who had been thirty years in office, restored its credit in the neighbourhood, and so enhanced his own reputation that two offers of better schools came to him before the end of the year. One of these, that of Gera, with a salary of 900 thalers, and a seat in the Consistory, was a highly desirable offer. To Gera he would have gone, when, just at the moment, came the much-desired call to a Prussian university. The *Symposium* had hit the mark. It had been brought under the notice of Von Zedlitz. Inquiries had been made at Göttingen and at Ilfeld, and of Reiz in Leipzig, and in spite of an unfavourable reply from Heyne, a call had been sent to a chair of "Philology and Pädagogik" in the University of Halle. This sounds excellent; but alas, the parsimony of the great King! who wanted good professors, but thought they ought to be had very cheap; only 300 thalers could be allowed for "Philology and Pädagogik." Only £45 a year and no house! The curate, mentioned by

Bishop Blomfield in one of his pamphlets, who advertised to teach "the Greek language, according to the method of the late Professor Porson, in six lessons, for one guinea," could hardly have undersold one of Friedrich's professors.

No prudent man, about to become a father, would have decided as Wolf did. He decided for Prussia, every way, purse included,—wisely, as the event showed. But his decision was most disinterested at the time. A Prussian university *then* had other inducements more attractive even than pay; and first-rate men are more willing to starve than an inferior class, for these inducements. The fault was not with Von Zedlitz, who did what he could; but the purse-strings were held so tight by the King that money was not to be got. Even to build the new library at Halle he must squeeze the funds out of the sum allowed for the professors. "You have my thanks," wrote Von Zedlitz to Wolf, "for preferring Halle to Gera; the greater resort of men of learning, the concourse of hearers, and liberty of thought, may in some measure compensate you for the sacrifice." How are things changed since 1783!

HALLE, 1783-1806.—Wolf had never lost an opportunity or wasted an hour. Here he was, at twenty-four, with a learned reputation, a secured position, and a career opened before him, such as other men hope to obtain at forty. The twenty-three years spent at Halle were bright, happy, and genial. He had an occupation in which he delighted, into which he threw himself heart and soul. He had the satisfaction of doing a great and growing work, of breathing a new life, not only into Halle, but into all the Protestant universities of Germany. Gesner, Ernesti, and Heyne, had indeed been pioneers of the road, but the impulse to movement on it came from Wolf. Like all great men and great movements, neither would have been what they were but that the time was come for them.

In 1783 two tendencies were in conflict in German education—an old and a new. The innovators were of that school of which Locke was the philosopher and Rousseau the prophet. They loudly denounced the waste of youthful years and freshness on the pedantic methods of the grammar schools, the confinement of instruction within the narrow orbit of the dead languages and theology, and called for a modern education for modern life. On the other hand, the schools and universities were in possession, and, in the name of orthodoxy, clung with fierce tenacity to Latin and Greek. The modern party had the advantage of having with them the sympathies of the age, the power

of the press, and the penetrative propagand of French literature. The call for school reform had spread widely over the north of Europe, but nowhere had it met with a readier response than in North Germany. Its representatives here were that advanced section of reformers, of whom Basedow is the best known. Men of strong character and of eccentric career, these reformers who surrounded Basedow were seldom on sufficiently good terms with consistories to be presentable to public schools, even by so liberal a government as that of Friedrich II. They were therefore obliged to attempt their reform from without, by setting up an institution of their own—the Philanthropinum at Dessau. Their programme was a radical reform of the methods hitherto used. Education was no longer to bear the stamp of the convent. We must follow nature in everything, and let the child grow. Education of the head is everything, for the road to the heart is through the head. What is taught must be realities. Languages are only to be learnt for the matters to which they are the key. There is so much in the modern world worth knowing, that all superfluities must be retrenched from our course to find room for the essential. All dead languages, however curious their literature, belong to the superfluous. All teaching should be by intuition. Learning should be made agreeable to the child. Man is by nature good. God, the Almighty Father, loves all his children. The love of man is natural to man; children should be trained through love. They should regard themselves as citizens of the world. Such were the principles of the reformers.

In Prussia, with which we have more particularly to do, the views and efforts even of this more extreme party were looked on with a certain degree of approbation. Von Zedlitz, the enlightened Cultus-minister of Friedrich II., was quite willing to introduce into Prussia what was good in their plans. He sent Schütz, one of the Halle professors, to Dessau to inquire and report. The report was not favourable. But the breaking up of the establishment at Dessau, in the latter years of the seventh decennium (Basedow withdrew in 1778), was for education, says Schlosser, "what the dispersion at Babel was for civilisation in Asia." The Dessau teachers carried their ideas with them into every country. Trapp was brought to Halle: A new professorship, that of Pädagogik, was created expressly for him, and a kind of training-school—*Erziehung's-institut*,—recently erected, was committed to his guidance.

Halle was not an unpromising soil for the

experiment. It was a new university. Founded in 1696, it had not a tap-root running deep into the classical revival of the sixteenth century. It had itself originated in a certain reforming movement. Not in the movement for the reform of education, which had not yet begun, but in that movement for the regeneration of Protestantism, which was afterwards known by the name of Pietism. Halle was the Pietist university, and had shared the vicissitudes of that religious movement with which it had been associated. Pietism had begun as a life, had stiffened into a doctrine, and was dying out in the shape of a party. Its principle of life was fled, but its tenacity of existence remained. The theological faculty at Halle had sunk into being what the theological faculties at the older universities had long been,—merely the gate to the ministry. The three-year course was curtailed to two years, and only the barely necessary lectures given or attended. But the faculty of Theology was the gate, not only to the ministry, but also to the scholastic profession. The masters of the middle schools, and in great part also of the grammar schools, qualified for their posts in Theology. It was necessary, therefore, that Latin and Greek should be taught even to theological students. And accordingly classical lectures were given in the theological *Seminarium* by professors of no mean merit, *e.g.*, by Christian Gottfried Schütz, and by the young Niemeyer. At the same time that Trapp was appointed Professor of *Pädagogik* (1779), Niemeyer was named Inspector of the *Seminarium*, and charged with the classical teaching in it. Trapp was not only a disciple of the new movement, but himself one of the Philanthropinists. Niemeyer was neither. A Halle man by birth and connexion, and a great-grandson of Francke, Niemeyer belonged by nature to Pietism. A pupil of Semler and Nösselt, he was drawn by education towards a more liberal school of thought. But though a theological professor, Niemeyer's interests were educational. He threw himself with all his power into the effort now making to raise the character of the teacher. The schools had been taught by the clergy. School-teaching was a temporary occupation engaged in by a young theologian till he could get a parish. The very first step must be to make it an independent profession, with its own prospects and rewards, and above all, with its proper training. He who was to teach must first learn what he was to teach, and not qualify for the office by learning something else. If he was to teach classics he must learn classics, not theology. On this principle the training-institute at Halle was to be managed. It

was to be a school for breeding masters of grammar schools, and humanistic studies were to form a chief part of its curriculum. Niemeyer was to give the classical instruction; Trapp was to lecture on the art of teaching (*Pädagogik*).

Trapp turned out an entire failure. Successful at Dessau, in a school with boys, he was useless as a lecturer in a university. The reason of this is simple. He was a zealous empiric, and not well-grounded in any branch of knowledge. He found that he had mistaken his vocation, and, in the third year of his experiment, withdrew to Hamburg, to take charge of a school. When Trapp resigned, Von Zedlitz wrote to the King that he did not consider the loss irreparable, and that he was already in treaty "with an able man in the Electorate of Hanover." This was Wolf, who came to Halle to succeed Trapp. "Do your best," wrote Von Zedlitz, "to remove from Halle the only reproach to which it is open,—that it is not a school of Philology." This was what his patron intended, and he himself understood his call in this sense.

Wolf's opening semester disappointed the expectations of himself no less than his friends. It seemed likely that he would turn out, like Trapp, a mistake, only on the other side. Trapp knew nothing. Wolf found himself lecturing above the heads of his pupils. He had thrown all his energy and science into his lectures, but met no response. He found himself without sympathy, without appreciation, without a class. He fell into profound discouragement. He had forgotten that Halle was not Göttingen, where the labours of Gesner and Heyne, in a course of years, had slowly created a school of classical taste and research. The ground required preparing for a crop. What was the "science of the ancient world"—*Alterthums-wissenschaft*—to the sons of Saxon peasants, who came to the University only to qualify for places where, as pastors or schoolmasters, they might earn a livelihood, and lead an easy existence? Biester, Von Zedlitz's secretary, consoled him by reminding him "that Heyne had experienced the same indifference when he first began at Göttingen. He must persevere; sound, thorough teaching would make its way in the end. The state of things he described in the University was a serious evil, and to check it would be a signal service." Another friend gave him some advice very necessary in his narrow circumstances: "I am sure that Von Zedlitz means you well, and intends to increase your salary. But take my advice, and keep yourself always well informed of the exact state of the University chest. When you come

to know the *esprit de corps* in Halle, you will find that for every 150 thalers that become vacant, there are 150 claimants. Let it be known at once among your colleagues that the first vacant 150 thalers are promised to you, and that you only accepted the call on that understanding. Ministers have short memories, no blame to them. Luckily they do not take it amiss to be reminded of one's existence. Do not forget this. Lastly, if you wish to have a friend in Biester, send him a paper for his monthly, and decline payment." Another friend added some useful hints on the *personnel* of the University. He ought to be extremely reserved at first on coming into a place where the other professors were mostly so much his seniors, and where the feeling towards the training-institute, towards the Minister himself, and his educational theories, was so various. He should be on his guard against Semler—an incautious man, and a strong anti-Zedlitzian. Nösselt would be no friend, as his object was gently to push Niemeyer. He would find the concerts of the bookseller Gebauer a good neutral-ground, where much might be picked up under cover of the piano. Let them call you close at first. Time will justify your behaviour as no more than prudent.

Thus encouraged, Wolf resolved to persevere. He threw up the training-school, of which he saw at once that he, at least, could make nothing, and laid himself out for philological teaching exclusively. To conquer indifference, to cure apathy, and to inspire new life into classical teaching, was to be his work. In a very few years he succeeded; entirely changed the spirit of the University of Halle, and through it of all the higher education in Germany, waking in schools and universities an enthusiasm for ancient literature, second only to that of the Revival in the sixteenth century. From this, in fact, comes in great part both the direction and the force which have ever since been impressed on secondary education in Germany. If we would explore the secret of the superiority of their classical training, we must go back to its source, to the principles and practice developed at Halle by F. A. Wolf. A very summary notice is all that can be attempted here.

If we wish to raise the universities from their present torpor, we must begin by raising the schools. The only way of raising the schools is to send them better-prepared schoolmasters. School reform means schoolmaster reform. When the masters are better able to teach, the scholars will come better prepared to the university. Not that university studies should be anticipated at school. There is too much of this in our

present schools. The master delivers lectures, and the boys ape the manners of students. There is a clear line of demarcation between school instruction and university instruction, which ought never to be overstepped. The characteristic of university instruction may be denoted by the word "science:" *wissenschaft*. I call all teaching scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original source, *e.g.*, a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific, when the remains of antiquity are connectedly studied in the original languages. School teaching, on the other hand, is directed to the memory and imagination. It must be preparatory to, not anticipatory of the university.

How are well-prepared schoolmasters to be got for our schools? How, that is, are able young men to be got to take the trouble of educating themselves as schoolmasters? Partly by exterior inducements, by better payment, and higher distinction—*honor et premium*,—not only by raising the stipends generally, but by occasional presents to deserving men. Wolf always passes more lightly over this head than we should expect, seeing that inadequate payment was, and still is, a Prussian schoolmaster's first grievance. We must remember that he was a professor, *i.e.*, a paid servant of Government, and lived through evil times, when a murmur was "sedition." The omission in part may fairly be ascribed to his own disinterestedness. But he does recur to it from time to time, as in his half-ironical "Instructions to Schoolmasters:" "Be always in good health, and know how to fast courageously whenever necessary." By exterior rewards, then, but not by them only. The first condition of a good teacher is that he should be a teacher, and nothing else; that he should be trained as a teacher, and not brought up to some other profession. In a word, the schools will never be better as long as the schoolmasters are theologians by profession. The theological course in a university, with its smattering of classics, is about as good a preparation for a classical master as a course of feudal law would be. Examinations may be better than no test of fitness at all, but they are insufficient tests of fitness for office. You must train your masters under your own eye. No regulations can make good schools; we must have men. Even training cannot do all. To the making a successful teacher there belongs a special *charisma*. No man should dedicate himself to the profession who does not feel a special vocation to it. A zeal for his occupation, a love for youth, a genuine, deeply-seated, religious devotion to the service of the young, can alone make the

toilsome occupation of school-teacher endurable.

In pursuance of this principle, Wolf, in 1786, prevailed upon the Chancellor of the University, Von Hoffman, to erect a philological *seminarium*. This was an institution parallel to the theological *seminarium*, and intended for the special training of classical teachers, as that was for divines. The "exterior" inducements were not great: a "bourse," or exhibition of 40 thalers, tenable for two years. Wolf, as inspector, had 100 thalers. As the total number of seminarians was limited to twenty-four, the total cost of an establishment which exercised so vast an influence on education was about £180 a year. Forty thalers may have been not unwelcome to an indigent Halle student. Still in the fact that sixty candidates offered themselves for the first examination, we see evidence that Wolf's teaching had already, in the third year, begun to tell. No one was eligible till he had completed his first year of residence, though any student of any faculty might be present at the seminary lectures. As it was a new experiment, the original regulations were very simple, and in practice were being continually altered or added to. Indeed, scarce a semester passed without some modification being suggested by experience. When, in 1810, Wolf was asked for a sketch of his method, he could only say that it so happened that the practice of the philological *seminarium* had never been reduced to written rules. Perhaps this was not so purely accidental. Wolf's tendencies were autocratic. He was very jealous of interference, even by authority. When once the Department of Education (*Oberschulcollegium*) ventured to suggest that the instruction given in the seminary might be made more popular, Wolf immediately sent in his resignation. As inspector, he was bound to send in his report every half-year, but it was rarely forthcoming till he had been several times admonished of his duty. He would allow no sub-tutor in the seminary but pupils of his own training; young men like J. L. Thilo, or Immanuel Bekker, entirely devoted to his views. The seminary thus was not only Wolf's creation, but was wholly controlled and inspired by him.

The material inducement to Philology as a profession being so meagre, Wolf insisted that in the subject itself lay an all-sufficient inducement. He had known many an ardent young man to whom it was compensation enough, for starving pay, that he would be always engaged with the very study, which, were he rich, he would have made his occupation. What was this study? Not the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages.

These languages, Latin especially, had been regarded as introductory to the professions; as a qualification for the study of Law or Theology. This was the meanest view that could be taken of the subject. Again, the languages had been regarded as the road to the literature; and the literature was supposed to constitute what was called "learning." This was a traditional superstition. There had, indeed, been a time when this was really the fact. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the works of the ancients were regarded not only as masterpieces of art, but as the storehouse of all knowledge. Education consisted then in appropriating their thoughts. All the sciences were to be founded upon the principles they had laid down. The history of the ancient world was the only school of the politician or the diplomatist. These views were true and fruitful in their day. They could be no longer either. The sciences had attained such a development, that any school handbook contained more truths of this sort than all the writings of antiquity. As vehicles of thought, the modern languages had superseded Latin. Nor, again, did the use of Philology lie in tracing the past history of science. True, there were dark corners in the sciences, which could be illuminated by a knowledge of their past. But this was only a special application of their knowledge, not that which conferred on it its universal value.

To find this value we must rise to a higher elevation. Classical learning might be compared to a vast mountain-range, of which the successive peaks offer wider and wider prospects. On each of these summits men had been inclined, at various periods in the history of learning, to rest as at the end of their journey. The toil of reaching many of these heights was often well repaid, but they were not the top. The time was now come when we might comprehend PHILOLOGY as a whole, as no longer subsidiary to other studies, as a science in itself, having its own end. He would propose to define this end as "knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity." The expression seems to have been supplied by Wilhelm von Humboldt (*Humboldt to Wolf, Werke* v. 18). It is largely developed by Wolf. When we speak of "knowing human nature," we naturally think of that empirical worldly craft which is got by much mixing with men. In our definition, the expression bears the full sense of the words: the study of man's nature with its original forces and qualities, and the modification which varied circumstances impose on those forms. This knowledge cannot be got from life. To get it we must have our eye continually directed

upon some great nation, and follow the education of that nation through all its successive stages. We must study a community, not individuals. And what, in the knowledge of individuals, the study of some great man's biography is for us, that, in the knowledge of humanity, is done for us by the history of some highly cultivated nation. This is a knowledge which cannot be communicated by teaching. In this respect it is like Philosophy; it grows up in the mind as the result of long-continued occupation with the object. It is a constantly growing picture of a national existence, to which we are insensibly adding fresh traits. To create and preserve our conception of a full and harmonious national life, requires our most strenuous mental effort; nothing less, in short, than the devotion of our whole will and attention. The sources from which this conception is to be drawn are threefold—1. The written remains; 2. The works of art; and, 3. Other remains, such as buildings, inscriptions, coins, implements, weapons, etc.

To map out in detail the manifold sections into which this complex study branches, was the object of a special course, called in German university language, "Encyclopædia of Philology." There is in print one draft of such a course (*Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft*, i. 1), which, as dating in 1807, may be presumed to be in the form which Wolf finally approved. It has been translated into French; but it is almost unknown in this country, though we find that George Bancroft, the American historian, had projected an English translation, which, however, he did not execute. In it Wolf marshals the whole contents of Philology into six introductory, and eighteen material divisions. The six introductory disciplines prepare the student for entering within the circle of historical and real knowledge contained in the other eighteen branches. These eighteen antiquarian sciences are themselves so many means, which, united, conduct to the contemplation of antiquity. This end, this *epopteia*, or actual admission to the mysteries, is none other than that knowledge of which we have already spoken—the knowledge of man in the ancient world, as exhibited in an eminent organic common life. This attainment is the final reward of the true student. It is in his constant endeavour to grasp this many-sidedness of thought and feeling that consists his progress, his self-culture. As a condition of this higher culture on the student's part, Wolf insisted on a feeling for the ideal. He resisted with all his power that mean habit of thought, by which he was surrounded in Halle, of looking at learning as the cow that kept the family in

milk. He was fond of quoting that sentence of Aristotle, where he is explaining why drawing should form a part of all liberal education.* "*Recte studet qui sibi et vitæ studet*" should be our motto. Liberal studies followed in an illiberal spirit sink below any mechanical art in worth. It should be our constant endeavour to keep alive in our own bosoms a love for study. In reading with the fear of examination (*Examenscheu*) before our eyes, this is impossible. "*Perverse studere qui examinibus studeant.*"

Making classical study thus comprehensive, and fixing its aim thus high, Wolf descended in practice to the minutæ of grounding. He regarded all university instruction as, at most, introducing the learner to the subject; teaching him to find his own way in it. He would not load his pupils with the outpouring of his own learning. He aimed at infusing his own spirit into them, that, entering into fresh combinations in new personalities, it might strike out fresh and rich results for science. He refused, indeed, unprepared students in the *seminarium*, requiring every one to bring with him a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin. The student must rise up to the instruction, not the instruction descend to him. He looked to the energy of the individual as the source of his progress. In the seminary, all the work was done by the pupils themselves. The inspector presided and directed, like the moderator in the old universities, but did not lecture. The exercises (*Uebungen*) were of three kinds: interpretation, disputation, teaching a school-class. On an "interpretation" day, the student whose turn it was undertook not merely to render, or "construe" his author, but to support his interpretation by reasons. He was bound to show that he had used the best that commentators offered, but that he had, by reflection and comparison, made it his own. The interpretation was to be strictly of the sense, no exposition of the beauties, of the passage; not æsthetical, but grammatical. When necessary only it might be critical of the text, *e. g.*, emendation is an admissible way of meeting a difficulty in Martial, not so in Virgil. "You are to imagine you have before you the head form in a grammar school." Though only one, or two at most, students were to be put on in the hour, yet every one was to prepare himself as fully as if it were his turn to interpret. The whole exercise was to be gone through in Latin, except when Wolf directed German, of which occasions he never gave notice beforehand. A

* Τὸ ζητεῖν πανταχοῦ τὸ χρησίμον ἥκιστα ἀρμόττει τοῖς ἐλευθερίοις.—*Polih.* viii. 3.

whole paragraph of connected meaning was to be taken at once. The main drift to be first stated in few words. Then to pass to the secondary propositions; then to the words which were to be explained singly. This method to be strictly adhered to, to avoid confusion in the train of thought. The seminarist whose turn it was to interpret represented the professor for the time. When the interpreter got on tolerably, Wolf would allow him to proceed to the end of the hour without interrupting him once. But if he perceived in the performer assumption, self-conceit, or a tendency to shirk difficulties, his interference and correction were incessant. Many a seminarist who had incurred this fate, deservedly or undeservedly, "will remember as long as he lives," says Schulz, "the agony of such an hour" (*Erinnerungen von F. A. Wolf*, Berlin, 1836). The disputations, also in Latin, were *viva voce*, but not extemporaneous. The respondent, who chose his own opponent, had eight days' notice of his theme. They were to collect all the matter they could on the subject from books, and then arrange it in writing. The opponent must select for attack main points, not errors of expression or trivial matters. He was not to linger pertinaciously on one weak point, but to pass on to the next. Two hours per week were allotted to interpretation. Disputations were held at intervals of perhaps six weeks. Wolf was far from disapproving some vehemence in these contests, and thought a disputant should take in good part all that passed. Only, they must not come to blows, arguments too *hard*. Acrimony of feeling should not be shown, such amenities as "*quisquis talia blaterat est taxandus*" were improper; the individual should never be attacked. So long as disputant and opponent kept to the point, Wolf, as moderator, hardly interfered at all. It was generally a sign of dissatisfaction when he broke in on the dispute in German; though even Wolf had days on which Latin would not come fluently from his tongue. Not only the disputations, but all the exercises in the seminary, were open to the public, and were in fact attended regularly by all the classical students. The school-lessons were given by the seminarists twice a week, in one of the schools of the Francke Institute, one in the first form, where a Greek poet was read; the other in the third, in Latin syntax. Before going into the lesson, Wolf would give minute directions how to conduct it. The first lesson in each semester he gave himself, in the presence of the seminarists. After that he left them to go on alone. But he took care to be privately informed how the lessons

had prospered, and administered praise or blame accordingly. By practice only, he was ever insisting, and not by theoretical rules, can one learn to teach. It is just like any other art. One cannot learn to make shoes by drawing them with chalk on the wall, without leather.

The *seminarium* was one instrument, silently efficacious, by which Wolf raised classical studies in Germany. His public lectures were the more brilliant and popular instrument of his success. In his *Encyclopædie* he sketched a comprehensive scheme of philological research; he was prepared himself to give striking examples of original treatment in a great variety of the subjects into which he had partitioned it. He lectured, independently of the *seminarium*, fourteen hours a week in summer, and seventeen in the winter semester. He considered two lectures a day a proper average for a professor. Whoever attempts to read three hours, he would say, sinks into a mere *Hefleser*. During the twenty-three years he was at Halle, he seems to have read at least fifty different courses. Of these, many were interpretations of classical authors. Among the authors read we find the *Iliad*. This course was the most frequently repeated; ten times during the twenty-three years, *i.e.*, every second year, for it was begun in 1785. The *Odyssey* was given three times; the Homeric Hymns once. We find besides the Greek dramatists, Hesiod, Theognis, Pindar, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Æschines, Plato, Xenophon, Lucian, Longinus. Aristotle only occurs once, and that the *Poetics*; the Gospels (Matthew and Mark) once. The usual Latin authors were also read. The subjects to which separate courses of original lectures were devoted, were as follows:—1. *Encyclopædia of Philology*; 2. *History of Greek Literature*; each of these nine times repeated; 3. *History of Latin Literature*, five times; 4. *Roman Antiquities*, seven times; 5. *Survey of Ancient History*, six times; 6. *Greek Antiquities*, six times; 7. *Composition generally*; 8. *Latin Composition*; 9. *History of Philology*; 10. *Principles of History*; 11. *General Introduction to Plato's writings*; 12. *Introduction to reading of Homer*; 13. *Numismatics*; 14. *Ancient Geography*; 15. *Ancient Painting*. He never printed any of these lectures; indeed, he did not write them out at length. He inserted in the *Jena Literary Gazette* a prohibition of any attempt to publish any of them under his name. They would be misrepresentations, he said; not intentionally, but because suggestions thrown out orally have a freedom which cannot belong to a formal written

statement. But many copies were in circulation from the students' note-books, of which four or five have since been printed. None of these, say his pupils, give more than a distant notion of his incomparable manners. Sparks struck from his anvil flew into every part of Germany, and beyond it; and may be found, says Bernhardt (*Griech. Lit.* i. 168), in the most remote corners. He disapproved the mechanical note-taking of the German lecture-rooms, though he would occasionally dictate a sentence to be taken down, when he wished it to be thought over. Nor would he ever dictate translation, a favourite refuge of the lazy, but preferred to distribute sheets of a printed version. His lectures were all prepared, but all extempore; a few notes only before him. Occasionally, overtaken by the hour, he had to come before his class quite unprepared; and they never thought him more fresh and genial than at those times. All voices are united as to the power and impressiveness of his delivery. Carl von Rauner, who heard him in 1803, speaks of the peculiar spell which his vast learning, keen criticism, and ardent interest in his subject threw round the hearer. Goethe, on a visit to Wolf in 1805, prevailed upon one of the daughters to conceal him, more than once, behind the hangings during a lecture. The poet has recorded, in his own untranslatable words (*Tag und Jahres Hefte*, 1805), that his expectations were fulfilled by "the spontaneous deliverance of a full mind, a revelation issuing from a thorough knowledge, and diffusing itself over the audience with spirit, taste, and freedom." Bernhardt says it rather resembled clever and witty conversation than formal teaching. Even grown-up men would fain have put themselves to school to him; as Jacobs (the editor of the *Anthologia*), who, after he was master of the school at Gotha, formed a plan for going to Halle for a year to hear Wolf. Pupils, who became professors in their turn, even copied his singularities—his rapid movements from the door to the desk, his constant hemming, his immovable look fixed on the text-book before him. The "wit" of which Bernhardt speaks is not to be understood of small jokes, intended to raise a laugh along the benches. This he despised, as a man who is rich in jewels does not forge small coin. It was rather a vein of lively thought running through all he uttered. "*Les hommes n'ont jamais montré plus d'esprit, que lorsqu'ils ont badiné*" found its exemplification in Wolf. The examples by which he would illustrate a rule were not merely striking, they were of that sort which impress themselves for ever upon the memory.

His aim in lecturing was not to communi-

cate knowledge, but to stimulate. Full of knowledge as he was, he would only suggest, point out how and when a subject could be studied. Hence the impossibility of setting down his lectures in black and white. He did not enunciate truths, but, starting from some far-off point already established, arranged the extant material, examined the evidence as in open court, and so, after a full hearing of both sides, allowed the result to establish itself before the mental eye. One bust, and one only, ornamented his lecture-room, that of Lessing. This was symbolical of the spirit which breathed through all he said, the spirit of critical inquiry, which adheres precisely to the evidence, which discriminates with truth-loving care the certain from the probable, and scrupulously marks the exact shade of probability.

In a new course he would define the aim of the particular study in hand, mark the point from which it should be begun, and then indicate the books and other materials from which help was to be got. He generally gave a brief chronological outline of the literature, assigning his time, place, and value to every labourer in the field, in few and telling words. He marked the gaps and blanks in any province of learned investigation, suggesting them as undiscovered tracts to the enterprise of the young scholar. In interpretation lectures he would begin very slowly, dwelling long on short portions, and grammatically analysing at length. He treated the class as beginners requiring to be initiated gradually. As the semester advanced the pace was quickened, and more was directed to be read at home. He would have each writer illustrated only by himself or contemporary writers. He laid great stress on translation, insisting on the idiom of the language into which the translation was being made. He recommended that a verbal translation should be made the basis, and gradually improved upon till a new whole was produced. He would take for his text-book the author to whom his own studies were directed, whether he was editing or reviewing, *e.g.*, he lectured on the Homeric Hymns on occasion of Ilgen's edition (1796). This he found contributed to throw a fresh interest into the lectures.

To estimate the effort of a single mind, in proposing an aim thus lofty for classical studies, and in pushing them with so much vigour, we must remember that it was at the very crisis when the philanthropists seemed almost to have grasped their victory. They had succeeded in discrediting the study of the ancient languages, in general opinion, for the first time since the Renaissance. A re-

form of the grammar schools on their principles seemed imminent. Wolf represents the reaction against the new realism. His love for the investigation of antiquity was one impulse; but an antagonism to the prevalent views on education was also ever present. The presumption and ignorance of the philanthropists irritated him; their growing popularity alarmed him. He would not have conceived so completely his ideal of human culture as based on the traditions of the Greek world, had it not been brought out in sharp contrast with the school of useful knowledge. Even in 1786, the tone in which he speaks of humane studies is one of despondency. Alluding to the promise afforded by a young pupil, he writes, "This is the only kind of solace left for us, who are occupied with matters which are in little esteem with the public. Every day sees the prospects of these studies become more and more clouded. The new hierophants now abroad desire to preserve their disciples from all tinge of literature, else they would no longer command their devotion." As time goes on the danger passes away, and Wolf's language becomes more hopeful. He is not less strenuous in denouncing the main principle of the innovators,—"education in knowledge of the useful;" but he is forward to welcome what is true and good in their doctrines. He spoke highly of the early forerunners of Philanthropism, Comenius and Locke. Of Rousseau's *Emile* he said it contained many good hints, especially on the treatment of the early years of infancy and childhood. Even Trapp's "*Pädagogik*" he praises, as offering many practical observations on mental training. He condemned all running down of science, and favoured attempts of the modern eclectics, e.g., Niemeyer (*Grundsätze der Erziehung*), to adopt as much as was practicable from the philanthropists.

Notwithstanding, he brings out in later years, with increasing emphasis, the educational idea which had been steadily growing more distinct to him. This is the pure Greek ideal; as he defines it in 1807, a purely human education, and elevation of all the powers of mind and soul to a beautiful harmony of the inner and outer man, the *ἐγκύλιος παιδεία* of the ancients. As long as there exists in the world a generation who make this elevation their aim, so long will they turn to the ancients for instruction and encouragement in prosecuting it. The simplicity, the dignity, the grand comprehensive spirit of their works, will ever make them a source from which the human soul will draw perpetual youth. Those grand old Greek characters are to us not

personages displayed upon a remote historical stage, but intimate friends whom we have known and esteemed and loved. The banishment of this ideal from German schools would be the greater mistake, inasmuch as there is a peculiar affinity between the Greek and the Teutonic mind. Wolf appeals to Goethe (Dedication to *Museum*), "May your powerful aid be exerted to save our country from the sacrilegious hands which would tear from it the palladium of ancient learning! Be it in our language, be it in our blood, I know not, but no people of the modern world has fallen so readily in as we have with the tone of Greek poetry and oratory. We are not deterred from approaching the shrines of these heroes by the strange forms with which they surround themselves; we alone have never attempted to beautify their simplicity, to drape over their indelicacies."

Wolf's writings cannot be treated on their merits. They were strictly a part of his professional activity. He was eminently a teacher, not a writer. Everything he wrote, or projected writing, not excepting the celebrated *Prolegomena*, was an occasional publication arising out of some call or suggestion of his public teaching. Of this kind he printed not a little; and for one book which he achieved he projected twenty. We shall only mention a few among these to which particular interest attaches. In 1778 he added "Remarks," and promised an Appendix to a translation of Harris's *Hermes*. But the second volume, which should have contained Wolf's dissertation, never appeared. In the next year, he was reading Demosthenes, from the point of view of Attic law. He had hitherto relied on second-hand authorities for this branch, and was determined to do so no longer. As he read, the wish grew up to show in a single specimen how the mass of material, collected by the industry of ages, on Demosthenes, should be dealt with by an editor. It so happened that at this time a scheme was on foot for a collective publication of Greek classics. Körte, Wolf's excellent biographer, confounds (Körte, i. 252) this with another plan, promoted or patronised by Ruhnken, for a series of Latin classics. The Greek series was to be under the editorship of C. G. Schütz, then editor of the *Jena Literary Gazette*. Both projects were of that comprehensive character which rising scholars, in the exuberance of their powers, have formed, and will continue to form, in each generation,—projects of which the wrecks lie about us in our libraries, in vain warning future adventurers of their certain fate. Of the two schemes with which Wolf was connected, neither, as

far as we know, produced any fruit, beyond the *Leptines*, which Wolf brought out in 1789. He intended his edition for advanced readers—not for schools. He would not have any classic read in his schools which it required much antiquarian knowledge to understand. Wolf's material having been appropriated by all succeeding editors, has become pretty well known in this country in our schools and universities, though not in its original shape. A better known book among us, Böckh's *Public Economy of Athens*, owed its suggestion directly to Wolf's *Leptines*. The books both of Wolf and his pupil are not antiquarian books, but are penetrated by that tacit reference to the conditions of modern society, in which Wolf first led the way. The *Leptines*, at the time of its appearance, excited the attention of the learned world. It drew a complimentary letter from Heyne, who characteristically gives himself the air of knowing all that Wolf has to say, and therefore approving all he has said. The *Leptines* enjoyed that immunity from censure which is often accorded to first publications. Not, indeed, that it needed indulgence, unless it were for the warmth of its outbreaks against Reiske, the last editor of Demosthenes. Even these were forgiven to a young scholar, who, from a truer critical stand-point, condemned the system of arbitrary emendation in which the editors of the eighteenth century indulged. We may remember that Porson felt bound to speak with no less severity of Reiske on this ground. In the lapse of time, Wolf himself detected his own errors, and twenty-seven years afterwards (1816) advertised a corrected edition, "*ab erroribus olim commissis purgator*." But this too remained among unfulfilled projects.

A similar fate awaited the *Variae Lectiones* of Muretus, and the *Select Dialogues* of Lucian. Of each of these undertakings Wolf brought out a Vol. I., and there dropped them. In 1792 he revised the text of Herodian for the Francke press. It was too hurriedly done; he was extremely dissatisfied with his recension, and was always talking of an improved edition, but never put a hand to it. An edition of the *Tusculan Disputations*, in the same year, arose again out of the classroom. He thought this treatise much better fitted for beginners than the *Offices*, which, however, had established themselves by preference in the schools. Wolf had an afternoon lecture on the "*Tusculans*," which was rather a favourite of his. It was probably attended by the younger students, and he himself may have regarded it as a relaxation after other *collegia*, which required preparation. Orelli, who has a copy as taken

down by some auditor, hints that Wolf had allowed himself great latitude in this lecture, with an eye to enlivening the afternoon, and that he would by no means have stood to all that he had said. Yet the extracts of the course which Orelli published (at the end of his edition, Turici, 1829) are rich in keen remark on the force of words and phrases, from which others besides beginners may learn much. Wolf himself had no thought of publishing these *Scholia*, as we truly call them. What he edited was the text only; an "*egregia recensio*," in Orelli's judgment, of a book, in which after all Bentley had done for it, still lingered (and even yet lingered) not a few corruptions.

The *Prolegomena* to Homer (1795) had the same casual origin. The work to which he owed European fame was written without premeditation, or the least anticipation of such a result. The Francke press, finding their school-Homer exhausted, asked Wolf to revise the text for a new edition. For twenty years he had had Homer, and the problem of the Homeric text, before him. Homeric criticism was an untouched soil. The scholars of the seventeenth century, who had tampered with every author, had held aloof from Homer as from sacred ground. The text was a mere "*vulgate*," formed by continued reprinting with accumulating errors from the Venetian or Florentine editions. Clarke, whose name is a byword among school-boys, but who really possessed more metrical skill than any preceding editor, had done good service in expelling some of the more gross of these errors. Ernesti made (1759) improvements on Clarke, and this text (Ernesti-Clarkianus) was in complete possession of the field. No principle guided the editors. It was taken for granted that the ordinary canons of editing applied straight away to the Homeric text. Nor would it have been easy for any one, who had not seen the Venetian *Scholia*, to have discovered that it was not so. The Venetian *Scholia* were published by Villoison in 1788, and were immediately read with eagerness. Yet no scholar, Heyne least of all, saw in them what Wolf saw in them,—the true principle on which the text must be constituted. Even as late as 1803, we find Elmsley laying it down (*Ed. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 314) that "the plan which is adopted by the generality of enlightened editors" is the right one, and commending Heyne for having followed it.* The history of the Homeric text

* This error still lingers. Dindorf calls his Homer "*Ad optimorum librorum fidem expressa*!" In any sense of the words "best manuscripts," the "Marc. 454," must be the best, and *this* Dindorf has not collated.

opened Wolf's eyes to the fact that the Homeric text is a unique case; that here we cannot make it our object to approximate our book to the book as it came from the hands of the author, and that the only thing left for us is to choose one among the Alexandrian texts as our *norma*. He was thus prepared to undertake, for a mere school-edition, a revolution in the text of Homer, the extent and merits of which were only slowly appreciated after a lapse of years.

As there was to be no exegetical commentary, nor notes of any kind, Wolf's emendations ran the risk of being overlooked, or rejected as wanton, without some justification. This he proposed to provide in a preface, the original intention of which was simply to give an account of his method of dealing with the text. This bearing of the *Prolegomena* should ever be borne in mind in reading them. The Wolfian hypothesis has been treated in this country as a mere wanton paradox, the amusement of the vacant hours of a perverse ingenuity. It was really only an attempt to sketch the history of the text, with the purpose of showing the principle on which that text must necessarily be arranged.

The material was all at hand. He had long been in the habit of making a note of all he met with in his reading that bore on this favourite topic. His notes were mostly on single sheets, or scraps of paper. When anything was to be written, these memoranda were gone through and winnowed. The views over which he was meditating were always present to him; he had but to marshal his proofs and illustrations. In the instance of Homer, this material was unusually abundant. The ideas to which he was now going to give birth had been maturing for twenty years. A great deal has been written on the question of Wolf's originality. He had seen Wood's *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*; for though the essay had only "crept out to the extent of seven copies" at home, one of those seven had found its way to Germany, and a translation had appeared at Frankfort (1773), before the book was actually published in England. Casaubon's hint, and Bentley's more confident assertion, were both known to him. On the other hand, Vico was not known to him, even in 1795. But it is unnecessary to turn over the moderns in search of a prompter; Wolf has said nothing which is not embodied in the well-known passage of Josephus (*Cont. Apion*, i. 2), which is quoted everywhere, and which is itself the expression of a fact which was known to all the critics of the Ptolemaic age. Be this as it may, whoever was the suggester, the suggestion

had early struck root in Wolf's mind, and found it congenial soil. In 1779, while still a student at Göttingen, he had written for Heyne an exercise, which had defended some heretical paradox on Homer. In the following year he offered Nicolai, the Berlin publisher, a dissertation "On the Origin of the Homeric Poems." Seeing that the dissertation was unwritten, and the projector a youth of one-and-twenty, we cannot say that Nicolai was unwise in declining the offer. The thought, banished for a time, occurred again and again, as his studies ranged more widely over classical antiquity. Yet, as his ideas gained in distinctness, they appeared to him to lose in probability. The ardour of youthful discovery was gradually tempered by a sense of the doubtfulness of all conclusions on a point of such high antiquity. In this state of mind he happened to meet with the notion in a flimsy French book, Perrault, *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, 1690. Disgusted at finding himself in such bad company, he fell back at once on the traditional belief. He endeavoured with all his might to establish this opinion by evidence. Even after he had recurred to his original view, he continued for twelve years to assume in his public lectures the received origin of the poems. Thus it was, that once embarked on the question of the text of Homer, he found it impossible to quit it in few words. So the *Preface* grew into the *Prolegomena*, and the *Prolegomena* into a volume. He had begun printing at once, as if it were to cost him but a few days' writing. The whole was composed with the printer at his heels—his lectures and other official duties going on all the while. "The Fair (Leipzig) hurries a man like death!" he wrote on one proof-sheet. Marks of this haste are apparent enough in the *Prolegomena*.

If we measure the *Prolegomena* by the impression produced by them on the course of classical learning, we shall be unable to name any other single work whose influence is to be compared to theirs. It was no momentary diversion, but an abiding impulse. "*Ingens philologie emendatio*," Böckh once (in 1834) ascribed to the *Prolegomena*. He might have said they had inaugurated a new epoch in Philology. Paradoxes startle, die out, and are forgotten. The *Prolegomena* turned critical inquiry into a new direction, which it has ever since obeyed. They first taught scholars that the resources of Greek and Latin were not exhausted when the languages were learned, but that the languages were but a step to an almost unexplored field of investigation. If, on the other hand, we measure the *Prolegomena* by the standard of the best critical essays which modern learn-

ing has given us, we shall not be able to place them in the highest rank. This is owing in part to a crudity of style, a fault not uncommon in great extempore orators. "Each step," writes Körte, "is firm; each word of exact precision. The Latin is that of a man who thinks out his expression; it is at once his own and genuinely Roman." But the excellent biographer is carried here far beyond the mark by his enthusiasm. Haste has, it appears to us, interfered greatly with clearness of style. But beyond this, there is undeniably a crudity of conception. This defect was inevitable. The Homeric problem was too complicated to be capable of being thought out by the first mind which grappled with it. The question has been wrought out with much greater precision and fulness of detail since by Lachmann, Lehrs, Nitzsch, Lauer, Hermann, Köchly, La Roche; and to their writings, inferior as they are in grasp and genius to Wolf, the young scholar who intends to study Homer must now have recourse. As a discussion of the special question, the *Prolegomena* have passed into oblivion. The book is laid aside. The author's name stands out brighter than ever, as we come more closely to discern how vast was the step he made on the way towards a true conception of the early times of Greek history. Niebuhr has been accused by Blum (*Einleitung in Rom's alte Geschichte*) of disingenuousness in not mentioning Wolf's *Prolegomena* as having suggested his idea, that the early history of Rome was founded on poems. There is no disingenuousness in the case. The fact is, that the leading ideas of Wolf's *Prolegomena* were of that character that they became at once, with all their consequences, the common property, not of scholars only, but of all the world. The conception that all have of popular poetry seems to us so self-evident, that our difficulty is to understand that it was not always possessed. It requires an effort to remember that for ages even scholars applied the same measure to Virgil and Tasso as to Homer; that they confounded the artificial imitation with the genuine product of the creative imagination. Even on the more special question of the origin of the Homeric poems, whatever there may be to retrench in Wolf's arguments, his main proposition has maintained itself unshaken. His views have been continually gaining ground; and as Nitzsch himself before his death became a convert, we may safely say that no scholar will again find himself able to embrace the unitarian hypothesis.

We have a curious proof of this double character of the Wolfian ideas—viz., their originality and their obviousness, in the re-

ception which the *Prolegomena* experienced on their publication.

Wolf had wished to confine the discussion of his views to the learned world. With this intention he wrote in Latin, and obstinately resisted all the proposals made him for any German version of his argument. In spite of his precautions, however, the little literary journals were very soon up in arms. The readers of Homer, or who wished to pass for such, were shocked, and pained, and distressed by this impious attempt to take their Homer from them. It was but a part of the jacobinical crusade against everything which our fathers had believed, every name which they had held in honour. The clamour affected Wolf little, if at all. The public was not then such a many-headed monster as it has since become; it had not so many throats to scream with. Wolf waited to hear what the learned world would say. In Holland, which held then the first place in learning, in England, in France, not a single voice was raised on his side. Villoison declared the book a "literary impiety," and is said to have regretted the publication of the *Scholia*, which had placed arms in the hands of the German critic. Sainte-Croix, who, by courtesy, took rank among the learned, refuted Wolf without reading his book. Fauriel, indeed, at a later time, transplanted the Wolfian idea to French soil; but in 1795 he was only twenty-two. In England, Elmsley, in 1813, could only count "ten men who really study the minutiae of Greek."—(*Life of Blomfield*, i. 12.) Of that number Elmsley himself was confessedly among the first. But Elmsley, in 1795, was only twenty-two. Even ten years later, when he wrote his review of Heyne's *Homer* (*Ed. Rev.*, July, 1803), he betrays a weakness as a Homeric scholar, which seems out of proportion to his strength when put forth on the dramatists. Though Wolf's historical criticism found no favour in the English universities, yet, by some process which we have not traced (was it by Porson's advice?), nearly all his emendations were adopted in the Oxford *Homer* (called the *Grenville*) of 1800, though it was pretended by the editors that they were corrections made from the collation of MSS. Ruhnken, then at the head of European philologists, to whom the *Prolegomena* were dedicated, felt himself uncomfortably shaken in his habitual notions, but was too old to catch the new point of view on which conviction depended.

If Wolf got no assent from the scholars, he got, at least, nothing but bare contradiction. The thorough investigation of the subject could not take place till a generation of younger men arose, trained in the very

ideas which Wolf's own teaching set afloat. Wolf had been long removed from the scene before anything worthy of the name of a counter argument appeared.

Besides the learned, there was another class whose judgment on the subject Wolf valued, and to whose consideration he had expressly recommended it. These were the poets. Their verdict was not, on the whole, favourable. Wilhelm von Humboldt indeed sympathized and approved. He undertook to read the whole of Homer through again, to test the hypothesis of the *Prolegomena* by his own impressions. Wieland, with radical levity, is said to have congratulated the world that "we were now rid of one superstition more;" but for himself appears to have gone on believing in the unity. Flaxman, to whom Lord Spencer had shown the *Prolegomena* on their appearance, gave his cordial approval, and endeavoured to spread the Wolfian notions in the two English universities. Nor was his conviction that of a moment, for in 1804 he writes to a friend :—

"A perfection of arts and manufactures, as described in the *Odyssey*, is not to be found in countries without money or commerce. The Alexandrian critics could well supply these embellishments, yet what they have done seems wonderfully cautious. The succession of critical hands through which these poems have passed, must naturally give them a sort of homogeneous surface which we judge by, rather than the nice agreement of inornate parts, in supposing they were the production of one man. The *Prolegomena* strongly enforce the following truth, that human excellence in art and science is the accumulated labour of ages."

Flaxman's opinion, as this extract shows, must be taken in the character of the artist, not of the critic, though his acquaintance with what has been said on Homer must have been great, if it be true that he had consulted more than two thousand works during the composition of his *Outlines*. Schiller, like Walter Scott, set aside the rhapsodic origin of the poems without a hearing, as "necessarily barbarous." From Voss, least of all, was assent to be expected. Voss had just achieved the triumph of making Homer the public property of German readers. Through Voss's translations, Homer was at this moment (1795) the rage. Voss could not admit that he had anything to learn about his poet. His very position forced him to head the cry against the Wolfian heresies. Voss, indeed, was probably a sincere believer. For it was precisely that uniform tone of simplicity and nature which distinguishes the Homeric poetry from all artificial writing—it was precisely this tone which Voss had

succeeded in preserving in his German version.

Of all the poets, by far the most important to Wolf was the opinion of Goethe. Goethe, too, had caught the Homeric fever which Voss had originated. The images of the cycle were fermenting in his mind with such vehemence that he meditated an original epic, to be called the *Achilleis*. At Wilhelm von Humboldt's recommendation, he read the *Prolegomena*, and re-read the *Iliad* thereupon. He felt himself deeply stirred by the suggestive pages. He was carried away by the brilliant speculation which seemed opened here on the history of genius and poetic fiction. The theory of a collective Homer, he wrote to Schiller, "is favourable to my present scheme, as lending a modern bard a title to claim for himself a place among the Homeridæ." This is the "broad road" which his epigram celebrates :—

"Erst die Gesundheit des Mannes der endlich
vom Namen Homeros
Kühn uns befreiend, uns auch ruft in die vollere
Bahn!"

In the spring of 1796, he sent Wolf a copy of *Wilhelm Meister*. In the letter which accompanied the gift, he said, "Perhaps you will soon have from me the announcement of an epic poem, in which I do not conceal how much I am indebted to that conviction you have so firmly implanted in my mind." Before long, however, Goethe returned to a faith in the unity, and this for the very same reason which had made him a convert to the rhapsodic origin—conformity with his own subjective state of mind. He had embraced the new notions because they seemed to "resolve the two epics back into the original poetic ocean, out of which I may draw at pleasure." He returned to the old faith when the *Achilleis* was given up. He found the cyclic material no longer plastic for his purposes. Goethe's palinode is sung in the lines headed "Homer wieder Homer." —(*Werke*, ii. p. 335.) The date would be curious; but as Goethe's works are printed at present, absolutely without editorial superintendence, we have not the means of fixing it.

While the ruck of critics and poets were running down the *Prolegomena* as heretical novelties, a far more considerable adversary came forward with an insinuation of the opposite kind. If there was one among the poets who might have been expected to give a hearty welcome to the Wolfian ideas—one, too, whose recommendation of them would have been all-powerful with the outside world—it was Herder. Herder's services to litera-

ture, great in many directions, had been in none more conspicuous than in the light he had been the first to throw on the origin of poetical fiction. Taking up a hint first thrown out by a far greater man—Lessing—Herder had enforced and popularized the distinction between natural and artificial poetry. These discussions, and the establishment of the critical principle which Herder brought forward, were the proximate cause of that revolution in poetical taste which took place in Germany and England at the close of the last century. Immediately after bringing out the *Prolegomena*, Wolf had paid a visit to Jena and Weimar, and had there enjoyed the society of Goethe, of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and of Wieland, but had perceived, or imagined, that Herder had held aloof from him. A German is always ready to imagine that he is being cut; but in this instance it was not mere German susceptibility. On Wolf's return to Halle, he saw in the *Horen*, then the leading critical monthly, a paper headed "Homer, Time's Favorite." The anonymous author of the essay gave himself a supercilious air of overhauling, from a *a priori* ground, the conclusions which Wolf had worked out, with modest hesitancy, on the ground of history. The writer dropped the remark by the way, that the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems had been long known to himself; that he had been long accustomed to regard Homer, like Thot and Hermes, as a constellation of lesser stars; that, when a boy, he had discovered the distinct authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey; that when travelling, not long before, in Italy, he had casually met with the newly-published Venetian *Scholia*, and had been astonished to find the suspicions of his childhood so strikingly confirmed. In all this we have nothing more than the omniscient trick of the modern weekly reviewer, who has learned all he affects to know from the book he is running down—a trick become so vulgarized that we hardly now understand Wolf's indignation. We certainly should never take his mode of defence by replying to such a critique. This he did by inserting a paragraph in the *Jena Literary Gazette* for October, begging the public not to decide, on such insufficient grounds as the *Horen* offered, a question of complicated historical evidence; and promising a German reproduction of the *Prolegomena* by a friend. The public laughed at the advertisement, and believed Herder, pending the appearance of the friend's book, which never appeared. The advertisement only showed that Herder had found the author's weak side. Wolf had been silent while run down as a teacher of heretical para-

dox, but could not bear to have his originality called in question.

Herder might possess the ear of the public, but among the learned he counted for nothing. It was notorious that he possessed neither the linguistic nor the historical knowledge requisite to form an opinion on the question. He was, in short, the modern reviewer, and accomplished in all its arts, for, if we may believe Garve, he had not even read the *Prolegomena* when he wrote his paper in the *Horen*. Wolf would have done better, as he himself acknowledged afterwards, to have taken no notice of Herder's impertinence. The case was different with Heyne. Wolf wrote to Heyne complaining of Herder's behaviour, and begging Heyne, should he think fit, to review the *Prolegomena* in the *Göttingen Gelehrte Anzeige*, to put the Homeric question fully before the public, going, as fully as could be done in a periodical, into the arguments for and against the hypothesis. Heyne had already written his notice. It is contained in the number for 21st November, 1795. In it Heyne had coolly treated the *Prolegomena* as the "first fruit of the unexampled labours of Villoison." He had gone on to say that the case had always seemed to him a very simple one; that he had always held Wolf's views in his lectures, from which he even intimated that Wolf had originally derived them. That there might be no mistake, Heyne returned to the charge in the next number for 19th December.

Wolf hated controversy, as calling him away from his proper pursuits. But it was impossible, he thought, to let this challenge pass. If any hesitation remained, it was removed by a long letter he received from Heyne, dated 23d February, 1796, and which professed to be an answer to Wolf's letter of the preceding November. In this letter, Heyne makes a cold compliment to Wolf on the extent of his researches; but he adds immediately, "so many years as I have occupied myself with Homer, it would be difficult to say anything that would be new to me." He goes on to say that these ideas had early presented themselves to him as matter of course, for indeed they had occurred to many other readers of Homer. How early he had entertained these thoughts he could not say, but at least as early as he had read Macpherson's *Ossian*. He could not say what were his opinions as far back as 1779. Did not remember the essay on the subject which Wolf had sent in to him in that year. Recollected that he had talked with Herder on the subject in 1770. His own object in editing Homer (Heyne's Homer did not appear until 1802) was different—interpretative.

merely. Had he had more leisure he might have engaged in the historical inquiry as Wolf had done. Wolf was fortunate in not having his time so broken in upon by incessant official calls. Wolf had spoken first—got the start of him. He gladly renounced the honours of priority in his favour. Only let the truth be spoken! by whom was of little consequence. That had always been his way of thinking. His own temperament, too, was different from Wolf's. Things appeared certain to some people which looked doubtful to others. No matter! There were many roads to heaven. Let each go his own. Throughout the letter, which is long and embarrassed, Heyne does not repeat the charge of plagiarism. But he does not withdraw it. The utmost concession he makes is, "Had you come earlier to an understanding with me, my article in the *Anzeige* would have been expressed differently in my secondary particulars. Not that I ever say what I do not think; but what I say may be variously modified in expression."

Such a letter was not likely to conciliate Wolf. He now resolved to make no reply to Heyne except in print. This he did in a pamphlet published in 1797, called *Letters to Heyne*. This pamphlet we only know through Körte's account, who says it is a model of polemical elegance. The general merits of the controversy are obvious enough. As occupant of a leading chair in the wealthiest and most frequented of the German universities, and manager of one of the most considerable literary reviews, Heyne, even had he been a man of ordinary learning, must have possessed great weight in the academical world. But Heyne's learning was not ordinary. He had been for years considered to stand at the head of classical learning in Germany; to have in Europe no superior but Ruhnken. Without originality or philosophical power, without any grasp of the ancient world, without any real sense for scientifically historic inquiry, he had succeeded, by the adoption of hints thrown out by Lessing or by Winckelmann, in giving a novelty to his notes on classical books. He became the popular editor of school classics, and Heyne's editions were reprinted with avidity in Holland and England. His merits as a commentator are great, because the best commentator is the man who best adapts what others have struck out. The consideration which a conjuncture of favouring circumstances had procured him, was far beyond his real philological capacity. He had come to be thought—indeed, to think himself—the undoubted source of all the philological activity in Germany. Wolf's *Prolegomena*, dedicated not to him, but to

Ruhnken, were an act of rebellion against a lawfully constituted sovereign, an altogether monstrous product, the work of one who had been an ill-conditioned student, but who might have caught up some good notions from Heyne's lectures. Heyne, we doubt not, honestly believed himself the original parent of anything there might be good in the *Prolegomena*. A letter of Heyne's has since been produced, of date 1790, in which, writing to Zoega, he speaks of the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems, and says that "it cannot be established by historical evidence." The fact is of no moment whichever way it be decided. Whether Heyne had previously rejected or received the rhapsodic origin, the originality of the *Prolegomena* remains the same. They are there to speak for themselves. Heyne contributed as much to them as Perrault or Wood. It is the whole conception, not the single hypothesis, which belongs to Wolf. His modern spirit of critical inquiry separates him from Heyne, as it does from Gesner, Ernesti, and the other German scholars of that century. The *Prolegomena* had the fate of all innovating books. Their real influence lay far below the superficial questions agitated in the contemporary controversy. That influence was silent and gradual, and was not fully felt till near a generation later, till Niebuhr and Otfried Müller. Even in 1804 (Preface to the Göschen Homer), Wolf could say of himself that "he had few readers save those who had read to misrepresent."

Whatever disgust this reception of the *Prolegomena* may have occasioned Wolf, it did not divert him from Homer. He projected two simultaneous editions of the text, one to be accompanied with a commentary. There was to be a volume of introduction, and a volume of notes. One edition, without commentary or notes, was all there was ever executed. It is the Göschen Homer (1804), and is remarkable for a beauty of execution little regarded at that time, or any time, in Germany, and for correctness. Wolf boasts in the Preface to the Iliad that the two volumes do not contain a single printer's error. This exactness was attained (by Schäfer's help) in spite of repeated alterations of the adopted reading, such as almost drove the publisher to despair. While the book was printing, Wolf was not merely correcting the proof, but changing the reading again and again. He would hear nothing of commercial objections, but insisted upon ever new revises till he was quite satisfied that further improvement was impossible.

Our notice of Wolf's publication during the Halle period must be concluded by barely

mentioning the Four Orations of Cicero (1801), in which he established, by an exhaustive inquiry, the suspicion of their genuineness, first broached by Markland. In the Preface to this volume, he hinted that there remained among the Ciceronian orations still another speech which was really a rhetorician's production. He wished to have the amusement of seeing on what speech the guessers would pitch. But he did not make them wait long, for in the next year came out his *Oratio pro Marcello* (1802). Körte relates a curious episode in the history of Wolfian criticism. Boissonade, who was strongly against Wolf on the Homeric question, pronounced for him against the pseudo-Cicero, and wrote a *précis* of the argument of the *Marcellina* for the *Journal des Débats*. It was declined, on the ground that the *Débats* was on principle against innovation. The oration had passed for ages as Cicero's; and this journal, said the editor, "will not swerve from the principles of Rollin and the University of Paris, who never contested the authorship of these speeches." This, which we have on the best authority, that of Bast, who was in intimate relations with Boissonade, is probably the correct version of the story told by Von Gieslen, a literary Dane, who was in Paris in 1806, that a journal refused a notice of Wolf's essay because "the Academy had declared the Oration 'Pro Marcello' genuine."

The reader of anything that Wolf published during the Halle period will judge it amiss, if he does not bear in mind all through the subordinate relation in which it stands to his oral teaching. With Wolf the written work was ever only a makeshift, only intended to supplement the spoken word. When he had to write he felt in fetters. "A printed exposition," he complains, "wants the freedom one has in speaking."—(*Lit. Anal.* iv. 387.) Markland, he thinks, would have done still greater things than he has, if, instead of that scrupulosity which suggested to him misgivings where others could see no cause for them, he had come into collision with other minds as a public teacher; a remark this, founded on the fact that Markland had refused the Regius Professorship of Greek. But Wolf forgot, or did not know, that a Greek Professor in the English universities did not "teach," that there was, in fact, no public teaching in those seminaries, which decently shrouded the incompetency of their tutors in the privacy of a private apartment. To Wolf the pen was detestable. He wrote with great labour, polished indefatigably, and drove his publishers to despair by his never-ended corrections. Böckh, who had been his pupil, testifies to

"the pains, the anxiety, the finish he was wont to bestow on what he wrote."* He never satisfied himself with anything he put on paper. His translation of the first hundred lines of the *Odyssey* cost him so much thought, that when the publishers pressed him to complete it, he said he would only do it for a ducat a line. That was the cost of the time. The "pride" of which Böckh speaks, was that of one who would not as he could, because he could not as he would. He was not "*piger scribendi ferre laborem*," but too solicitous "*scribendi recte*." Besides that, he had a genial enjoyment in his own pursuits, which never allowed him to regard his stores as mere material to be produced in print. He realized in himself Goethe's axiom, that "the man who has life in him feels himself to be here for his own sake, not for the public." His dissatisfaction with his own productions was mingled with a contempt—at a later time, too pronounced—for the public. "Does the public," he asks, "by buying our books, or oftener by leaving them unbought, imagine it acquires a right to complain that they are not finished? A much better ground of complaint would be, that an author had neglected to make his own mind complete!" With such feelings, we may rather wonder at the amount which he actually achieved, and the still larger amount he projected writing. He was never, during the Halle period, without some laborious editing on hand, while three or four more schemes were floating in his imagination. Each subject in succession engaged him vividly, and engrossed him wholly for the time. As soon as the first interest was over, his creative faculty was exhausted. Hence, of what he did publish, so much is unfinished. The *Prolegomena* themselves are a fragment; the second, or technical part, was never written. Nor, though he lived twenty years after the publication of the Preface of 1804, did he ever return to the Homeric question again. Friedländer has suggested this was because he feared to find his belief in his own conclusions shaken; and De Quincey says, "he had raised a ghost he could not lay." But it was the habit of his mind. "The gods," he used to say, "take no more account of the promises of authors than they do of lovers' vows." If they did, Wolf would have a heavy account to settle; for the titles and contents of his unwritten books fill many pages in Körte's *Life*. Among other things, he wished to recall all his editions, and reissue them in corrected recensions. Especially the *Herodian* and the

* "Quanta cura, quam anxia, quam subtiliter W. solitus sit quæ scribebat pensitare."

Hesiod—notwithstanding Gaisford's favourable opinion of the latter—tormented him with the remembrance of their imperfections.

Wolf, then, must ever be looked upon as the teacher, not the writer. Even in 1796, at the height of his literary reputation, and full of Homeric schemes, he wrote of himself to Ruhnken, "*Docendo aliquanto plus quam scribendo delector.*" The life of academical teacher satisfied his whole nature. From the moment this occupation was taken from him, he lost his equilibrium, and never was the same man again. A student once ventured to ask him if he really meant to deliver a course of lectures of which he had given notice on "the black board?" "To be sure," was the answer, "lecturing is necessary to my digestion!" His joy was in teaching, to be among his pupils, whether in or out of the class-room. Their delight in hearing him equalled his. Long after he had ceased to be Professor, and only four years before his death, on a tour in Switzerland, a number of old pupils collected round him—he had a particular liking for the Swiss students—and nothing would serve them but that Wolf must give them a lecture on a passage in the *Odyssey*, just to reproduce old times. Heyne's bad manner with the students had left a deep impression on Wolf. He felt strongly the necessity of friendly sympathy between student and professor. He encouraged the young men to bring their difficulties to him. If they were shy of coming to him, he would visit them in their lodgings. He opened to them his house and even his library, though he occasionally paid heavily for this liberality. Hanhart, in his *Recollections* of his teacher, says that he has more than once known Wolf rebuy his own books at a book-stall, where they had been turned into money by the rascally borrower. He made excursions with them in the vacation; he took them to the theatre when the Weimar corps—Goethe's corps—came to Lauchstedt. He generally gave a farewell supper to those pupils who were leaving the University. Though he bore himself among them as an old comrade rather than a superior, he never forfeited their respect. His witty and clever talk fascinated them, while his power of sarcasm kept them in awe. Though his supper-parties sometimes did not break up till after midnight, they did not lose their character of intellectual reunions. The students knew that he disapproved excess, and that he had more than once severely condemned their drinking-bouts in his semestral addresses.* Besides liking

him for his comradeship, and admiring his conversation, they paid the reverential homage of devoted pupils to his mental superiority and surpassing attainments. Everything about Wolf was real and sound. He required no "*nimbus*." He hated all affectation. "He left donnishness," he would say, "to others whose learned rubbish required setting off." "*Vornehmthun bleibe denen überlassen, die ihren gelehrten Jammer damit ausstaffiren müssen.*" The enthusiasm he excited in Halle is testified on all hands. It was not confined to the pupils of his own department. Escher, Professor of International Law at Zurich, told Nüssli that the greatest help he had ever had in his professional studies had been Wolf's philological lectures. Wolf indeed always distinguished between his "pupils" and his "hearers." When the latter left his class to go over to their own faculty, he did not lose sight of them, calling them jokingly, "*degeneres bonarum artium.*" Among his own pupils, again, he distinguished those who, as he said, "carried the thing farther." But three of his seminarists were especially dear to him, Heindorf, Immanuel Bekker, and August Böckh. Heindorf, a born Berliner, came recommended to him in 1794, by Spalding. Wolf from the very first took kindly to the affectionate youth, who, on his part, surrendered his whole being with the blind devotion of an idolater. Wolf became not merely his teacher, but replaced to him his father, whom he had lost. Heindorf's talents were not above the average, but his industry was extraordinary, and his disposition singly directed towards the good and the beautiful. These qualities promoted his intellectual growth, to the astonishment of his former tutors, who, when he returned home after leaving the University, said that "Wolf had awoke in him what they never thought was there." Wolf had set him on Plato as a congenial study. Among Wolf's thousand projects, an edition of Plato was one: this was about 1797. Not that he contemplated, he said, a satisfactory edition—"justa editio." This was a thing to dream of, but it would require a couple of generations to produce it. (As this was about 1797, the predicted edition is now, 1865, a little overdue.) Meantime, preliminary work might be done towards it. This was the origin of Heindorf's Plato, of which the first volume is dedicated to Wolf, "*ea qua parentem filius prosequitur pietate.*"

* "*Modo hoc memineritis per assiduitatem lectionis et auditionis per propriarum virium in*

commentando et scribendo pericula, non per computationes, ganeas, aleam et lustra, neque adeo per aquas amenas vicini agri (Passendorf probably) viam ducere ad sanctam sapientiam."—F. A. W. ap. Arnoldt, i. 131.

Heindorf, in his turn, prepared Immanuel Bekker for the university, and sent him up in 1803. The feminine and mystic nature of Heindorf had elung with tender abandonment to the master's side. Bekker's hardy temper had more powerful attractions for Wolf. Wolf soon discovered that the indomitable perseverance of this soul of iron shrank from no labour, was to be daunted by no difficulties. Bearing all the while the extreme of poverty with stoical impassibility, young Bekker threw himself upon the classics with the whole force of a character determined to conquer. As the teacher raised his demands, the pupil rose to meet them. No task could be proposed to him which he did not accomplish, nay, exceed. This was exactly the stuff which Wolf had long been looking for, out of which to build a philologist. Before Bekker was twenty-one, Wolf had got him placed near himself, as *Inspector* of the seminary and *Repetent* in the university.

Wolf's relations with the students seem to have been more agreeable than those with his colleagues at Halle. This is no more than a conjecture, which we cannot verify without examination of his correspondence, yet unpublished. His son-in-law passes lightly over this point; a fact in itself suspicious. Arnoldt, as usual, offers no light. The character of the man, his after conduct in Berlin, where this character asserted itself without stint, make it certain that he was difficult to get on with. That overweening ascendancy which was gratified by the homage of pupils, met with constant checks from equals. That irritation was left behind in Wolf's mind from this source may be gathered from some casual expressions. In a letter, *e. g.*, of 1807, after he had left Halle, he is giving his reasons for declining a professorship in the new foundation of Berlin: "When one has been doing one's best in a university for twenty-two years, one has had enough of the bitternesses and jealousies of collegueship" (so hatman die Bitterkeiten einer neidischen Collegueschaft zur Genüge genossen). Great allowance may be made for his position in Halle, thoroughly disinterested and great-natured, surrounded by smaller men, with a keen sense of their personal interests, and only half a heart in their profession. Of the corps of professors, Semler is the only one with whom we find Wolf in hearty friendship. This intimacy was founded upon congenial sentiments. The two had in common the same love of truth and unshackled inquiry, the same zeal of critical research. Semler's years—he was born in 1725—removed all thought of rivalry. He welcomed in the young professor a colleague of scientific zeal in the middle of a world of academical tradesmen. In spite

of Semler's many weaknesses, Wolf remained attached to him to the last, when his old friends fell off. He published a short account of Semler's last days. And when Semler died, in 1791, Wolf, as pro-rector, issued the official invitation to his public funeral, in which he did not omit to speak of him as "*verum, bonum, ac decens unice curans*."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, writing to Wolf (*Werke*, v. 90), condole with him over his isolation in Halle. But if Wolf was uncomfortable with his colleagues, he was compensated by a yearly enlarging circle of distant friends. These friends knew him only by his geniality and enthusiasm for knowledge, not by his difficult temper and haughty disdain of pretenders to learning. The impressionable mind of Wilhelm von Humboldt, athirst for acquisition, and keenly alive to every movement of ideas, yielded at the first contact to the fascination of Wolf's bold and original speculation. Von Humboldt, who had married a Miss Dacheröden, had become early acquainted with Wolf under her father's roof, at Erfurt. He entered keenly into Wolf's "Homeric Researches," read Homer incessantly with Madame von Humboldt, and seemed given up for the time to classical antiquity, under the guidance of this new master. From his literary retirement at Tezel he maintained a correspondence with Wolf, whose occasional answers he piously preserved in a splendidly bound album, lettered "Wolffiana." In vacation, Wolf visited him at his country seat, and saw him oftener when Humboldt came to settle at Jena. Nothing can be further from the truth than to say that Wilhelm von Humboldt was superficial. He sought to get to the bottom of every subject he approached. But such was the eager mobility of his intelligence, that he grasped at a field of knowledge such as only superficial men ordinarily attempt to cover. He did not flit to and fro sipping each flower alternately, but everything had its turn. While it was in vogue it was all in all. Contact with Wolf threw him upon Greek antiquity as if he had found a life pursuit. He came in contact with Schiller, and Schiller drew him away into poetry and æsthetics. But though Homer was forgotten Wolf was not. When he became minister, Von Humboldt had no object more at heart than to give Wolf an eminent sphere of labour; nor did he ever drop the tone of humble deference in which his earliest letters were written.

Even the imperial soul of Goethe had been moved for a moment, as we have seen, by the magnetic storm of Homeric investigation. The personal intercourse of Wolf and Goethe was continued to its subsidence. In 1805, Wolf spent some enjoyable days on a visit at

Weimar. Goethe came once (at least) to Halle to visit Wolf, and has left on record his testimony to the instruction he derived from Wolf's conversation. In the summer of 1797, only a year before Ruhnken's death, Wolf made a journey to Holland expressly to see Ruhnken. He was accompanied by his daughter, Joanna, and a pupil named Ochsner, afterwards professor at Zurich. Ochsner ought to have performed the duty of reporter on this interesting occasion. As he did not, we cannot deny that Wolf's translation of his name, Ὀκυνήριος, is appropriate. On an article of Wolf's, written twenty years afterwards (de David. Ruhnkenii celebri quodam reperto literario.—*Lit. Anal.*, ii. 515), a charge has been founded against Wolf of turning against Ruhnken dead, whom living he had honoured. The charge is brought by Bake, in his preface to the *Apsines*, which he edited for the Oxford press. "Wolf," says Bake (a Dutchman and a dissyllable) "lacerated the memory of the dead with highly unbecoming and uncalled-for sarcasm." Any one but a Dutchman can see, by looking at the paper in question in the *Analecta*, that Wolf is jesting. It never would have occurred to Wolf, who had so much of the kind to answer for himself, to make a *serious* accusation against any man that he had not written something he had said in print he intended to write. And of Ruhnken we could prove, were it necessary, that Wolf always expressed himself with the reverence every scholar feels for one of the greatest names in classical learning.

In the list of Wolf's correspondents are two English names, Butler and Falconer, but their letters are not published. One glimpse we obtain of him directly from an English source, but not during the Halle period. In the summer of 1813, E. V. Blomfield, then fellow of Emanuel, paid a visit to Prussia, which had been long closed to English travellers. One of the first objects of his tour was to acquaint himself with the state of German scholarship, for which he was qualified by a knowledge of the language, then a rare accomplishment. On his return he sent a few notes of what he had learned to the *Museum Criticum*. They are meagre enough. But we may gather from them that Blomfield had become aware of the fact, probably not understood in this country before, that F. A. Wolf occupied, in the opinion of his countrymen, the highest place in classical philology. —(*Mus. Crit.* i. 274; ii. 524.)

The list of his correspondents is so large, that we should be inclined to think that Wolf had too much, rather than too little of this kind of intercourse on his hands. The central situation of Halle, too, close to Jena and Leipzig, conveniently near Weimar and Ber-

lin, must have brought him many visitors. And to the disposition to be hospitable, which he had always had, were now added the means. His salary for the new Professorships had been gradually raised to 2100 thalers, exclusive of fees. Besides this he had a pension as foreign member of the Berlin Academy, which had grown from 200 to 900 thalers. Altogether, his situation at Halle was one, with which he may well have felt thoroughly satisfied. That he did so feel, his repeated refusals to accept the calls which poured in from all quarters, are sufficient proof. Some of these invitations were set aside at once; others not without much self-conflict and consultation with friends. One, to Leyden, was especially tempting. The curators offered him a chair of "Greek Language and Antiquities," vacated by Luzac's involuntary resignation. The fame of Leyden—Ruhnken was still living—the wealth of its libraries and literary appliances, exercised a powerful attraction. Wolf took time to consider, and set his daughters to learn Dutch. Voss, whom he had consulted, wrote to him, "Ruhnken's letter is quite affecting. But were I the invited, I should act upon the old saying, 'he who sits comfortable should sit still.' I should stay where I was, and write to Berlin to demand a rise of 1000 thalers in my salary." On the other hand, Spalding, who confessed that he did not know what patriotism was, strongly urged his acceptance. The confusion of political affairs in Holland, and the great expensiveness of Leyden, seemed to have been the determining motives to his refusal. It turned out fortunately; for Luzac, who had appealed against the curators to the States-General, got his professorship back again. An invitation to Copenhagen, to be Director-in-Chief of Secondary Instruction in Denmark, with a salary of 1800 thalers, Wolf actually accepted. This fell through, owing to some *tracasseries*, which Körte cannot explain. In the great intellectual move in Bavaria, in the first years of the century, Wolf was not overlooked. Hegel was induced to leave Jena for Nürnberg, and the magnificent offer was made to Wolf of a seat in the Academy of Sciences at Munich, with a pension of 4500 florins, and next to nothing to do but to write what he liked.

Wolf decided notwithstanding to remain at Halle, little dreaming of the impending catastrophe which was to sweep away professors, students, and university in one common ruin. He declined the Munich call in 1805. In August, 1806, Prussia declared war against Napoleon. It took Napoleon just six weeks to annihilate the Prussian army. The valley of the Saale became the theatre

of the short and decisive campaign. Halle was occupied by one of the main Prussian corps. Wolf had full opportunity of seeing what the swaggering patriots were like. It is remarkable that Hegel at Jena, and Wolf at Halle, both foresaw what would inevitably happen, while every one around them was exulting in the assurance of an easy victory. Wolf incurred for the moment great obloquy on account of his "unpatriotic" sentiments. One of his colleagues sent his little boy to him every morning with some great news, adding on one occasion, "The Prussians are conquering, and will conquer!" "My lad," said Wolf, "you have not learnt your tenses; the Prussians are conquering, have conquered, and will conquer." But Wolf was overruled. The University threw itself passionately into the anti-Gallican movement. In spite of his opposition, it joined the town of Halle in an appeal for a subscription for clothing for a Prussian regiment. This appeal, couched in terms which Wolf thought highly unbecoming a university, was circulated in the papers, and, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy. On the morning of the 17th October, impelled by curiosity to see war, Wolf had gone out early into the quarters of Duke Eugene of Würtemberg before the town. He immediately perceived that something was wrong, retired hastily, and barricaded his house. By 11 A.M. the French were in the town. Wolf, alone in his house with his daughter and a kitchen-maid, awaited their fate. More than one attempt was made to force an entrance, in vain. Order was speedily restored, thanks to the excellence of French discipline, and the regular quartering parties began to go round. Several applicants were sent away. At last they committed themselves to a *sapeur* whose manner Wolf thought promising. Notwithstanding his blood-stained and fire-eating appearance, he behaved with such courtesy to the young lady, that he was installed in Wolf's lecture-room. She asked him where the Emperor was. "L'Empereur, mademoiselle, où il est? il est ici, il est là, il est partout!"

Thus fortunately escaped individual peril, Wolf was necessarily involved in the general proscription which the university had brought upon itself. On 20th October, an order of the day, issued by General Ménard, the commanding officer, suspended the lectures, and sent all the students to their homes with French passes. A stroke of the pen thus deprived Wolf at once of his means of subsistence and his occupation. It was a mysterious crisis, such as happens in few lives. From this moment forward nothing would go straight with him. He had fallen out with fortune, and was never reconciled with her.

BERLIN, 1807-1824.—Goethe at this critical moment came forward with advice. It was, as Goethe's advice usually was, the very best that could have been given. "Use this enforced leisure to *write*." Unfortunately, like most good advice, it was particularly unpalatable. During the winter indeed of 1806-7, Wolf occupied himself, *per otia Gallica*, as he said, with his *Encyclopædie*. To this leisure we probably owe the grand fragment with which the *Museum der Allerthumswissenschaft* opens. But early in the spring he left for Berlin, which became his residence from this time forward. The prospect at first was gloomy. He was reduced from affluence to poverty, from a settled occupation, which had become necessary for him, to an uncertain expectation. A roomy house and garden was ill exchanged for a lodging in a noisy street (No. 10 Dorotheenstrasse), where the partitions were so thin that what went on in the next room was necessarily heard. But this was only temporary. As Prussia slowly recovered from the blow of Jena, the prospect brightened. The policy of the Government was to compensate their country for its loss of territory by urging its moral and intellectual development. A university was to be created at Berlin, and to be filled with celebrities drawn from every part of Germany. Wilhelm von Humboldt was in the Ministry of Education. Under these circumstances, not only would there be a place for Wolf, but it was certain that one of the foremost places would be laid at his feet. He was only forty-eight, in the possession of sound health, and the full vigour of his faculties, and here was opening to him the prospect of a more brilliant career upon a wider theatre. A reign of intellect was being inaugurated in Berlin. At Halle he had had a hard struggle to create an appreciation for his subject in a confined circle. Now, the most intellectual capital in Europe was waiting to catch instruction from his lips. The man who when young had never lost a chance, now threw away a certainty of success.

We are not going to write in detail the sad history of the wilfulness of genius. We shall invoke no muse to sing the wrath of this Achilles. The truth, however, ought to be told for the sake of the lesson which it conveys. Wolf had no self-knowledge. Far from having the perfectly-poised self-estimate of Goethe, he had not even the ordinary judgment of average men of the world. Long accustomed to feel himself the first man in a village, he thought he was to continue to hold the same place in Berlin. Impulsive and enthusiastic, his vanity and ambition ran away with him. He would not have a professorship. Well, he would have

a professorship, but would not be tied to the duties of it like the other professors. He would hold his seat and position in the Academy, but he would not be bound by the same obligations as the other academicians. This coquetry with duties which he could perform better than any one else, was because he secretly wished to be intrusted with functions which he could not perform at all. He wanted to enter the Government, of course in the department of Education. He secretly wished this, but would not say so. Von Humboldt divined his wish, and endeavoured to gratify it. He met with great opposition from influential persons, from all around. It was unprecedented, and might be inconvenient to introduce into a department a man of fifty, not bred to the civil service; above all, a man who, like Wolf, had ideas of his own. Von Humboldt persisted. It was, in his eyes, of such importance to have Wolf's aid in organizing the superior instruction, that all other considerations ought to give way. He prevailed. We suspect he employed his personal influence with the King on this occasion. An exceptional place was created for Wolf, in order to give play to his knowledge and experience on classical training. He was named Director of the scientific Delegacy of the Department of Public Instruction, besides being a member of the Department itself. But this did not please Wolf. Nothing would have pleased him except being absolute. He did not understand being member of a consultative board. He had no deference for the opinions of others. He wanted to override his colleagues in the department, as he had overridden his colleagues at Halle. He spurned at official etiquette. In this miserable display of fractiousness and vanity, Von Humboldt displayed himself truly magnanimous. Superior to all petty considerations, he waived all affronts, and overlooked all irregularities, for the sake of preserving to the State Wolf's talents. Wolf, not knowing what he wanted, or what was good for him, like a child, was crying to be *Staatsrath*. He complained, most unjustly, that Von Stein would have made him *Staatsrath*, and that Von Humboldt stood in his way. "Do you know what it is, my dear fellow," was Humboldt's soothing reply, "to be *Staatsrath* in a Department? If you did, you would not desire it. Ask Süvern if he has been able to do a single thing on his own account this whole summer. You would be overwhelmed with writing and official business. I have created for you a position in which you are at hand to give your advice. You have nothing to do, and yet are secure of your salary, however little you do. As

Director, you have a rank above a *Staatsrath*; as member of the Department, you have equal rank with the *Staatsräthe*, without their burdensome duties." Wolf suffered himself to be named Director of the Delegacy, a delegacy which consisted of men so distinguished as L. Spalding, Schleiermacher, Tralles, Bernhardt, and Erman. But hardly had he entered upon his new duties than he withdrew from them. He would not resign, but he would not act. He retired to his house, and, like Lord Chatham in the inn at Marlborough, declared that the state of his health did not allow him to attend the sittings. In truth, there was disease of body. An obstinate ague hung about him all the summer of 1809 and the following winter, and a constant disorder or dissatisfaction of mind, discontent with himself, with his circumstances, with everybody around him. His gathering spleen was vented promiscuously upon institutions, arrangements, persons. Yet there was greatness of mind even in his forwardness. There was always truth in his criticisms, even when most ill-timed or ill-judged in the measure of their severity. In his personal censures he never condescended to petty spite, though he might be harsh, and, as in the case of Heindorf, even cruel. He was prolific in throwing out ideas of what might be done, all of them admirable, but he himself would be the first to thwart any attempt to realize them. He wanted to have a philological *Seminar* on the same plan as that with which he had worked such wonders at Halle, but on a larger scale. A philological seminary was established. But one of the provisions in its statutes displeased him, and he declined to have anything to do with it.

Wolf had now had rope enough, and he had completely succeeded in strangling his own reputation. The patience of the officials was exhausted. But the Philistines were now strong enough to turn upon Samson and bind him. Upon one point they were determined: not to have so impracticable a man as a colleague in any department of administration. The only thing that could be done with him was to make him lecture. He was fit for nothing but to be a professor. So it ended in the very thing which in his first pride he had most disdained, in his going back to his old work of lecturing, and being tied up by a stringent regulation to deliver his lectures or be mulcted of his stipend. The triumph of the red-tapists was complete. Their predictions were verified to the letter. Wolf's wilfulness furnished the bureaux with a convincing proof of their creed, that the man of ideas is an inferior being, not to be trusted with the real

business of life. Blissful *Beamtenhum* may long point a moral from Wolf's history. We can easily forgive him for having wrecked his own prospects. It is more difficult to get over the injury he has done the cause, by having furnished in his conduct so signal a confirmation of the popular prejudice as to the unpractical character of learning.

Thus ignominiously ended Wolf's administrative career. It might have been speedily forgotten, if he had returned with concentrated strength to that field of philological research in which he was able to assert his uncontested supremacy. He did at last condescend to lecture; but his charm was fled. He never could get fairly into the swing again. The spring of that incomparable teaching talent was broken. He became irregular and careless, and his class-rooms emptied. He had hearers, but no pupils more. He was himself no longer the same man. "What was become of the Halle wolf? Eaten up by the Berlin wolf," said the wits of the wine-cellars. A spirit of contradiction, of universal negation, seized him, which disgusted even the unexclusive Goethe. He writes to Zelter, 28th August, 1816, after Wolf had been on a visit to him:—

"It has come to pass that Wolf now contradicts not only everything one says, but denies everything that exists. It drives one positively to despair, however one may be prepared for the kind of thing. This preposterous temper grows upon him, and makes his society, which might be so instructive, intolerable. One even catches the craze one's-self; and I find myself saying before him the very opposite of what I really think. One can see, however, what an effective teacher this man must have been in earlier times, when he was as positive as he now is negative."

Become powerless in the professor's chair, it might be supposed that he would have taken refuge in the press, and devoted his splendid leisure to the execution of some of the thousand projects of editing and writing which his fertile imagination suggested. He did very little of this kind in the seventeen years of his Berlin life, and that little not his best; for the *Darstellung der Alterthums-wissenschaft*, though published in this period, was written earlier. The *Analecía*, published in 1816, show here and there rays of light such as Wolf's genius alone could have flashed forth; but these are momentary and fitful gleams. Of any sustained effort he seems to have become incapable. The *Plato*, advertised with much pomp, went no farther than a title-page full of promises; for the edition of the *Phædo* (1811), and that of the *Euthyphro*, *Apology*, and *Crito* (1820), did not belong to the *Plato*, but were only texts

for the use of schools. Literature, too, had ceased to be a healthy occupation, and become but another material for embroiling him with his friends. His insupportable peremptoriness alienated them one by one. He engaged with Buttmann to start a new classical journal, the *Museum der Alterthums-wissenschaft*. But with Wolf copartnership was impossible. His associates must be his slaves, or at best his tools. He led off in the first number of the *Museum* with a masterly paper, and then retired in dudgeon. He would have nothing more to do with it. We are involuntarily reminded of the scenes between Hegel and Varnhagen von Ense on the committee of redaction of the *Berliner Jahrbücher*. Hegel, too, was domineering and pertinacious—"tyrannized," to use a Berlin expression, and had more than once nearly ruined the enterprise. But Hegel knew how to be beaten, and to yield, and continued to the last to lend a hearty support to the periodical of his school. Wolf quarrelled with Buttmann; he quarrelled also with the gentle and submissive Heindorf. Heindorf's offence was the heinous one of having edited *Plato*. Finding that the master went on promising and did nothing towards the edition, Heindorf ventured on an edition of his own, humbly professing that it was only a stop-gap till the edition should make its appearance. For this Wolf fell upon him with savage ferocity, the more cruel because Heindorf was known to be dying. "*Ce chagrin philosophe est un peu trop sauvage!*" This onfall called forth a violent invective, in a pamphlet said to be the joint production of Buttmann, Schleiermacher, Schneider, Niebuhr, and Böckh, in which Wolf's arrogance was retorted with insult, and his "literary bankruptcy" exposed to scorn and contempt. It was not well done, notwithstanding the constellation of names connected with it; so at least Zelter reported to Goethe.—(*Zelter to Goethe*, 20th October, 1816.) Yet, taken together with the odium accumulated on all sides, it produced an evident impression. He pretended not to have read it, and refused to answer it on that ground—"Weil ich solche Art Wische nicht zu lesen pflege." He became more and more withdrawn; the "distinguished Eremité," Schleiermacher nicknamed him. Zelter describes him as rather subdued by the universal howl. "You would be vastly amused if you could see the Isegrim just now. There are a few who take his part; but he is abused and run down to such a degree that he cannot help feeling a little uneasiness. He looks like washed leather, and puts up with a good deal that would have been once intolerable to him."—(*Zelter*

to Goethe, ii. 328.) The dedication of the *Analecta* is the outpouring of a sore and wounded egotism; out of place in the front of a volume of classical criticism, but a curious page of mental revelation. Even in the middle of a critical article—one on Horace—he cannot restrain himself from outbreaks such as this:—“ . . . even if it had been otherwise worth the while of a scholar such as Lambinus to vex himself to death about the misrendering of a couple of words, when there is so much besides in this world out of joint.” The punishment he inflicted on Schleiermacher for his share in the pamphlet is given with much better temper—almost with Porson’s quietness. It consisted in printing a single sentence of the Phædo side by side with Schleiermacher’s German version, marking the errors—almost as many as there are words—by *italics*. Schleiermacher’s weakness as translator of Plato could not be more severely exposed.

For this lamentable displacement of genius there was to be no remedy, but the final remedy of all. Wolf’s health had been gradually giving way for some time. In 1822 he had a serious attack of illness. He celebrated his birth-day, 15th February, 1824, with the presentiment that it was the last. His physician ordered a southern climate, and recommended Nice. On applying for the necessary leave of absence, the answer was that it would be granted on the usual condition,—the withdrawal of half the salary. This was to deprive him of the means of going at all, for Wolf had saved nothing. But by a direct application to the King, the special indulgence of leave of absence on full pay was obtained. So certain did he make that his petition would be granted, that he had started without waiting for an answer, and the leave, together with his passport, overtook him at Frankfort. He left Berlin on 14th April, saying, “I will either return strong and sound, or lay my bones in classic soil.” He took the route of Strasburg and Lyons, having friends or pupils to see at almost every place he stopped at. He halted a week at the country-seat of the Faure family at St. Peray, where everything was done that could contribute to soothe and cheer the visibly declining strength, additionally tried by the heat and hurry of a rapid journey. At Montpellier he was still able to go about and see everything. His own imprudent management of himself precipitated the catastrophe. At Certe he insisted on bathing in the sea, that he might feel the Mediterranean. Impatient to get to the end of his journey, he would not be diverted from going through to Marseilles

from Avignon in one day, though he had to get up at three A.M. to do it. Arrived at Marseilles, on the very next day he would go out to see the town. A fearful mistral (19th July) could not keep him within doors. He would bathe, and would drink not much wine, but quantities of iced-water, and eat *confitures*. Diarrhœa and other dangerous symptoms set in, which he met with more baths and more iced-water. On the 8th August he died. He was buried in classic ground—the old Phocæan Massilia. All attempts to discover, in 1852, the site of his grave in the cemetery, were fruitless. Instead of a monument on the site, a marble bust, by Heidel, was placed to his memory by the Association of German Philologists in the *aula* of the University of Halle.

In personal appearance Wolf had an imposing, dignified, somewhat imperious air. He was slightly above the middle size, broad-shouldered, deep-chested; hands and feet well proportioned. A capacious forehead, prominent eye-brow, searching blue eye, combined to express keenness and force of mind. The lips betrayed the interplay of good-humour and raillery, without any trace of the cynicism which unhappily appeared in his conduct at one period of his life. For in Wolf the social man was rarely disturbed by the crosses which vexed the existence of the public man. In his life-career he was a disappointed man; and his deliberate views of men and things were soured by his disappointment. But in social life his powerful nature resumed its sway; his intellect then retained, of the griefs of the Professor, only a caustic tinge, which gave poignancy to his wit. He must, we think, have been a difficult person to live with, as are all men of precise habits, and prodigious attention in organizing detail. He was separated from his wife in 1802, by mutual consent, she taking the eldest and youngest daughter, Wolf the second, Wilhelmina, afterwards married to W. Körte, Wolf’s biographer. Körte, who is evidently on his father-in-law’s side, says that Wolf’s friends approved of the separation. We should like to hear the women’s account of the matter, to apply Sydney Smith’s well-known saying. Of domestic unhappiness it is idle for persons outside to judge; though Körte is not reserved, scarcely delicate, in the revelations which he permits himself. Wolf must have been a petty tyrant, exacting, without being harsh or inconsiderate. He was, *e. g.*, so avaricious of his time that he would make his appointments to minutes, and he expected others to be punctual to the moment, while he refused himself to be bound by his own engagement. He expected cleanliness and order in the

house, and yet was habitually careless in his own person. He had been trained when young in habits of rigid economy; he had in his nature a disposition to expensive furnishings. Instead of balancing each other, these opposite inclinations alternately ruled him, and led to laughable contradictions in conduct. His household seldom had enough of the necessary, often an abundance of the superfluous. He liked the society of women; with clever or educated women, the sarcasm of his wit, and the despotism of his temper, was laid aside, or merged in the deep sympathies of his nature which they brought out. With these he never over-stepped the line which separates raillery from sneer. His memory was inexhaustible in traits of character and anecdotes of the persons he had lived with; especially of the originals which university life in the old time tended to produce. He never gave himself airs on the strength of his reputation; persons were known to have been with him months at a time without finding out that they had to do with one of the most learned men of the day. Yet at times he would express his personal feelings with an emphasis which shocked weaker natures. He used to chuckle immensely over Bentley's striking out as spurious the line of Terence, "*adversus nemini, nunquam preponens se illis.*" His hatred of affectation was conspicuous in either direction. He would not assume to be what he was not; nor would he affect modesty. The conversation once turned in his presence on a German dictionary of great pretensions, which was in high favour. Wolf showed, giving examples, that it was nothing beyond one of the ordinary second-hand compilations. The lady of the house, thinking to disarm the severity of the critic, said, among other things, "And you cannot think, Professor, what a high esteem the author has for you." "Well," was the reply, "for his opinion of me my man has good reason; his lexicon is not the less a scrubby book on that account." He hated letter-writing, but when he did write, wrote carefully. The letters of female correspondents he would keep for months open on his desk among his papers, and read them over and over again. Other letters he left for years unanswered. There is a vast collection of letters in the Berlin library, but they are entirely letters to Wolf. Of his own letters a few are published in the Schütz collection. They turn on personal affairs, and are biographically of great interest, but do not enter on classical topics. None of Wolf's books convey an impression of what he was. His letters, if they could be recovered, and if there were enough of them, might do so. His greatest

works were his pupils, and, directly or indirectly, through them the whole school of German philologists of the nineteenth century.

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- ART. II.—1. *The History of Prices.* By THOMAS TOOKE, Esq., and W. NEWMARCH, Esq. 1857.
 2. *La Question de l'Or.* Par E. LAVASSEUR. 1858.
 3. *The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold.* By M. CHEVALIER. Translated by R. COBDEN, Esq. 1859.
 4. *A Serious Fall in the Value of Gold Ascertained.* By W. STANLEY JEVONS, Esq. 1863.
 5. *The Drain of Silver to the East.* By W. NASSAU LEE, Esq. 1864.
 6. *The Economy of Capital, or, Gold and Trade.* By R. H. PATTERSON, Esq. 1865.
 7. *Principles of Political Economy.* By JOHN STUART MILL, Esq. Sixth Edition. 1865.
 8. *Commercial Reports of Her Majesty's Consuls.*
 9. *The Economist.*

On the discovery of the new gold mines, under the name of the Gold Question, an economical inquiry, unconnected with party politics, for the first time gained the ear of the public at large. Yet public interest has been languid, in comparison with the real importance of the monetary problems involved. The chief reason for this is perhaps the diffusion of an opinion that the effect of the increase of money upon prices practically concerns persons alone whose pecuniary incomes are fixed; an opinion which would be sufficiently true if prices were everywhere uniformly affected, and with respect to all things alike. But the fact is, that the scale of relative incomes, and of relative prices, in different places, and with respect to different commodities, has been so altered, that the old level of profits in different employments, and the old rates of expenditure in different situations, have been permanently disturbed, and new elements must be imported into all calculations respecting the best markets to buy and sell in, the cost of living in different localities, the out-goings and returns in different trades, and the rates of interest which different investments will yield. Those who omit to take these new elements into account may find that their expenses, both as producers and consumers, are largely increased, while the prices of their own productions are not higher than formerly; or they may find

themselves buyers in markets in which prices have unexpectedly and enormously risen, and sellers where they have risen in no such proportion; or again, they may miss investments which would yield extraordinary gain. The British farmer complains that while labour and many of the requisites of production are dearer, he gets no more money than formerly for his wheat, and the migration of population from the country to the towns, and the production of animal food instead of corn, are among the results of changes in relative prices at home. Most writers on the effects of the Mines have confined their observations to changes in prices at home. The truth, however, is, that changes in prices abroad are of equal importance even to Englishmen, not for the purpose of theoretical instruction alone, but even with a view to pecuniary saving and gain. Every day people are making speculations and entering into transactions—in emigration, in foreign trade, and in foreign loans and undertakings—the prudence of which depends upon the movements of prices abroad. Great undertakings by Englishmen abroad in fact have been based upon estimates which have proved fallacious, because they made no sufficient allowance for the effects of an extraordinary increase of money in remote places. Chairmen of Indian Railway and Irrigation Companies, for example, have reported in London that the rise of prices in India had falsified all their calculations, and entailed the heaviest losses on contractors. Nor is it in production alone that the unequal alteration of prices has made itself felt, for consumers have been very differently affected, according to the place of their residence and the things they are accustomed to use. The class of British holders of fixed incomes, who have really been the chief sufferers from the increase of money in other hands than their own, are not fundholders and Government servants in Great Britain, who are generally placed first in dissertations on the subject, but military and civil servants of the Crown in India, who are confronted by a rise of prices to which there has been nothing similar in England since the reign of Elizabeth. Even in England itself, consumers are differently affected, according to their class of life and habits, and the localities they live in. To the agricultural labourer the price of grain is the chief matter, and grain is cheap; he suffers comparatively little from the dearness of butter and meat, and nothing from the dearness of service, now pressing so hard on the poorer gentry and tradesmen, especially in the parts of the country where such things used to be cheapest. It depends entirely on the localities men buy and sell in, and the things they

buy and sell in them, how they are affected by the greater amount of money in the world; and statistical averages of prices in general are not only fallacious in principle, but misleading in practice. The additional money has been unequally distributed by the balance of trade to different countries, and very unequally shared by different classes in the countries receiving it; again, it has been spent by the classes receiving it, not upon all commodities alike, but unequally, and the supply of some things upon which there has been an additional expenditure has increased very much more than that of others. Moreover, a low range of prices is raised more by a given addition to money than a high one, which is one reason why the change has been greatest in places once remarkable for their cheapness.* And from what has been said, it is plain that a change in comparative incomes and prices would have been caused by the new gold alone, since it would increase the incomes and expenditures only of the classes, beginning with the miners, to whose hands it successively came. But the new gold has by no means been the only new agency at work; an altered distribution of money through the world has been brought about by more general and permanent causes. And at a time like the present—a time of doubtful markets and hesitating trade—it is peculiarly desirable to lay hold of the fundamental causes at work, because, although the fortunes of individuals here and there may depend on the momentary condition of things, to the bulk of society the permanent agencies which prevail in the end, and the permanent rates they tend to establish, are the objects of greatest importance. Commerce and enterprise may pause and falter for a few weeks or months; a transitory disturbance originating in America may possibly agitate all markets; but such possibilities only make it of greater importance to know what to look forward to afterwards, and to distinguish between permanent and temporary changes of prices, and of the profits of

* The greatest effect on low prices of an additional sum of money is a matter of considerable practical importance, which may be illustrated in this way. Let us suppose, and the supposition is not very wide of the facts, that the price of common labour was formerly 1s. 6d. a day in England, and 1d. a day in India, and that the increased demand for labour has added a sixpence to the rate of daily wages in both countries, raising the rate from 1s. 6d. to 2s. in England, and from 1d. to 7d. in parts of India. Wages would then have risen 33 per cent. in England, and 600 per cent. in India; and whereas a contractor could only hire three men in England for the sum with which he could formerly have hired four, in India he could only hire one man for the sum with which he could formerly have hired six.

production in each place and with respect to each sort of thing.

The general principle determining the distribution of the precious metals is, that money is spent by those who receive it on the things they want most for production or consumption, and in the places where those things can be procured at the smallest expense. To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is the policy of trade; and a combination of causes has latterly given, and is continually giving, buyers, on the one hand, access to cheaper places of production for many commodities, and the sellers of the produce of such places, on the other hand, easier access to the markets where their value is greatest. But this necessarily leads to a change in the seats of production and in relative prices, the tendency being always towards the production of everything in the places within reach where its cost of production is least, and towards an equality in the prices of portable goods over the area of cheaper and closer commercial intercommunication. Producers in particular occupations and particular places, accordingly, have not only obtained no share in the new treasure, getting no additional custom either from the mining countries or from the countries these deal with, but have even found the demand for their produce decreasing, and transferred to other localities; and capital and industry are in a course of migration, not only because extraordinary profits are offered in new regions and new employments, but also because ordinary profits are no longer to be made in old places and old employments.

The great gold movement itself—that is to say, the production and distribution of the new gold—is only a part of a much larger movement, resulting from the new facilities of producing many things, gold among the number, in cheaper places than formerly, and disposing of them more readily in the places where their value is highest, and the enterprise with which such facilities are being turned to account. The mines of California and Australia, for which older mines were forsaken,* are only a particular class of new sources of production from which the markets of this world are being supplied, and their rapid development is only a particular instance of the energy with which cheaper and better sources of supply are sought and developed. The bent of the industrial and commercial movement of our times is, above all things, to discover and put to profitable use the special resources, metallic and non-

metallic, in which each region excels, to seat every industry in the places best adapted for it, and to apply the skill and capital of old countries more productively in remote places with great natural resources. "The first phenomenon," Mr. Patterson observes, "attendant upon the gold discoveries, has been the great emigration—the transfer of large masses of population from the old seats to new ones, the vast and sudden spread of civilized mankind over the earth. The countries where these gold-beds have been found are in the utmost ends of the earth, regions the most isolated from the seats of civilisation. Of all spots on the globe, California was the farthest removed from the highways of enterprise. Not a road to it was to be found on the map of the traveller; not a route to it was laid down in the charts of the mariner. Australia was, if possible, a still more isolated quarter of the globe." This migration to the remote regions of the new gold is not, however, a singular and isolated movement of industry. We shall find, on the contrary, that the key to the principal permanent changes in prices which have followed the path of the new gold through the world, is to be found in the fact that remoteness is no longer the obstacle it was to the best territorial division of labour, and that buried natural riches, and neglected local capabilities, are obtaining, in a thousand directions at once, a value proportionate rather to their actual quality than to their nearness to market, and attracting capital and skill by high profits to their development. For the same reason, and by the same aids to industrial enterprise which have brought miners and merchants to cheaper places for gold, cheaper places for the production and purchase of many other things have been contemporaneously found, and the distribution of the new gold and its effects upon prices have been very different from what they would have been, had the fertility of the new mines been the only altered condition of international trade. The general principle which regulates the distribution of money through the world is, as we have said, that those who receive it naturally spend it on the things they want most, and in the places where such things can be had cheapest; but they have of late years obtained access to markets not formerly within reach, and much of the new money has been absorbed in new regions, and in circulation of produce not before in the market. The world may at present be divided into three classes of regions: first, those in which prices were formerly highest; in the second place, those in which the new movements of trade have already raised prices towards the level prevailing in the former regions; and, thirdly, the places not yet within the influence of the

* "The product of gold in the Atlantic States has fallen off since the discoveries of gold in California."—*Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census of the United States*, p. 63.

new means of commercial intercommunication. The first and second class of regions may be said to be fast merging into one, with pecuniary rates approaching to equality, while the third class is also, in numerous directions, on the point of assimilation. A permanent change is thus taking place in the conditions which govern comparative prices in different markets, and one the more worthy of notice, since in the earlier years after the discovery of the new mines, there was, both in the gold countries themselves, and in the chief markets of Europe, an abnormal, and, in a great measure, temporary elevation of prices, which, although not in reality principally due to the increase of gold, led to mistaken conclusions respecting its real effects.

The first rise of prices in California and Australia, from which M. Chevalier and other eminent writers, were led to apprehend a proportionate fall in the value of money throughout Europe, was, in fact, as Mr. Newmarch has shown,* both temporary in degree and partial in extent; those things alone rising in price which were in demand with the classes whose pecuniary incomes were increased. While, for instance, the coarser sorts of clothing adapted to life at the diggings were fetching extraordinary prices, the best quality of cloth was for a time altogether unsaleable. Moreover, the early rise in prices in the gold

countries was not only partial, but only partially caused by the new gold. In the face of a rapidly increasing population, there was an actual decrease in the supply of labour and many of the necessaries of life. Farms and pastoral settlements were forsaken; the crops in many places were lost for want of hands; all building ceased in Melbourne at the very time that crowds were arriving; and the vessels coming from Europe were too full of emigrants to have room for considerable cargoes. So far too as the rise of prices was really caused by the increase of gold, and not by the scarcity of commodities, it should be taken into account that a great part of the gold current at first came not from the new but from the old mines of the world, brought by immigrants who did not come empty-handed, and who were driven to spend a good deal of old money before they could make any new, or even get to the mines. Hence the first fall in the value of money in the gold countries was in a great measure due to a temporary and abnormal condition of things, and not to the fertility of the mines. In 1854, prices in Victoria were already much lower than during the two years before, and the following table of prices, published by the Registrar-General of the colony, shows their continuous descent in subsequent years:—

ESTIMATED WEEKLY EXPENDITURE OF AN ARTISAN, HIS WIFE, AND THREE CHILDREN.

	1854.	1857.	1861.
Bread, 28 lbs.,	£0 12 6	£0 6 8½	£0 5 3
Beef or mutton, 21 lbs.,	0 15 9	0 12 3	0 6 10
Potatoes, 21 lbs.,	0 5 10½	0 2 10½	0 1 0
Flour, 5 lbs.,	0 2 2	0 1 2½	0 1 0
Tea, 1 lb.,	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 2 9
Sugar, 6 lbs.,	0 3 0	0 2 6	0 2 3
Soap, 3 lbs.,	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 0 9
Candles, 2 lbs.,	0 1 6	0 1 4	0 1 2
Milk, 7 pints,	0 7 0	0 3 6	0 2 4
Butter, 2 lbs.,	0 9 0	0 5 6	0 3 0
Firewood, ¼ of ton,	0 12 6	0 6 0	0 4 0
Water, 1 load,	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 2 0
Rent of cottage, per week,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 6 0
Clothing,	0 15 0	0 10 0	0 6 0
School fees,	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
	£7 0 8½	£3 13 4½	£2 7 4

The reader will perceive in these figures a proof of the error of a method by which some writers have attempted to measure the permanent effect of the new mines on the value of money—that, namely, of taking an average

of prices one year with another since their discovery. An average of prices for a succession of years hides the material point whether prices have continuously risen, or on the contrary have latterly fallen,—a point of great practical importance, since, as already observed, the general movement of prices has

been very different in different places. As an illustration of this we beg attention to the following table of prices at Bilbao, in contrast with the previous table of prices at Victoria:—

	1854.*	1860.	1864.
Mutton, per lb.,	£0 0 2½	£0 0 4½	£0 0 8½
Beef, do.,	0 0 2½	0 0 4	5d. to 8d.
Veal, do.,	0 0 3½	0 0 8	8d. to 10d.
Butter, do.,	0 0 5	0 0 9½	0 1 3
Eggs, per dozen,	0 0 3½	0 0 7½	0 0 10
Bread, per lb.,	0 0 1	0 0 2	0 0 2
Common wine, two quarts,	0 0 7½	0 1 3½	0 0 10
Rent,	£15 to £20.	£50 to £80.	£30 to £80.

It is evident, from a comparison of the two tables, that persons intending to trade with or settle at either Melbourne or Bilbao, would make a serious mistake in averaging prices one year with another. The average would give a range more than three times too high at one of the places, and nearly three times too low at the other. Prices in Australia in the first years after the derangement of industry by the mines, and prices in Spain before the new gold had found entrance, are so far from affording a basis for calculations respecting the future probable value of money, that they ought rather to be excluded from the estimate. The contrast, however, between the descending movement of prices at one place, and their ascending movement at the other, indicates an important practical distinction. The causes which raised prices so high in Australia from 1852 to 1854 were in a great measure transitory and local; but those which have raised them in Spain are fundamental and permanent in their character, and extend in their operations over the whole area of commercial intercommunication. Mr. Windham has left the following note of Dr. Johnson's conversation on the effect of turnpike-roads in England:—"Every place communicating with every other. Before, there were cheap places and dear places; now, all refuges are destroyed for elegant and genteel poverty. Disunion of families by furnishing a market for each man's ability, and destroying the dependence of one man upon another." The train of consequences described in these sentences has with extraordinary rapidity followed the recent increase in the communication between distant parts of the

world, created by the knowledge and enterprise of our times, as well as by its better means of locomotion. Wherever these causes have acted may be seen the equalization of prices, the disappearance of comparative cheapness, the opening up of new markets for the special capabilities of each place and its inhabitants, and the rupture of ancient bonds of local dependence, of which Dr. Johnson saw, eighty years ago, almost the beginning in England. It is curious to observe how writers, at places the most remote from each other, fall naturally into the use of the very same words in describing the changes taking place under their eyes. Of Bilbao, the British Consul four years ago, when prices had not reached their subsequent pitch, reported—"The cost of living has risen enormously; and Bilbao, from being one of the cheapest towns in Europe, has become a comparatively dear place." From Yokohama, in Japan, the Consul writes:—"From being one of the cheapest places in the East, it has become second only to Shanghai in expensiveness." And from Alexandria we hear: "Egypt, which a few years ago was one of the cheapest countries, is fast rising to the Indian scale of prices."

The rising prices in such places indicate, it should be particularly observed, not a mere fall in the local value of money, but a rise in the general as well as in the pecuniary value of their produce. If all the cattle in the pastures of South America could be carried rapidly and cheaply to Europe, their value in money might be more than decupled; but the change would not be a depreciation of money; for, on the contrary, money would have found an additional demand. Less than a generation ago, the *Landes* of the *Gironde* were a pestilential waste, covering 300,000 hectares, and valued at 900,000 francs on the whole, or three francs a hectare on the average. Partly by being brought nearer to markets by railways, partly by the mere

* Prices in 1854 were the average prices of a long period anterior. The very high price of wine in 1860 was in part occasioned by scarcity; not so with the other articles. The harvests have been good, and although bread was at the same price at Bilbao in 1864 as in 1860, in consequence of railway communication with the interior, its price rose in the interior between those years.

fact of their capabilities becoming known, partly by drainage and cultivation, and partly, no doubt, through the general increase of money in France, the price of the *Landes* has risen in the extraordinary manner described in the British Consul's report, and more in detail by M. About, who relates that the tobacco crop of a single hectare was lately sold for more than a thousand francs, and that the wood alone, on a plot of 500 hectares only partly in plantation, will in less than twenty years be worth a million francs, being more than the worth of the whole territory of the *Landes* about the time that the mines of California were discovered. M. About adds:—"This enormous territory, which did not figure for a million francs when I was at college, will be worth six hundred millions in 1894." In the same work from which these figures are taken,* M. About graphically describes some of the causes of the enormous advance in prices in Paris. It denotes, he observes, that Paris has become the metropolis of the business as well as of the fashion of the Continent; and rents are trebled because shops and hotels are crowded, and Paris is a city frequented by the rich. So far as it goes, this description is true, though it fails to allow both for the immense influx of gold shown in the official accounts of the foreign commerce of France, and for the expenditure in the metropolis of vast sums lent to the Government from the old hoards of the people. But we must differ entirely from M. About where he says that while Paris has become a place only for the rich, there remains, and will always remain, a refuge for poverty in the country. "If the rise of prices in Paris terrifies you, there is the railway; it not only brings people to Paris, but takes them away. Live in the country." We affirm, on the contrary, that just because the railway brings people and things from the metropolis as well as to it, it brings metropolitan riches and prices into the country, and far more effectively than the old turnpike-road realizes Dr. Johnson's opinion of the results of easy communication between place and place: "Before, there were cheap places and dear places; now, all refuges are destroyed for elegant and genteel poverty." The price of eggs a few years ago at Bayonne was six or seven sous a dozen; now you will not get as good a dozen for fourteen; and the price of boarding in a *pension* at the same place has exactly doubled in the same period. In formerly less accessible places than Bayonne, the change in the cost of subsistence has been greater; and one cause of the concentration of the population of Europe in large towns—

which is a fact of immense political significance in our times—is not only that access to them is easier, and employment in them is greater, but that railways are making the country as dear as the town. M. About recommends the country to the poor for its healthfulness and beauty as well as for economy; but modern means of locomotion, and the movement of which they are both cause and effect, tend to give all the advantages of each place a pecuniary value in proportion to their real utility and rarity, and to turn them to the utmost commercial account, thus finding new markets for the produce of the mines in the Pyrenees and the Alps. The same general tendency towards the commercial development of the natural wealth of such regions, which led to the production of the new gold, governs its distribution and effect upon prices. Buyers on the one hand, and sellers on the other, have gained, and are constantly gaining, access to new markets. The necessary consequence is to bring money in unusual abundance to places where prices were formerly low, and on the other hand, to bring the cheap produce of such places to the markets previously dearest, and to counteract more or less in the latter the fall in the value of gold which the increase in its quantity would otherwise have produced. And thus it is that stationary prices of commodities in general are the best marks of prosperity in one class of localities, namely, those in which money has always abounded, and where cheapness indicates improvement in production at home, and access to cheaper places of production abroad; while, in another class of localities, rising prices indicate improved means of exportation, better markets, and inducements for the ingress of capital and skill as well as money. For the rate of profit on capital and skill employed in the development of their resources, and bringing their produce cheaply to market, is in proportion to the increase of the quantity and price of the produce. If people can sell for £100 what cost them but £50, their profit in money is 100 cent.; and the high profits and interest latterly yielded on capital employed in foreign trade and investments has arisen mainly from obtaining a share in the rising pecuniary value of the productions of regions whose commercial situation has been improved. This movement certainly tends to destroy the refuges of poverty, but it tends on the other hand to destroy poverty itself by "furnishing a market for each man's ability." It brings with it hardship to those whose condition is stationary, but it makes the condition of many progressive. A few years before Dr. Johnson's remarks on the effect of roads, Goldsmith made those excursions through the

* *Le Progrès*, 1864.

country which resulted in the poem of the *Deserted Village*, in which the features of the landscape, and something of personal incident, were drawn from his native village in Ireland; but the picture of the intrusion of the wealth of towns and "trade's unfeeling train" into remote parts of the country, was taken from England. The poet saw only the privation to the parson, who "remote from towns" had been passing rich at forty pounds a year, and the sorrowful side of the migration of the peasantry; Dr. Johnson saw also the market opened for each man's capacity by the union of localities, and the liberation of individuals from hereditary restraints and family dependence. This is exactly the movement which a philosophical jurist has pronounced to be the chief characteristic of progressive societies. Their movement is uniform, says Mr. Maine, in the substitution of the commercial principle of contract for the ancient family bond as the principle which associates men, and the amalgamation of isolated original groups into larger communities connected by local proximity.* This theory is equally true of the economic and of the legal and political framework of civilized society; the migration of labour to new fields of employment, and of capital and wealth into the inmost recesses of the country or remoter regions, and of both money and commodities to new markets, are incidents of the better division of labour in which it results, by which the majority of men must be gainers; and the working of the new gold mines is only a particular instance of a rapid development of the natural resources of each place, which must result in a vast increase of the aggregate of human wealth, although involving loss to particular classes. Considerable misapprehension has arisen with respect to the effects of the new gold, by attributing to it changes in prices due mainly to different causes. M. Levasseur, for example, concluded in 1857 that the mines had caused a monetary revolution in Western Europe very unfavourable

to the well-being of the labouring classes. In the mining countries themselves, he observes that labouring men were the first to receive the gold, and the price of labour rose before that of commodities; the latter rising only in consequence of the increased expenditure of the labouring class. But in countries like England and France, the new treasure was first received in exchange for commodities; the price of which consequently, according to this able writer, rose before labour; high profits preceded increased wages; the manufacturer, the merchant, and the farmer were gainers, but the labouring classes were losers. This, he says, is a repetition of what happened in the sixteenth century after the influx of money from the mines of America, when the labourers incessantly complained of the insufficiency of their wages. Happily, however, the historical parallel fails, for wages in the sixteenth century were kept down by law; and the modern changes in production and trade, of which the new gold is only an instance, tend rather to lower than to raise the price of corn in England and the districts of France in which it was formerly dearest. "As commerce extends," says Mr. Mill, "and ignorant attempts to restrain it by tariffs become obsolete, commodities tend more and more to be produced in the places in which their production can be carried on at least expense of labour and capital to mankind." We get corn from America and Russia for the same reason that we get gold from California and Australia, instead of from our own rivers and mountains—although there is gold in every stream that flows and on the side of nearly every hill—namely, that we seek the cheapest places for everything, and have access to cheaper places than formerly for many things, corn and gold included. Bad harvests, the Russian war, and speculation, and not the cheapness of gold, were the chief causes of the dearness of corn, and of several other important commodities, in England and France from 1853 to 1857. We have here another example of the error of measuring permanent prices by averages of foregoing years, without regard to their ultimate range, and the permanent or temporary character of the causes of a rise. It is on the reasons for prices, and not on mere prices themselves, that producers should found calculations for the future; and a farmer would be greatly in error in taking the price of corn from 1853 to 1857 as a safe basis for calculating the future profit and loss of its growth. The harvest of 1853 was almost the worst for a century throughout Western Europe; that of 1855 was very deficient; that of 1856 was under an average, while the war with Russia still farther shortened supply and added to the

* Maine's *Ancient Law*, pp. 168-70, and 132. The following passage furnishes an interesting illustration of the combined social and economic results of the closer contiguity of places: "Les chemins de fer ont trouvé en France une très-grande inégalité dans le salaire de la main d'œuvre; ils le font progressivement disparaître. Les chemins de fer français ont en outre donné au territoire plus d'homogénéité. Les distances étaient grandes, les moyens de communication limités. Le marché voisin était le seul régulateur, et alors se produisaient des différences de prix considérables. On ne consommait dans la campagne que ce que l'on produisait sur place, de la une nourriture peu variée et insuffisante par cela même. On était donc Breton, Gascon, Normand, Picard, Lorrain, Alsacien, Provençal."—*Les Chemins de Fer en 1862, et 1863*. Par Eugène Flachet, pp. 77-8.

cost of importation ; and the scarcity of corn, and not the abundance of money, was the cause of the sufferings of the labouring classes during the period. The relative price of labour and bread in both countries has really undergone an alteration in favour of those who purchase the latter by the sale of the former. Thus in France, while corn has considerably fallen, money wages have greatly advanced both in country and town, and the advance has been constant. In 1860, the average of wages in Paris was 4*fr.* 55*c.*, and is now computed at 5*fr.* ; and the pay of agricultural labour in the country around Bordeaux has risen in the same time from 40 to 50 sous a day. In the United Kingdom, money wages have also considerably risen ;* and the rise in the price of animal food, though greater in remote rural districts than in the large towns, and considerably greater on the average than is shown in any statistics on the subject, but little affects the bulk of the rural population, since agricultural labourers have never been accustomed to consume much of it. In towns, on the other hand, money wages have risen fully as much as the price of meat, the rise of which is, in fact, mainly due to an increased expenditure of the working population ; and accordingly it is pork, and the inferior qualities of mutton and beef, which have risen most. The very causes which tend to raise wages and to cheapen corn, tea, sugar, and clothing, evidently tend to raise the price of animal food, by leaving the bulk of the people more to expend on it ; it being a thing of which there are not the same means of increasing the supply as of clothing and corn. We cannot indeed exempt the owners of land from blame in respect to the dearness of meat and dairy produce, since the uncertain duration of tenure has been, along with some unfavourable seasons, an obstacle to the increase of the domestic supply, on which its price must chiefly depend. But the change in the relative prices of corn and fresh animal food, and the change in husbandry it is leading to, are mainly to be traced to the general movement of commerce, which it is the endeavour of this article to explain, and which is one certainly far from injurious to the labouring classes in its general results. The movement

tends, as we have seen, to the production of everything, money included, in the cheapest accessible places, and its sale in the dearest accessible markets, and hence to equalize prices approximately in cheap and dear markets brought closer together, thereby raising considerably the price of each class of commodities, in the places connected, in which it was previously lowest, and, on the contrary, counteracting the effect of the increase of money in those in which it was previously highest. The price of corn has accordingly risen in many distant places nearly to its level in England ; but in England its level has not been raised. But just as the improvement in communication is not the same between all parts of the world alike, and the equalization of prices is not universal for any commodities, so the improvement is not equal for all classes of commodities alike ; and the price of commodities such as fresh butter and meat, which are portable only for a limited distance, has been equalized over a much smaller area than that of corn. The cheaper places to which London has access for fresh animal food, are only the remotest parts of the kingdom itself and the nearest parts of the Continent. Improvements in communication produce an approximation to equality in the prices of portable goods only in proportion to their portability, and hence a double change in relative prices ensues. In the first place, the prices of easily portable articles approach to a level in cheap and dear markets ; but, secondly, as all things are not equally portable, a change is produced not only in comparative prices in different places, but in the comparative prices of different commodities ; and both changes result in a disturbance of the profits of different occupations, and a change in the places of different industries. The same general cause tends to raise the price of meat at Athlone almost to the price it fetches in London, and to lower the price of corn in London almost to its price at Odessa. And the consequence is, that since labour and capital desert the occupations in which money returns are declining and stationary, for those in which they are increasing, the production of animal food is taking the place of the production of corn in this kingdom, and shepherds are increasing, and agricultural labourers decreasing in number.*

* "Wages in husbandry are notoriously advancing. In Aberdeenshire, the wages of ploughmen in 1849 were £16 with board and lodging ; in 1859, £22 with board and lodging. In Northumberland, wages which ten years ago amounted to 12*s.* weekly are now 15*s.* In Oxfordshire, carters and shepherds find their wages advanced from 8*s.* and 10*s.* to 12*s.* and 14*s.* In Cornwall, wages have risen from 8*s.* and 9*s.* to 10*s.* and 12*s.*"—*Economist*, Jan. 21, 1860. The article contains several additional proofs of the rise in wages.

* The number of shepherds returned at the last Census, was more than double the number enumerated in 1851. From the statistics of the Metropolitan Cattle-Market, it has however been supposed that the number of cattle and sheep in the United Kingdom has not increased. This supposition is entirely inconsistent with the notoriously increased consumption of meat by the poorer classes, the great attention to the production of stock, and the increase of shepherds. The probability seems to be

But this internal change in our industrial economy, is a small part of the change in the territorial division of labour which the changes in relative prices in the world of commerce are producing. For the very same reasons that the price of meat has risen in England, but not that of corn, and that the former has risen more in the remoter parts of the country than in the capital, and again, that the change in prices is producing the changes in the occupations of the people just stated, prices in general have rapidly risen in many foreign countries, and British industry and capital have been attracted from domestic to foreign employment. The pecuniary value of the produce of cheap places, rises in proportion as they are brought within reach of the best markets; and capital employed in the improvement of their commercial situation, the development of their resources, and the transport of their produce, obtains an extraordinary profit from sharing in the increase of its money value. If, for example, a cwt. of goods is worth £1 at one place, and only 5s. at a distance for want of communication, a railway company making the line of connexion may charge more for the carriage of goods, and buy the land and unskilled labour they require for its construction very much cheaper than if prices were near an equality already.

The great rise of prices in India and the enormous growth of its trade are regarded by many as passing results of the American war. And it is desirable, with reference to the future not only of India but of many other places under the same economic conditions, or which will soon be brought under them, and also with reference to the future outlets both for English capital and enterprise, and the produce of the new mines, to ascertain whether we ought really to regard

that cattle from abroad have to a considerable extent taken the place of British animals in the London market, and a larger proportion of British animals than formerly are sold in other great towns and in country markets. Mr. Jevons observes, in his new work on the Coal Question, p. 188: "An excellent example of the changes which are going on throughout the most parts of Great Britain is furnished by certain statistics of the parish of Bellingham, in Northumberland, communicated by the Rev. W. H. Charlton to the British Association at Newcastle in 1863. Comparing the condition of the parish in 1838 and in 1863, it is shown that the acres of land under the plough had been nearly halved, being reduced from 1852 to 800 acres. The area of wheat had been reduced to one-fifth, from 200 acres to 40; while those of oats were decreased from 400 to 300 acres. The number of grazing cattle, on the other hand, had been multiplied thirteenfold, from 50 to 660 head, and the sheep had increased from 5102 head to 9910 head. Such changes must be expected to continue until only the richest of our valley lands has wheat."

the increase of money in India, and of English capital engaged in its foreign commerce or internal improvement, as a fortuitous and transitory event, or, on the contrary, as the result of permanent causes, which, upon the one hand, are continually investing with additional value the capabilities and productions of places circumstanced like India, and, on the other hand, are finding food and materials from the cheapest accessible quarters for countries like England, and new and remunerative employment for their accumulated capital and skill.

That the stream of the precious metals to India, and the rise of prices ensuing, are not solely or mainly attributable to the payments for cotton caused by the American war, is clear from the facts that the bulk of the treasure was imported before 1861, and that the balance of imports of specie above exports reached fifteen and a half millions sterling in the year 1859-60, and has not reached twenty millions a year as the average since the war. It is an error to suppose we have paid the new cotton countries sums of money proportioned to the price of cotton in our markets, part of which has gone to our own merchants and carriers, and part has been paid in our own manufactures. The balance of trade is always considerably more in our favour than appears in the official reports of the value of our imports and exports respectively. We are ourselves the chief carriers both of our exports and imports, and foreign countries really pay more for our exports, and we pay them less for our imports than appears by our Custom-house valuation, since we receive ourselves a great part of the freight of cargoes both outwards and inwards, and of the mercantile profit on the exchange. The balance of trade, however, has been largely in favour of India for many years past, and the rise of prices was anterior to the war. In a speech in Calcutta, in February, 1860, Mr. Wilson, after referring to the rapid growth of Indian commerce, observed: "It is notorious how much the price of all country produce has increased of late years, in consequence of the demand for exportation. I am thankful to know that the benefits thus conferred by our commerce upon the land have extended in no slight degree to the labourer. It is no exaggeration to say that the rate of wages has risen in many districts twofold, and in some threefold, during the last few years. In the face of evidence of this kind, can any one doubt that all classes in India are in a state of prosperity, unparalleled at any former time?"*

* *Economist*, March 31, 1860. The following Table of prices of the chief articles of daily con-

A very different view of the matter has latterly been taken by several writers, who regard the rise in the price of all Indian produce as a calamity to India resulting from the growth of cotton for Europe instead of food for the natives. The real increase in the cultivation of cotton in India has, however, been immensely exaggerated on the one hand, and the increase in the cultivation of crops for native consumption in numerous districts, has on the other hand been left out of sight. Our import of cotton from Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, amounted in 1860 to 570,000 bales, and in 1864 to 1,398,000, but the bales in 1864 were considerably lighter than in 1860, and a great part of their contents was not an additional growth, but cotton withdrawn from native manufacture and the markets of China. And there is copious evidence, that except in particular and exceptional localities, the dearness of food has not arisen from scarcity. In one of the principal new cotton districts—the Nagpore country, in the lake region of which 300,000 acres were under cotton—Mr. Temple's report on the trade and resources of the Central Provinces of India for 1863-4, states that "agricultural produce abounds of all descriptions common to India." General Mansfield, in his Minute on the Currency of India, March 8, 1864, observes: "One great reason of the rise of prices in all descriptions of food, is the greater disposition to consume. The people, being richer, actually eat more than they did in the days of their poverty. Great tracts of land which for ages had lain waste, are being daily brought into cultivation." In the Papers relating to a Gold Currency in India, lately published by order of the House of Commons, there is a Memorandum by the Board of Revenue at Madras which states: "Agriculture is extending everywhere. There is a great demand for cotton, and indeed for every product of the field. Prices are at the same time exceedingly high." And the *Madras Athenceum*,

not many weeks ago (March 4, 1865), contained the following explanation of the rise of prices in that Presidency: "The rise in the price of provisions has succeeded a general rise in the price of labour, skilled and unskilled. Men engaged in mercantile pursuits, from the lowest ryots and coolies, have been making money, and this has caused everything to be dear to those whose salaries were fixed in the good old times. Mutton is not dear solely because pasturage and grain are more costly, but because it has been eaten very much more largely. People took to it as soon as they could afford it. It has often been thought that religious prejudices among the natives would always preserve animal food for the Englishman at a cheap rate. But religious prejudices succumb under the influence of rupees, as they are dispelled by the light which rupees throw on the question."

It is true that in particular places the dearness of the necessities of life is partly the result of a failure of the crops, and is so far a misfortune; and in Bombay the late exorbitant prices of cotton have really led to a diminished production of food, and to a rise of general prices which cannot be regarded as entirely of a durable or beneficial character. But taking the upward movement of prices over India as a whole, we cannot consider it as otherwise than both beneficial and durable, and as being, like the rise of prices in the Landes of the Gironde and at St. Nazaire,* the result of a permanent improvement in commercial position, and in the means of turning to profitable account the great natural resources of the country and industrial powers of the people. In a speech at the opening of a railway two years ago, Sir Bartle Frere, the remarkably able Governor of Bombay, said:—

"We all know what vast sums, chiefly of English capital, have of late years been spent in this country. Let us consider for one moment what has been the effect of giving a fair day's

sumption in the "Statement showing the Material and Moral Progress of India for 1860-61, pursuant to Act 21 and 22 Vict. c. 10, sec. 53," shows the great rise of prices in Bengal before the cotton drain began:—

	1849.				1859.				March 1861.						
	R.	A.		R.	A.	R.	A.		R.	A.		R.	A.		
Grain,.....	1	2	to	1	4	1	11	to	2	2	2	6	to	2	7
Urru Dhol,.....	1	7	to	1	10	2	2	to	2	12	2	8	to	2	9
Paddy,.....	0	7	to	0	11	1	2	to	1	4				
Ghee,.....	15	8	to	21	8	23	8	to	27	8	28		to	28	8
Oil,.....	6	12	to	7	0	9	4	to	9	6	17	0	to	28	8
Tobacco,.....	2	10	to	6	0	5	0	to	5	8	4	8	to	6	8

* St. Nazaire, a small fishing-town seven years since, has attained a prodigious development, equal to any American city. France, a short time since, did not possess a commercial port over an extent of 500 miles of coast washed by the Atlantic. The manufactures of that part of France were consequently placed in a disadvantageous position in consequence of having no sea-port whence to ship their produce. The population has kept pace with the population. Ground sold formerly for sixpence the square yard is now worth almost £8.—*Times*, April 29, 1865.

wages for a fair day's labour. As a rule, this was unknown before the railway period. Not only were wages in most parts of the country fixed by usage and authority, rather than by the natural laws of demand and supply, but the privilege of labour was in general restricted to particular spots, and nothing like the power of taking labour to the best market practically existed. The result was that the condition of the labourer was wretched in the extreme, and Government could do little to raise him above the status of a serf of the soil. All this has now changed, and for the first time in history the Indian coolie finds that he has in his power of labour a valuable possession, which, if he uses it right, will give him something better than a mere subsistence. As a general rule, the labourer works far harder and better, and acquires new and more civilized wants in proportion to the wages he receives."

The whole population of India by no means indeed immediately shares in the gains arising from access to better markets and the ingress of European inventions, which on the contrary tend to deprive some classes of their former means of subsistence. "The native handloom is collapsing in every part of India. The best wares of English manufacture are getting possession of the market, and in the form of utensils for cooking, eating, and drinking, are passing from luxuries into necessities. Even Cheshire salt is supplied at prices which is obtaining for it a wide field of consumption in Northern India."* This is part of the general change in the relative profits of different occupations, and the seats of different industries attending the altered distribution of money, produced by closer international commerce and the tendency of all things to be bought and produced in the cheapest and sold in the dearest places. Europe can now manufacture cheaper than Asia, which was once the manufacturer for Europe; the steel of Sheffield has supplanted that of Damascus; and the looms of Asia Minor and India are constantly decreasing in number. The same cause, however, which diminishes the earnings of Hindoo weavers increases the money incomes of the Hindoo population as a whole; for in proportion as they are enabled to buy and sell in the best markets, they get better prices for the numerous productions in which they excel. Mr. Senior pointed out that the comparative number of ounces of silver or gold the Indian and the Englishman can earn in a year depends on the comparative productiveness of their industry in exportable commodities. But an Indian labourer earned, when Mr. Senior wrote, only a ninth of the money earned by an English one, not because his

labour was really less productive in that proportion, but because his means of exporting the produce were greatly inferior. The price of Indian cotton may decline; Bombay may cease to be England's principal cotton field; yet may it be safely predicted that the capabilities of India and its people for numerous other productions are such that, with the means of exportation henceforward at their command, prices in the three Presidencies will never subside to their former beggarly level, but, on the contrary, will tend to approximate nearer to the range of prices prevailing in Western Europe. Future candidates for appointments and undertakers of industrial enterprises in India, would do well to include this result of the improved commercial situation of India in their calculations.

The monetary future of India has a more general practical importance for Englishmen. Mr. Fawcett sagaciously remarked two years ago, that the question of a future depreciation of money in England, supposing the increase in the supplies from the mines to continue, is substantially a question as to the continuance of the drain of the precious metals to the East. We would expand Mr. Fawcett's proposition into the wider one, that it is a question as to the continued absorption of money in places in all quarters of the world, including Europe itself, in which the amount hitherto current has not been in proportion to their powers of production. India is only a representative of a large class of localities, whose industrial resources are providing new markets for the produce of the mines. In India itself, the Governor of Bombay observes in a Minute recommending a gold currency, "Great quantities of silver absorbed in remote parts of the country go to furnish a currency where no general medium of exchange before existed. There can be no doubt rupees are now found in hundreds of small bazaars where all trade used to be conducted by barter."* The following passages from the excellent treatise of Mr. Lees are worthy of quotation on this subject:—

"There is a point in the affairs of nations when prices rise so high that imports and exports are equalized. India is *approaching* that point. At the same time, India is yet, in regard

* *Papers relating to a Gold Currency for India*, p. 9. In page 89 of these Papers the following passage occurs:—"Partly owing to the change from a native to a European form of government, partly to the substitution of money for barter in remote districts, but chiefly to the general increase of prices and wages, and the vastly augmented amount and numbers of transactions, the requirements of India for coin are only beginning to be felt."

† * *Papers relating to a Gold Currency for India*, p. 74.

to her supply of the precious metals, a long way off that point at which she will be in a position to deal with European countries on equal terms. . . . Estimating the amount of gold and silver circulating in coin in Great Britain at £80,000,000, and the population at 30,000,000, and estimating the currency of India at an equal amount, and the population at 180,000,000, India is capable of absorbing silver (or gold) to the amount of £400,000,000 for the purposes of currency alone. Nor have we reached this end. The ever-onward moving wave of civilisation will surely not stop short at the confines of British India. Arabia, Persia, and other neighbouring territories, Burmah, Cochin China, Siam, have all to claim their fair share of the precious metals; and the interior of Central Asia is one day to follow."

Adam Smith has observed that the difficulties of land traffic are such that commerce settles first on the borders of seas and rivers, and is long before it penetrates into the inland parts even of the most opulent and mercantile countries. And notwithstanding the immense improvement in the means of land carriage, it is still true, not only of Asia but even of the most civilized countries in Europe, that there are inland districts in which prices are far below the surrounding level, because they cannot or do not sell in the best markets, or on the same terms as their neighbours. While some French writers expatiate on the rise of prices in the parts of France intersected by railways, others complain that in a country whose institutions are intended to favour equality, the railways promoted by Government have created a shocking inequality in local incomes and prices, by giving some places the power of transporting their produce cheaply to the capital, while others are not nearer to good markets than before railways were invented. A railway map of the world enables any one to predict that prices must rise greatly and soon in a vast number of places. However obvious the remark, it is one of great practical importance in trade, speculation, emigration, the purchase of land, and industrial enterprises of a hundred different kinds, that the price of labour and produce will eventually rise wherever the soil is productive, and the means of locomotion are defective; and will rapidly rise wherever those means are suddenly and greatly improved. But physical obstacles to traffic are by no means the only causes of low prices; ignorance is often the mountain to be removed, and it is one which still divides England itself into regions with different monetary rates. Mainly from the want of agricultural statistics, the differences in the wages of farm-labourers, the profits of small shopkeepers, and the prices of produce in different counties are surprising. An excellent authority on this subject drew attention last winter to the fact

that, while in some counties the farmers were paying ruinous prices for fodder, in others, hay, straw, turnips, mangolds, and carrots were selling at much the usual rates.* But these are inequalities which cannot continue; and the fact of their present existence enables us to foresee in a great measure the future movements of money and prices, and the most profitable places for the investment of capital. Knowing the places where prices will rise as soon as their resources are turned to account, and their markets frequented, the capitalist knows places in which he can get a large return for the expense of assisting to develop these resources, or carry the produce to the best buyers. For example, a considerable part of the enormous prices paid in Europe for cotton imported from the East, has really been received by our own merchants; and the fact serves to explain the discrepancy between our own official accounts of the value of our imports from India, and those of India itself as to the value of its exports to us. And the enormous profits which have been made of late years in our foreign trade, and upon various investments of capital in regions the pecuniary value of whose produce has rapidly risen, is one principal cause of the high rates of interest, latterly prevailing. A high rate of interest, like a high scale of prices, may arise from several causes. It may arise from a scarcity of capital, a great demand on the part of unproductive borrowers, or high profits which enable producers to borrow on liberal terms to the lender. Governments may pay a high interest out of taxes, but mercantile men can only pay it out of profits, and the maximum of profit fixes the maximum permanent rate of interest in trade. Mr. Mill is of opinion that the new mines have tended to lower the rate of interest. "The masses of the precious metals which are constantly arriving from the gold countries are, it may be said, wholly added to the funds that supply the loan market. So great an additional capital tends to depress interest."† And there can be no doubt that a great portion of the new gold received in this country did at first enter the loan market, and tended to make interest low. The subsequent distribution of the precious metals, however, seems to us to have tended in the opposite direction. Money spent, for example, in improving the *Landes*, in building at Bilbao or St. Nazaire, in cultivating cotton in Egypt, and cotton, tea, oil-seed, and other productions in India, and in carrying such productions to the markets of Europe, has reproduced itself with extraordinary profit,

* *Daily News*, November 19, 1864.

† *Principles of Political Economy*, sixth edition, chap. 23.

at higher than ordinary interest.* In the future distribution of the precious metals, in like manner, over markets in which prices will rise—thereby investing with considerable pecuniary value resources which now have scarce any pecuniary value at all—we may reasonably foresee a source of high profit and interest for a long time to come. The very spirit of mingled economy and enterprise, which adds to the quantity of capital in the loan market, by attracting hitherto unemployed funds from the hoard, the till, and the private account at the bank, tends to provide more profitable employment for the capital seeking investment. "It is," in Mr. Patterson's words, "the utilisation of hitherto useless things which peculiarly characterizes our times." It is the utilisation of neglected resources, the accumulation and concentrated appliance of a thousand forces of saving, which is the basis of our extending power. We are economizing our money like everything else; and this economy of capital, almost as much as the new gold mines, is the agency which is giving to commerce its enormous expansion." In the production of gold in mines utterly valueless less than a generation ago and now worth twenty millions a year—in the reclamation of waste lands and waste substances at home and abroad—in trade with new markets and industrial enterprise in new regions—in the collection and subsequent diffusion of formerly unemployed money, the same principle is operative throughout; a principle on which we may rely to find profitable use for the fresh produce of the mines, and for the savings of our incomes for an indefinite period.

* In a pamphlet lately published on *Banks and Bank Management*, Mr. Stirling attributes the high rate of interest in 1863 and 1864 to an extraordinary demand in each of those years for capital, to the amount of 400 millions, the items of which he makes up as follows:—"Increased cost of cotton, 40 millions; demand of limited liabilities, 110 millions; increased ordinary expenditure of the Governments of England and France, 50 millions; European loans, 50 millions; American war expenditure, 150 millions; total annual exceptional demand, 400 millions." The first three of these items seem to us to be greatly exaggerated. No such sum was really withdrawn for cotton in the first instance, a great portion having been paid for roundabout by exports of our own manufactures at higher prices, both our exports and imports having latterly been set down at higher figures in money. Again, the *Economist* estimates the sums actually raised by the new companies in the two last years together, at a less amount than 40 millions. And the increase in the ordinary expenditure of the Governments of England and France has not, we are convinced, been as great as the increase of the aggregate incomes and tax-paying ability of the two nations, and has therefore not trespassed upon capital. The American war and the European loans have no doubt made a considerable additional demand on the loan market.

The same economical movement has brought petroleum*—to take one of the latest examples of the redemption of wealth from the regions of waste—and the new gold into the market, and the former is a new demand for the latter. In every neglected or undervalued resource in the natural world or in human capacity, there is a profitable investment for money, and commercial enterprise is constantly finding fresh employment for money, both in the purchase of new articles of value, and in higher prices for things of which the value is enhanced by improvement. Speaking of the *non-valeurs* (a term for which we have no exact English equivalent) which still abound even in the most civilized countries, M. About remarks that among them should be classed not only things absolutely wasted and worthless from neglect, but also things whose value is only partially realized, like land under corn which would fetch more under grass. Such things M. About designates as *non-valeurs relatives*, including among them all the insufficiently exercised powers of humanity. An entire half of the French nation, he adds—the whole female sex—belongs to the category of *non-valeurs relatives*. But if women were enabled, by both custom and law, to realize the full worth of their powers, the higher prices their industry would obtain would denote, not a fall in the value of money, but a rise in the value of women. So the increase in the money earnings of coolies and ryots in India, and fellahs in Egypt, denotes not a mere doubling or trebling of counters of payment, but an elevation of the commercial status of two nations. There is thus an important distinction between the significance of a rise of prices at Calcutta and in London; in the latter it signifies generally either a scarcity of commodities or a depreciation of money, but in the former it signifies trade on better terms with the world, as well as a change in the local value of money.

The question whether the new mines have lowered the value of money in England is one the more difficult to answer with precision, since, in addition to the absence of perfect statistics, causes, such as bad seasons and the Russian and American wars, have temporarily affected the prices of great classes of goods. Setting aside these disturbances, the truth seems to be, that while, on the one hand, such important commodities as corn,

* "Though petroleum has been but four years an article of commerce, it has already assumed the second place among the exports of the United States, and now ranks next to breadstuffs. In 1860 scarcely any was exported; last year the exports amounted to 32,000,000 gallons, while the domestic consumption was even greater."—*Times*, April 27, 1865.

sugar, and coal* are cheaper than formerly, and the wholesale prices of textile manufactures, although higher than during the depression of trade for some years before 1851, remained nearly stationary from that year until the American war,—on the other hand, the prices of animal food, of land, and of metal manufactures have considerably risen; and the result would appear to be, that in wholesale trade the general value of money was not sensibly altered in England before the American war. But, speaking of retail prices, into which higher rents, wages, and prices of animal food more or less enter, we should say that the cost of subsistence is decidedly greater to all classes, except agricultural labourers, whose chief expenditure is on bread, sugar, and tea; and that fixed incomes by no means buy as much as they used, especially in remote parts of the country. We believe, too, with an eminent economist, that the real rise of prices to consumers is partially disguised in a deteriorated quality of many things. The disguises which the fact that people are really given less for their money may assume, are numberless. For example, the prices were the same at the bathing establishments of Biarritz last autumn as in former years, but the visitor could often get nothing but a wet and dirty bathing-dress for his sons. French gloves, again, are not only dearer than formerly, but seem made in order to tear; and both in England and France, washerwomen are apt to spoil linen now for the prices at which they used formerly to dress it.

But the effects of the new mines upon prices are far less obscurely and far more satisfactorily discernible in countries like India, where they have directly or indirectly furnished the means of raising the remuneration of industry, and circulating produce which had formerly little or no circulation. The result of this influx of money into India is by no means merely the trouble of carrying and counting more coins to do the same business as formerly; and so far as there has been such a result, it might have been in a great measure avoided had the Government allowed gold to pass current as money. By the exclusion of gold, India has been obliged to fetch a much bulkier material for its currency from a far greater distance, and to incur an unnecessary loss, first, on the freight from abroad; next, on the coinage at the mint; thirdly, on the carriage through the country; and fourthly, on the wear and tear of so many more new coins. The great mines of Australia seem to have been spe-

cially designed to provide, at a comparatively small cost, the additional money required by the increased trade of India, and its Government to have resolved to defeat the economy of nature. In contending, however, for all possible economy in the monetary system of India and every other country, we cannot adopt the opinion Mr. Patterson appears to entertain, that the economy might be carried so far as to dispense with the cost of metallic currencies altogether. Coin is better fitted for rough work and for the labourer's pocket than bank-notes. It cannot, like paper, be eaten by ants in the East, and is safer from water and fire. Nor can we conceive that a currency would be safe from depreciation by excess, unless based upon things possessing intrinsic value like silver and gold. Mr. Patterson argues that the value of money depends simply on its conventional use and acceptance. But limitation of supply is in all cases an indispensable condition of value; and the history of assignats in France, and greenbacks in America, shows that negotiability does not constitute the determining element of the value of a currency.* And taking this view of the monetary use and importance of the precious metals, it seems to be a question worth considering, whether the future supplies are likely to be sufficient to supply money enough for the rapid progress of the backward parts of the world, and the immense developments their resources seem sure to obtain. Mr. Maine has remarked that investigators of the differences between stationary and progressive societies must, at the outset, realize clearly the fact

* Mr. Bonamy Price says in a recent article: "The peculiarity of this commodity (gold) consists only in this, that every man agrees to take it in exchange for his goods. The general consent to make gold the medium of exchange constitutes the precise demand for gold, just as the general consent to make shoes of leather constitutes the demand for leather." But the social compact to wear shoes does not determine what they are worth; that depends on the supply of leather and competent shoemakers. The public consents to take shillings as well as sovereigns, but it is not their consent that makes a sovereign worth twenty shillings, which it would not be if gold were as easy to get as silver. So the public may consent to take pieces of paper for coins, but how many must be given for a horse or a cow or a loaf depends on the comparative scarcity of each. We make this comment merely to illustrate the principle that the value of money depends on its rarity, and not on convention and custom, for we confess we do not see the drift of Mr. Price's arguments. He refutes some fallacies of the old mercantile school which hardly required fresh refutation, and which are not supported by any of the writers on currency he refers to. But he by no means makes it clear whether he objects only to the particular provisions of the Bank Charter Act, or to a metallic standard altogether, and to Sir Robert Peel's definition of a pound.

* Average shipping price of Newcastle coal—1841, 10s. 6d. per ton; 1850, 9s. 6d.; 1860, 9s.—*The Coal Question*, by W. S. Jevons, Esq., page 61.

that the stationary condition of the human race is the rule, the progressive the exception; and when this reflection was made, the condition of the greater part of Asia and of Northern Africa might even have justified the proposition that a retrograde condition of the human race was the rule. In the wildest regions frequented by the nomad hordes of Central Asia, the traveller discovers the vestiges of former cultivation and wealth. But he can now perceive in such regions that while he stands on the grave of an old civilisation he stands also on the borders of a new one. It seems certain, at least as regards Asia, which contains the bulk of the human race, that not only the stationary, but the retrograde communities will become progressive—will be reached by roads, railways, river navigation, and Western commerce, and obtain the aid of Western capital and skill. And it seems equally certain that the pecuniary value of their produce will immensely increase; and they will need vast quantities of coin for its circulation; and that the question is one of importance, whether coin enough for the purpose will be easily obtained. The steady decline in the produce of the gold-fields of Victoria, from 2,761,528 ounces in 1857 to 1,557,397 ounces in 1864, might seem at first to justify a doubt on the subject; and the existence of a great gold region near the sources of the Nile, on which some writers have reckoned, is in Sir Roderick Murchison's opinion contravened by the evidence of Captain Speke respecting the geological structure of the country. But the decline in the production of gold in Victoria has arisen rather from the migration of miners to New South Wales and New Zealand than from a diminishing fertility of the mines. In fact, the gold-fields of Victoria yielded more in proportion to the number of labourers in 1864 than in either of the previous years; 97,942 miners obtaining 1,702,460 oz. in 1862; 92,292 obtaining 1,578,079 oz. in 1863; and 83,394 obtaining 1,557,397 oz. in 1864. And in 1857, when the gold yield of Victoria reached its maximum, that of New South Wales only amounted to the value of £674,470; whereas it has been more than three times as much on the average for the last three years.* From the Western States of North America, again, the supply of the precious metals seems likely to increase. In a recent report, the British Consul at San Francisco states it as his belief that even in California the production of the precious metals will increase for many

years to come; and that when to this is added the produce of the rich mines of Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, and Oregon, there can be no doubt that the total increase will be very great. This anticipation seems confirmed by the fact that the exports of treasure from San Francisco in the fiscal year ending in June, 1864, amounted to the value of 51,264,023 dols.; the larger proportion being in the latter half of the period, and the entire sum being considerably greater than in any other year since 1856. From Mexico and South America great additional supplies may also be expected. Of Peru the British Consul says—"Peru is one vast mine which the hand of man has only hitherto scratched." To the produce of the mines must further be added the vast sums that the progress of commerce will restore to circulation from the hoards of Asia and Europe, which, even in such places as Lapland, are great. Large sums of Norwegian money are said by Mr. Laing, in his *Journal of a Residence in Norway*, to have disappeared in Lapland; the wealthiest Laplanders having always been accustomed to live, like the poorest, on the produce of their reindeer, and to bury the money coming to them from Norway in places where their heirs often fail to discover it.

The movement we have discussed is one which tends to bring all buried and neglected riches to light; and we anticipate from it both an ample provision of money and an increasing demand for it.

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- ART. III.—1. *Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin*. Edited by P. H. LE BRETON. Longmans, 1864.
 2. *Fugitive Verses*. By JOANNA BAILLIE. Moxon, 1864.
 3. *Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis*. London: Trübner and Co., 1864.

It cannot be doubted that a marked difference in the relations of the female sex to the literary culture of the day, as compared with the state of things two generations back, is one result of the intellectual march of the present century. Female authorship is far more common than it was, is far more enterprising than it was; it is more business-like, and has less of the flutter of self-consciousness; while, by a natural consequence, it attracts far less of special notice and compliment than it formerly did. For we must not overstate the case as regards the discouragement which the

* In some of the districts of the Australian mines the yield has lately fallen off, but solely by reason of the scarcity of water, not of gold.

woman of letters is generally supposed to have received from the ruling sex. Ladies who belonged to a favoured clique were sure, in olden times as well as now, of credit and renown. Poor Mrs. Elstob, one of the first Saxon scholars of her day, could indeed pine in drudgery and obscurity, but Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, with a select circle of attendant nymphs great in the minor morals, were praised up to and beyond their deserts; and though "F. B." confined herself to novel-writing, a department in which women have always been allowed certain chartered rights, and Mrs. Chapone and Miss Talbot were strictly feminine in their aspirations, yet the authoress of the *Essay on Shakespeare*, and the translator of *Epictetus*, boldly trenched on ground which, in those days at all events, masculine intellects considered exclusively their own. When angry, it is true, Johnson could speak hard words of Mrs. Montagu's Latin and Greek; but the wonderful feat of translating *Epictetus* seems to have placed Mrs. Carter on a pedestal which even the surly dictator did not grudge her, though possibly her discreet backwardness in exposing her acquirements to the ordeal of conversation may have had something to do with his indulgence. "My old friend Mrs. Carter," he said, "could make a pudding as well as translate *Epictetus* from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." . . . "He thought, however," adds Boswell, "that she was too reserved in conversation upon subjects she was so eminently able to converse upon, which was occasioned by her modesty and fear of giving offence."

No doubt, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the women of the upper classes were, taken as a whole, more rational and capable beings than they had been in the days of the *Spectator*. In one of the conversations recorded by Fanny Burney, we find Dr. Johnson expressing in strong terms his sense of the advance made within his own recollection. "He told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything."* Still we cannot turn over the familiar correspondence of the miniature Sapphos and Hypatias of Johnson's time, without discerning how strongly the consciousness of special merit worked within them. We see it in the ostentatious modesty which is sometimes more significant than braggart boasting; we see it in the little pedantries of style and allusion with which they trick out the merest commonplace of sentiment. For real scholarlike appreciation of the subjects they deal with,

we should look in vain in the lucubrations of the most renowned female students of that day:—poor Mrs. Elstob, already referred to, whose Anglo-Saxon researches really were worth something, never attained worldly repute. The conclusions they draw from their own investigations into the wellsprings of knowledge are mostly moralizings of a general cast, trite and jejune we should now say; but then it is fair to remember that there was a very strong and prevailing bent among all thinkers, shallow and deep, towards moral and metaphysical didactics in that age, and the "Rambler" himself could utter pompous platitudes sometimes.

But to revert to our argument. Allowing that a change had taken place in the intellectual position of the weaker sex, between the era of Addison and that of Johnson, there has assuredly been a change also no less distinctly perceptible in its position between Johnson's days and our own, and one that has been proceeding at a vastly accelerated pace within the last five-and-thirty years. The date of the Reform Bill, though it seems but as yesterday to many still in the full vigour of life, carries us back to an antiquated world in many respects; in this among others. The literary atmosphere was still reverberating with the echoes of the poetry and romance which had glorified the long years of European strife and agitation. But Byron was in his recent grave; Scott was wielding with a paralysed hand the pen that had fascinated the heads and hearts of his generation; Southey had written the last of his epics, and people had almost ceased to read them. Wordsworth was the poet of the day; but his admirers were comparatively few and select. His muse was placid and meditative; the shout of the Forum was to be raised in honour of other deities than those of Parnassus. Science, education for the masses, political enfranchisement, became the prevailing topics in men's mouths. Sentiment yielded to utility, the illusions of chivalry to hard material progress. A certain scarcely disguised superciliousness in the tone hitherto assumed towards science by men who had been brought up in the poetical and historical cultivation of the Georgian era, now gave way to a much more respectful appreciation of her claims. The old prejudices against the 'ologies rapidly disappeared. The classification of plants and stones, hitherto in the polite world looked upon as little more than an elegant diversion for idle hours, assumed a more serious significance as means towards unlocking creation's mysteries. The history of the earth's formation was becoming a subject to be feared, indeed, in the eyes of many, but no longer to be despised.

* *Diary of Madame D'Arbly*, vol. i. p. 277.

It was from about this same epoch, as we take it, that the term "blue-stocking," first applied in the Johnsonian society to ladies of literary pretension or acquirement, began to grow obsolete. In the intensified zest and value for practical and scientific knowledge which now set in, the world came to forget its prejudices of sex as well as of caste, and to prize any contribution to the current stock of information for what it was worth. This, at least, was the tendency of things; but, as always happens, the force of new principles began to be felt long before they effectually leavened the general mass of opinion; and it was not for many a year after the Society for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and the "Library of Entertaining" ditto, and Penny Magazines, and Mrs. Marcet's *Popular Conversations on Science*, and Miss Martineau's *Tales illustrative of the Principles of Political Economy*, had instructed the minds of the new generation, that the authoress who ventured on any ground save that of fiction or mild ethical rede, ceased to be regarded by a considerable portion of society as something of an unfeminine intruder, a "blue," and a pretender, probably superficial and certainly presumptuous.

Our reflections on this subject have been prompted by two publications of the past year: the *Memoir and Letters* of Miss Aikin, and the *Letters* of Miss Cornwallis. Both these ladies died within the last seven years; both lived through the period of which we have been speaking; and both reflected very distinctly, in the tone of their minds and the bent of their studies, the character of that period in its successive stages of development. Circumstances and natural disposition, however, had affixed considerable differences between them. The one, long known to the world as a historical writer of some pretension, and a friend and correspondent of several eminent literary characters of her day, had outlived her maximum of reputation; and that reputation had been perhaps a little enhanced by the odour of "blue" notoriety still attaching to petticoated authors when she began to write. The other was entirely unknown to the world till death cancelled the obligation of secrecy, and revealed her as the writer of some anonymous works of more original thought and more varied range of matter than even clever women have in general proved themselves able to command—a recluse shrinking from observation, not possessing any influential connexion in the world of letters, working patiently, earnestly, with deep convictions, against the surface-current of her times, taking up a place with the pioneers of new thought, even when old times and associations beckoned her powerfully

backwards; most reluctant to display, yet proudly conscious of possessing, capacities of insight and of reasoning far beyond the limits usually assigned to her sex.

Miss Aikin's career challenges observation first, for her literary character belongs to an older chapter of the period than that of Miss Cornwallis. She had by a few years too the priority of age. Miss Aikin may be said, to use Sir Nathaniel's phrase in *Love's Labour's Lost*, to have "eat paper" and "drunk ink" from her earliest years. Her intellectual training was derived from the Presbyterian society of the last century, that section of it which had left Calvinism behind, and had accepted Socinianism as its doctrinal creed, and which was characterized by a great zeal and ardour for mental progress, and a sovereign contempt for ancient bigotry. 1781 was the year of her birth. Her father was Dr. Aikin, a physician first practising at Warrington, then at Yarmouth, subsequently residing at Stoke-Newington, where he gave himself up to literary avocations, and edited the *Annual Register*, the *Monthly Magazine*, and another literary journal of the day, called the *Athenæum*, and was part author of the *Biographical Dictionary*, afterwards published by Dr. Enfield. A very favourite work for juveniles, not yet forgotten, called *Evenings at Home*, was also his composition, in conjunction with his accomplished sister, Mrs. Barbauld, who, to a noted capacity for instructing the young, added herself also literary and poetical talent of a very refined order, and was in all respects a most admirable woman. Miss Aikin's friends and relations all round were literary in their tastes and reputations,—the Roscoes of Liverpool, the Taylors of Norwich, the Enfields, the Kerricks,—worthy names all in the annals of the pen. She was only in her seventeenth year when she took up the family trick of writing. Her father's editorial functions gave her easy access to reviews and magazines; and occasional verses, essays, and translations were the first flights of her ambition. The decided bent of her mind, however, was towards history; and her first publication of any consequence was the *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, which appeared in 1819, and drew on her no small degree of attention. It may indeed be fairly considered a noteworthy book of its time. It had merits of its own, in a lively, intelligent, impartial style of narrative, and was, we believe, the first of those works of historical gossip which Miss Strickland's indefatigable labours have since made so familiar to the public, and to which Walter Scott's novels no doubt contributed a powerful impulse. But it should be remembered, and Miss Aikin must have the credit due from

the fact, that she began to contemplate her work in 1814, before even the first of the *Waverley Novels* had appeared; years before *Kenilworth* had set the world mad about Queen Bess and the Earl of Leicester. "I intend," she says, writing at that date to her brother, "to collect all the notices I can of the manners of the age, the state of literature, arts, etc., which I shall interweave, as well as I am able, with the biographies of the Queen, and the other eminent characters of her time, binding all together with as slender a thread of political history as will serve to keep other matters in their places." So that the plagiarism of topic, if any, was the other way. Miss Aikin could not have been set on the track of Elizabethan gossip by any historical fiction of Walter Scott's, but Scott may have been induced by Miss Aikin's book to think of *Kenilworth* as a subject.

To the Memoir of Queen Elizabeth succeeded those of James I., in 1822, and of Charles I., in 1833. Miss Aikin felt no vocation for continuing her historical labours into the times of the Protectorate and the Restoration. The stern aspect of the principles at issue seems to have frightened her from the first, the profligacy of the times from the last. Her long hesitation as to a subject suited to her taste and capacity, finally resulted in her compiling the *Life of Addison*, which she published in 1843. This work was less successful than her former ones. Perhaps, as she herself seemed to suspect, the vigour and elasticity of her powers had been suffered to decay through leisure and delicate health, and the easily allowed interruptions of social life; and, not least, through the distractions of an age of busy thought and change, that test of true intellectual metal, when the stronger or the more dogmatic minds find stimulating material for thought and utterance, but those that are at once too feeble for self-support, and too wide for bigotry, are apt to subside into a hesitating but genial receptivity, interested in all aspects of life and history, but partly on that very account without those strong convictions or prepossessions which constitute the life of authorship. A severe review of this work by Macanlay, which appeared in the *Edinburgh*, must have given the finishing-touch to any lingering self-flattery of the authoress that her literary genius was still in bloom. Of this criticism, neither the editor of the Memoir, nor any of Miss Aikin's published letters, make any mention; but she never wrote again; and when she died in the January of last year, at the age of eighty-two, she had long stepped back from observation, and was missed only by those who knew her worth in private life, her warm family affection, her acute intelligence, her interest

in the young, her pleasant conversation regarding times and people gone by.

And her acquaintance had been among the honoured of the earth. In London she had mixed in some of the best Whig society of the day. Mackintosh, Hallam, Rogers, Malthus, Sir H. Holland, are all names of more or less frequent occurrence in her letters; and under her modest roof at Hampstead, choice table-talk might often have been heard from men of literary and legal mark. Thither Wishaw, the lawyer, the friend of Lord Lansdowne, the somewhat Johnsonian oracle of his coterie, and Professor Smyth of Cambridge, often found their way to discuss with her the questions of the hour, or some interesting topic of history or belles-lettres; and a fourth in such reunions would often be her valued friend and occasional correspondent, himself a resident at Hampstead, Mr. J. L. Mallet, son of Mallet du Pan, the Genevese, whose political services to the French monarchy at the beginning of the first Revolution are matter of history. Both on his father's account and on his own, Mr. Mallet was well known to the Whig society of the day, and though a man of retired habits, was a keen observer of passing events, and one whose judgment and courtesy gave his opinions great weight with all who possessed his acquaintance.* With friends such as these, whether on the field of politics or literature, the shrewd little hostess knew well how to bear her part in discussion: for in conversation she was practised and fluent; her memory was well stored; she was an able reasoner, an intelligent listener, and a pleasant retailer of anecdote.

The heyday of Miss Aikin's reputation chanced to fall during the stirring times of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill,—times when Tories began to look gloomy, and Liberals in politics and education were radiant with joy for the good days coming. Her friends were almost exclusively among the Whig and Radical portion of the community; but her own opinions, or rather feelings—for she was fully inclined herself to make the distinction—did not go very far on the popular side. Nay, in some moods, her historical and antiquarian tastes seem half to have made a Tory of her.

"Women are natural aristocrats," she says in one of her letters; "and many a reproach have I sustained from my father for what he called my '*odi profanum vulgus*.' The rude manners, trenchant tone, and barbarous slang of the ordinary Radicals, as well as the selfish ends and

* Some passages from a MS. Diary of Political Events, kept by Mr. J. L. Mallet, have been given to the public in the recent *Life of Sir James Graham*, by Torrens McCullagh.

gross knavery which many of them strive to conceal under professions of zeal for all the best interests of mankind, are so inexpressibly disgusting to me, that in some moods I have wished to be divided from them far as pole from pole. On the other hand, the captivating manners of the aristocracy, the splendour which surrounds them, the taste for heraldry and pedigree which I have picked up in the course of my studies, and the flattering attentions which my writings have sometimes procured me from them, are strong bribes on the side of ancient privilege; but, as I said before, I have fought and conquered; and I confess that 'the greatest good of the greatest number' is what alone is entitled to consideration, however unpoetical the phrase and the pedantic sect of which it is the watchword."—P. 220.

This naïve confession of political faith occurs in a letter to Dr. Channing, the American sage, with whom, in her middle life, she entered on an epistolary correspondence which lasted for sixteen years, and her share of which constitutes by far the most interesting half of the present volume. It ranges over an agreeable variety of topics,—religion and politics, however, being the most prominent; and as one of the writer's main purposes was to keep Dr. Channing *au fait* of opinions and events in England, these letters are interesting, as reminding us of discussions long gone by, and of views and notions whose truth or importance time has since tested. But we see from them clearly that the age was marching too fast for Miss Aikin. The republican theories that were wafted back to her across the Atlantic, she was impelled at first by her devoted reverence for Dr. Channing to accept, harmonizing them as best she might with her national and personal prepossessions; but her mind got wearied and confused as newer and more advanced views of social and political matters opened up around her; and though too intelligent not to be interested by them, and too liberal by all the traditions of her life to wish to lag behind while others pressed on, it is very evident that she by no means relished on the whole the turn things were taking. Thus she complains of the influx of popular literature created by Lord Brougham's education movement, and regrets, almost as poignantly as S. T. Coleridge could have done, the declining taste for high philosophy and poetry. Of the agitation for women's rights she was eminently distrustful; and though at first she expresses herself cautiously on the subject, her condemnation of Harriet Martineau and her strong-minded proceedings, becomes, after a time, very pronounced. Though a Dissenter herself, and ready enough to join in party sneers at the Church of England, yet, when a question of action occurs, she evinces no destructive tendencies. In one

way Dr. Channing's influence over her mind is very conspicuous. He was, like her, a Unitarian, but one of a much more spiritual tone and temper than had prevailed among the sectarians of Stoke-Newington. Brought up, as she had been, in a coterie where strictly utilitarian views of life prevailed, and accustomed to a somewhat contemptuous estimate of all mystic tendencies, Dr. Channing's exalted piety and personal sense of the unseen were to her as a new revelation of man's nature and requirements. Writing to him in 1831, she pours out, with all the enthusiasm of female discipleship, her gratitude for the benefits which she was conscious of having derived from his teaching.

"I was never duly sensible," she says, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies which placed beyond the pale of my charity not the few, but the many, the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how good a *hater* I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of the soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation—submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that He can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."—P. 243.

This was an education of the soul which may well have made Miss Aikin esteem Dr. Channing's influence as one of the memorabilia of her life. Still we cannot repress a smile sometimes at the truly feminine excess of laudation bestowed by this grateful disciple on her "guide, philosopher, and friend," as she entitles him, and are tempted to conclude that the excellent divine must have had a pretty strong digestion for the sugar-plums of friendship. She assures him of the impression his teaching is calculated to produce on *women* in particular, and tries to

lure him to the neighbourhood of the English metropolis by an enumeration of the many distinguished admirers of her own sex he would find prepared to greet him there.

The home of Miss Aikin's middle life, from her father's death in 1822 to 1843, was at Hampstead, not then, as it is now, a closely connected suburb of London, but a suburban village, having an independent life of its own, fed indeed more or less from the great metropolitan reservoir of intelligence and fashion, but still possessing its own organization, its own centres, and its own interests. Her description of Hampstead thirty years ago may have an interest for those who like to trace in local vicissitudes the working of that

"Ever-whirling wheel of change,
The which all mortal things doth sway."

"Several circumstances," she writes in 1833, "render society here peculiarly easy and pleasant. In many respects the place unites the advantages, and escapes the evils, both of London and the provincial towns. It is near enough to allow its inhabitants to partake in the society, the amusements, and the accommodation of the capital, as freely as even the dissipated could desire; whilst it affords pure air, lovely scenery, and retired and beautiful walks; and because every one is supposed to have a London set of friends, neighbours do not think it necessary, as in the provinces, to force their acquaintance on you. Of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little, which is very good, you may associate on the easiest terms; then the summer brings an influx of Londoners, who are often genteel and agreeable people, and pleasingly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead."—P. 277.

Such *was* Hampstead; but the giant spread of population and building has worked a significant change within the limits of a generation. The heath, the groves, the fields, the gardens of Hampstead; its quaint red brick mansions of Stuart or Nassau date, its later brown and yellow edifices of Hanoverian respectability, its still more modern stone or plaster villas, with their well-kept lawns and dainty flower-beds; the variety of hill and valley, the broad breezy terrace, the outlook to the vast city and St. Paul's dome rising mysteriously through its everlasting smoke on the one side, and to Harrow on the Hill, with its conspicuous steeple, on the other; these, though not untouched by mutability's "cruel sport," may still in their general features remain as in the days when Miss Aikin tried to tempt Dr. Channing to its heights. But where is the free village life? where are the retired haunts? and above all, where are the familiar social gatherings equal in variety or in intellectual quality to those which certain Hampstead homes could mus-

ter five-and-thirty years ago? Memory tempts us; but we must not allow ourselves to dally at the banquets where wits and authors of every type and degree of celebrity were wont to cluster round the head of the greatest publishing house in London; nor in the trim gardens, where noble and learned chiefs of the law would lounge in rustic ease under the hospitable auspices of their brother of the bench; nor in the modest retreat, where sons of science loved to assemble and hear lessons of experience from the greatest surgeon of the day. Before one quiet home only we would linger for a moment, one unpretending red brick house of ancient date, on the summit of the steep hill which lifts the visitor to the breezy table-land of the heath, and where Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Sotheby, Byron's wife and his daughter "Ada," Lord Jeffrey, John Richardson, nay, the Great Magician himself, were frequent guests; for Joanna Baillie, the inmate of that house, was one who stands out conspicuously in Miss Aikin's pages as an object of her love and reverence; and we are the more induced to make allusion to her here because she happens to furnish us, rather appositely, with a female type of that older cultivation, the cultivation of the Georgian era, or rather of the pre-Waterloo era, at which in our introductory remarks we glanced. Joanna Baillie was one of the numerous poetic nurslings whom "Caledonia, stern and wild," had the merit of fostering at the close of the last century; and though for more than half her life a resident in or near London, and familiar with its best society, she never bated her national prepossessions, nor lost the dialect of her fatherland. Her earliest years were led in all the freedom of Scottish country life. She was a fresh "out-door" maiden, scrambling barefoot over burns and heather, loving to listen to all nature's sounds, and to watch all nature's sights. It was not till her eleventh year that she could learn to read. Then her favourite studies were among the storytellers and the poets; and her favourite thoughts as she grew up were of the workings and emotions of the human heart. Her first dramas were published in 1798; her last nearly forty years later. The altered taste of the age was evident in the different reception accorded to them. *De Montfort* and its companions ran out five editions within eight years. It was the reviving enthusiasm for Shakspeare and the drama generally that wafted Miss Baillie to notoriety. Her pure and beautiful language, her delicate pathos, her great command over a few chords in the complex harmonies of man's nature, were her well-merited title to the world's applause. Scott, who made her acquaintance in 1806,

at once found in her a congenial spirit, and, as time proved, an enduring friend. His letters to her, published in his *Life* by Lockhart, are well known to be among the most charming he ever wrote. Of her genius he was an ardent admirer, and was the means of first introducing her conceptions to the histrionic talent of Siddons in 1810, at Edinburgh, when he writes with delight of the tears and praises called forth by the representation of the *Family Legend*. But as acting pieces her plays were never permanently successful, and the dramas published in 1836, though full of real poetic power, and favoured with a good deal of laudatory criticism at the time, created none of the enthusiasm of former days in a reading public which had then turned to other fashions of literature for amusement. Miss Aikin's recollections of this gifted lady, written when she herself was old, are a very generous and pleasing tribute of friendship.

"It has been my privilege," she says, "to have had more or less personal acquaintance with almost every literary woman of celebrity who adorned English society from the latter years of the last century nearly to the present time, and there was scarcely one of the number in whose society I did not find much to interest me; but of all these, excepting of course Mrs. Barbauld from the comparison, Joanna Baillie made by far the deepest impression upon me. Her genius was surpassing, her character the most endearing and exalted. . . . She was the only person I have ever known towards whom fifty years of close acquaintance, while they continually deepened my affection, wore away nothing of my reverence.

"So little was she fitted or disposed for intellectual display, that it was seldom that her genius shone out with its full lustre in conversation; but I have seen her powerful eye kindle with all a poet's fire, while her language rose for a few moments to the height of some 'great argument.' Her deep knowledge of the human heart also would at times break loose from the habitual cautiousness, and I have then thought that if she was not the most candid and benevolent, she would be one of the most formidable of observers. Nothing escaped her, and there was much humour in her quiet touches. . . .

"No one would ever have taken her for a married woman. An innocent and maiden grace still hovered over her to the end of her old age. It was one of her peculiar charms, and often brought to my mind the line addressed to the vowed Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, 'I hold you for a thing enskied and saintly.' If there were ever human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year,* carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."—Pp. 7, 11.

* Rather too advanced an estimate, we believe.

The description is a true one. We remember this sweet lady in her long evening of life. Her heart seemed wrapt in family affection, in household usefulness, in kindly interest for her friends, most tender always for the young and helpless. No picture of her is complete without that of her life-long companion and admiring elder sister, Agnes, the quaint, clever old lady, whose warm heart, shrewd sense of humour, and rich mines of legendary lore and national anecdote, helped in no small degree to fascinate the favoured guests at that fireside. We know nothing more delightful in domestic poetry of the realistic sort, than the Birthday Lines which Joanna addressed to this faithful companion when both were advanced down the vale of life:—

"Dear Agnes, gleam'd with joy and dash'd
with tears,
O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen—
By those whose eyes long closed in death have
been,

Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop'd to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem;
That dew of morning sheds with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.
A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy vision'd form, from childhood's morning
grace

To woman's early bloom, changing—how soon!—
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor,
Active and ardent to my fancy's eye,
Thou still art young in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me
hast been!"*

And Hampstead society, five-and-thirty years

* Joanna Baillie died in 1851. Agnes survived her sister many years, and was believed to be upwards of a hundred when she died.

ago, presents us with another point of contact for the purposes of our present survey; for in a villa a few yards distant from the home of Joanna Baillie, a not unfrequent visitor, about the year 1830, was Caroline Frances Cornwallis, whose name, scarcely known to the world of authorship till the recent publication of her *Letters*, stands third on our list. She was daughter of the Rev. W. Cornwallis, rector of Wittersham in the county of Kent, representative of a younger branch of the ancient family which owned the late Marquis Cornwallis as its head. The literary career of this lady, and her expressed opinions, show in a striking manner the effect which the old-fashioned jealousy and distrust of female thinkers tended to produce on one assuredly of the most vigorous female intellects of her time; while she is herself also an eminent example of the increased depth and solidity of which a woman's thought was capable. Too earnest and profoundly sensitive to content herself with merely adapting her powers to the prevailing current of taste, too self-contained and retired in her circumstances, and perhaps in her inclinations, to be borne into public notice by the applauses of a coterie, Miss Cornwallis, in her isolated independence, read, thought, and wrote, with the powers of a masculine mind, on topics which few masculine minds could have handled with clearer logic or more sound information. But it was her firm conviction that a fairer consideration would be secured for her productions by presenting them to the public on their own merits, without confessing the secret of her sex; and of the many who read and profited by the clever manuals entitled *Small Books on Great Subjects*, which appeared on Pickering's counters between the years 1842 and 1854, none, we venture to affirm, save the few chosen friends who were behind the scenes, had a suspicion that the author of nearly the whole series was a woman; and a woman, moreover, of secluded life, feeble health, and no influential literary connexion. It was certainly not from any distrust of her own powers either as an individual or as a woman that Miss Cornwallis shrank from publicity. One main motive of her intellectual exertions, as she always asserted, was to vindicate the natural equality of her sex with the other; to prove, by what she considered irresistible logic, that if woman's intellect was not naturally inferior to that of man, the same rights were due to her in society, law, and politics; that if education only made the difference, then women ought to cast frivolity away, and be educated up to the level of men. This was indeed the cherished idea of her life; one to which she clung with all the pertinacity of an enthusiast. The "Rights of Women"

were not thirty years ago the common battle-cry that they have since become. The few who made a stir about them were women of exceptional notoriety: flighty lecturers, like Frances Wright, or systematic radicals, like Harriet Martineau. Miss Cornwallis was a very different person from either of these. She was by education and taste a conservative in politics, and though, as life went on, her opinions on most subjects assumed a very liberal complexion, she always based them on a philosophic vantage-ground of her own, and to the last disliked the so-called reforming party in the State, and their political connexions. How strongly she felt on this subject of woman's intellect and position the whole tenor of her correspondence bespeaks. "Nothing distressed her more," says the editor of the volume before us, "than to be told (as of course she *was* told) that she was an exception, and that her own attainments afforded no argument in support of the opinion she so strenuously held upon the natural equality of intellect in the two sexes. She considered that women were themselves in great measure to blame for the prevalence of a state of opinion which cramped intellectual development and withheld civil rights; and hence she believed that every individual woman who showed herself capable of handling great and important questions, was contributing something towards the future admission of the right of the whole sex to higher culture and greater freedom." Into the general argument on this delicate question it is no part of our business here to thrust ourselves. We would merely allude to one or two considerations which appear to us to have had too little weight in the reflections of Miss Cornwallis, and of others who share her views to their full extent. Even if woman's intellect could be proved, as satisfactorily as she thought it could, equal in natural capacity to that of man—to the triumphant refutation of Archbishop Whately's *dictum* about the exceptionally creative genius of the Miss Thwaites who invented the soda-water—the question still remains, Would it be desirable, not on grounds of capacity—for capacity has really little to do with it; a clever woman is no doubt a better judge of most things than a stupid man—but on grounds of social harmony and expediency, that the legal fence-work between the sexes should be altogether levelled? For the distinctions upon which that fence-work rests, are not, be it remembered, arbitrary distinctions, as those between man and man; they are distinctions of nature's making, whereby the physical weakness of one sex points out its dependence on the physical strength of the other, and seems to bar the law of competition, save in exceptional cases.

Again, to compare the "emancipation" of women with the emancipation of slaves, as an act of justice, is surely a fallacy in another respect. In the sphere of domestic influence women may exercise, and always have exercised, a power of their own, to which slaves can never pretend; and the more highly they cultivate their reasoning powers, and the more widely they extend their knowledge, the more effective and beneficial may that influence become, though, unhappily, history shows that it has not always depended on such creditable causes. Nay, some might be disposed to cite against Miss Cornwallis her own favourite instance in plea of woman's enfranchisement, as proving that if she can do so much as an unobserved, irresponsible agent, there is the less need to drag her forth into the fields of public conflict.

"It is useless," she says, "to inquire what women have *published*, unless you could inquire also what they have *done privately which men have the credit of*. It was a chance that told us who was the composer of Pericles' Oration. She was reproached as the author of his policy also; yet his policy was most able. She raised her second husband to eminence also as an orator and politician; and it is probable that there has been many an Aspasia that the world knows nothing of, who has enjoyed in quiet the fame of him she loved, and cared not for her own."

Much of the peculiarity and independence of Miss Cornwallis's views and character is attributable to the circumstances of her life. She stood to a very great extent alone in the world. Her only sister married and died young, leaving her to be the sole companion of her parents as long as they lived, and afterwards the last survivor of her race. In after years she gave a touching account of her early trials, and of the way in which they contributed to the formation of her character:—

"At the period you talk of, fifteen and sixteen, I was very miserable; a darling sister who, though much older, had been everything to me, married first, and left me lonely, and then, within the year, died; my father broke the tendon of his leg, and was helpless for six months; my mother's health was bad; myself worn with sorrow and fatigue. I learned not to weep, for it vexed my father to see it; but I have been told that the first time we, the survivors, appeared at church together, the parishioners almost wept to see us so pale, and worn, and shadow-like. What was the world to me then? I only thought of that where I should rejoin what I loved; and then I made the vow which long years afterwards I found written down, that I would forsake all the follies of my age, and be to my father all that she whom he had lost had been, for she was his right hand. I toiled patiently over his accounts, walked with him when he could walk, rode

with him; sought no amusement, no dress; concealed my own grief under a gay exterior, and lived as if there had been no gaieties in the world. I plunged into books as a resource, and as a fountain whence I could draw refreshment for a weary spirit. . . . Thus bodily and mental suffering combined to make my youth unlike other people's. I think, nevertheless, if I had been thrown a little more into society, that my mind would not have broken down my body so much, and I might have felt less of the unnatural *tedium vitæ* which at times made it a burden almost too heavy to be borne."—Pp. 267, 268.

The mind which, at so early an age, could brace itself to such firm resolves, was assuredly of no common order. The extent and variety of her studies, as recorded in the correspondence for several succeeding years of her life, was something amazing. But while she liked to astonish her friends by the avowal of her multifarious excursions into the realms of knowledge, she protested against too high an estimate being formed of her conquests therein, and warmly deprecated the unenviable notoriety attaching to the character of a "learned lady."

"I believe," she wrote on one occasion, "you, like many more of my friends, overrate my attainments a good deal, owing to this fancy of mine for smatterings of knowledge. I think they afford more pleasure than swallowing down one great stiff science, horns and all, like the boa-constrictor, and lying choked with it for half one's life; but after all, for *use* they avail but little."—P. 57.

The *tedium vitæ*, however, was too formidable a ghost to be laid by study. Moreover, ill health interfered with her powers of application. There is something very pathetic in the following description of her mental state:

"When health is only to be preserved by drawing lines of circumvallation past which sorrow is not to be allowed to step, it is hardly worth having. The effort to exclude the enemy wearies more at last than his admission. . . . When I was stronger, I could smother care in extreme application to study: now even that remedy fails me. But why should I pursue such subjects? Bodily pain and mental suffering will some day have an end; and so I hitch up my load again, and proceed on my way."

Miss Cornwallis's devotion to learning, at an age when most girls seek the pleasures of dress and of the ball-room, did not altogether destroy her attractions for the sex of which she seemed likely to prove so formidable a rival on its own ground. It was not long after her sister's death that she received an offer of marriage from one destined afterwards to rank among the distinguished authors of his day, the historian J. C. L. Sismondi. Thirty-six years later, on occasion

of his death, she thus mentions the circumstance to one of her correspondents :—

"This year is doomed not to be a gay one to me, for I have had the news of my dear old friend Sismondi's death—a friend more than for as long as I can remember, for I do not remember the first seeing him. Such a loss is irreparable, and as such I must feel it. He had greatness of mind to get over what few men do; for when disparity of years and other considerations led me to decline his proffered hand, he continued the same warm friend as ever, and never, to his latest hour, ceased to show me every kindness in his power. Such a friend is not easily replaced, and can never be forgotten. He is one more added to the list of those whose number makes me feel more a denizen of the next world than of this. My only comfort is the trying to make myself worthy of them, that in God's good time I may be found fit to enjoy the society of 'just men made perfect;' and in this hope I trudge on upon my weary pilgrimage patiently and quietly."—P. 233.

A letter of the rejected suitor's on the occasion, which has been preserved, written in imperfect English, shows how highly he rated the mental excellencies of his beloved :

"Tell her," he wrote to Mrs. Cornwallis, "tell her I will work incessantly till I have reached such a reputation as she may derive some vanity from my past address, while always shall I be proud of having raised my wishes to her, though unsuccessfully. . . . Do not think the wish unreasonable, however. . . . Those dreams are now vanished, but the more ærial was their nature, the more have they left after them a true endearment for yourself and your daughter. She cannot be a foreigner to me: it was not *she* who has refused me, it was the war,—the distance of seas and lands, the nature itself of things. She has not refused me for a friend, a half-brother, and that I hope to remain."

Disparity of years he does not himself reckon among the causes of her refusal; and seeing he was but thirteen years older than herself, this was probably a very minor consideration. But her resolute devotion to her parents at this time has already been noticed, and no doubt the idea of a foreign connexion was altogether repugnant to her feelings. The friendship between Sismondi and herself was kept up by a frequent epistolary correspondence. Her own letters to the historian seem not to be extant; but many of those which he wrote to her are given, as an appendix, in the present volume. They range freely over various topics of literature and sentiment, often expressing opinions very opposite to those she entertained, yet everywhere evincing his profound respect for her character and attainments, and a spirit of tender solicitude for her welfare.

In 1822 Mr. Cornwallis was compelled to leave Wittersham on account of disaffection

among his parishioners, which took the shape of personal insult and ill-treatment. He had spent many years of earnest self-denying labour in the parish, and his daughter had seconded his efforts for its welfare with all the zeal of her ardent nature, and had even voluntarily relinquished a considerable portion of the inheritance which would have been eventually hers, in the endowment of a school for its poorer inhabitants. The removal from Wittersham, and its cause, rankled deeply in her heart, and did not make her more in charity with the growth of democratic principles in the country at large. In after times, when writing to a friend on the subject of certain attacks on the clergy in which the *Examiner* newspaper had been indulging, she thus points with the sting of personal recollection her indignant defence of the class of which her father had been a member :—

"There is no man who spends his time in more anxious exertion than a conscientious clergyman. There is no fame, no reward to spur him on, for his preferment comes before his duty. He spends his life in a country village perhaps, or at any rate wherever he may be cast, without a chance or an expectation of any further enolument; and what he has is generally a modicum which requires economy to live on it and appear like a gentleman. His duties lie among the poor and the sick, whom he has to instruct and comfort; with the rich he must mix as their equal, and by his example and conduct mend them if he can, and this must be done silently and quietly, or it is unavailing. A man who has thus given up his life to his fellow-creatures hopes, perhaps—it is human to do so—that some approbation, some esteem from his fellow-men as well as his God, may follow his honest and noiseless course; and he finds himself stigmatized—as indeed his great Master was before him—'as a glutton and a wine-bibber,' a grasping, avaricious being, who cares not who suffers if he be enriched. Is it not the way to make men worthless if they are allowed no sort of credit for their virtues? I knew one on whom all this vituperation was heaped till his gray head was bent in sorrow to the grave; yet his youth had been innocent, his manhood spent in ministering to all the wants and woes of his poor neighbours; his old age was hunted down by the Cobbettites, and such as Mr. Fonblanque would set on if he could. He was carried to his grave in the place which had been the scene of his quiet and useful life, and then the delusion was over. A weeping population rushed forth to meet the last remains of the man whose worth they then knew, *when they had lost him!* I only wish Mr. F. had been there to see it."—Pp. 211, 212.

The mortification and distress she experienced at this epoch, together with other causes, seem to have had a serious effect on her already very delicate health. After struggling with severe illness for some time,

she resolved on trying the effect of a winter abroad, and accepted the offer of her faithful friend Sismondi to place at her disposal a country-house belonging to himself in the neighbourhood of Pescia.

Her Italian life was a new experience of existence to Miss Cornwallis. She was now forty years of age; her mind was cultivated up to the highest pitch; her memory stored with facts and ideas; her imagination open to every new impression from without; her eagerness for knowledge insatiable. To one so circumstanced, the elemental glow of a southern climate—which soothes the fibres and braces the nervous system long depressed by the chill damps of the north, and by the gnawings of mental and bodily pain—works like inspiration itself. Every new object, every unaccustomed sound, the little traits of domestic life, the living accents of a language hitherto only known in books, the realization of scenes viewed as yet only by picture or description, the awaking each morning to the anticipation of unwonted impressions, the reviewing at evening a new treasure of ideas and sympathies,—all this, blended with the unusual sense of physical ease and elasticity, seems to expand the limits of the soul, and endue it with heightened life and power. Long years afterwards Miss Cornwallis used to revert to her Italian life as the happiest period of her existence. Her letters are more genial, more playful, more self-forgetting at this time than at any other; while her remarks on Italian life and manners evince a spirit of observation singularly keen and discriminating, and a vivid feeling for the picturesque in life and nature. She remained in Italy a year and a half on this occasion. Subsequently, in 1829–30, she spent another winter there.

During Miss Cornwallis's first absence in Italy her father died. Mrs. Cornwallis survived till 1836. She was a woman, to judge from the eulogiums of Sismondi, as well as from the recollections of surviving friends, of considerable personal attractions, and no ordinary powers of mind. But in religious matters she inclined to the strictest sect of the Evangelicals; and from the views of this party her daughter totally and most emphatically dissented.

Miss Cornwallis continued to reside in her native county of Kent all the remainder of her life, which, in spite of frequent and alarming attacks of illness and pain, was protracted to the age of seventy-one. She mixed little in general society; but she took delight in forming the minds of younger people, and doing her best to shame her own sex, more especially, out of the frivolities with which the female character is liable to be beset.

And her warm and generous interest in the welfare of her self-chosen pupils seems to have been requited with no ordinary strength of attachment on their part. Her older friends and correspondents, with the exception of Sismondi and John Hookham Frere,* were not, as far as we can find, people of high literary note. Her opinions were her own, the fruit of vast reading, close thought, and perhaps, we may add, of too little argument with those who were her equals or superiors in attainment. Her old friend Sismondi, however, was wont to express his dissent from her conclusions pretty freely; and even when the adjustment of woman's true position in the world was the subject of discussion, did not allow his deference for Miss Cornwallis, nor his appreciation of her high capacities, to modify his conclusions as to the female type of character in general.

"The qualities of the heart," he says, "are those by which above all others you have the advantage over us. . . . Called on your part to give being to men, I ascribe very little importance to the truth or falsity of the scientific notions you may implant in them during their first years: I ascribe infinite importance to the sentiments you may develop in them. God preserve the children of mothers who would fain be men! For such there would be no more youth, no more enthusiasm, no more self-devotion, perhaps no more compassion."†

Another subject which she had much at heart, and on which also Sismondi differed from her, was her theory of Christianity. Her grand panacea for remedying the sins and follies of the age was the combination of religion with philosophy,—the establishing the conviction that divine revelation was simply and solely an authoritative enforcement of those moral truths which reason, under the most favourable circumstances, might discover for itself; of which, at all events, when presented to its contemplation in the teaching of Scripture, it was the sole and sufficient test. All theological dogmas which could not be meted to the requirements of man's natural conscience and understanding, she held to be the aftergrowth of

* There are no letters in the "Selections" to J. H. Frere himself, but many to his sister and others of his family, and several references to his conversation and opinions on literary subjects.

† "Les qualités du cœur sont celles par lesquelles avant toutes les autres vous l'emportez sur nous. . . . Appelée pour votre part à faire des hommes, je ne mets que fort peu d'importance aux notions vraies ou fausses de science que vous pourriez planter en eux durant leurs premières années; j'en mets une infinie aux sentiments que vous développez en eux. Dieu garde les enfans de mères qui seroient hommes; il n'y auroit plus de jeunesse pour eux, plus d'enthousiasme, plus de dévouement, peut-être plus de pitié."

human invention, superinduced upon the pure theology of the first two centuries. For, in the ante-Nicene Fathers and Apologists, in the lives and deaths of a Polycarp, a Justin, a Clement, and a Tertullian, in their simple profession of devotion to the person and example of the Saviour, unaccompanied by any doctrinal statements as to the mode and conditions of salvation, she believed the only reliable interpretations of Christ's mission were to be recognised. She did not admit the supposition that a subsequent necessity for doctrinal statement might arise out of the wayward, often vicious, misrepresentations of men; that, as the echoes of the first Christian teachers faded from men's ears, and the first love began to wax cold, some safeguards might be needed to prevent religion from degenerating, under the influence of sensual prepossessions or capricious fancies, into wild superstition or wilder antinomianism.

Sismondi, in replying to his friend's argument on behalf of primitive Christianity, thus eloquently maintains the superior excellence and beauty of some of its later developments, and sees, in its varied adaptation to the requirements of mankind at different periods and under different aspects of civilisation, the most convincing proof of its divine authority. He writes in February, 1840:—

"I would look for Christianity rather in what it has become than in what it was at its origin. Whatever may have been those revelations and that divinity over which the long course of ages and the influence of human passion have spread a veil, Christianity is the richer by all the pious meditations, all the researches into the human heart, all the purest and most beautiful sentiments with which the love of God has inspired man during successive centuries, and by all the experience afforded by times of prosperity and adversity, of barbarism and of civilisation. Such as it is preached in the purest of the Reformed Churches, Christianity is the finest embodiment of doctrines and moral teaching which exists. It is there that I love to contemplate it, and that, like all things entrusted to men by God, I hope and believe it will attain still greater development and perfection. Whilst all the endeavours we make to return backwards, to seize hold of it in monuments which themselves have not been exempt from alteration, and which each succeeding age changes more and more by its own interpretations, seem to me to have no other effect than that of diminishing its beauty and its utility." *

* "Je vais chercher le Christianisme plutôt dans ce qu'il est devenu que dans ce qu'il étoit à son origine. Quelles qu'aient été les révélations et la divinité sur lesquelles le long cours des âges et l'influence des passions humaines ont étendu un voile, le Christianisme s'est enrichi de toutes les méditations pieuses, de toutes les études sur le cœur humain, de tout ce que l'amour de la divinité a inspiré aux hommes de plus beau et de plus pur,

Always eager in the pursuit of truth, Miss Cornwallis hailed with vivid interest the first utterances of that school of Biblical Criticism which students of German theology were beginning to extend into England, and of which Dean Milman's *History of the Jews* was, we believe, the earliest sample in a popular style laid before the British public. This certainly implied no small courage, and a very rare spirit of investigation in a woman, and one brought up, be it remembered, not like Miss Aikin in a school of latitudinarian Dissent, but in a strictly evangelical and otherwise orthodox world of opinion, and herself craving for the confirmation and assurance of that religious faith which was often the only thing that saved her morbid temperament from despondency. But where truth led, or seemed to lead, she never shrank from following, nor was she one who could ever rest content with half convictions on so momentous a subject. Though her strong belief in the person and character of Christ, as portrayed in the Gospels, rendered her proof against the seductions of Strauss's theory, the conclusions of Ewald and Bunsen met in great measure with her cordial assent; and at a time when they were little talked of in England, we find her already familiar with those aspects of Neology which have since introduced terror and division into the English Church; have made old foes draw together in the dread of a common danger, and have been made a cause of opprobrium, often misplaced and excessive, for the impugnors, of whatever degree, of traditional orthodoxy. But then, again, with the odd eclecticism which she managed to preserve in her opinions, she combined this latitudinarianism as to doctrine with High Church leanings in ecclesiastical matters, and seems even to have thought there was divine sanction for the doctrine of apostolic succession. "By principle and rational conviction of the advantage," she writes, "I am an Episcopalian. I believe it was the order of government established, if not by Christ himself, at least by his immediate successors; and I do not feel satisfied

pendant une longue suite de siècles, et avec toute l'expérience que donnent des tems de prospérité et d'adversité, de barbarie, et de civilisation. Tel qu'il est prêché dans les églises réformées les plus pures, il est le plus beau corps de doctrines et d'enseignement moral qui existe. C'est là que j'aime à le voir, et que comme toutes les choses confiées aux hommes par la divinité, j'espère et je crois qu'il se développera et se perfectionnera encore. Tandis que tous les efforts qu'on fait pour retourner en arrière, pour les saisir dans des monumens qui n'ont point été exempts d'altération, et que chaque siècle a changé et change encore par ses interprétations, me semble n'avoir d'autre effet que de lui ôter de sa beauté et de son utilité."—Pp. 480, 481.

that we have the same claims to his promises, as attached to the sacraments, when administered by unauthorized persons, save when Episcopal ordination has been unattainable."

She objected to Dissent on moral grounds also, as tending to weaken the sense of brotherhood among Christians; while for the same reason, as we have seen, she would have levelled the outworks of formula which tend to isolate the National Church from so large a proportion of the nation itself. It is a little curious, in a correspondence which turns so much upon religious topics, and is carried on through the whole period of the Tractarian movement, to find so little reference to that particular conflict of views which was for many years by far the most stirring episode in the history of our Church, and of which Miss Aikin's gossiping letters to Dr. Channing are continually relating, superficially enough, the progress and purport. Miss Cornwallis's discussions, indeed, seem to *fit in* to the polemics of our present time far more than into the prevailing polemics of the days to which they belong. The fact seems to be that the questions as between the Evangelical party and the Puseyites, or between the "high and dry" and the Puseyites, or even as between the "Broad Church" of Arnold and Whately and the Puseyites, had comparatively little interest for her. Her opinions pointed to a different stage of liberalism from that of any parties to this particular strife.

Even those most inclined to condemn her sceptical audacity on doctrinal points, cannot deny that her convictions were honest, and her religious feelings very fervent and sincere. "God knows," she said in 1846, when speaking of the series of books she was then publishing, "I never put pen to paper on these momentous subjects without bending in humble prayer that I might be guided myself, and be enabled to guide others, to that true wisdom, without which all learning is but as sounding brass."

There was another subject on which Miss Cornwallis held strong opinions at variance with those commonly received. One of her *Small Books* was on "Man's Power over Himself to Prevent or Control Insanity." So impressed was she with the belief that such control was possible, that she strongly objected to the legislation which is based on the assumption of the madman's irresponsibility; and in the hot arguments which in conversation she would maintain on this point, she used, as we have heard, to adduce herself as an instance of the power of self-restraint. But or the exercise of strong resolution, she said, she was firmly convinced she should more than once have lost the balance of her mind.

The morbid tendency which this confession indicates was no doubt the secret of much of her unhappiness, as well as of her sometimes wayward talent and temper. She is described, by those who remember her personal appearance, as tall and largely built, with marked features, a sarcastic expression of countenance, and a decided manner. Her heart was benevolent and quick to feel for suffering and distress, and she concealed beneath a rugged surface a most feminine yearning for sympathy and affection. Generous and warm-hearted, incapable of meanness or hypocrisy herself, impatient of doubt or compromise, she made little allowance for the shortcomings or hesitation of others; nor could she placidly recognise in the moral constitution of the world that interweaving of truth with error, that complexity, in the "colours of good and evil," which from of old has baffled the wisest philosophy of man, and which revelation itself does not profess to explain. The struggle to carry reason's powers beyond their allotted province cost her, as she confesses, hours of agony. There is something very touching in her admission of defeat, and in her strong assertion of the religious faith which, whatever its exact texture or hue may have been, kept her from despair; nay, more than that, animated her to the last moment of her life with sincere trust in a world to come, and a longing desire to better the condition of her fellow-creatures in this.

"The childlike confidence with which, when all else that we had thought stable fails us, we throw ourselves on that great power whose existence and attributes become clearer the more all other things appear uncertain, is surely the frame of mind which our Saviour inculcated, and which is most becoming the creature of his will; and to this frame of mind I truly believe that the most decided scepticism does lead. Human passions are roused in the progress of controversy, and ridicule is resorted to when we are angered by opposition or wearied by folly; but I believe that in the silence of this chamber *the man* becomes *the creature*, feels his own bounded powers, and throws himself with the utmost prostration of spirit at the feet of that Power in whose hands he feels that he is."—P. 168.

"It is easy to write or to say, with our Articles, that God is "without parts or passions;" but to *feel* it is, I am well convinced, the most difficult task our nature has; and the way in which my own health sinks under the stretch of mind occasioned by such contemplation, shows that God has been merciful in giving us more tangible objects to lay hold on. So convinced, indeed, am I that it is impossible to be well with such things always in one's head, that I would abandon these studies if I could, and plunge into active life, satisfied to do my duty as well as I could, and leave the rest to God's mercy. But in utter loneliness the mind turns inward to

search into its own nature and prospects; and this research shakes the mortal case shrewdly. Few can comprehend this, and I who feel it can hardly describe; but I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon. . . . I sometimes doubt if my course of studies and thinking affords happiness; gratification of no ordinary kind attends it sometimes, but it is only sometimes, and there are many hours of weariness, when the exhausted mind lies prostrate under the painful sense of its own littleness. . . . I am not a bit well; head aching continually, and every breath of wind makes me shiver, but the sword has worn out the scabbard, and it is too late now to mend it, so I must go on as I can. I could find in my heart to do as I did once when a child, and sit down by my bedside and cry, nobody could tell why. I got a dose of physic for my pains then, and it cured me of crying for ever; but I should fancy my brains were none the better for that force done to nature, and I rather envy those who can open their eye-slits and let off a little of that 'perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.'—P. 169.

She said herself, that the gloom of the soul was never so deep with her after her experience of life in Italy, as before she "broke prison;" and that the sense of happiness she was then conscious of, as proving to her that happiness was at least a *possibility*, prevented her from being ever again overwhelmed by the sense of present *ennui*. Still, existence had no charms to make her love it; and every access of sickness seems to have been welcomed by her in the hope that it might prove a dismissal from the world and its perplexities.

To one of her friends she begins a letter thus, in 1841:—

"The glow is bright in the evening sky,
And the evening star is fair;
The buds are breaking,
The flowers are waking,
And sweet is the fresh spring air.

"But there is a brighter glow to come,
And an hour more fair than this;
When, though friends are weeping,
The body lies sleeping,
And the spirit breathes free in bliss.

"This may be a sort of answer to your inquiries, my dearest Anna, for I would not that you should hear of illness in any other tone. . . . I begin to feel the confident hope that my affairs with this world are drawing to a close. How happy this hope has made me I cannot make you comprehend; but at no moment of my life do I recollect to have felt so exhilarated."—P. 228.

And again, a year or two after, when the breaking of an abscess on the lungs had brought her very near the grave:—

"I cannot, things being as they are, entertain any great expectation of recovery, though I do

not say that it is impossible. Now I am so far revived that I can write, propped up with pillows, in my easy-chair. But, as I have said already, it is in the hands of God; and if an easy mind and pleasure in the thought, rather than dread of death, can keep fever down, and give the constitution a chance of rallying, why, I have that chance. . . . If death comes, I shall receive it as a boon and a blessing; if not, I shall brace myself again for my pilgrimage, and see how much more I can do that may be useful whilst I stay here."—P. 247.

Poetical composition was one of her resources, especially in those moods of depression to which she so often alludes. The verses printed in this volume are almost all of a sombre, melancholy cast. They have reference chiefly to personal emotion, and evince reflection and sensibility rather than high imaginative power. Among them are many translations from German, a language in which she became a proficient long before it was usual to find English ladies at all acquainted with it. But not only was Miss Cornwallis familiar with what we now call the ordinary modern tongues, she was skilled also in the dead languages, Hebrew as well as Latin and Greek; and not only was she well read in the philosophy, poetry, and history of all cultivated ages, but she was versed likewise in many abstruse sciences. When in Italy she made a study of Medicine and Anatomy. Chemistry, and the phenomena of Electricity, occupied much of her attention. Yet with all this she was an adept in woman's accomplishments too; was a skilful musician, both vocal and instrumental, could paint in water-colours and draw caricatures; could model in wax, and sometimes even, like Mrs. Carter, condescended to make a cap or pudding.* Ignorance, whether in man or woman, was in her estimation, as she was never tired of enforcing, the great bane of human existence, and intellectual progress the one sure road to moral happiness and improvement.

From the time she conceived the idea of publishing the *Small Books*, her reading and writing ardour became hotter than ever. It was indeed no child's play to condense and popularize the lessons of philosophy and science, not into the form of mere manuals for reference, but into treatises calling out and suggesting the higher functions of generalization with reference to the moral and spiritual dispensations of creative wisdom.

"Now I will tell you what I have been about," she writes to one of her coadjutors, in 1843. "In the first place, I got up Chemistry, of which I did not know a great deal before, and wrote the

* We write some of these personal particulars from the recollections of friends, for the published volume of her letters gives but scant information of the biographical sort.

'Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry;' then came the table of a Lecture on Insanity. . . . and this required no small research; and this is nearly done. And then I have been reading for one tract on Greek Philosophy, and have got through about two sheets of that, at odd times working at the Greek language, and so I have taken an Oration of Demosthenes to put into literal English, and back again into Greek; besides which I have been reading and theorizing about Æschylus' *Prometheus Vincetus*, with Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, and Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, and Diogenes Laertius and Athenagoras, for the Orphic Theology. Now, if ever one might be excused for not writing to one's friends under a press of business, I think I have that excuse to offer. . . . In the midst of this I have been quite happy and well; not a moment, even at meal times, was unemployed; my books, paper, and pens were beside me, and I ate with my left hand, and wrote with my right, and never even thought whether I was alone. I think that this is the secret of being happy—the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind."—P. 237.

The works by which Miss Cornwallis has established her claim to a dignified place in the ranks of female authorship, are—"Pericles, a Tale of Athens in the 83d Olympiad," of which Dr. Hawtrey, the late Head Master and Provost of Eton, said he had "never met with any work of fiction on a classical subject which united so much valuable information to so interesting a story;" fifteen entirely, and four more partially, of the *Small Books on Great Subjects*, embracing the topics of Physiology, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Chemistry, Greek Philosophy, Grammar, History, and Social Science; a Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency, published by Smith and Elder in 1853; five articles contributed to the *Westminster Review*, on social and other subjects; and one or two to *Fraser's Magazine*, on Naval Education.

The *Small Books* were received with great favour at the time of their publication, both in England and in America. Second and third editions were called for; "and," says the editor of Miss Cornwallis's letters, "it was in a spirit of triumph in which no mean or personal feeling had place, that she delighted to remark how 'through the long series no hostile criticism had discovered a misrepresentation or a mistake.'" In those of her books which treated of the history of Christianity, her method was to dwell with emphasis on the simple affirmations to which she firmly held, but not to provoke controversy or shock prejudice by drawing conclusions, which, she nevertheless believed, congenial readers would not fail to discover for themselves. So it was that, with few exceptions, the critics of the press passed by the element of "unsoundness," and united in praising the

learning, the impartiality, the good sense, and the liberality of the unknown author. Her own consciousness, however, that many of her convictions were at variance with the opinions of the world around her, on points on which opinion is peculiarly sensitive, and the dislike of giving offence, on the one hand, or of hearing her views scoffed at as a mere woman's notions on the other, kept her firm in the resolution of concealing her authorship as long as she should live. But she left with her editor—one of her attached female disciples, as we believe, and the domestic companion of her later years—the charge of lifting the veil after her death, and making known any particulars of her literary life and correspondence that might have an interest for the public at large. We cannot but wish this charge had been carried out a little more fully; that a few more particulars, at least, had been given as to the society in which Miss Cornwallis mixed, and the means which she possessed for acquiring that very wide and varied knowledge which was the cherished delight of her life. In the earlier portion of the correspondence, we hear of mornings spent in reading at the British Museum, but there is no distinct record of any residence in the metropolis. Her letters are all dated from the country; almost all from her quiet homes in Kent. A slight connexion and old hereditary friendship with the family of John Hookham Frere, the accomplished author of *Whistlecraft*, and friend of Canning, afforded her, as it would seem, some of the pleasantest opportunities of enjoying varied intellectual converse. At one time of her life, she was, as we have before said, a not unfrequent guest at Hampstead, where one of Mr. Frere's brothers had his home, and here she met many cultivated and distinguished men; among others S. T. Coleridge, who, as she records, sat by her at dinner on one occasion, and charmed her by his conversation. He talked of the sense of immortality in man, and of its universality, which, in his opinion, caused it to partake of the nature of what we call instinct in animals. "The only time I ever saw Lord Byron," he said, "he pointed to a man in a state of brutal intoxication, and asked if I thought that a proof of an immortal nature." "Your inquiry, my Lord, is," I answered; and so it was; it was the natural instinct shrinking with abhorrence from the degradation of the soul." "Such conversation," adds Miss Cornwallis, "at a dinner party is not common, and I was much pleased with my place."—P. 49.

Miss Cornwallis died in January, 1858. The published correspondence ends in November, 1856, and we have no record of the concluding period of her life; but from the

list of her writings it appears that her pen was active up to within a few months of her decease, and that one of the latest subjects that occupied her was the reform of the laws respecting the property of married women, which she had the satisfaction of seeing carried through both Houses of Parliament the year before she died.

And here we must claim a moment's pause for a comparison, which the recent publication of a supplemental volume of the letters of Eugénie de Guérin has suggested to us, between two female intellects of the nineteenth century, the one of the English Protestant, the other of the French Romanist type. We lay stress upon the first term in this qualification, for it is evident to us that national, as well as ecclesiastical influences, had their share in the mental development of each of these gifted ladies. In Caroline Cornwallis we see Protestantism resolving itself into Rationalism; in Eugénie de Guérin we see Catholicism tending to Mysticism; yet, even with the uncompromising appeal to reason as the *verifying faculty* which limited Miss Cornwallis's theoretical faith, we still discern the workings of that deep sense of unseen realities which, amid all varieties of belief and disbelief, has ever been found brooding over the Teutonic mind, and enduring the contemplative, often gloomy intellect of the North, with its highest modes of imagination; while the pious meditations of the French lady are woven over the framework of a refined sentimentality, which, under other inspiration, might have afforded garniture for a novel of Balzac or George Sand. The earthly love and tenderness for friends, brother, home, and nature, in which Eugénie's soul was steeped, mingled with and led on to her devout life-consecration to a Higher Power. She felt the sense of bliss to consist in close-confiding trust and self-abnegation; and for the full contentment of such yearnings as hers, she could find no satisfying object save such as dogmatic Christian doctrine afforded her. She knew no impulse for questioning or searching into the grounds of things. Her gentle marvel at life's mysteries was easily quelled by the dictates of faith; and she was content to accept her Church's view of what religion is, and to see beauty in all its forms, though, with her innate purity and elevation of soul, it was its spirit and not its form to which she really clung. Those portions of Mlle. de Guérin's writings which do not derive their whole interest from the self-communings of her faith and love, charm us chiefly by the minute and graphic touches of life and nature with which they abound. But in her small details there is no attempt at philosophy or generalization, no quickness to probe,

no restless desire to remedy the evils of a world immersed in sin and error. She writes of the things and persons around her with the taste and discrimination, but also with something of the gossiping minuteness of a De Sevigné. And her personal appearance, slight, pale, fragile, insignificant but for dark intelligent eyes and a bright smile which sometimes illumined the pensiveness of her countenance,—how different is this too from the outward aspect which we have heard ascribed to the English lady philosopher. Family affections and a sense of duty kept Eugénie de Guérin in the world, but natural inclination would have consigned her to a cloister. Miss Cornwallis, as we have had occasion to remark, was repelled from the amenities of social intercourse by the angularity of her own nature, by dislike of notoriety as a "learned lady," and by the want of natural objects for her softer affections; certainly not from the sense that the soul's perfection could best be attained by reclusive meditation. On this subject hear her emphatic protest against the pietism of Wilberforce:—

"Wilberforce mistook his road (led away by the speciousness of the religious party he attached himself to), and strove to 'meditate' when he ought to have *thought*. He wasted precious time in writing down good resolutions and self-reproaches for doing less than he ought, yet seems to have overlooked the fact that all his writing and meditation was the cause of his doing little. *Thought*, happily for us, is very rapid; and if we were really determined to think when we ought to do so, with the full powers of our reason, five minutes would generally despatch the business, and well too; for the mind, already well stored with knowledge and accustomed to close application, can bring its powers to bear on any given subject at a moment's notice with thorough effect. To set apart *hours* for thinking is mere indolence, and has much the same effect on the mind that a diet of weak broth would have on the body: it enfeebles and unfits it for any vigorous effort. At fifty-two, Wilberforce complains that his memory is failing. He himself attributes it to having suffered his thoughts to be too desultory, and I have no doubt he was right; his water-greul 'meditations' had taken from him the power of grasping rapidly and firmly the objects brought before him; for I have invariably seen among my acquaintance that the powers of the mind failed the earliest in those who applied the least."—P. 197.

And here our remarks draw to an end. It so happens that the three clever women with whose memorials we have been occupying ourselves, take up their position respectively in the three departments into which the genius of ages and the genius of individuals are said to be alike distributable. Poetry, Narrative, and Philosophy or Science, have been by turns the favourite forms of human thought

since men began to think. In the present century they would seem to have each come in for their share in giving the prevalent direction to the public taste. The quality of imagination was certainly predominant in the days to which Joanna Baillie properly belonged, the days of the great minstrels—of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey. It was at History's shrine that Lucy Aikin paid her devotions, in company with, at however respectful a distance, Hallam, Mackintosh, and Sismondi. Philosophy claimed Caroline Cornwallis as her own,—the critical philosophy which the new impulses of the time had brought from the German universities, and which is making its familiar home in the minds of the present generation. All honour be to the triad! They had neither of them cause to be ashamed of the place assigned to their productions on the shelves of contemporary literature. With whatever differences of taste or ability, they each in their several way helped to vindicate woman's right to the franchise of the human intellect, and have afforded man opportunity to show that the old days of jealousy and derisive compliment are at an end, and that the pretensions of a *précieuse ridicule* would be as unmeaning in this latter half of the nineteenth century as were the fantastic pedantries of La Mancha's knight among the working-day realities of the age of Cervantes.

ART. IV.—1. *Det Norske Folks Historie.*

P. A. MUNCH. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852–55.

2. *Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet.* J. J. A. WORSAAE. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghandling, 1863.

3. *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.* Edited by BENJAMIN THORPE, for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1861. 2 vols.

4. *Lives of Edward the Confessor.* Edited by H. R. LUARD, M. A., for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1858.

THE reign of Edward the Confessor in England was really the rule of Earl Godwin and his sons. The foundations of the fortune of that family had been laid in exile. Already, in the year 1009, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, Brihtric, the brother of the arch-traitor Eðric Streon, had slandered Wulfnoth the "Child," a noble Thane of the South Saxons, to his weak-minded master; and that too at the very moment when a mighty fleet was gathered together to meet a threatened invasion of the Danes. The result was that Wulfnoth went into banishment, with twenty

ships, and wasted the south coast as he went. Brihtric sailed after him with 180 ships, and boasted that he would bring the traitor back quick or dead: but a great storm arose, the ships were dashed against each other, and driven on shore in a shattered state. Then Wulfnoth fell on them, and burned Brihtric's ships. When the news came to the King, he and his "witan" were left of counsel. They were all as "unready" as their lord; and the end of that great armament was that every man went to his home, and England was as defenceless as ever, when Thorkell the Tall came with his "huge hostile host," after Lammas-tide, to revenge his brother Sigvald's death, who had fallen in the massacre of St. Brice's Day. But we have to deal with Wulfnoth rather than Ethelred and his evil counsel. The noble "Child" went into exile, and took with him his son Godwin, then probably a boy. We hear little more of the father. His name, which together with those of the false brothers Brihtric and Eðric, is before found in Anglo-Saxon charters, appears no more; but it is probable that he threw in his lot with King Sweyn Forkbeard and his mighty son Canute, with whom Earl Godwin, or *Godwinus Dux*, soon rose to high rank.* As early as the year 1018, we find him signing Canute's charters; and the year after, when Canute, having laid all England under his feet, and being firmly seated on the Danish throne by the death of his brother Harold, made an expedition to Jomsborg, on the east coast of the Baltic, Godwin, at the head of a band of English troops, so distinguished himself that the English were ever afterwards held by Canute as good as the Danes, and their young leader was rewarded by the hand of Githa, the King's cousin, and sister of Ulf Jarl, who had married Astritha, the great King's sister. All through Canute's reign his Saxon favourite kept his love,† and at his

* It is clear, from the unflinching evidence of contemporary deeds, that whatever might have been the father's fate, the son returned and was reconciled to Ethelred, for in the will of Athelstan Atheling occurs the following passage:—"And I grant to Godwin Wulfnoth's son the land at Compton, which his father before had;" and in all likelihood he is the "Godwin minister" who signs several of Ethelred's later charters. But from the very outset of Canute's reign there can be no doubt of Godwin's power.

† The writer of the most interesting contemporary life of Edward the Confessor—first printed by Mr. Luard for the Master of the Rolls,—a man who well knew the King, as well as Earl Godwin and his sons and daughter—thus describes Earl Godwin's character and position in Canute's reign:—"This Godwin, as he was wary in counsel, so also in warlike matters had he been proved by the King as most valiant. Besides, for the evenness of his temper, he was in the greatest favour with every one as well as the King; a man matchless for the

death, in 1035, we find Godwin and his friends standing by Emma and her son Hardicanute, rather than by Harold Harefoot, Canute's son by a Saxon concubine, and thus espousing the Danish rather than the Saxon side. But when Hardicanute loitered in Denmark, and lost time in settling his quarrel with Magnus of Norway, the Danish Thingmannalid—the Varangians of the Danish dynasty in England—had their way. From the first they had sided with Harold, who was on the spot, rather than with his brother, who was abroad. They thought that if a crown was worth having it was worth seeking, and as they went England went. Hardicanute's party lost ground. Emma was banished to Flanders by her rival's son, and Godwin went over to Harold's side.

constancy with which he girded himself to work, and accessible to all, with a cheerful and ready good-will. But when certain sufficient affairs of state had recalled the King to his own nation—for in his absence some had thrown off his yoke and made them ready to rebellion—Godwin clung to him on his whole journey as his constant companion. Here the King had more opportunity of observing, in the example of this great chief, his foresight, his endurance of toil, and his skill in warfare. He saw also how deep-seated was his gift of speech, and felt, if he could bind such a man to himself more closely by some fitting gift, what a gain it would be to him in governing his newly won kingdom of England. Having proved him, therefore, a little longer, he made him one of his councillors and gave him his cousin to wife. Whence, too, when he returned to England, having set all things on a right footing in his Danish kingdom, he (Godwin) is made by the King an earl, *dux*, and the King's spokesman (*bajulus*), or president of the Council. Nor when he had attained so great a dignity was he puffed up, but to all good men, to the best of his ability, proved himself a father; for he did not now throw off that gentleness of spirit which he had learned from his boyhood up, but cultivated it as a natural gift, by continually practising it both to his inferiors and his equals. Whosoever did wrong, from him what was lawful and right was instantly exacted. For which reason he was looked on by all the sons of his country in the light of a father rather than a lord. From such a sire, sons and daughters were born not unworthy of their origin, for they were remarkable as inheriting both their father's and their mother's honesty, and in bringing them up Godwin paid special attention to instructing them in those arts, by which he prepared in these his children, both a bulwark and a delight to the nation. So long as the aforesaid King Canute reigned, he, Godwin, flourished in his Court as first among the great chiefs of the kingdom, and by reason of his fairness, all agreed in thinking, that what he was for writing should be written, what he was for cancelling should be cancelled." There can be no doubt, from the precedence given to Godwin in almost all Canute's charters, that he was in the highest rank. In a very little while after Canute's conquest of the kingdom, we find him signing and continuing to sign next after the King, and that before Earl Eric, Earl Hacon, the sons of Earl Hacon of Norway, and also before Earl Ulf, the King's cousin and brother-in-law.

But before she went, if we may believe one MS. of the Saxon Chronicle,* Godwin had done a deed of blood which was noteworthy even in that bloody age. In the year 1036, "the harmless Atheling" Alfred, Ethelred's elder son by Emma, tried to make his way to his mother at Winchester, but Earl Godwin, according to this MS., "would not suffer it, nor other men, who had great power in this land; for the voice of the people was then much for Harold, though it was unrightful. But Godwin hindered him and threw him into prison, and his followers he scattered, and some cruelly killed. . . . Never was a bloodier deed done in this land since the Danes came and here took up free quarters."† It is remarkable that this foul deed is laid to God-

* This is Cotton. Tib. B. i. Cotton. Tib. B. iv. leaves out Godwin's name altogether and imputes the crime to Harold Harefoot.

† Thorpe, in his edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, has here made a ridiculous mistranslation. The Saxon words are "*her frih namon*," which he renders "here made peace." That the Danes came into England to make peace, or that they made it when here, is startling in itself, and much more so coming after the story of such a deed of blood. But the words mean nothing of the kind. They correspond exactly to "free quarters,"—a place where they could store up their booty in peace, holding it with a strong hand against all comers; where they could, in short, have an asylum. But, alas, there are many mistakes in this edition. We shall find another when we speak of the said Godwin's career. Take another, just before this story of the harmless Atheling. When Canute died, one of the MS. of the Chronicle, Laud. Bodl. 636, says, "*tha lithsmen on Lunden geuron Harold*," which Mr. Thorpe translates "the lithsmen of London chose Harold," adding in a note to "lithsmen," "sailors, from *lith*, a ship." Now it so happens that these *lithsmen* do not come from *lith*, a ship, nor were they sailors, nor were they sailors of London. They were the soldiers of the "Thingmannalid," whose quarters were in London. We shall have to speak of them more at length. Again, having thus mistaken the meaning of the word "*lithsmen*," a little farther on he finds the word "*huscarl*," in the passage where the same MS. says, that Emma-Ælfgifu, Canute's widow, sat at Winchester "*mid thaes cynges huscarlum hyra suna*," with the king's housecarles, her sons; here Mr. Thorpe has another note to "*huscarlum*," as follows: "The Danish body-guard, though retained till the time of the Conquest." But here again he is quite wrong. The king's housecarles were the king's private body-guard, the rank and file, as it were, of his "*hird*," "*hired*" or comitatus. They were in no sense a national militia or condottieri, as the Thingmannalid were. This is plain from many passages in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle itself, but in none more so than the account of the Northumbrian rising against Tostig, where Cott. Tib. B. i., says, "All the thanes in Yorkshire fared to York, and slew there Earl Tostig's housecarles." "Tostiges earles huskarlas thar ofslagon," where the parallel passage in Cott. Tib. B. iv. runs "ofslagon his (Tostiges earles) hiredmen ealle," where it will be seen that "*huskarlas*" and "*hiredmenn*" are used as equivalent terms.

win's charge by a single manuscript, and that the same which, when he sickened shortly before his death and afterwards recovered,* proceeded to say, with a monkish whine, "but he made too little atonement for those goods of God which he had from many holy places." For three years and a half Godwin stood by Harold Harefoot till the young king died suddenly, March 17, 1040, at Oxford. Then messengers were sent to Emma and Hardicanute at Bruges in Flanders. They lost little time in coming to England. One of Hardicanute's first acts was to have his half-brother's body dug up from the grave, and cast into a marsh by the Thames' side, whence it was taken by his friends and buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, just outside Temple Bar,—the church, no doubt, of the Thingmannalid, crowning the ridge of the Strand, at the very verge of the city. His next was to lay heavy taxes on the people. He recalled his other half-brother Edward, Emma's son, from Normandy, and treacherously slew Eadulf, Earl of Northumbria, having broken the word which he had pledged,—to let him come and go in peace. The vacant earldom was given to a famous man, Sigurd Björn's son, the Earl Siward of Shakespeare. When the people of Worcestershire rose and slew two of his housecarles who demanded the king's taxes, Hardicanute wasted their shire with fire and sword, and finally, having reigned a little less than two years, during which, as the old Chronicle says, "he never did one kingly thing," he fell smitten with a stroke at a drinking-bout at Lambeth, and after a dreadful struggle, spoke never a word, but died and departed. "And all the folk then chose Edward, and took him for their king, as was his rightful due."

And now came a great change for England, for Godwin, and for Edward. For England, because the royal race of Canute had died out; because Denmark was claimed by Magnus by virtue of the treaty of the Burnt Isles;

because Sweyn, the son of Canute's sister, now openly became a pretender to that crown; and because for years the strife between Denmark and Norway never left those kingdoms a moment's breathing-time to think of England. For Godwin the change was great, because his nephew by marriage, Sweyn, was now first favourite for the Danish throne; because his foreign lords being now dead and gone, he might hope to be master in England; and because he foresaw from Edward's childish character that he could govern the country as he chose in the king's name. For Edward the change was greatest of all. We have already seen from the Confessor's meek letter to Magnus the Good what a life of trouble he had led, ever nearest and ever farthest from the throne; next in right and most distant in deed. Even his own mother seems to have turned against him, and, at any rate, to have been fonder of her children by the second marriage. She preferred the drunken revengeful Hardicanute to the gentle Edward. But the day of retribution soon came, for shortly after Edward was crowned at Winchester; then by the advice of Earl Godwin and Earl Leofric and Earl Siward, he rode unawares on "the Lady," and despoiled her of all the precious things that she owned, which were not to be told; and he did this, "for that she was erst very hard to the king her son, and did less for him than he would before he was king, and afterwards too, and so they left her sitting there." Another MS. of the Chronicle says, that Edward "caused the boundaries of all the land that his mother owned to be ridden as belonging to him, and he took from her all that she owned in gold and in silver and in unspeakable things; for that she held those things too fast as against him before."

Many suppose that we know naught of the men and women of that distant age. To them the Saxons before the Conquest are as the Patriarchs before the Flood—mere names and shadows, not at all creatures of flesh and blood. Yet here is the very portrait and counterpart of Edward the Confessor, drawn to the life by one who had often seen him, and who has described both his person and his character with a master's hand:—"And that we may not pass over the form and fashion of the man, his person was most fair, of moderate height, remarkable for the milky whiteness of his hair and beard, with a full face and rosy skin; his hands thin and snow-white, with long transparent fingers. As to all the rest of his body, a kingly man without spot or blemish. He was cheerful, and yet of constant gravity. As he walked, he turned his eyes on the ground; and yet he was most pleasantly affable to every man.

* Here again we have a mistranslation, as it seems. The words which we have rendered "recovered" are "*eft gewyrpte*," which Mr. Thorpe renders "re-embarked;" the whole passage according to him, being, "Godwin then sickened shortly after he landed and re-embarked." Instead of going back to his ship when he sickened with a sudden attack, the words merely mean that he came back to himself, or recovered. He had in fact a kind of fit or stroke, probably of the same nature as that which carried him off so suddenly a few months afterwards; and it is plain that the monkish chronicler, in what follows, is warning all robbers of holy places, among whom he reckoned Earl Godwin, to take an example of Godwin's fate, who, though once warned by a sudden stroke of sickness, from which he quickly recovered, did not make reparation for the property which he had taken from the Church.

If any good reason roused an emotion of the mind, he seemed to be terrible as a lion; but he was not wont to show his wrath by abuse. To all who asked aught of him, he either gave with kindness or refused with kindness; so that his kind refusal often seemed as much as the largest gift. In public he showed himself thoroughly king and lord; in private he treated his followers as his fellows, though he never forgot what was due to his royal rank. Impressing on his bishops their duty to act in God's cause, and enjoining his worldly judges and the lawyers of his Court to give righteous judgment; plucking up unjust laws and enacting just ones, with wise counsel he gladdened all Britain, over which, by God's grace and by hereditary right, a pious prince ruled paramount." Thus wrote one who knew Edward well; and if he had written no more, we might have thought his praise a mere panegyric. But having sketched the outlines of his strength, he throws in shadows which mark the weakness of the Confessor's character. Edward was only strong when he looked up towards heaven. When his eyes were bent on earth, he was weak as a child. Strong in word and theory and good resolution, he was feeble and vacillating in deed and practice. Being what the Germans call "a fair soul," and such characters are ever fairest on paper, Edward stood in need of some master mind ever at his side to keep his footsteps straight. First his mother Emma, then Godwin, then for a little while his Norman priests and relatives, then Godwin again for a moment, lastly Harold,—these were the King's keepers so long as Edward lived. For the rest "this most gracious king spent his life in rest and quiet, and passed the greatest part of his time among the woods and groves in the sport of hunting; for as soon as he was set free from divine service, to which he heartily turned his attention with daily devotion, he for the most part sported with his hawks, or harked forward his packs of hounds with a cheer. In these things, or in things like them, he sometimes spent the whole day; and in these things alone, by his natural turn, did he seem to take any worldly pleasure." To monks and abbots, especially to those who came from beyond the sea, and who he knew served God more strictly and devoutly than his own ecclesiastics, he was munificent to a fault, and on them his charity flowed in a continual stream during his whole reign. He was ever holding up these foreigners to his own people as a pattern, for he thought monastic rules were not nearly severe enough in the Anglo-Saxon Church. "Often in church he stood upright with lamb-like gentleness, '*agninā nansuetudinē*,'

and with tranquil mind was a worshipper of Christ before the eyes of all. Most rarely, unless he was asked a question, did he say a word to any one during service. The pomp of royal apparel with which he was surrounded by the care of the Queen, he used silently and sparingly, and with no pleasure of the heart, nor did he care aught if he were served with less state and cost. Not that he was not grateful for the attention of the Queen when shown in such matters, but often spoke of it with a certain kindliness to some of his intimate friends. To the poor and weak he condescended with much mercy, and spent much in their support, not only day by day at his own Court, but in very many parts of his kingdom." The Queen herself was first and foremost in every good work. A pattern wife, according to this writer, whose meekness and modesty were such that when, "as by custom and royal right, her seat was ever placed by the King's side, she chose rather, save when in church or at the royal board, to sit at his feet until he perchance stretched out his arm, or by a motion of his hand invited, and even forced her to sit by him."

And now what was this England of the eleventh century over which Edward was called to rule? It had been wasted by the constant wars in Ethelred's days, but for nearly twenty years the land had peace in Canute's time, and with peace came plenty, which neither Harold Harefoot's wilfulness, nor the sottishness of Hardicanute, had time to destroy. The main feature of the country it is impossible to mistake. The land was pretty equally divided between Danes and Saxons. The Danish element, which before the time of Ethelred had been firmly established north of the Humber, and which even so early as Alfred's time had taken root in East Anglia, had advanced with rapid strides into Mercia or the Midlands during the "unready" King's reign, and a line which ran through England, nearly at Rugby or Northampton, now marked their furthest settlements. There in the Danelagh, the land of Danish law, the great owners of land and their little courts or followings claimed to be ruled by Scandinavian laws and customs, while the rest of the kingdom clung to their West Saxon codes. That was pretty much the state of things when Canute made England his own. With him came, of course, a fresh infusion of foreign blood, and that not only into the old Danelagh, but all over the country, as the King granted to this or that warrior so many hides or manses of land. But Canute did more than conquer England: he gave a new code of laws for Danes and Saxons alike, and these

are the bad laws which Edward is described as plucking out to restore the old West Saxon code, which, in after years, in the time of the stern Norway tyranny, were called the laws of Edward the Confessor. These were the laws, too, on behalf of which the whole north rose against Tostig in the last year of Edward the Confessor. With regard to the tenure of land, it was divided between the King, the freeman, and the Church. Of course, after the Danish conquest, the possessions of the King were great as compared with either those of the freemen or the Church. Much that was before owned by both had fallen to the Crown by confiscation, or by failure of heirs, cut off by the sword of war. In all times of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, the king, besides his royal domains, seems to have possessed or exercised the right of granting common lands by charter to individuals. The *Codex Diplomaticus* of Mr. Kemble is filled with such grants, and Canute was not slow to follow the example of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs. He found the Church weak and wasted; stripped of its lands, its dues, and its position; the churches had in many cases been burnt, and their sacred books, furniture, plate, and vestments, sacked and plundered. He left it strong, for he was neither before nor behind his age. He was not half-heathen, as his ancestors had been, nor free-thinking as those of later times. Where his father Sweyn and his Viking hordes had destroyed, Canute restored and rebuilt. When he died, England had more ministers than ever, and her Church was richly endowed. Well and worthily then did the great king sleep in his splendid tomb in the "Old Minster" at Winchester, which we now call the Cathedral, till Cromwell's "Ironsides"—another fashion of men in their faith than that Edmund "Ironside" with whom Canute contended—scattered his bones to the winds. The freemen lived, whether they were Dane or Saxon, all over the country on their own lands. The lowest owning a thrall or two, the highest imitating the King's example in having a following of armed men at his back; but all, high and low, bound to obey the King's call to serve under his banner by sea or land against a common enemy, to build fortifications where they were wanted, and, though last not least in everyday life, to make and mend roads and build and repair bridges on the king's highway. The Kings themselves lived, so to speak, all over the land. They passed from farm to farm, from grange to grange, of their domains, and when they had eaten up the stores of grain, and herds of cattle, garnered and gathered in one, they passed on to another. They seem

seldom to have stayed in towns for any length of time. London and Oxford, and, above all others, Winchester, the true West Saxon capital, were visited on State occasions; Oxford and London to meet the Witan or Great Council, and Winchester for their coronations, and their burial; but in general our Saxon forefathers, true to their old German feelings, were fonder of the woods and fields than of walled towns. For the most part they spent their life in war or hunting; and even the priest-ridden Edward, as we have seen, cared alone of earthly amusements for the excitement of the chase. Most of the towns in these days were overshadowed by a monastery, as Canterbury, Exeter, Winchester, Petersborough; but York and Lincoln and Leicester and Derby and Stamford, and, above all, London, were looked on, and looked on themselves, pretty much as free cities; the first five being the strongholds of the Danish settlers, while London almost boasted of no nationality at all. Ever since the days of Ethelred, it had been the headquarters of a band of mercenary soldiers, the famous Thingmannalid, whose origin, fortunes, and position, we must briefly describe.

Towards the end of the tenth century, probably about the year 980, Björn, from his unruly temper nicknamed Styrbjörn, or "Strifebear," the nephew of Eric "Winfight," King of Sweden, had fled from that country, and founded a free state at Jomsborg, on the east coast of the Baltic, on what was then Wendish or Slavonic land. The site of this famous asylum of freebooters must be sought near Wollen in Pomerania. For more than half a century this fastness was a thorn in the flesh to every neighbouring country. Styrbjörn and his freebooters were well known in the north and east of Europe, and when the "Strifebear" was cut off in battle in Sweden, the leadership of the company fell to Sigvald, the son of a Scanian Earl named Strut-Harold, who shared his command with his two brothers, Thorkell the Tall and Hemming. Harold Gormson, indeed, then king of Denmark, the great Canute's grandfather, who had great influence at Jomsborg, seems to have intended the leadership for Thorgils Cracklelegs, Styrbjörn's young son by Harold's sister Thyra, but the election went against him, and Sigvald was chosen chief. That famous company may be best compared to those bodies of condottieri or free lancers who in after times took service under this or that king for the sake of pay or plunder, who were bound to him by the tie of implicit obedience so long as the time of their service lasted, and so long as he fulfilled his bargain, but who among themselves were bound man

to man by certain rules as brothers in arms; and who, both in garrison and in the field, kept up of their own free will the strictest discipline. The Sagas have handed down to us most of the clauses of the Code by which the Vikings of Jomsborg were governed, and here are some of them: No man could be chosen a member of the company who was more than fifty or less than eighteen years old. No man was worthy of the brotherhood who yielded in fight to a man his match in strength or in arms. Every man who was admitted swore to revenge all the rest as his brother. No one was to bear tales against or to backbite any of the band. No one was to spread news but the captain himself. Were it ever found that one who had been chosen had aforetime slain the father, or brother, or kinsman of any of the band, the blood feud was to drop, and the quarrel to be settled by the captain's award. No woman was to be suffered to be brought into the fastness, nor could any of the band be more than three nights away without the captain's leave. No man could claim as his own any part of the spoil; it was all to be thrown together, and then divided into equal shares by the captain. No man was to dare to utter a single word that gave witness of fear, and no man was to flinch for pain. All differences among the brothers in arms were to be made up by the captain. Kinship or friendship were to have no voice in choosing the companions. And lastly, if any broke these rules, he was punished without respect to person by instant expulsion from the band.

Such were the chief rules of this famous Free Company. With their fortunes and misfortunes we have nothing here to do, except to say that their fate was that of all such bands; they fell because their laws were too hard to keep, and because their rules were often infringed. But they are interesting to England, because, when the fortune of Jomsborg began to wane, and when the band, resolved into its original elements, left their fastness to harry other lands, Earl Sigvald, about the year 1001, sailed for England, where he seized the Isle of Wight as free quarters, whence he ravaged the country. The unready Ethelred was only too ready to make peace, by which he agreed to pay the Danes 24,000 pounds of gold, and supply them with quarters and provisions. The invaders seem to have reposed in fancied security; for the next year, 1002, came the massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, when every Dane in the south of England was butchered, young and old, man and woman alike. There can be no doubt that Earl Sigvald fell with the rest. But though Jomsborg was not what Jomsborg had been, the band still ex-

isted under the leadership of Sigvald's brothers, Thorkell the Tall, and Heming. To them it was a bounden duty to avenge their brother; and though their vengeance was delayed, it came at last. In August, 1009, came Thorkell the Tall with his "huge hostile host," as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle calls it, which for two years ravaged the land, and at last made peace with Ethelred, after having been paid the enormous sum of 48,000 pounds of gold. But this was not all. True to his condottieri principles, Thorkell not only made peace with Ethelred, but became his man, as it was called. He entered into his service with a great part of his host, and was ready to defend the land against all comers, on the condition that the force was to be well fed, clothed, and paid. From this agreement, "Gething," these mercenary troops were called "Thingmenn," and the whole band Thingmannalid, that is, the band who had made a solemn bargain with the King, and were now his mercenary soldiers. They became the King of England's Varangians, just as those at Byzantium were the Emperor's. This force had two head-quarters in England, a fortress in the city of London, and another, Slesswick, now Sloswick, in Nottinghamshire, and besides Thorkell, his brother Heming, and Eilif, Thorgils Cracklelegs' son, were their leaders. Thus the great body of the free lances of Jomsborg was transplanted to England, there to form the terrible Thingmannalid, which, with little interruption, was kept up by every English king from Ethelred to the Norman Conquest. A few words will suffice to tell their story till Edward the Confessor's accession. They seem to have served Ethelred faithfully till 1015, when, after King Sweyn Forkbeard's death, Ethelred, with the cunning of incapacity, thought the time was come for getting rid at once of his protectors and of the Danegelt, or sum which was paid to maintain them. He tried, therefore, another massacre, and actually succeeded in falling by treachery on both the quarters of the Thingmenn at one and the same time. Thus Heming was cut off in Slesswick, the head-quarters in the Danelagh, with most of his men. Thorkell and Eilif, more fortunate, fought their way out of London and down the river, and escaped to Denmark. There Thorkell, who arrived with nine ships, offered his services to King Canute, and strongly urged him to conquer England. When the conquest was over, Thorkell remained as captain of the Thingmenn, and after his fall Canute gave them new laws and new captains, among whom was his nephew Björn, the son of Earl Ulf, who again was the son of Thorgils Cracklelegs, thus keeping the succession to the command of these offshoots from

Jomsborg in the family of the founder of the Free Company. So the famous band remained through Canute's reign and his sons' reign till the days of Edward; but so long as they remained fast seated in their castle of London, London must have been to all intents and purposes the city of the Thingmenn, and therefore, as regarded either the King or the rest of the country, virtually independent.

One great blot still remained: a large part of the lowest class were slaves. Every freeman and owner of land seems to have had several, and though the Church, with a perseverance which does it all honour, was incessant in preaching the duty of manumission, and though the wills are full of bequests of freedom on the part of freemen to their thralls, the very frequency of those injunctions and bequests proves how large a class of the community were still unfree. For the rest, except when war wasted them, the people, free and bond alike, were probably happy enough. England was the land of corn and ale, of fine clothes and good arms, of vessels of silver and vessels of gold. There was Church plate in abundance, and many a gold-hilted sword, or axe, with haft inlaid with silver, many a golden bowl, and many a massive highly-wrought drinking-horn is bequeathed by the Anglo-Saxon wills. The feeling that remains on the mind after reading the rich store of wills, and deeds and charters that have been spared, is that though the state of society was what we should call rude, it was not nearly so wretched as it must have been in Norman times. The danger of all classes rather was that they should sink Church and Throne and people alike into sottishness and dulness, for on the whole the Anglo-Saxons were a slow sluggish people in Edward the Confessor's time. The constant Danish wars and actual Danish settlements had greatly shattered their national feeling, the Church was too fond of ease, and thought too little of its duties, the King was weak and childish, and few of the great chiefs were of pure Saxon blood. England in Edward's time was ripe for reform or revolution. Had the lot fallen to Godwin and his sons, it might have been reform, for they were all striving spirits, and their half-Danish blood coursed warmly through their veins; but He who knows best sent revolution instead of reform, and who shall doubt that what He did was best for England?

It was over such a kingdom and such a king that Earl Godwin was now called to rule. He seems to have done his best for both, and to have been a man, in spite of all that has been said against him, who had a strong respect for Edward's hereditary right,

and a warm love for all that was English. To say that he had an eye to his own interest, is only to say that he was an ambitious man. Of course he had an eye to his own interest. He would have been blind if he had not. But his interest and that of England were identical. Had he sought his own interest alone, he might have set aside the childish king, striven to be king himself, and so brought about a convulsion. So long as Edward lived, a strong hand was needed at the helm to keep the vessel of the State straight; to guard it against being invaded by hostile hosts in open warfare, or worse still, from being boarded by stealth by foreign priests. Both these services Godwin rendered at great risk to himself, and so long as his interest only lay in being ambitious enough to wish to be the first Englishman, and most constant enemy of foreign aggression, either by lay or churchmen, no one has a right to say an ill word against Earl Godwin. The success of his policy is best shown by the inveterate hate with which his memory was assailed by Norman scribes, and by the idle stories spread in after times by ecclesiastics as to his awful end. That hate, and these fables, are best confuted by the praise which contemporary writers bestowed on his character, and by the silence of the same authorities as to the inventions of his posthumous enemies.

In 1043, Godwin married Edward to his daughter Eadgitha, and for more than ten years governed both the kingdom and his son-in-law. His sons as well as his daughter were now grown men; in one of Edward's charters of 1044, Godwin and all his sons, except Wulfnoth the youngest, are found as witnesses, and after that year one or other of them constantly appears.* As for Godwin himself it may almost be said that he signed every Saxon charter from 1016, when his name certainly first appears, to the year 1053-4, so close was he at the elbow of every English king on state occasions. Strong in himself, in his daughter, who seems to have had a will of her own,† and

* Supposing Godwin to have been married to Githa in 1019-20, after Canute's expedition to Jomsborg, Harold and his elder children would have been about twenty years old in 1043. If Harold were born in 1020, he would have been forty-six at the Conquest.

† This appears both from the account of her character given in the Life of Edward the Confessor, referred to above, and also from a charter granted by Edward in 1060. This was a grant confirming the vill of Fiskerton in Lincolnshire to the great Abbey at Burgh, now known as Peterborough. It seems that a lady of London, "femina Lundonica," named Leofgyfa, had given the said vill to the Abbey of Burgh after her death. She died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: "in via Ierosolymæ." As soon as Leofric, the Abbot of Burgh,

in his sons, no man in England was his match. His property, too, lying on the south and west around Winchester, the centre of West Saxon nationality, gave him a great advantage over his compeers, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward Björn's son of Northumberland, the first of whom had to restrain the headstrong Welsh on the Marches, while the other, like an old Viking, and sprung of the true Viking stock, for his grandfather was Thorgils Cracklelegs of Jomsborg, had enough to do to rule the turbulent spirits of his own race in the north, and to chastise Macbeth and Thorfinn in their struggle with the southern Scottish dynasty of Duncan and Malcolm Canmore. While they were doing good service on the outskirts of the realm, Godwin and his sons were busy about the heart of the kingdom. It was easy for them to combine to crush their foes, and they were ever about the king, lest his ear should fall a prey to evil counsel. Nor must it be supposed, though the great flood of Northern invasion had passed away, that England even in Edward's time was always at rest. Her peace was only comparative. We have seen how Magnus the Good threatened an invasion after the death of Hardicanute, and how Edward actually lay at Sandwich, then the great arsenal of England, on the south-east coast. Whether Magnus would ever have fulfilled his threat, had he not had his hands full with Sweyn Ulf's son in Denmark, can never be known. But certain it is, that he had made no step towards England before his early death in 1047. When he died, Harold Sigurdson or Hardrada inherited his nephew's rights; but even he, bold as he was, was just then in no condition to make them good. He, too, had enough to do with Sweyn; and, as we have seen, the struggle between the two kingdoms lasted till 1064, just before the death of Ed-

ward the Confessor. But though he could not come, some of his subjects, who thought that a good time for Vikings was coming, steered for England in 1048 under the command of Lothin and Erling.* They had twenty-five ships, and ravaged the south-east coast, carrying off immense booty. Being repulsed on another part of the coast, the Vikings sailed for Flanders, where they sold their booty and returned home. But it did not yet suit the plans of Harold Hardrada to invade England. He was afraid lest King Edward, or rather lest Earl Godwin and his sons, should make common cause with his enemy, Sweyn Ulf's son, and send an English force to his help. As politic as he was brave, he sent at once an embassy to Edward offering peace and friendship, which Edward willingly accepted. He was just in time, for at the heels of his messengers came others from King Sweyn praying for help, which he no doubt thought he was sure to get, owing to the ties of kindred which bound the family of Godwin to his own. But he reckoned without his host. Florence of Worcester, whom Munch has followed, and who is a very trustworthy authority, asserts, indeed, that Godwin proposed at a meeting of the "Witan" that England should listen to the prayer of King Sweyn, while old Leofric, the Earl of Mercia, opposed him to the uttermost, and led the whole meeting after him, who, mindful of their ancient grudge against the Danes, would not hear of sending them any help. So far Florence, but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says merely in its dry way, under 1049, "Harold went to Norway when Magnus was dead," "and he sent for peace hither to this land. And Sweyn of Denmark also sent and begged King Edward for aid. That should be at least fifty ships. But all the folk said nay." Then as now, England was all for neutrality so far as Denmark was concerned. In this case we prefer the Chronicle, and for this reason. Though there was kinship between King Sweyn and Earl Godwin, there was just then a feud as well. The foes of that family were to be

heard of this, he came before the King and proved his claim by proper witnesses: "per idoneos testes." The gift seems to have been in the form of a nuncupative will—a form of bequest allowed by Anglo-Saxon law. But now came a hitch. Queen Eadgitha claimed the land as having been intended for her by Leofgyfa, and it was only by using all the influence of the King and her brothers on the Queen, and by paying twenty marks in gold, and by giving up the church furniture, valued at twenty marks more, that Abbot Leofric got the land; the Queen joining the King in confirming it to the Abbey by this charter. The words of the original are very curious:—"At regina mea Eadgyd cum terram vendicasset, dicendo quod hanc sibi eadem femina decrevisset, idem abbas per me et principes meos reginæ fratres Haroldum et Tostinum ipsius potentiam flexit; datisque ei in gratiam xx. marcis auri, et ornamentis ecclesiæ quæ ad alias xx. marcas apportantur, terram monasterio suo liberrimam et integerrimam restituit."

* The first of these seems to have been a son and the other a grandson of the famous Erling Skjalgsson of Sole in Norway. Here Mr. Thorpe makes another egregious blunder, for he turns this Lothin into Olaf Tryggvason's step-father, and Erling into his brother-in-law; but to do this he has to go back at least seventy years, for Olaf Tryggvason fell in the year 1000 at the battle of Svoldr, and his step-father married his mother at least twenty years before that date. Munch's third volume, in which (p. 167) the true explanation of this expedition may be found, was published in 1855, and Mr. Thorpe's edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in 1861. The various MSS. of the Chronicle which mention this event place it in 1046-47.

found in their own house. Sweyn and Tostig, first one and then the other, shook it to ruin. In the year 1046, that is three years before King Sweyn's messengers came, Sweyn, Godwin's son, had done a shameful deed by the Abbess of Lominster. From the consequences of this crime even his father's mighty influence had been unable to shield him, and he had been outlawed. The exile first turned his steps to his cousin King Sweyn to ask for help. But Sweyn was powerless to help him, and so far from sending ships to England, he was forced to send to England for ships a little while after. His cousin and namesake, who was of a violent temper, left Denmark in a rage, and as he had before thirsted for revenge on those who had outlawed him in England, he now burned to do some deed that might grieve King Sweyn. Whether he went like Tostig in after years from Denmark to Norway, and stirred up Lothin and Erling to sail on their English cruise we know not, but in 1049 we hear that he was with Baldwin Count of Flanders at Bruges, gathering force for revenge. When he had been outlawed his lands, which were wide, had been given partly to his brother Harold, and partly to Björn Ulf's son, King Sweyn's brother, who, with another brother, Asbjörn or Osborn, had remained in England ever since the days of King Canute, and were captains in the famous Thingmannalid. So things stood in 1049, when King Sweyn sent his messengers for peace. But that Godwin, who loved his son, resented the treatment which he had met with from King Sweyn is plain, we think, first from the refusal of the aid asked, and secondly by Godwin's conduct afterwards. In a word, we think that Godwin was angry with his royal kinsman at that time, and would not stir to help him. It was not Leofric alone, but Godwin with him, and in all likelihood before him, that led the popular feeling against Denmark. So things stood till the summer of 1049, when the outlaw crossed from Flanders to Bosham in Sussex, the chief seat of the family, with seven ships, to treat, as he said, for the removal of his outlawry. Both Björn and his brother Harold refused to give up the share of his lands which each had, but Björn said he was willing to go with him to the King, at Sandwich, and try to get the ban under which he lay loosed. Four nights' peace were given him for this, and so the two cousins went to Bosham. But no sooner had they reached Sweyn's squadron than the unhappy Björn was seized by Sweyn's command, and dragged on board; the ships set sail at once west for Axemouth, and there Sweyn basely slew him, and buried him deep on the shore.

When this news was spread, Harold and the lithmen of London, that is the Thingmannalid, of which he was captain, came and took up his body, and bore it to Winchester, and buried it by his uncle King Canute, in the Old Minster. Thus Sweyn, Godwin's son, took vengeance on King Sweyn. As for himself, he was again outlawed, and fled to Flanders. But though this was the deed of a nidding, it seems not to have raised the popular feeling against Sweyn so much as it ought. The people had long been sick of the overbearing behaviour of the lithmen, and were weighed down by the Danegeld, or yearly tax which they had to pay for the support of these foreign mercenaries. They heard therefore with little regret that one of the captains had been cut off by the darling son of Godwin; for, like Absalom and other scapegraces, Sweyn seems to have increased in favour by the very infamy of his crimes. Now too was the time for the politic Godwin to strike in. The popular voice was against the Thingmannalid, which were now no longer needed. By taking a side against the Danes, and doing away at once with the foreign mercenaries, and the tax by which they were paid, he would grow more popular. His plans were crowned with success; by the aid of the Bishop of Worcester, Sweyn's outlawry was removed in 1050. And in the same year the famous Thingmannalid was gradually disbanded, and sent back to Denmark, while Asbjörn, Björn's brother, and almost every Dane of note in England, except Siward of Northumbria, was sent out of the south of England.

But Godwin had no sooner got rid of the Danes than a new enemy stared him in the face. Edward had spent most of his life in Normandy. He loved the customs and language of his mother's country, and more than all he loved the obedience of its clergy to the Romish See. To him the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon Church were an abomination. If he cared for anything besides hunting, which was his sole worldly amusement, it was for monks and nuns, for cloisters such as that at Bec, and for castles like that at Rouen. He had always Normans about him, especially as his priests. In 1048, when the See of Canterbury became vacant, he gave it to Robert of Jumièges, whom he had made Bishop of London soon after his coronation, and the See of London he gave to William, his chaplain, who was also a Norman. An unhappy Saxon, Spearhafoc or Sparrowhawk, before Abbot of Abingdon, had been designated to the See into which William now crept, but the Archbishop had refused to consecrate him, and Sparrowhawk lost both his bishopric and his abbacy, for

while the dispute was pending, the King had thrust into the abbacy his kinsman Rudolf, one of Saint Olaf's missionary bishops, who had followed the Saint from Normandy to Norway, and from Norway had been sent to evangelize Iceland, whence, after a stay of nineteen years, he had returned to his native land in time to follow the fortunes of Edward to England.* So, too, Norman barons were granted lands and castles in England. Superior in arms, in dress, in laws, in religion, and even in what was then called civilisation, they gave themselves airs, and were hated accordingly by the less polished and freer English. But while these proceedings on the part of Edward were filling the cup of wrath against the strangers, an unlooked for piece of insolence on the part of the hated race filled it to overflowing. Count Eustace of Boulogne had married the King's sister, and came over to England in 1053 to settle some matters with the King. On his return home he forced his way armed into Dover. A quarrel arose out of an attempt of one of his followers to quarter himself on one of the townsmen; the townsmen slew the Norman; the Normans slew the householder at his own hearth. The freemen flew to arms, and after about twenty had fallen on either side, Eustace had to fly the town, and betook himself to the King with a story in which all the blame was laid on the men of Dover. The story is told in different ways, but by the most trustworthy account it seems that Edward lent a willing ear to the tale of his brother-in-law. Godwin, in whose earldom Dover lay, was ordered to chastise the offenders; but he would not obey. On the contrary, he and his sons gathered a force, marched on Gloucester where the King lay, and demanded the delivery of Eustace and his followers. On his side the King sent for Godwin's rivals, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward of Northumberland, who hastened to his aid with the strength of the Midlands and the North. War seemed inevitable; when, by the good offices of the Witan, a truce was agreed on. It was settled that Godwin and his sons should come and plead their cause before a solemn meeting of the Witan at London at the autumnal equinox. Edward was one of those "adjective" characters that cannot stand alone. Godwin had long been his "substantive;" but Godwin was no longer

by his side, and the weak king fell entirely into the hands of Archbishop Robert and his Norman priests, who were not slow to work Godwin's ruin. The writer of the Confessor's life to which we have so often referred, says outright, that the king, as they were always pouring accusations against Godwin into his ear, "began to prefer bad counsel to good." The father and his sons came at the appointed time, but meanwhile the King's forces had swollen greatly, while those of Godwin little by little lost heart and melted away. At last, from being equals, he and his children stood almost as suppliants. Hostages for his safety, if he came to the meeting, were even denied him, and the end was, that five nights were given him and his children to flee the land. By this time Archbishop Robert had quite persuaded the King that Godwin had been really guilty of his brother Alfred's murder, and when Godwin asked to have the King's "peace," Edward, who, like all weak characters, was subject to outbreaks of wrath, answered at the instigation of his priests, that "he could only hope for the King's peace when he restored him his brother alive with all his men, and all the goods that had been taken from them either alive or dead." As soon as this message was brought to the great Earl by Bishop Stigand, Godwin pushed away the table at which he sat, mounted his horse, and made his sons mount theirs, and rode for Bosham as hard as they could. They were just in time, for the Archbishop had sent horsemen after them to cut them off, but failed in his purpose. "So," says the Chronicle, "Earl Godwin and Earl Sweyn betook them to Bosham, and shoved out their ships and turned them beyond the sea, and sought Baldwin's 'peace,' and stayed there all the winter." "And Earl Harold went west to Ireland, and was there that winter in the King's peace at Dublin. And as soon as this happened, then the King left the lady, her that was hallowed and wedded to him as his queen, and stripped her of all that she had in gold and silver, and of all things, and she was handed over to the care of the King's sister, the Abbess of Wherwell; and Ælfgar, Leofric's son, was set over that earldom that Harold had before." Just at this critical time Edward's cousin, the young Duke William of Normandy, passed over into England with a great train of followers, no doubt to exult over the good time which was come for Normans in England. "The King," says the Chronicle, "made him and his fellows welcome, as many as he would, and so they left the realm again."

* His original name was Ulf, but, as *Hungryvaka* tells us (chap. 3), it was lengthened into Rudolf or Rudu-Ulf, because King Olaf brought him with him from Ruda or Rouen. According to Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, i. 176, he remained two years abbot in Abingdon and then died. He was probably advanced in years, unlike some colonial bishops now-a-days, before he threw up his see abroad and returned to his native land.

So fell of a sudden this famous family. "It would have seemed wonderful," says

another MS. of the Chronicle, "to every man that was in England, if any man before that had said that it would so happen; for he, Earl Godwin, had been before exalted to that degree as if he ruled the king and all England. And his sons were earls and the king's darlings, and his daughter was married and wedded to the king." But they fell only to rise again. Neither Godwin nor Harold were likely to let the grass grow under their feet while their foes took their lands in England as their own. They were not the men to cry over spilt milk, but just the men to fill the pail afresh. Harold was first afoot. The king who ruled the kingdom which the Northmen still held in Dublin was Margad, as the Scandinavian annals call him, or Cachmargach, as the Irish uttered it. The English called him Jemarch. But whatever his name, he was a bold and successful Viking. Many a time and oft he had harried England's coast, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with our old friends Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Guthorm of Ringeness. The last was his chosen brother in arms, and just at this very time between the years 1051-52, Guthorm spent the winter in Dublin, where he met the outlawed Harold. In the summer of 1054 they all set out on a cruise; Harold was bent on joining his father in Flanders; but Margad and Guthorm went out merely to plunder and waste. Their story is so interesting that we must stop to tell it. They won great store of wealth as they ravaged the shores of England, and at the end of July found themselves in the Menai Straits. Here they resolved to share the spoil, which was mostly in silver. But like the giants in the Niebelungen Tale, they could not agree, and so high did the war of words run that Margad challenged Guthorm to settle the matter by the sword. Guthorm had but five ships, while Margad had sixteen. The difference was great, even if we suppose his five to have been taller and stouter than those of the challenger. But here at least was room for prayers to saints, and so the day before the fight, it was St. Olaf's eve, the 28th of July, Guthorm vowed that he would give the saint a tenth of all the booty if he would grant him to win the day. He fought and won, leaving Margad and all his men after a bloody struggle. Those were not the days to break a vow. The eleventh century was not that of Erasmus, nor was Guthorm of Ringeness like the pilgrim to Walsingham. He kept his word to the saint, and a crucifix of solid silver as tall as Guthorm himself bore silent witness at once to his victory and his faith. There stood the Holy Rood in the church of St. Olaf at Drontheim, till it

was melted in the crucibles of those religious Vikings who laid Romanism waste in Norway, and brought the Reformation into the land in the sixteenth century.

Harold's cruise was quite as successful, and not so bloody. With nine ships he sailed into the Bristol Channel, harrying in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. Then leaving the Land's End he sailed along the coast to Portland, where he joined his forces to those of his father, who had passed over from Bruges some time before, and found all the south-east coast ready to rise. The people at least were not of Edward's opinion. Godwin and his sons were everywhere welcome. It added, perhaps, to the ease of their exploit that the scapegrace Sweyn was no longer with them. Smitten with the Jerusalem fever so common in that age, he had gone on a pilgrimage to Palestine, only to die at Constantinople on his return. Godwin and Harold steered boldly for the Thames, where the King lay outside London to the west, with his land force and fleet. Forcing their way through the bridge, and hugging the south bank, where their land force was ready to aid them, they were ready to fall on the King's followers and ships, who clung to the north bank of the Thames, but neither side had any wish to fight with their own countrymen for the sake of foreigners. Godwin was unwilling to fight against his king. The city of London, which was independent even after the Thingmen left it, was rather with Godwin than against him. It was now Edward's turn to yield. By the help of Stigand, Bishop of Winchester, he did so with a good grace. A truce was made, and hostages were given on both sides. Godwin landed and cleared himself and his sons from the charges made against them, and was there and then restored to all his rights and lands. This was the sign for the hated Normans to fly. The Archbishop Robert, the Bishop William, and Ulf, Bishop of Dorchester, who was so ignorant that when he went to the Synod at Vercelli he only escaped having his crosier broken by paying a heavy fine—they and all the rest of the Normans had to escape as best they might. The Archbishop left his pall behind him, and with his brothers in affliction only got over to France from Walton on the Naze, by trusting themselves in a crazy bark. As a matter of course the lady Eadgitha, the Queen, came back to Court and to the cold honours of Edward's bed, as soon as her father and brothers were restored to their rights.

So Godwin and his sons, all except the outlaw Sweyn, who ended his days in exile, were stronger than ever. But there is one who is stronger than man, and He had given

Godwin a warning at the very moment of his triumph. "Twas on the Monday after St. Mary's mass, that is on the 14th of September, that Earl Godwin and his ships came to Southwark, and on the Tuesday they were set at one again as here stands before told. Godwin sickened as soon as he set foot on shore, and eftsouns came to himself again." Then follows the passage already mentioned: "But he made all too little atonement for those goods of God which he had taken from many holy places." The monkish Chronicler evidently looked upon this first seizure as a warning which Godwin had neglected. Perhaps those ten manes at Polehampton in Hampshire, which Canute had given, as we see from one of his charters, dated 1033, "to my familiar friend and captain Godwin, for his trustworthy obedience by which he faithfully seconds me," but which we know from earlier charters had been given to Holy Church, now raised the wrath of the Chronicler. However that may be, Earl Godwin had short space given him for repentance if he needed it. In 1053 according to the Chronicle, but two years later beyond a doubt, that is in 1055, "in this year," we are told, "the King was at Winchester at Easter, and Earl Godwin with him, and Earl Harold, his son, and Tostig. Then on the second day of Easter, Easter Monday, he sat with the King at meat; then suddenly he sank down by the footstool reft of speech, and of all his strength, and then they brought him into the King's bower, and thought that it would go over, but it was not so, but so he lasted speechless and strengthless all down to the Thursday, and then gave up his life, and he lieth there (at Winchester) in the Old Minster." Such is the fullest account contained in the Chronicle of Earl Godwin's death. It is awful enough in its touching brevity, and we have no need, like the Norman scribes who made it their duty after the Conquest, to blacken the character of a man so thoroughly English, by repeating the fictions by which a later age sought to turn his fearful end into a warning against treason and perjury. The only crime which we see laid to his charge was the murder of the Atheling Alfred, but of this, as we have already seen, Harold Harefoot was in all probability really guilty.

After Godwin's death, all his lands and rights passed to Harold his eldest son, and it seemed as if a double portion of his father's power had fallen on Harold. It was no secret that the King still loved the Normans, but the people had declared against them, and made common cause with Godwin. If Godwin's character had been open to suspicion, no such charge could be made against

his eldest son, who, in spite of his half-Danish blood, was now looked upon by the English as their national champion. Circumstances, too, favoured him much. Both Leofric and Siward, his father's rivals, were on the brink of the grave. The latter died in 1057, and the former in 1059, though the Chronicle, with its usual misreckoning, places these events two years earlier. Siward's darling son, Asbjörn, had fallen in battle against Macbeth two years before, and Waltheof, his remaining child, was but a boy. With Leofric's race it was still worse. Even before his father's death Ælfgar had been outlawed on suspicion of treasonable practices with the Welsh, with whom he was on friendly terms. Against him, too, and his sons Eadwine and Morcar, Harold could always assert a superiority, as the champion of Englishmen, against those who had leagued themselves with foreigners and barbarians. The fortune of his family was filled to the brim when, on Siward's death,* the great earldom of Northumbria became vacant, and room was found for Tostig to display his powers of government. Neither the Northumbrians, nor King Malcolm, Earl Siward's brother-in-arms, welcomed Tostig very warmly, but the Danish population beyond the Humber were forced to receive him; and as for Malcolm, though he invaded Northumbria, he seems to have been defeated by Tostig, who was a valiant captain, and forced to make peace with Edward at York in 1059. At the same time he became Tostig's brother-in-arms, but, as if to show how little this holy tie availed, the Scottish King took the first opportunity of Tostig's absence, when, after the example of the age, he went on a pilgrimage to Rome in 1061, to fall again on Northumbria with fire and sword, not sparing in his fury even St. Cuthbert's shrine at Lindisfarne.

And now Edward was growing old: that

* His death is thus recorded by Henry of Huntingdon, who has no doubt faithfully preserved the thoroughly Norse features of the stern old Viking's character. The next year, 1055, "Siward," his real name was Sigurd—"that stoutest of captains, felt death hanging over him from a flux. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that I should not have been able to die in so many wars, but that I should have been reserved for the disgrace of a death fit only for kine! But at least clothe me with my impenetrable byrnie, gird me with my sword, set my helm on my head; let me have my shield on my left arm, put my golden-hafted axe in my right hand, that I, a brave warrior, may die at least as a warrior ought.' It was done as he said, and he breathed his last armed to the teeth." He was buried at Galtanbo, in the church which he had built in honour of St. Olaf; but no heathen warrior could have been more particular in the directions thus given for laying out his body in a way worthy of a worshipper of Odin.

is to say, he might have been about sixty years of age.* His luckily was not a nature nor a frame that could reproduce itself. He had no children by Eadgitha; who then was to be his heir? So long as a branch of the old West Saxon line existed, his eyes were naturally turned towards it, and he sent to Hungary for Edward, Edmund Ironside's son, who had been sent to Sweden by Canute to get him out of the way. From Sweden he was sent to Russia, and from Russia he made his way to Hungary, where he married Agatha, a kinswoman of the Emperor Henry the Second. Edward came to England, but died almost as soon as he arrived, in 1057. The MS. of the Chronicle, and that the one which seems rather hostile to the House of Godwin, implies that the Atheling met with foul play. The others merely mention his sudden death.† He left behind what the Chronicle calls a "fair offspring,"—a son, Edgar Atheling, and a daughter, Margaret. But like Siward's son Waltheof, Edgar was a boy, and strong neither in body nor mind. At such a time there could be little doubt that he, for a while at least, would be out of the succession. Failing him, the Norman annalists declare that Edward had resolved to make his cousin William, their Duke, his heir, and that they it is that have spread the story of Edgar's physical and mental unfitness. In all probability Edward never grappled fairly with the question of the succession. He sent for his nephew from Hungary, with the view of making him his heir, but when he was cut off he adjourned the question, for we must remember that Edward was one of those characters who, if they think themselves sure of heaven, are willing to let the world fare as it lists. The creatures of circumstance, they can scarcely be

* Real cases of old age were very rare in those times: Canute was called old "*hinn gamli*," but he was little past forty when he died. Siward was called old, but he left a son quite a boy. Life began soon with them. They married soon, led a life of toil and trouble, and if they escaped the sword, were soon worn out. Even the clergy were not long-lived.

† Here are the words of Cott. Tib. B. iv.:—"In this year came Eadward Atheling to England: he was King Edward's brother's son, King Edmund, who was called Ironside for his bravery. This Atheling had King Canute sent away to Hungary to be betrayed; but he there throve into a good man, as him God granted and him well became; so that he got the Emperor's kinswoman to wife, and by whom a fair offspring he begot; she was hight Agatha. We know not for what cause it was done that he might not see his kinsman King Edward. Alas! that was a rueful hap, and a baleful for all this nation, that he so speedily his life ended, after he came to England to the unhappiness of this poor nation."

said to have a will of their own in affairs of state. His sole worldly care seems to have been his hawks and dogs. To hunt with them was his great delight. Waiting for the millennium, and eager to make his peace with God before it came, wondering and rather vexed that it had overstayed its time by ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and at last sixty years, Edward's great care was to endow his Abbey at Westminster, and all other holy places, with as many lands as he could grasp. Let him and his be sure only of their inheritance in heaven, for the rest, such a mere mortal matter as the succession to the throne of England might be left to chance; in God's good time it would take care of itself. But though he did not care, others did. In all England there was no one who could compete with Harold, in the very vigour of his manhood, a bold and fortunate warrior, the tamer of the Welsh, the owner of enormous possessions as his own private property, and stronger still in the offices which he held under the King; without a rival, and almost without an enemy; all England were ready to wait till Edward's death to hail Harold as their king. That was pretty much the state of feeling in England after the death of Edward Atheling. But across the Channel there was another who cared about England, a prince also in the prime of manhood, born in 1027, and who had hitherto overcome all obstacles, not only by his indomitable energy and bravery, but by the skill and subtlety with which he knew how to work out his plans by guile, if force failed. In William we see the improved Norman type. Just as his subjects, the descendants of Rollo the Norse Viking, had been wonderfully bettered by their cross with the Romance stock, so William himself and his barons were again an improvement on the mass of the population. He and his Normans were not only ready to do anything, but able to do it. They were the best warriors, not the bravest, but the most disciplined and tactical of the age. They had better arms, better horses, better mail than any other race. They were like an army furnished with the Enfield rifle, warring against another whose only weapon was poor old Brown Bess. They were better lawyers, for they had grafted the formularies and traditions of Scandinavian custom on the majestic trunk of the old Roman law, and the vitality of the stock showed itself in a refinement of legislation against which no ruder system could prevail. They scorned houses of wattle and churches of wood, and at their bidding strong towers and tall minsters of stone rose like magic from the earth. They were logical in their attachment to the Roman

See. The Pope owned no more faithful children in the world than the Normans of the eleventh century; and they had their reward, for the Pope blessed their banners, and sent them relics, dead men's bones, things now to laugh at and lecture on, but then awful realities, for men believed that where the saint's bones lay, there the saint's spirit also rested, mighty to save his votaries. That was the faith and feeling of the age, and the Normans at once acknowledged and acted on it. Their system was already at work before the surrounding nations had thought of following it. They were like England in the nineteenth century: fifty years before all the rest of the world with her manufactories, and five-and-twenty years before them with her railways. They were foremost in the race of civilisation and progress; well started before all the rest had thought of running. No wonder, then, that both won.

But fortune proverbially favours the brave. To him that hath she giveth, and from him that hath not she taketh even that he hath. So it was here. Already in 1051-2, we have seen that William, then scarcely twenty-five years old, crossed over to England to see his cousin after Edward had broken with Godwin. Ingulph, the secretary of William, indeed denies that at that visit his master exerted any undue influence on Edward to extort a promise from him; but who can tell, no, not even in after times the hired scribe of William, what passed between the cousins. Certain it is that soon after that visit Edward sent Harold's brother Wulfnoth, and his nephew, Sweyn's son Hacon, who had been given by Godwin as hostages, over to William for safe keeping. When Edward died, William asserted they had been sent to him as pledges that the succession to the English throne was his. That was the first gift that fortune sent him from England. It was but an earnest of a greater windfall. In 1064 Harold went to Normandy. Various reasons are given for this journey. He went out for a sail and was driven by stress of weather to the Norman coast. He was on his way to Flanders. He went to work out his brother's release. He was sent, most unlikely of all, by Edward to bring William tidings that Edward had made him his heir. However that might be, Harold found himself in France, first a prisoner in the hands of the Count of Ponthieu, and afterwards set free by William, and treated with high favour at his court. That whole winter, 1064-5, the Saxon earl passed in Normandy, the honoured guest, but still the prized prisoner, of his host. William was not the man to reject the advantage which fortune had thrown in his way. Be-

fore he would let Harold go, he made him swear on some of those relics in which the age set such great faith, that he would help William to win the throne of England, that he would cede him the strong castle of Dover, and other fastnesses, pledge his word to marry William's little daughter; after which he was to have half England as his fief. When this solemn oath was sworn, the Saxon earl was let go with every mark of honour and splendid gifts. He took his nephew Hacon with him, but Wulfnoth remained behind a pledge of Harold's faith. The whole story of this visit, and the oath upon the relics, is not found in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The Normans recount it at length, and the Scandinavian records mention it. We may be certain that the journey took place. The fact is there, but as we look upon it it wears a Norman face. The visit, the oath, and the return to England are alone to be relied on. Yet it strikes us as strange that if Edward really was bent on making William his heir, that the two, the one a lover of Normans, and the other a Norman born, should not have agreed upon some written document, of which that age affords hundreds still extant, by which the kingdom should have been formally made over to William. No such charter has ever been hinted at, and failing it, we incline to believe that Edward's mind was not made up as to his succession till the very day of his death.

We have said before that the enemies of Godwin's house sprang from its own bosom. Sweyn had been the beginning of evil. His conduct first gave Edward an excuse for his breach with the family. Sweyn was now dead, but a worse foe to the family remained behind. This was Tostig, a man capable of great things, a brave warrior, a faithful ally, and of a generous nature. But he was restless and ambitious, always scheming to be greater than he was; a man who could bear adversity like a hero, but one whose prosperity was his bane; for he could never be content, so long as one step in life's ladder remained to mount. The characters of the two brothers are well drawn by the Anglo-Saxon writer, to whom we have been already so much indebted. He knew them well, calls them his "dear lords," and grieved for the loss of both alike. On the death of Godwin, he says the people were plunged in grief, mourning for him as the foster-father (*nutricium*) both of themselves and the kingdom; "but to his earldom was raised by the royal favour his elder son Harold, who was the elder also in wisdom, at which the whole host of England drew a deep breath of consolation: For he excelled in vigour both of mind and body, and stood above all the peo-

ple as another Judas Maccabæus; yea, he proved himself even a greater friend of his country than his father had been, and trod in his footsteps by showing long-suffering and mercy and condescension to well-doers. But as for the unruly and thieves and robbers, like a champion of justice, he threatened them with the terror of a lion's heart and countenance. . . . And now that an opportunity offers itself, we wish to say something after the measure of our puny intellect about the lives and characters of these two brothers, which we think we do well to write, as well for the purpose of this work, as for the sake of an example to be followed by those of their posterity who are still to come. Both of them grew up strong, with a very fair and beauteous body, and, as we imagine, with equal vigour and equal boldness. But Harold the elder was of taller stature, and was more like his sire in his endless toil, watching, and endurance of hunger,—a man of great smoothness of temper, and with a readier wit than his brother. He was great in bearing reproaches—no easy thing; and never, as I think, revenged himself on any of his countrymen. Sometimes he would take counsel with any one whom he thought trustworthy; and sometimes he would delay taking counsel till it seemed to some as though his course were less advantageous to his interest than it might have been. But who shall accuse either the one brother or the other, or any one, in short, sprung from such a father as Godwin, and trained in his school and by his care, of the fault of levity or haste? * But Earl Tostig was also a man of grave and wise self-restraint, though he was a little too bitter in following up an injury; a man endowed with a manly and unflinching firmness of mind. It was his wont to weigh the plans he had in his mind for the most part by himself, and to settle their order, surveying them to their very end by due consideration of the subject; and such plans it was not easy to get him to impart to any one. Sometimes too he was so wary before he acted, that his deed seemed to precede his plan, and this habit on the stage of life often stood him in good stead. When he gave gifts he poured out his bounty with prodigal munificence. . . . In word and deed he was well known for his adamantine steadfastness. . . . Both brothers were very constant in carrying out their undertakings, but this one, Tostig, fulfilled his purpose by main force; the other, Harold, by wisdom. The first in his deeds thought only of working out his will; the second tried to carry

fortune with him as well. Both of them were sometimes so successful in dissembling their designs, that those who did not know them must have thought them the most uncertain of men. But to sum up all in one sentence, for those who read of their characters, no age and no country has ever reared two mortals of such worth at one and the same time."

From this account, which, we may be sure, was as favourable to Tostig as the writer, who evidently loved him, could make it, it is plain that while Tostig's was the strong will, often sunk in itself, moody and plotting, and then rushing to fulfil it, Harold's was the wise mind, and more open cheerful temper, which made him the favourite of the King and the darling of the nation. This fact was enough in itself to hurt Tostig's pride. Why was he too not England's darling? Why was he not Godwin's firstborn? Why was he to be for ever doomed to stand after and not before his brother? So it was that when Siward's death made room for him in Northumbria, his thoughts were distracted by the preference which both king and people showed for his brother Harold. His government too was severe, even when compared with his predecessor's stern rule, and while he punished ill-doers and exterminated robbers, it is hinted by the writer most friendly to him that he was sometimes led to hunt them down by the desire to spoil their goods. Tostig was in fact an Anglo-Saxon Catiline, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus.*" At last in spite of his half-Danish blood, the Northumbrians, Northmen and English alike, rose against him in his absence with the King, and marched upon York, where his chief strength lay. His housecarles and body-guard were slain wherever they could be found, whether Danes or English, and all his treasures, gold, silver, arms, fell a spoil to the rebels. He was formally outlawed by the Thanes, who sent for Morecar, Ælfgar's son, as their Earl. With him at their head, the whole North began to march south; Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire swelling their ranks as they went. All the old Danelagh, in short, was up in arms, and lest it should come to war between North and South, Edward sent Harold to meet the rebels at Northampton, to listen to their grievances, and make the best terms he could. We have no reason to believe that Harold had any grudge against his brother, who seems, as far as we can judge from the charters, to have been constantly at his side about the Court. But Tostig was furious, and openly accused Harold of having stirred up the insurrection against him; a charge which Harold, as the writer of the Confessor's life

* Some sentences of Harold's character are very corrupt, through the carelessness of the copyist, but there can be no doubt of their general sense.

says, with a sad allusion to his oath in Norway over the relics, *ad sacramenta nimis prodigus*, answered at once, by an oath at the altar. Perhaps Tostig, by following the Court, and looking after the succession, while he left the government of his province to underlings, provoked the Northern Thanes, and made them demand a change of Earl. But Harold, however much he may have loved Tostig, was a statesman, which his brother was not; he soon saw that nothing would satisfy the North but a change. The King therefore yielded. The laws of Canute were renewed, which we may therefore conclude had been broken by Tostig. Morcar was appointed Earl of Northumbria, and Tostig, who, unluckily for England, was with the King at Britford in Wilts when the outbreak took place, and so escaped the fury of his people, had to leave England with his wife, Judith, Earl Baldwin's daughter, and betake himself to Flanders, to his father-in-law, with the few followers who still clung to him.

This happened in the summer and autumn of the year 1065. On the 5th January, 1066, the event happened for which so many were waiting, and for which some were so well prepared. After having at Christmas consecrated the new Abbey at Westminster, which he had built in honour of St. Peter and richly endowed, the meek Edward sickened and died on the eve of Twelfth Day, and was buried on Twelfth Day in the Abbey. "And," says one MS. of the Chronicle, "Earl Harold got all the kingdom of England just as the King granted it him, and also as men chose him thereto, and he was blessed as King on Twelfth Day." The national records, therefore, say that Edward granted Harold the kingdom. The Scandinavian authorities go a step farther.* Some of them relate that when Edward felt his end approaching, he told those around him that William was to be his heir. "But," they go on, "when the sickness began to press him hard, Harold Godwin's son was foremost in all service on the King, as he had been before; and the King had given him the keeping of all his treasures. . . . It is the story of some men that when Edward was nearly come to his last gasp, and when Harold and few men besides were by, Harold bowed himself over the King and said, 'I call ye all to witness that King Edward just now gave me the kingdom and all sway in England;' and straightway after that the King was lifted dead out of the bed." Snorro Sturluson with his critical taste has cut out the passage about William, but he has kept the rest. These

accounts both tell rather against Harold; but it must be borne in mind that the Norwegian story was derived in all probability from Tostig's descendants, who took root and throve famously in Norway. Our own opinion is that Edward, like a weak man, put off the question till it was too late to settle it, and though with his last breath he may, very like Elizabeth, have been forced to say something, that something was of little worth. But, besides Edward's wish, there remained the will of the people, and that seems unanimously to have set aside the rightful heir, Edgar Atheling, and to have chosen Harold as the only man fit to govern the country.

The writer of the Life—who, it seems likely, was present, and certainly had heard the Queen tell the story of her husband's death—gives a most touching account of Edward's last moments. After having been speechless for two days, the Confessor suddenly revived, and prayed for strength to relate a vision. It was granted. Then he said that two monks, long since dead, whom he had known in youth, had appeared to him, and told him of the wrath of God which was about to fall on England. The chiefs in Church and State, earls, bishops, abbots, and all the clergy, were not what they seemed, God's ministers, but the servants of Satan; wherefore the whole kingdom was to be wasted by devils with fire and sword. In vain he had said, "I will show these things, by God's will, to the people, and they will repent, and God will have mercy and forgive." "Nay," was the reply, "they will not repent, nor will God's mercy reach them." "When, then, will the end of all this misery be?" "When," was the stern answer, "a green tree is hewn asunder in the midst, and the part hewn off is carried three acres from the trunk, and when it comes back without the help of human hand, and grows again as before, and bears leaves and fruit, then first will the end of these evils be."

A doleful dream indeed, and shocking to all but one who heard it. There was the Queen sitting on the ground and warming the King's cold feet in her lap, and Harold was by, and his Constable Earl Robert, his cousin, and Stigand, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few more. The one was least shocked who ought to have felt it most. Stigand, while all were speechless and aghast at the vision, whispered into Harold's ear, "The King is worn out with age and illness; he drivels and knows not what he says." Evidently a man of sense, and speaking very much as we imagine an English archbishop would now speak; but in those days quite before his time, for even the writer inveighs

* Harold Hardrada's Saga, ch. 112. Snorro Sturluson, ch. 80.

against him in no measured terms—complains of the wickedness of all orders in England, and declares that the Archbishop, who was evidently still alive when he wrote, "will be very late in repenting, and perhaps never repent at all, when he could dare to think that the sainted King, when filled with a prophetic spirit as the reward of his blessed life, should have merely been raving and wandering through age or disease when he told his dream." After relating his vision, the King, seeing that all stood round weeping, said, "Do not weep for me, but pray God for my soul, and get me leave to go to Him. He will not be reconciled with me unless I die, who could not be reconciled with Himself unless He first died." Then, turning to the Queen, who was sitting at his feet, he spoke to her for the last time: "May God thank this my bride, according to the careful tenderness of her service to me; for she has followed me faithfully, and has ever sat close to my side in the place of a dearest daughter; for which may she obtain from a merciful God a change to bliss eternal." Next stretching out his hand to his "foster-brother" Harold, "To thee I commend this woman, to take care of, with the whole realm, that thou mayst serve and honour her as thy mistress and sister with a faithful service; so that so long as she lives she may not lose her proper honour when I am taken away. I also confide to thy care those who have left their native soil for my love's sake, and have hitherto served me faithfully, that thou mayst, having taken them into thy service, if they wish it, defend and keep them; if they do not wish it, let them return to their own land, with all their possessions. Bury me in the monastery hard by, and do not hide my death, but tell it everywhere, that all the faithful may pray for me, a sinner." Then came more last words to the weeping Queen; "Be not afraid; I shall not die at all, but soon be quite well by God's mercy." And then the pious mystic passed away. After death his face was "ruddy as a rose, while his snow-white beard shone beneath it like a lily. His hands, stretched out, were lean and fair and white, and his whole frame seemed as though it lay composed in sleep." So died Edward the Confessor, according to the account of a contemporary, and in all likelihood of an eye-witness, of one who was besides the devoted friend of the Queen and all her family. It is remarkable that in this account no mention is made of Harold as England's future king. The most that can be made out of Edward's last words is that the Queen and kingdom were confided to his brother-in-law as protector and regent. Was it that Harold

was only to rule the land till the true heir of the West Saxon line, the young and weak-minded Edgar Atheling, was of years and discretion to ascend the throne? However that may be, Harold as regent was *de facto* king of England, and so long as he could defy all foreign claimants, might look upon the kingdom as his own.

And now the base part of Tostig's character came out. He only saw his brother on the throne; that throne for which in his pride he thought himself fully fit. If he could only hurl him from it, no matter how, no matter at what cost of misery to England, the dearest wish of his heart would be gratified. It is probable that when smarting under his exile in the winter of 1065, he may have gone from St. Omer to visit his brother-in-law, William, and to arrange plans for the ultimate success of William's scheme. But the death of Edward showed them that no time was to be lost if England was to be won, for Harold's energy soon gained him the confidence of the people, and his power increased from day to day. One of his first steps seems to have been the re-establishment of the Thingmannalid, and this time as a pure band of mercenary soldiers mounted at the King's cost and serving at his expense. Besides this, he gave orders at once for fitting out a powerful fleet to lie at Sandwich, and watch the south-east coast. As soon as William heard of Edward's death and Harold's accession he sent messengers to England to remind Harold of his promises and oath, and to demand their fulfilment. But Harold refused to be bound by a forced oath, and answered boldly that he would hold England as his own. William then resolved on an expedition, and summoned his barons to a meeting at Lillebonne, where he told them his plan. They made remonstrances, founded on the adventurous nature of the undertaking against a leader so powerful as Harold, and a country so rich and so strong in men and ships. But the Seneschal William Fitzosborn, at first pretending to be on the barons' side, got them to agree to let him answer for all, and then boldly went before William and said his barons were ready to support him with twice the lawful number of men and ships. Though they one and all protested against this answer, yet William by his subtle management succeeded in persuading them to fit out a fleet of seven hundred ships. Up to this time Tostig was with him active in his interest; but now he was to take a more open part. William sent to many lands to beg for assistance in his enterprise, and amongst the rest he sent an embassy to Sweyn Ulfson. Who so fit to bear the message as Tostig, the Danish

King's first cousin; and who so ready to invade England as the King of that land whose warriors were so renowned, and who had so often steered to victory in England? Tostig then went to Denmark; but though he went to further William's, he really pleaded his own cause. As he had promised William to stand by him, so he was prodigal of his promises to Sweyn. It mattered little to him how many foreign hosts he brought on England, so his brother Harold was overthrown; when that happened let the foreigners fight it out among themselves. In the turmoil between them the chapter of accidents might give him what he thought his right, the crown of England. As soon as he saw Sweyn he told his story, and asked for ships and men to win back his honour and power in England. Sweyn answered by asking him to stay there with him. He would give him a lordship there in Denmark, where he would rule in honour and might. "My heart is set," was Tostig's answer, "on faring back to my own lands in England; but if I can get no help from you for this, then I will make you another offer; and that is, to bring all the force that I can raise in England to join you, if ye will fare thither with the whole Danish host, as King Canute did your mother's brother." That was a tempting offer, and we see already how rapidly William's ambassador was melting away in the wrathful Earl. What he was now promising to Sweyn was just what he had offered a month before to William. But Sweyn Ulf's son was a wise man. He knew his own power. He had just ended his seventeen years' struggle with Norway. His land had lost thousands of men and hundreds of ships. His Denmark was not the Denmark of his uncle, nor was he the warrior that "Old" Canute had been. "Kinsman mine," was his answer, "by so much the more am I a less man than King Canute, that I can hardly hold Denmark against the Norsemen. But Old Canute owned Denmark by inheritance, and England by war and conquest, and yet after all it was for a while not at all unlikely that he would have lost his life fighting there. As for Norway, he got it without a battle. But as for me, I know the measure of my strength, and I reckon it more after my own weakness than by Canute's valour." "Well then," said Tostig, "my errand hither is less weighty than I thought you, my kinsman, would make it for my troubles' sake. Now I must look for friendship in a less likely quarter; and yet perhaps after all I may find a leader in whose eyes a deed of derring-do looks not so big as it doth to yours, O King." So they parted not very good friends.

Tostig lost no time in seeking Harold Har-

drada, whom he found not far off in "the Bay." To him he made the same offer that he first made to Sweyn. He asked for help to win back his own in England. "As for that," answered Harold, "we Norwegians care very little about warring in England, if we are to have an English leader over us; and to tell you the truth," he added, "men say you English are not always faithful." "Is it true," asked Tostig, "as I have heard men say in England, that King Magnus, your kinsman, sent men to King Edward, with a message to say that King Magnus claimed England as well as Denmark, as his inheritance, after Hardicanute, as was laid down in their treaty?" "If that were so," rejoined the King, "why did King Magnus never get the kingdom that he claimed in England?" "And why," was Tostig's taunting answer, "have you not won the realm of Denmark, which Magnus held before your day?" "Ye Danes," burst out Harold, "have no need to boast against us Norsemen. Many houses and homesteads have we burnt belonging to those kinsmen of yours." "Well," said the Earl, "if you will not answer my question, I will answer it for you. King Magnus held Denmark as his own, because all the leaders of the land stood by him; but you could not hold it, because all were against you. King Magnus never fought to win England, because the whole people would have Edward as their King. But if you will win England, I will so bring it to pass that most of the nobles will aid you. I lack naught when matched with my brother Harold but the name of King. But all here know there hath never been born in these Northern lands a warrior such as thou; and methinks 'tis passing strange that thou shouldst have fought fifteen years for Denmark, and now wilt not stoop to pick up England when it lies at thy feet." If Tostig really made this speech, it proves that he was a subtle speaker as well as a bold warrior, for he seems first to have taunted Harold into a rage, then to have flattered his vanity, and at last to have convinced him that, with his help, the conquest of England was an easy task. The Saga tells us, that when Harold came to think the matter over, he saw that much that Tostig said was true, and in a little while the King was eager to invade England. Tostig and he had many meetings and much talk. The end was, that Tostig acknowledged Harold as his lord and superior, on condition that he was to have half England as a fief. Nor did the tempter leave him till it was a settled thing that King Harold was to come west across the sea next summer, with a great fleet. In those days journeys were long and wear-

some; there were no posts, no letters, no newspapers, no telegrams; news was news indeed, even if it were long coming. As soon as Tostig had made sure of Harold, he hastened back to Flanders, no doubt saw William, and told him that he might continue his armaments with good heart, for a diversion would be made from Norway on the north of England, about the same time that his preparations for falling on the south were complete. Whether he told William the whole truth must for ever remain a mystery. William probably looked only for an auxiliary, not a rival, from the North. Just as Harold Hardrada might not have stirred had he known that, after defeating Harold, he would have to fight it out with William. They were both, in fact, in Tostig's hands, and he played them against each other as puppets. But Tostig was himself a puppet in the hands of God, who had decreed death to the puppet-master and one of his dolls, while the victory was reserved for the other.

But our interest at present is rather with Harold Hardrada than with Tostig or William; we therefore follow his fortunes till he and Tostig met in England. As soon as Tostig was gone, and perhaps before, the secret oozed out that the raven banner was again to flap its wings, and that the cry all over Norway would soon be, "Westward ho, for England!" When the spring came, Harold sent round to every district and called out half the levies both of men and ships; half of the force of the country being all that was bound to follow the King to foreign warfare. As time wore on, there were many guesses and doubts as to how the fleet would fare; many talked of Harold's doughty deeds, and thought there was nothing that he could not do. Others, again, said that England was a land hard to win,—powerful and populous. In that land, too, were that band called the Thingmannalid, picked warriors from all lands, but most speaking the Northern tongue; men so bold, that one of them was of more good in a fight than two of the best Norsemen who were about King Harold. Even these birds of ill omen might have remembered the proverb of their race, which says, "An apple does not fall far from the tree." If these chosen men came from the North, why should not the North, the mother of warriors, send out others as good from her loins? When the veteran Ulf, Harold's companion at Constantinople, who had striven with him against the scaly crocodile in the dark and dismal dungeon, his most faithful friend, and now his "Constable," heard such talk, he burst out into song:

"What is this, O lady pale!

Young, I heard another tale;

When we Thingmen meet in fray
Two from one must run away?
Sure such fainthearts are unfit
First in Harold's ship to sit."

But this was the last effort either in deed or verse of the brave old man. His bones were not fated to whiten the field near Stamford Bridge. He died in the spring, and as Harold stood over his grave, he uttered this touching epitaph as he turned away, "Here lies one who was of all men most brave and faithful to his liege lord." The expedition was to set sail from the Solund Isles, for thence the passage to Shetland was shortest. By little and little the mighty fleet gathered itself together at the place of rendezvous; and never, say the Norwegian authorities, was such a fleet sent forth from Norway either before or since, except, perhaps, the armament which King Hacon Hacon's son carried with him to Scotland two hundred years afterwards. First and foremost of Harold's captains was Eystein the Gorcock of Giske, the truest of all his liegemen, to whom he had promised the hand of his daughter Maria. Besides him are named Styrkar the new Constable, Frederick the King's banner-bearer, and a bold Icelfander, Brand, the son of Gunsteinn, who had fled from the north of the island before the insolence of Eyjulf, the son of Gudmund the Powerful. The great chief, Step-Thorir or Thorir of Steig, the last of the strong generation to whom Kalf and Finn, Arni's sons, Einar Paunchshaker, and others whom Harold had slain or banished belonged, refused to come at the King's command, his excuse being that he was scared by a bad dream. To one who knows what names there had been and still were in Norway, it seems that the list of chiefs who went with Harold was rather meagre; but this is the way with tyranny; it can kill, but it cannot make alive again. It may banish, but it cannot always restore. One hour of the valorous Hacon Ivar's son, or of his kinsman Eindridi Einar's son, would have been worth a king's ransom at Stamford Bridge, but Eindridi was festering in his early grave, and Hacon a thriving Earl in Sweden. Still we cannot but believe that the flower of the land, both high and low,—all that the Danish wars and the King's red hand had spared,—went with Harold, for when the whole fleet was mustered at the Solund Isles, it numbered 240 fighting ships, besides small cutters and transports. Of these 150 were furnished by the freemen's levies, or "almenning," the rest belonged either to the King or his Thanes. The amount of land force and sailors could not have been less than 20,000,—a most imposing armament for an expedition by sea

from any country in any age. During the King's absence, his eldest son Magnus was to rule the land, and before he went the men of Drontheim acknowledged him as King. The second son Olaf went with his father, and so did his old queen, Elizabeth, who it seems in later years had returned to his Court. Her two daughters, Maria and Ingigerda, also went. Thora, Harold's second queen, the mare for whom he fought so stoutly at Nizza, was left behind. A bishop, of whose name we are ignorant, also went on board, and then the freight, doomed for the most part to speedy destruction, was full. When all was ready for sea, the King performed a solemn ceremony, quite in keeping with the age, and a fitting parallel to William's wretched relics, on which he had made Harold swear. Harold went to the shrine of his brother St. Olaf, unlocked it, and clipped the hair and nails of the royal martyr. This pious but somewhat needless process had been begun by Magnus, who kept the key of the shrine himself, and was in the habit of performing it every year. Whether Harold followed his example with the same regularity is not known. In all likelihood he now did it once for all, having seen quite enough of his brother's remains; for when the ceremony was over, he locked up the shrine and coffin, and cast the keys either into the river or into the sea; by which Munch reasonably thinks he meant to show that he thought the shrine had been opened quite often enough. What he saw of the body, no doubt, convinced him that the reputation of the saint might suffer as the Patron of Norway, if every one saw and knew that he was not able to preserve his own remains from corruption.

Harold now steered with the ships which made up his own suite from Drontheim to the place of muster, where he had still to wait some time before the whole fleet was ready. And now, as was natural, while men waited in idleness, and the bustle of preparation was over, not a few began to reflect on the magnitude and risk of the venture on which they were about to embark. The faint-hearted began to mutter and whisper, and as that was an age in which dreams and visions had their votaries, many a shadow of evil to come passed across the sleeping warriors' minds. There was no ill-feeling against Harold. It was a feeling of despair, not of mutiny; they felt that they were doomed by day, and by night they dreamt that they were doomed. So on board the King's own ship there was a man named Gurth, and he dreamed a dream. He thought he was standing on the King's ship, and looked towards an isle, and there he saw a huge gi-

antess; in one hand she held a hatchet, and in the other a trough, and he thought he could see every ship in the fleet at once, and, lo! on every ship's prow was perched a raven. Then the giantess chanted:—

"Westward Ho with noise and rattle
Rushes on the King to battle;
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry,
'Tis for me they waste and worry:
Soon my ravens' darling brood
Will batten on their dainty food,
Titbits torn from sailors' stricken;
Where I am disasters thicken:
Where I am disasters thicken."

Then there was another man named Thord, and as he lay in that ship that was next the King's, he too dreamed a dream. He thought he saw Harold's fleet make the English coast, and there drawn up on the shore he saw a mighty host, and each side made ready for battle, and there were many banners aloft; but before the host of the enemy rode a huge giantess; her steed was a wolf, and that wolf had a man's corse in his maw, and blood streamed from his jaws; but as soon as the wolf had swallowed the man, the giantess threw him another and another, and another, and he gulped them all down; and the giantess also chanted:—

"The Ogre bride that scatters ruin
Kens the King's misfortunes brewing;
What avails his fame in field,
If she shows her blood red shield!
Lo! she plies the monster's maw,
Piling flesh 'twixt either jaw,
Till from out her loathsome store
All his fangs are red with gore:
All his fangs are red with gore."

Nay, the King himself began to dream, and his vision was that he was north at Drontheim, and he thought his brother Saint Olaf came to him and chanted these verses:—

"I, the King so stout in story,
Famous for all time to come,
Battles won and fell with glory,
Fell a Saint, and stayed at home.
But this fleet to ruin wending,
Rends my soul with grief unending,
Doomed to death and heaven-hated;
Ogre-steeds* will soon be sated."

When an army begins to dream and do nothing, the sooner it is up and doing the better. Harold was too good a soldier to stay a day longer than was needful under such circumstances; and we cannot but admire the constancy and courage of men who, believing in such portents, and firmly convinced that glimpses of the future were often granted in sleep, could still, in the face of such ill-boding visions, steadily carry out their purpose and sail for England, to what they must have felt

* Wolves.

sure would be their common grave. A Roman army and a Roman general would have returned to Drontheim under such a warning of evil to come.

Now let us return to Tostig and briefly describe his doings in the interval between the winter when he saw Harold in Norway, and September when they met in England. In England, too, the public feeling was ill at ease. It was well known that Tostig was hovering about the coast eager to do harm; that William was fitting out an enormous expedition; and we can scarcely doubt that some intelligence of what was to be looked for from Norway, had not reached England. No doubt there were dreams and warnings there as well as in Norway, and to crown the superstitions of the people there appeared a comet as an omen of misfortune, on the 24th of April. Soon after it was first seen Tostig began hostilities by crossing over with all the ships he could collect on to the Isle of Wight, and exacting money and provisions from the inhabitants. From the Isle of Wight he sailed along the coast to Sandwich, harrying as he went. But Harold, whose fleet was hardly ready, now hastened with it to Sandwich, to give his brother battle. Tostig was not strong enough to put the issue to the sword. He fled before Harold, having pressed as many of the ships and their crews, the so-called "Butsekarle" or "Busscarles," that is to say, the sailors who served in the "Busses" or ships of burthen, into his service, and carried them off whether they would or no. With this force he made for the east coast, and showed himself off Yorkshire, sailing up the Humber and ravaging the Lincolnshire shore. But Edwin and Morcar were on the watch for him, and drove him off. Then the sailors whom he had pressed availed themselves of the strait in which he was, and made off with their ships, so that he was left with only twelve snakes or war-galleys, with which he betook himself to King Malcolm, who of old had become his brother-in-arms, but who in spite of that had cruelly wasted his earldom when he was away on his Roman pilgrimage. Now, however, he received Tostig kindly, gave him free quarters and provisions for himself and his men. Munch seeks the reason of this change of feeling in the fact that Malcolm had just married Earl Thorfin of Orkney's widow, the famous Ingeborg, Kalf Arni's son's sister, by which alliance the Scottish King may have become Northern in feeling; but in all likelihood the reason of Malcolm's kindness may be found in the fact that Tostig, now an exile, was England's enemy, and at that time all the enemies of England were welcome in Scotland. After this rather weak attempt to hamper Harold, Tostig refrained from acting any longer alone.

He had wrought mischief enough, and he might wait for others to fulfil the wickedness which he had devised. He found perhaps, too, that he was not so strong in England as in his pride he had weened. At any rate he could do nothing till his allies landed either south or north. But at this time whatever dealings he may have had with William in the spring, he seems to have made up his mind to throw in his lot altogether with Harold Hardrada, and to make common cause with him as soon as he landed. As for his brother Harold, as soon as his fleet assembled he went with it to the Isle of Wight, where it lay the whole summer, and guarded the south-east coast in combination with the land force of the district. But in those days it was difficult to feed a host after getting it together. After remaining till September the provisions began to run short, and it was no longer possible to keep the sea. Harold then sent the land-force to their homes, and ordered the ships to sail for London, whither they arrived, though some were lost in a storm. All this while William was waiting for a wind, and thinking perhaps that Heaven had abandoned him; but Providence was helping him though he was upbraiding it, for when a fair wind came at last, and he was able to sail, he found the English coast unguarded. He was weather-bound three weeks. Had he come three weeks sooner, Harold's fleet might have met him, given him battle, and defeated him.

We left Harold Hardrada at the Solund Isles on the eve of sailing. At last, about the 1st of September, all was ready. So long had the laggards delayed him. A rattling breeze bore him over to Shetland, and, without making any stay there, he pushed on for the Orkneys, whither a portion of his fleet had already arrived. Hence he took with him the joint Earls Paul and Erland, and a large force gathered not only from Orkney and Shetland, but from Man and the Western Isles. One of the kings in Ireland is also said to have followed Harold, whose combined fleet, when it sailed from Orkney, is reckoned at 360 fighting ships, besides transports, which swelled his force in ships to little less than a thousand, and in men to at least 30,000 men. In Orkney were left Queen Elizabeth and her daughters, and now the fleet steered for Northumberland. Off the Tyne, Tostig joined it, and did homage to Harold as his liege lord. Sailing along the Yorkshire coast, they landed in Cleveland, or more properly Cliffland, and took hostages from the people; next they made for Scarborough, where the burghers tried to defend the town, but the Northmen climbed the steep scar on which the Norman castle now stands, and, looking down into the burgh,

threw lighted fagots into it, which soon set the houses in a blaze. Then the townsmen yielded, and swore fealty to Haradrada. In like manner all the sea-coast was subdued to the Humber's mouth. Sailing up the Humber with little opposition, he passed up the Ouse as far as Riccal, a place about eight English miles below York. Here he landed, and left his ships, and marched towards York along the river-bank. The Earls Edwin and Morcar, who had gathered an imposing force, were not slow to meet him, and the two armies met at Fulford, a village not two miles from the city. Harold, like a skilful tactician, drew up his forces so that his left, which was also the strongest wing, leant on the river, and the other, which was the weakest, on a swamp which lay on the right, along which ran a deep dyke filled with water. The Earls came down along the river-bank with all their force. Harold's banner, the famous Landeyda, or "waster of lands," fluttered on the left wing, and the Earls threw themselves on both wings. The result of their first onslaught was a success. The Saxons under Earl Morcar attacked Harold's right with such fury, that the Northmen who leant on the dyke, gave way, and the English pressed on after them, for they thought that the foe had made up their minds to fly. But when Harold saw his men yielding their ground along the dyke, he caused the trumpets to sound for an onslaught, and made a charge with all the left wing upon the English in his front, for while Morcar threw himself on the right, Edwin and young Waltheof had advanced against the left. The charge was made with a vigour that nothing could withstand. Edwin's division was routed with great slaughter, and fled up the river-bank towards York, leaving ghastly tokens of the fight behind them on the field, in heaps of slain and rills of blood.

"Far and wide upon the plain,
Food of wolf and bloody rain,
Mingled all at once were found,
While the Vikings cleared the ground."

Having thus made short work of Edwin and Waltheof, Harold faced half about, and threw himself upon Morcar's flank, who, in his pursuit of the right wing, soon found himself between the Norwegians and the dyke. His fate was worse than that of his brother. If the English had before fallen by tens, they now fell by hundreds. Those who escaped the sword were driven across the dyke into the morass, which was so glutted with slain, that the Norwegians walked over it dryshod in pursuit of the English. Among those that perished the Norwegians reckoned Morcar himself, but this was a mistake, as we know from other accounts that he

was saved, and fled. As is recorded in Harolds-stikka:—

"Fallen they lay
Deep down in fen,
Waltheof's followers,
Weapon y-smitten,
So that Norwegians,
War-loving wights,
Waded the water
On corsers alone."

This signal defeat took place on Wednesday the 20th of September. The pursuit lasted till the remnants of the Earl's army got safe into York; but they were slain in numbers close under the walls. Marianus Scotus, a contemporary authority, reckons the number of slain at a thousand laymen and one hundred clergy. According to Bromton,* the site of this battle was well known three hundred years afterwards. York itself, with its Roman walls, was too strong to be taken at a rush. Harold therefore reduced the country round, and pitched his camp at a strong position near Stamford Bridge, which lies about seven English miles east of York, on the river Derwent. Here Tostig's help came into play. He knew the country well, and the leading men in each district, and it was no doubt by his advice that it was settled that deputies from the whole shire should meet at Stamford Bridge on a given day, to give hostages for their good conduct to Harold, and thus secure his good-will and protection. The burghers inside the city soon heard of this, and, not to be behindhand, sent messengers to the King's camp to treat for a capitulation. Harold, who was now in high spirits, and who thought that his power had taken fast hold of England, was willing enough, and Sunday the 24th of September was agreed on as the day on which the terms of the surrender were to be settled. On that day, therefore, Harold, either with the whole or part of his army, marched under the city walls, and held a meeting outside the city with the burghers. At this meeting the town's people bound themselves to find food for his army and to give five hundred hostages as a pledge for good behaviour. These Tostig chose, and we may be sure he selected those whose rank and position best fitted them to bind the rest. At the same time, as Edwin and Morcar seem to have withdrawn from the city, and the Saxon cause in Yorkshire was now at the lowest ebb, many waverers came in and joined the army of Harold of their own free will. These are the men so common in every age who are ever ready to swell the ranks of the winning side, and to whom fortune, with all their after-sight, sometimes brings stunning lessons.

* Bromton in Twysden, p. 959.

And now everything smiled on Harold. He and Tostig were certainly within the walls of York on that Sunday, and we may conjecture took it formally into their possession, though it does not appear that the great body of the host ever entered the city. But next day, on the Monday, there was to be another solemn "Thing" or meeting, this time inside the city walls, when Harold was to appoint new governors of the city, and deal out honours and rewards to those who, with Tostig at his elbow, he knew would be most likely to do him good service. At the same time, his full peace and love was announced to all the men of Northumbria, if they would make common cause with Harold and Tostig, and follow them to the conquest of the South. That night Harold would not spend in York—a further proof, if any were needed, that as yet the city was only formally his own. In the afternoon he withdrew, as was his wont, to his ships, proud and happy no doubt at the ease with which he had hitherto fulfilled his purpose. He and his men could sleep with light hearts, for was not York and all Northumbria their own?

Yet beneath this seeming good-will in York lurked guile and treachery. We know not what dreams Harold may have had that Sunday night. Perhaps he was too weary and excited to have any. But now was the time for the "Fylgia," the guardian spirit of his race, to have warned him; if dreams were ever any good. But Harold was "fey," and "fey men nothing can further," says the proverb. Yet Tostig, wary as he was, might have warned him that Harold Godwin's son was a dangerous foe, and that he was not likely to lose Northumbria without a struggle. Though they had not lost much time since they landed on the Wednesday, they had been off the Yorkshire coast for days. Those landings in Cleveland, and that blaze which they had lighted in Scarborough, had been a warning and a beacon to his brother, who, now that his fleet could no longer hold the sea, and William had not come, was ready for any enterprise. As soon as he heard that his Norwegian namesake was off the English coast, he marched night and day with seven bands of troops* to meet him,

and bring him to battle. With him came that redoubtable Thingmannalid, which was now at least a mounted body, and with them came also the king's body-guard, and gathering strength as he went, he was followed by the flower of the midland levies. It is not likely that the force on the south-east coast which had been out so long to no purpose during the summer, was called out again to march north. Thus it was that what with his own body-guard, the Thingmannalid, and the levies of the counties through which he passed, Harold Godwin's son reached Tadcaster with great speed on Sunday morning, while his namesake and his brother were still in York. Here he halted to muster his force and set it in array, and no doubt in the course of that day his adherents in York—and probably the remembrance of Tostig's tyranny was not yet worn out, and where he had one follower Harold had thousands—were well aware that their king was ready to relieve them with a mighty host. However that might be, Harold Hardrada and Tostig had scarcely left the city when King Harold Godwin's son entered it and lay there that night, keeping strict watch and ward over the gates lest any inkling of his arrival should be borne to the enemy's ships. This scheme seems to have been completely successful, and it speaks strongly for the ill-will borne by the people to the invader, that the fact of the march of a body of troops, amounting to tens of thousands, should have been kept a secret even for one night, when

Qui Eburaci in autumno plus quam mille laicorum centosque presbiterorum bello occidit de Anglia. Araldus vero rex Anglorum cum septem acibus (aciebus) belli statim pervenit, et cum Araldum imparatum absque lorice et ceteris ejusdem rei invenisset, bello occidit, mense Octobri. Willihelmus vero qui et Bastart cum Francis intrant interim Anglos: qui cum statim bello occidisset Araldum regem Anglorum regit Anglos. Hoc anno cometæ stella visa est." With regard to the large force raised on these occasions, it must be remembered that military service "fyrrth" was the bounden duty of every freeman. It formed the third of those inevitable duties for which no commutation was allowed, and from which no class, not even the clergy, were exempt. The two others were the building and repairing of bridges, and the construction of fortifications. All together, they were called "communis labor," "generale incommodum," or "trinoda necessitas." Whenever the King called, the owners of land were bound to follow him against the common enemy, and thus even if Harold had only left London with his own body-guard and housecarles, together with the Thingmannalid, and raised the country as he went, he must have had a great force at his back by the time he reached York. In the same way, after defeating the Danes, and while he marched south again to meet William, he would not only have started from York with a large force, but as he marched from London to Hastings he would have raised Surrey, Kent, and Sussex as he went.

* There can be no doubt of this. Marianus Scotus, born in Ireland in 1028, and who died a monk at Mainz in 1082-3, has this entry in his contemporary Chronicle, of which a splendid edition by Waitz, founded on a MS. partly in the autograph of Marianus, at present in the Vatican, is to be found in Pertz. Collection, vol. v. "1066.—Hetvardus rex Anglorum plus 30 annis regnans, obiit in natale Domini. Araldus sibi successit. Araldus autem, qui et Arbach (Harfagr) vocabatur, rex Nordmannorum minus mille navibus venit mense Septembri, Anglicam terram regnaturus.

two mighty hosts lay within a few miles of each other.

And now the fatal morning dawned. Early on Monday the 25th of September, Harold Hadrada was up and stirring. Before he went to York he had to go to Stamford Bridge to secure the hostages, which were to meet him there from the whole province. It has been asked why the hostages were not delivered in York, and why he went at least a round of fifteen miles before entering the city. But it must be remembered that the arrangements as to the hostages had been made before York made signs of surrender. In distant parts of Northumbria it could not be known that York had yielded; all that was known was, that all who wished for the Norwegian King's peace, and the terrible Tostig's peace, were to send hostages to Stamford Bridge. Perhaps, in our ignorance of many particulars of those times, the bridge over the Derwent, where the Romans had built a strong "station" on the great northern road, might have been a well-known solemn place of meeting, and hostages would hardly have been hostages unless they had been formally delivered at that venerable spot. It is not unlikely also that Harold, as the right bank of the Ouse was in the hands of his enemies, had sent his ships lower down the stream to the junction of Ouse and Derwent, in which case he would not have had to make so great a round; but wherever his ships were, and for whatever reason, it is certain that he marched from his ships that Monday morning to Stamford Bridge.

But, as though he were going to triumph and not to battle, he went with only two-thirds of his force, one-third being left behind under his son Olaf, the Earls of Orkney, and Eystein the Gorcock, on the last of whom the command really rested. It was a lovely autumn day, and the sun, as it can be sometimes in England, was blazing hot. The Norwegians, king and all, all "twice fey," as they were going on a peaceful errand, would not take their defensive armour. Even the King left his darling "Emma," his supple byrnie, which clung to him like a "nurse," behind him, and like the rest went merrily on his way with shield and helm and sword, or axe or spear or bow. So they marched without the least thought of danger till they reached Stamford Bridge. We hear nothing of the hostages, and perhaps Harold saw nothing of them. But whether they came or not, we know that Harold and his host had crossed the bridge, and got a little way beyond it, when all at once they saw the dust whirling in the wind some way off, and among the dun eddy the blink of glistening shields and byrnies gleamed out. What

could this be? Harold halted his men at once, sent for Tostig and asked what this body of men might be who rode to meet them. "If I must speak my mind," said the Earl, "I think them likeliest to be foes, but still maybe they are some of my kinsfolk and friends, who are coming to seek your friendship and favour, and to yield instead faith and following." "Let us wait awhile," answered the King; "we shall soon see what they are."

They had not to wait long, as the nearer they came the greater their number seemed to grow, and when one looked at them their spears were as a mass of bristling icicles, that glistened in the sunbeams. When there was no longer any doubt, Tostig said, "Lord King, take now good counsel and wise counsel, for there is no hiding it any longer. These are foes, and take my word for it, the King himself leads yonder host." "And what counsel hast thou to give?" was Harold's answer. "First and foremost," answered Tostig, "let us turn about with all speed and make for our ships, to reach our arms and friends, and let us then withstand them with all our might and main; and if we cannot rout them, let our ships be our shield, for in them these horsemen will have no hold on us." This was sound and good counsel, and had Harold not been "fey," he might have listened to it, but his bold spirit was unused to turn, and he could not brook the thought that his foemen should tell that Harold Sigurd's son had fled for fear from before them. But says the Saga, "All men say that was the best and readiest counsel that Earl Tostig first gave, when they saw the hostile host, to turn back to their ships; but because none can further a man that is fey, they got skathe from the rashness of the king. "Not so," was Harold's reply to Tostig's good counsel. "I will try another plan. I will set our fleetest steeds under three of our bold fellows, and they shall ride as hard as they can and tell our men what is about to befall us; they will soon come to our help; for these Englishmen will still have a hard tussle ere they bring our heads low." Have your own way, Lord," said Tostig, "in this as in all else. I am not so much more eager to fly than any other man, because I felt bound when I was asked for it to say what I thought best to do." First Harold made them set up his banner, the Waster of Lands, borne by the faithful Frederick, and then he set his host in array. First he drew them up in a long but not deep line, and then he bowed back the ends till they touched, so that the shape of his array was a large close ring, with an even front on all sides, shield locked against shield, with a bit of the rim lapping

over to the left. He knew that cavalry were wont to run a tilt at their enemy, and then to fall back again, time after time, and that was why he chose that array. Had he lived in our days, he could not have thrown his infantry, for he had few horsemen in his host, into a hollow square with greater judgment. The King's body-guard, all picked men, were to take their stand under his banner within the hollow ring, and there, too, were to be the bowmen. Inside it, too, but apart, under a banner of his own, stood Tostig and his body-guard. He was to watch the ring, and throw himself wherever any part of it might be hard pressed. But those who stood outside in the array must fix the butts of their spears into the ground, and turn the heads towards the breasts of each horseman who charged; those who stood in the next rank must aim their spear-heads at the breasts of their horses, and mind and keep their points so straight that the onslaught might fail. Above all things, they were to be steady, and take heed that the ring and the array were not broken.

Meantime the Saxon host drew nearer and nearer. It was, indeed, King Harold Godwin's son, with a force reckoned at twofold that of Hardrada; a gallant army both of horse and foot. As they were still a little way off, but when all that passed between the hosts could well be seen, Harold Hardrada rode round his array to scan whether it was drawn up to his mind. He was mounted on a black horse, with a white blaze on his forehead; and as he rode, his charger stumbled and fell under his huge rider, throwing him off forwards. That was a bad omen, but he had wit enough to turn it off by quoting a well-known proverb which says, "A fall is luck, if men are on a journey." Harold Godwin's son saw what had befallen the tall man on the black horse, and asked one of the Norsemen, of which there were many in his army, "Know any of you that tall man yonder, with the blue mantle and the gallant helm, who just now fell from his horse?" "Tis the Northmen's king," was the answer. "A tall man and a proper man indeed," said Harold; "but yet 'tis likeliest that his luck hath now left him."

Soon after, twenty horsemen, who were clad in byrnie, and whose horses' chests were also covered with armour, dashed out from the Saxon ranks, and rode up to the Norwegian army. Then one of them called out, "Is Earl Tostig in this host?" "There is no denying it," was Tostig's answer; "here he is, if you wish to find him." Then the horseman went on: "Harold thy brother sends thee his greeting and this message: Thou shalt have peace and safety, and own

Northumberland as thine own; nay, rather than that thou shouldst not cleave to him, he will give thee a third of all this kingdom." "This is another kind of offer," said Tostig, "than that warfare and insult which I had last winter. Had this been offered then, many a man would now be alive who is dead and gone, and it would stand better with the might of England's King. But now, if I take this bidding, what will my brother Harold offer to the King of Norway for his pains?" "He has said something about that too," answers the horseman, "and what he will grant to King Harold Sigurd's son of English earth, is the space of seven feet and even a little more, as he is said to be taller than most other men." "Go back," said Tostig, "and bid my brother King Harold busk him to battle; the Norwegians shall have another tale to tell him than that Earl Tostig parted from Norway's King when he rushed into the thick of battle and warred in England. No! we will all rather take one and the same counsel: to die with glory, or to win England with victory."

So the horsemen turned about, and rode back to the Saxon host. Then King Harold said to the Earl, "Who was this glibtongued man?" "'Twas Harold Godwin's son my brother," answered the Earl. "Too long hath this been hidden from us," burst out the King. "They had come so nigh our company, that yon Harold ought never to have been able to boast of our men's death!" "Yon speak sooth," was Tostig's noble retort. "It *was* an unwary step of such a leader, and I saw well enough that it might have been as you say. Then we had been two very different princes; he came to offer me peace and great power, and I should have been his baneman, had I told whom he was. But I did as I did, because I would sooner suffer death at my brother's hands than deal him his death-blow, if it must come to that." Harold Hardrada spoke no more to Tostig, but turned away, and said to his followers, "That was a nimble little man, but he stood well up in his stirrups." With these words, he went inside his array of shields, and as he went he sang—

"Onward we go
In battle array,
Byrnieless meeting
Blue steel to-day:
Bright helms are blinking,
But Emma I lack;
Our war-weeds lie wasted
Down by the sea-wrack."

But Harold was a most critical skald, as we have seen, and these verses, in the old simple metre, were not to his mind. "No," he said, "that was a badly made song; I must

sing another better," and with that he sang—

"Come! each warrior to the field;
Never creep behind your shield!
Where the onslaught rageth highest
Odin's arm is ever nighest:
She, the maid that winneth battles,*
Bade me bear my head on high,
Where on brainpan sword-blade rattles,
There to win the day or die."

When Harold ceased, Thiodolf his skald took up the strain, and chanted—

"Though the King himself should fall—
God forfend—but God knows all—
Never flying with disgrace
Will I leave his royal race;
For the sun in upper air
Never shone on fairer pair;
Noble eaglets, breathing ire,
Worthy to avenge their sire."

Just before the battle began, Brand Gunsteinn's son, the Icelfander, who alone of all the King's body-guard had not left his byrnie behind him, pulled off his shirt of mail and offered it to the King. But Harold would not hear of it. "Thou art a brave fellow," he said, "but keep thy byrnie for thyself."

And now the battle began with a charge of the Saxon cavalry on the serried ranks of the Norwegians. But brave as they were they could do nothing against that bristling array of spears. Round and round they rode to spy out a weak spot in that ring of close-locked shields. They could not even reach the Norwegians with their weapons, while horses fell and threw their riders, and many a saddle was emptied by the bitter shafts launched at them by the bowmen within the ring. At last they gave up the attack, and rode sullenly back. Thus far Harold's tactics had served him well, the issue of the first onslaught was all on his side; and so little harm had been done to him and his men, that even if the charge had been renewed, he might have kept his enemy at bay till the reserve had come up from the ships. But this battle, accepted in the rashness of the leader, was lost by the foolhardiness of his men. Harold's tactics, in fact, were before his age. They were too good for the discipline of his troops. As soon as the Norwegians saw the Saxon horse riding away, without waiting to see whether it was a retreat or a feint, they broke the rule which of all others they had been ordered to keep. They broke their ranks, unloosed the magic ring which had hitherto been their safety, and rushed in pursuit of their foemen. Harold Godwin's son now saw that the game was in his hands; he charged at once with all his cavalry on the confused mass of the enemy, and rode them down man

by man. Nor were the footmen idle, for they showered darts and arrows on their antagonists, who were overwhelmed on all sides. But when Harold Hardrada saw his men fall fast, he rushed into the very thickest of the fray, and tried with his huge strength to restore by prodigies of valour the fortunes of the day. Gathering a few chosen followers around him under his banner, he stood foremost in the front of battle, cutting his way onward through the Saxon combatants by swift strokes on either hand, against which neither helm nor hauberk was of any avail. Death or ghastly wounds were the lot of all whom Harold's sword could reach, and to use the graphic words of the Saga, "He strode through his enemies as though he were wafted on the wind." All about him thought the English could never abide such a fearful onslaught,—that they must turn and fly. But now came the wretched end of so much life and energy. As he stood thus bravely fighting, a stray arrow smote the Norwegian King in the throat under the chin. The gigantic frame tottered, a rush of blood spurted out of his mouth, and Harold Sigurd's son fell dead to earth. He had got his seven feet of English earth sooner than he thought, and to him who an hour or two ago would not have been satisfied with aught else than all England, these few feet were more than enough.

Most of those who had followed him in the charge fell round about him, among the rest the brave Brand, whose byrnie thus stood him in little stead. The rest retired beneath the banner Landeyda, which still flapped its raven wings aloft though its lord and master was dead. But the battle did not die with Harold. The loss of their King only maddened the Norwegians, and the battle raged with the wildest fury. Tostig, whose conduct this day might have redeemed the sins of a whole life, as soon as he heard that Harold was slain, and saw his banner still fluttering, flew to where it was, stood under it, and egged on the warriors to revenge their King.

But flesh and blood are only capable of a certain amount of exertion, and as the battle had lasted long, both sides began to flag, and at last the fight died away altogether, each host holding its ground, and taking breath for a fresh struggle, grimly eyeing the foe. This breathing-time Harold Godwin's son used in trying to put an end to the conflict, by offering the Norwegians, as well as Tostig, peace and safety. But it was too late. Though they knew their hopeless state, the Norwegians one and all shouted out that they would sooner fall all dead, one across the other, than make any terms with Englishmen. With that they raised their battle-cry afresh, and

* The Valkyrie.

fell on the foe for the second time. Tostig still led them bravely on, but at last he too fell in the thickest of the fight, and all seemed over.

Not so; just at the last moment, up came the long looked-for relief from the ships, under Eystein the Gorcock. Both he and his men wore their byrnie, but the haste with which they had marched along that hot afternoon made them scarce fit for battle. However, at it they went with a will. Eystein seized Landeyda, and bore it bravely on. At first their eagerness to revenge their King and companions made them forget the toil of their march; and their first onslaught in this third battle was so violent that they well-nigh put the Saxons to flight. This was known in after times as "the Gorcock's Bout," after their valiant leader. But at last toil and heat, and the superior numbers of the Saxons, who much overmatched them, told terribly on the thin ranks of the Norwegians. Many too fell and died without a blow, slain by sheer wrath and weariness. And so the valiant Eystein was cut off, with most of his men, and Harold Godwin's son could call the day his own. The battle had lasted from the forenoon till late in the afternoon, and then what was left of Harold Hardrada's host turned and fled for the ships, hotly pursued by the Saxons, who, even before they crossed the bridge, overtook them, and drove many to meet their death by drowning in the Derwent. Yet at the bridge they seem to have made a stand, where a few brave men held it against the Saxon host till their flying companions had got a fair start for the fleet. When all had got over, it was held, to his immortal honour, by a nameless Norwegian who, standing there on the narrow bridge, kept it against the whole Saxon host, more than forty of whom fell by his hand. Against his good byrnie neither javelins nor arrows availed anything, and at last, in admiration at his prowess, the Saxons offered him peace; but he only smiled disdainfully, and continued his defence till three o'clock in the afternoon. Then one of the Saxons launched a boat, and slipped down the stream under the bridge, and there, through the chinks in the planks, he thrust up a spear under the gallant man's coat of mail into his entrails, and so slew him. That man saved many lives, but his own name is lost.

After the leaders were slain, and the array thoroughly broken, all that was left for those who were still alive was to make the best of their way to their ships. One by one they stole back in the dusk of that September day to find a fleet with scarce a man to guard it. Among the few chiefs who outlived that bloody day was Styrrkar the Constable, a

brave and ready man. He had the luck to catch a horse, on which he rode towards the fleet, sword in hand and helmet on head, but with no clothing save his shirt and drawers; for in the heat of battle he had thrown away the rest of his attire. But as the sun fell the evening grew cold, and it got colder still when a strong breeze got up. Styrrkar was in a fair way to freeze when he met a peasant driving a cart, who was clad in a long and well-stuffed coat of sheep-skin. "Wilt thou sell me thy skin-coat, husbandman?" asked Styrrkar. "Not to thee, if I know it," was the answer; "thou art a Norwegian, I know thee by thy tongue." "Well," answered Styrrkar, "if I am a Norwegian, what wilt thou do?" "I will kill thee," was the clown's reply; "what a pity, now, that I haven't a weapon at hand." "Oh!" said Styrrkar, "but if thou canst not kill me, let us see if I can kill thee," and with that he brandished his sword, and gave him such a stroke across his neck that off spun his head. Then Styrrkar stripped him of his coat of skin, put it on, jumped on his horse, and rode down to the strand.

So triumphed Harold Godwin's son over his foes. His victory was complete. By far the greatest part of the Norwegian host, their King, and almost every one of his great chiefs, and though last, not least, that unruly spirit, his brother Tostig, had fallen that day. For generations, the field of battle was white with unburied bones. The victory was dearly bought, for many Saxons, high and low, had fallen; but what matter; it was a brilliant victory, and such victories are not won without blood.

Nor were the Saxons satisfied with having driven the enemy off the field. They followed them hotly to their ships, and destroyed so many of them that there were few left. The writer of the Life of Edward the Confessor, who cannot bring himself to write fully of the struggle between his two Lords Harold and Tostig for fear of hurting the feelings of their sister, his patroness, only alludes to the battle at Stamford Bridge; but he does so in words full of meaning as to the utter defeat of the foe. "Who shall sing," he says, "of vast Humber swelling like a raging sea as the namesake Kings met; or how the waves of the sea were red with barbarian blood for many a mile, while the North wept at the direful deed?" Who shall describe "the Onse forbidden to flow by corpses?"* So

* Here are the original lines, for sometimes the writer of this interesting Life breaks into verse:

"Quis canet æquoreo vastam fervore tumentem
Humbram congressum regibus æquivocis?
Sanguine barbarico per milia multa marinos
Tinxisse fluctus, flente Polo facinus."

also one text of the Saxon Chronicle: "On that day there was very stout fighting on both sides. There was slain Harold Harfager [Hardrada], and Earl Tostig also; and the Northmen, those of them that were left, took to flight, and the English behind them hotly slew them, until some of them came to their ships; some were drowned and some were burned, and so perished in divers ways that there was little of them left; and the English were masters of the field of carnage. Then the King gave 'peace' to Olaf the son of the Northmen's King, and to their Bishop, and to the Earl of Orkney, and to all those who were left on board the ships; and then they fared up to our King, and swore oaths that they would ever keep peace and friendship towards this land, and the King let them fare home with twenty-four ships." They came with almost a thousand ships great and small, and they left with twenty-four. Too truly had the dismal visions of the night been fulfilled. The wolf and raven had gotten a banquet such as few kings had ever spread for them. Could any lesson be more striking than that taught to all intending Vikings in Norway by the sight of these twenty-four ships sailing into the port which they had so lately left, then a little squadron, but now the last remnant of a mighty armada? Even the body of their King they left behind them, and there it lay in English earth till some time after, when King Olaf sent Skuli, the son of Tostig, to beg his father's body from William the Conqueror.

After chasing the fugitives to their ships, Harold returned to York to celebrate his triumph. The battle of Stamford Bridge had been fought on a Monday, three clear days before Michaelmas Day; and while he was busy burying his dead and counting his spoil, among which was that huge weight of gold which Harold Hardrada brought with him from the East—a treasure so weighty that twelve strong men could scarcely lift it—a messenger, who had spurred in hot haste from Sussex, brought Harold word that on Michaelmas Eve, September 28th, William of Normandy had landed at Pevensea with 60,000 valiant men. What follows is best told in the simple words of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle:—"Then came Earl William of Normandy into Pevensea on Michaelmas Eve; and as soon as ever they got over, they built a castle at the port of Hastings. Then this was told to King Harold, and then he

gathered a great host, and came against him at the hoar apple-tree, and William came upon him unawares, ere his men were set in array. But the King for all that, fought stiffly against him, with those men who would stand by him, and there was great slaughter on either side. There was slain King Harold and Earl Leofwin, his brother, and Earl Gurth his brother, and many other good men, and the French were masters of the battle-field, as God granted them for the sins of the people."* So fell on the day of St. Calixtus, October 14th, King Harold Godwin's son, and there no doubt fell with him the flower of the Anglo-Saxon soldiery. No nation could have withstood such slaughter of its bravest sons, as befell England twice within three weeks in that fatal autumn of 1066. The English loss in those two battles, the first at Stamford Bridge on the 25th of September, and the last at Hastings, on the 14th of October, cannot be reckoned at less than fifty thousand men; but even then the nation might have rallied had it not been for that unlucky arrow which smote our Harold in the eye, just as his gigantic namesake had fallen by a stray shaft in the throat. As it was, they had no leader; they were as sheep without a shepherd, and after waiting in vain for a chief, they sulkily submitted to the Conqueror, who was too wise to drive them to desperation till he had them more completely in his power. On the contrary, he swore on Midwinter Day, when Archbishop Ealdred crowned and consecrated him in Westminster Abbey, that he would be a kind lord to them, and "govern this nation as well as any king before him had best done, if they would be faithful to him."†

* This is the text of the Chronicle, as given in Cotton. Tib. B. iv. The "hoar apple-tree" where Harold mustered his men, was evidently some venerable tree, grey with years, and well known as a landmark.

† The following Genealogical Tables, which are for the most part taken from Munch, will serve to show the alliances and kinships which existed between the ruling families of the three Scandinavian nations. It will also be seen that they often intermarried with Russian and English princes and princesses. It is curious to see how Tostig's son Skuli founded a great family in Norway; while Harold Godwin's son's daughter Gytha became the ancestress of Russian Grand-Dukes. We are also justified in supposing that Wulfnoth the "Child" was of Royal descent; for that title, like *Enfant de France*, was only bestowed on those who claimed kinship with the ruling race in England. It is this title "Child" to which Edward the Confessor alludes in his letter to Magnus the Good, when he says that his only title was "that of a swain of noble birth." This letter is only known to us from the Scandinavian Sagas, and the writer has evidently translated the Saxon "cild" by its Norse equivalent, "*svein*." But if Godwin could claim kinship with the Kings of Wessex, his sons were doubly royal. Their

And a little further on—

"Vel Vusam vetitam corporibus fluere,"—

where Mr. Luard reads "busam vetitum," and where the ignorant scribe has mistaken the Anglo-Saxon *v* for a *b*.

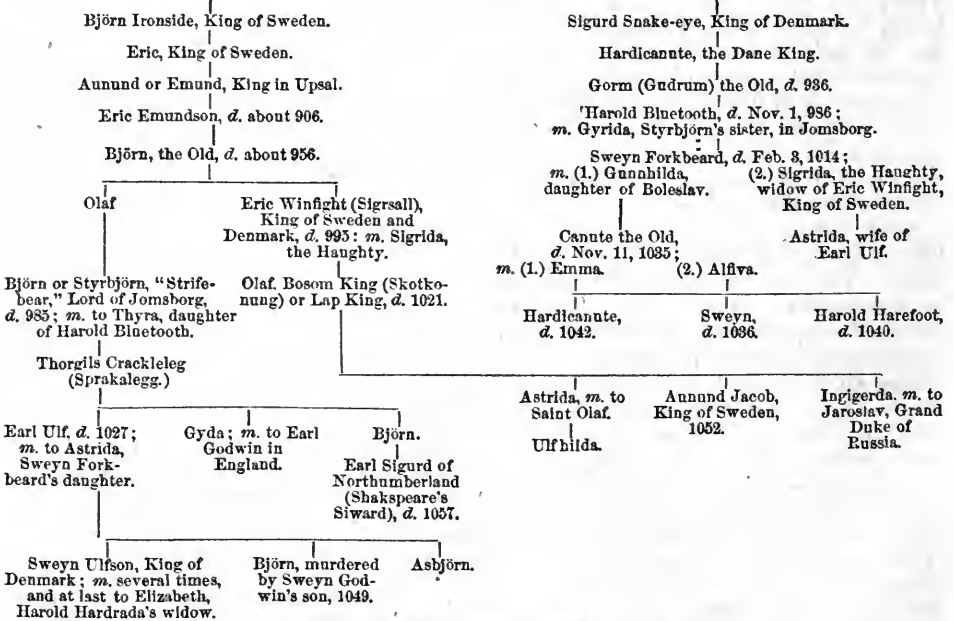
But our purpose here has been to write not so much of Harold Godwin's son, or his enemy William, as of Harold Hardrada and his invasion. Luckier than his namesake, he left his kingdom to his children, and the Norway which he had wooed and won so sternly, enjoyed after his death unwonted peace. In securing her that blessing, Harold Hardrada had the greatest share. He completed what Saint Olaf had only begun, and he succeeded where his half-brother failed. He broke the haughty spirit of the chiefs by his iron will, and stamped out the sparks of that unbridled liberty, which, if uncontrolled, would have made all government impossible. Though called "The Stern" in his lifetime,

and though that title still clings to his name in history, his people acknowledged after his death the greatness and firmness of his character, which procured them the peace for which Norway was famous in the days of his son Olaf the Quiet. Some time after the battle of Stamford Bridge, most probably in the year 1069, when William was more firmly seated on his new throne, and the peaceful policy of King Olaf was well ascertained, messages of friendship passed between England and Norway, and then it was that Skuli, the son of Tostig, who was called King Olaf's foster-child, was sent from Norway to ask the Conqueror for Harold Hardrada's body. The prayer was granted, and then all

mother Gytha's grandfather, Styrbjörn, was a Swedish prince, and her grandmother Thyra was sister of Harold Bluetooth, King of Denmark. Though they were not legitimate heirs to the English crown so long as Edgar Atheling was alive, they were still of the blood-royal of England on their father's side, while on their mother's they were akin to the kings both of Sweden and Denmark. An additional proof of what modern German jurists would call them, *ebenbürtigkeit*, may be found in the fact that a Grand-Duke of Russia chose his wife from their family, when its fortune was at the lowest ebb:—

RAGNAR LODBROK'S TREE IN SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

RAGNAR LODBROK, *d.* about 890.



THE ANGLO-SAXON TREE.

ETHELRED THE UNREKDY, *d.* 1016;

m. Emma of Normandy.

Edmund Ironside, *d.* 1016.

Edward Atheling.

Edgar Atheling. Mande; *m.* to Malcolm Canmore in Scotland, 1093.

Edward Confessor, King, 1042–Jan. 1066.

No children.

WULFNOTH THE CHILD.

Earl Godwin *d.* 1055; *m.* Gytha or Gilda, Earl Ulf's sister.

Edgitha; *m.* to the King, *d.* 1066. Confessor.

Harold. Sweyn.

Gytha: *m.* to Vladimir, Grand Duke of Russia.

Earl Tostig, Gurth. Wulf. *d.* 1066; *m.* to Judith of Flanders.

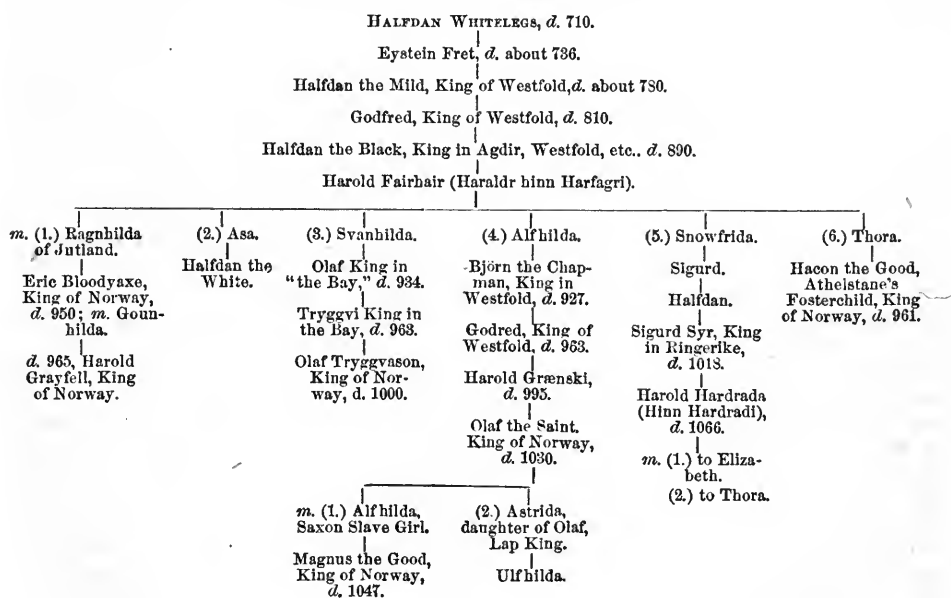
Skuli. Numerous descendants in Norway.

that was left of that bold and politic prince was disinterred, put on board ship at Grimsby, borne to Norway, and at last buried at Drontheim. But if his heart was with his treasure after death, his spirit must have lingered in England, for it is expressly said that all that huge hoard of gold for which he had toiled so hard became the spoil of the Conqueror. Harold Hardrada was fifty-one years old when he fell. He was still fair of face and strong of body, of most majestic mien, to which his enormous stature contributed not a little. His hair and beard were light-brown; his hands and feet, though large, were well made. He, too, like his nephew Magnus, and like the meek Confessor, was "a royal man," and, like his nephew, he had but one blemish, in that one of his eyebrows was higher upon his brow than the other. So there at Drontheim those tall bones were laid by the side of St. Olaf, and Norway had rest for seven-and-twenty years.

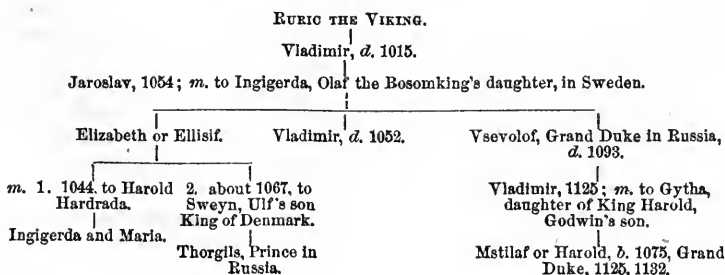
- ART. V.—1. *Heaven our Home*. Edinburgh.
 2. *Life in Heaven*. By the same Author.
 3. *Meet for Heaven*. Do.
 4. *Our Companions in Glory*. By the Rev. J. M. KILLEN, Author of "Our Friends in Heaven." Edinburgh.
 5. *Tracts*. By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER. Religious Tract Society.
 6. *Tracts*. By the Rev. J. C. RYLE.
 7. *The Barham Tracts*. By the Rev. ASHTON OXENDON. London.
 8. *The Earnest Communicant*. Do. do.
 9. *The Pathway of Safety*. Do. do.

ALL human things are still, in a certain sense, if not quite in the Pythagorean, "resolvable by numbers." If we would understand the great motive powers of any age, if we would know how our fellow-men at any given period of time have been used to live, and feel, and act, we must have recourse to statistics—the "old lamp," rusty and unattractive-looking, which, when brighter guides would fail us, can lead us through many an

THE YOUNGLING TREE IN NORWAY.



THE RUSSIAN TREE.



intricate passage of thought, and admit us into many a richly stored chamber of feeling. If to know the number of marriages taking place within a certain year leads us to an estimate of the existing amount of national prosperity, so from the number and character of books sold within any given period, may we predicate that period's leading tendencies. For to few books, as to few men, is it given to command the age they appear in. Of the myriads which have their "run," and are read by those who run along with them, it may be safely affirmed that they are carried onwards less by strength of inward impetus, than by force of outward stress and pressure. "The wind had bound them up within its wings;" and, by fixing our eyes upon their flight, we may learn what way the wind is now setting. Viewing things in this light, we may find sermons and stories in advertisements, and discover a deep significance in the announcements now greeting us from the cover of every periodical:

HEAVEN OUR HOME, 89,000 copies.

MEET FOR HEAVEN, by the Author of "Heaven our Home," 23,000 copies.

LIFE IN HEAVEN, Do., 15,000.

Thus, even in our work-day world, wherein it is often hard enough to find the meat which perishes, in our modern scientific world, which furnishes so many popular treatises on Astronomy, it seems that there is a great number of persons who do not so entirely live by bread alone, but that a book about Heaven will interest them!

Let us make every reasonable deduction from the enormous sale of books of a decidedly religious character; let us allow for the certainty of Sunday coming once in every week, and bringing with it a length of leisure which passes over more comfortably with a book in the hand than without one; let us concede that many of these books are read upon the *opus operatum* principle by simple-minded persons to whom one "good book" is, in a true and literal sense, "as good as another, if not better;" let us even grant that in many places these books are probably not read at all, but that the prettily bound, gilt-edged volume, given as a parting memento, or sent as a far-off remembrancer, is kept thenceforth by its owner as a sort of literary and spiritual amulet, to be looked at rather than looked into; let us allow for all this, and we shall still find, in the hold which religious literature has upon the less educated portion of the community, the revelation of a deep and true devotional instinct. Man loves his home, and loves to hear about the way to it, the path which the vulture's eye hath not known. The steps to Heaven, though marked out by God himself, have been ever like those which

the Pilgrim missed in the first outstart of his immortal journey, hard to find, apt to be obscured. Man upon such a path is thankful for small helps, glad of the glowworm's ray, of the rushlight in some distant cottage. And in the very titles of the books now before us, we may discern the voice of our common humanity, which says:—"Who will show us any good?"—of humanity, which "can recognise, even in an age of material prosperity like our present one, that this desired good, this coveted gladness, is not to be sought for in the increase of corn and wine and oil, were these never so abundant, but to be found in the deepened sense of God's goodness, in the clearer revelation of his Spiritual Presence:" "Lord, lift THOU up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Literature of this class, it is evident, must not be measured by the canons of ordinary criticism. Schiller has told us that a direct object in writing is fatal to a work of high imagination; but of books like these the aim is the very life, and soul, and strength; but for it they would not have been written at all, so that the question of their claims and merits is chiefly one of fitness and acceptability. These are books written to a certain end; do they meet it? They are addressed to a given area of intelligence; do they tell within that area? Do they, in short, hit their mark or miss it? And while we keep these distinctions in view, we must none the less bear in mind that the poem or story addressed to the uneducated or partially educated mind, with a directly religious purpose, has its own peculiar standard of excellence, even of perfection, and that this standard has been reached, not only by masters of popular writing like Bunyan and De Foe, but in days more near our own, and by voices whose slenderer compass has been so truly pitched within their own limits, as to have awakened deep vibrations.

It would be easy, for instance, within the range of lyric narrative, to find a poem which, considered as a poem, surpasses Mrs. Sewell's popular ballad, "Mother's last Words;"* hard to find one so completely answering the end for which it was written, so fraught, with the secret of true pathos—that which grows out of the very nature of the things it deals with, the pathos that is entangled and involved in life, the sadness of the streets, that comes across us in the cracked tones of the ballad-singer, in the bare feet of the forsaken child. We have seen a class of adult criminals so sunk in the strange apathy habitual to those in whom the moral sense has lain even from infancy as an unquickened germ; so stolid

* See, as of kindred merit, a colliery tale in verse, *Perils in the Mine*, by Francis Wilbraham.

and indifferent, that the voice of instruction and warning seem to pass through them to the blank wall beyond; we have seen such a class roused, interested, awakened to life, to intelligence, to affection, through the mere reading aloud of this simple little story. We have known them follow its course with eager, attentive eyes, with broken exclamations, with sobs, with floods of tears, as if there lay within it some spell, with power to restore them, were it but for a moment, to their share in all that is most holy and tender in our common nature.

Popular religious literature has then its true province, its lowly, its enduring triumphs. It is something surely to win entrance into hearts at which Shakspeare would knock in vain, something to be the treasure of the poor man's little shelf, the solace of his heavily burdened heart; to be, as is the case with more than one of these that we could mention, the only book, except the One Book, for which the dying care. It is something to be printed out in large text-hand, as we have seen the hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," and firmly pinned upon the pillow of a dying factory woman, "so that she might be sure it was always there,"—even as a hand holding out a leaf from the Tree of Life, as a light held out by Christ himself above the dark, thickly closing waters.

So that, if in the generality of the works now before us we are struck by a prevailing flatness, monotony, and want of feature, it is not because the literature they belong to lacks its undying classics, and these of various modes of excellence. First, and never without its charms for minds of a certain order, comes the direct religious allegory, of which the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the immortal representative; then, closely allied with the allegory, and awakening the same sort of interest, though by a less sustained and artificial method, comes an order of writing in which we know no such master as a writer, who, under the signature of Old Humphrey, furnished the Religious Tract Society with a number of beautiful little volumes, stored with "hints, observations, thoughts for the thoughtful, etc." The secret of this mode of writing is a very simple one, enabling its possessor to turn every passing incident to some moral and spiritual capital; it lays all the events of life under contribution—a paper of flower-seeds, a passing regiment of soldiers, some chance observation overheard in the streets, such as, "So he died poor after all," the far-off sound of the woodman's stroke—everything furnishes its contingent. Here the subject is taken up as if it were a little child set upon the knee, caressed and played with till its very heart is coaxed, perhaps teased out of

it; it is a mode of viewing things which may easily degenerate into a sort of elaborate trifling, yet in skilful hands it is capable of humour, tenderness, and allegoric point, and is evidently rich in the same power of detecting the close yet obscure affinities between natural and moral life which makes the strength of our most famous essayists, which gives the charm to our most sweetly moralizing old English songs.

But with a yet stronger hold on the popular heart than these, and filling a far wider space in it, comes the religious story of familiar life, of which the narrative is, as it were, the woof and web, out of which, with more or less of skill, the moral is thrown like the pattern in damask or brocade. It is perhaps scarcely possible to over-estimate the attraction of such stories for the partially educated mind, to overstate the charm of finding the attention powerfully engaged, the hidden springs of feeling touched, dormant sensibilities awakened, the heart, the memory, the imagination taken captive in turn, and not let go until each has been blessed. In the last generation, Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Trimmer were unrivalled in a homely and persuasive mode of story, or sometimes mere dialogue writing, which struck home some religious truth, or some point of cottage economy, as straight as the arrow labelled "for Philip's right eye." Of the same date, and of kindred excellence, were some tracts, also by a lady, which enforced an important branch of social science, connecting the duties of Saturday with the privileges of Sunday, in two admirable stories, now perhaps forgotten, called *The Last and the First Day of the Week*. Then, as belonging to a more spiritual and also more poetic region, came Leigh Richmond's still unforgotten *Annals of the Poor*, a work, in its own line, of genius, where clear expositions of evangelical truth are set into sweet and simple narratives, which in their turn are framed in descriptions of the beautiful scenery of the Isle of Wight,* exquisitely harmonized in tone and colouring with the human interest of the stories. We know few passages more pathetic than the visit of the good clergyman to the young cottager, where he finds the dying little girl asleep, with her hand lying on the open Bible, her finger pointing to the words, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" or few scenes more touching than her last affectionate parting with this, her soul's beloved friend and teacher; her sudden, sweet reply when asked by him in the course of a religious conversation,—

* This scenery is also associated with Adams's beautiful and touching allegory, *The Old Man's Home*.

"What is the meaning of the word *gospel*?"

"Good news.

"Good news for whom?"

"For wicked sinners, sir.

"Who sends this good news for wicked sinners?"

"The Lord Almighty.

"And who brings this good news?"

"Sir, *you* brought it to me."

These books are, however, of the past, as far as such books can belong to it; in the present day, first, or we should rather say, as far as our own experience goes, alone in this walk comes the venerable C. B. Tayler. To turn from the ordinary range of religious tracts to one of his, is like meeting with a living flower in a *hortus siccus*, or seeing the handwriting of a beloved friend greet us from among a bundle of circulars. In these stories, the deep and intricate spiritual processes of awakening, repentance, and the turning of the whole heart to God, are so connected with our present life, and its familiar aspects of good and evil, that as the narrative goes on they seem to be disengaged from it, touch after touch, as naturally as the flower unfolds from its sheath. Mr. Tayler is at home with the poor man's heart and hearth-stone; great in "interior" pictures; he can not only by a few strokes bring before us the farm-house, with "all things in order stored," the comfortable cottage, the public-house, and the gin-palace, but admit us to what is passing within the minds of their inmates and frequenters; he can show us those deep things of man's heart and spirit, which it is given to few to look into, to still fewer to portray. Three of the most perfect of his stories, "The Bar of Iron," "The Vessel of Gold," and "The Password," are represented as being true in their leading facts; but even were it not so, they have a wider, even a universal, truth to boast of,—they are true to nature. The excellence of these tracts, as of all that in literature is really admirable, is of a nature too inwrought and intimate to admit of an easy separation from the whole to which it belongs.

No extracts, indeed, can give any adequate idea of the charm and simplicity of Mr. Tayler's writing; of the firm and tender hand with which he searches the deep original wound of our humanity—

"With gentle force soliciting the dart."

Stories like his are, as we have heard the word pronounced by some of their readers, "tracks," leading surely into many a humble heart. We have yet to consider what may be called the tract proper, the page or few pages of warning, exhortation, or direct exposition of some passage of Scripture; * too

often, we may say, its transposition out of the words of the Bible into language as far removed from that used in ordinary life as it is from that "large utterance" upon which our great English writers have set their enduring impress of power and beauty. And as we glance over this wide, yet barren region, we cannot help asking, whether the well-intentioned persons, through whose agency the press and Post-office are now flooded with tracts, intended to awaken the ignorant and hardened—the people who thrust these missives underneath doors, or deal them about like cards in second and third class railway carriages—do not altogether overrate the effect of reading of any kind upon the class in question. People who read seldom, and with difficulty, take in so little of what they read, that all experienced teachers of the poor are accustomed to read aloud to them whatever they wish to enforce and to explain. We have heard a tolerably intelligent adult class read verse by verse some part of the Sermon on the Mount, or one of the simpler Parables, with fixed and even painful attention, who, when examined upon what they had been reading, were unable to give any rational account of it, or even to answer the simplest question connected with it; they had, in fact, been construing the lesson, so engaged with the but partially familiar types before them, that they had never bestowed a thought upon the thing they signified, or entered into the sense of what they had been reading. It is idle, therefore, to attribute, as many of these tracts do, amazing results to the casual reading of a tract by some lost and abandoned sinner. It is by "living epistles" only, speaking through the eye and voice and soul, that such hearts are ever reached. Judging from all we have known and observed, we should say that there is nothing for which such people (or indeed people in general) care so little as for a tract. Like good advice, the offer of it involves something of the impertinence connected with the assumption of a certain moral superiority, while its very appearance creates an unfavourable prepossession, as being neither pleasant to the eye, nor, except in a few rare cases, good for food, nor to be desired to make one wise. It costs nothing to the giver, and bestows no pleasure on the receiver, because it shows nothing of love, or care, or individual selection. We have seen very hardened women

usefulness to the tracts and small religious books of the Rev. Ashton Oxendon. They are clear, simple, and evangelic, holding out the great truths of salvation with a firm grasp, drawing the reader's heart towards them, as with a loving voice and hand. Mr. Oxendon has also the great merit of writing in short sentences, short, like the Lacedæmonian swords, yet reaching to the heart.

* In this department we know nothing equal in

overjoyed and tearful on receiving some pretty trifle as a parting remembrance from the lady who had been instructing them. We have known such things as a pin-cushion, needle-book, or small religious picture, treasured for years by such people, kept perhaps only as a charm, but still kept through many long and evil wanderings, when a tract would probably have been torn up before they left the cell of their prison.

This is a digression, yet one which, it may be hoped, will be pardoned for the sake of its intimate connexion with the subject in hand. It is not, however, the ignorant and hardened, but a more cultivated and spiritually advanced class of readers, that are addressed in the books we now turn to. If our ears, in the region of the tract proper, have been unsoothed by

“Aught of oaten stop or pastoral charm;”

if we have thought that, under a literary aspect, all was barren, we shall see, in the books now before us, *Heaven our Home*, *Life in Heaven*, and *Meet for Heaven*, the desert blossom into a strange luxuriance of words, as astounding, looked upon merely as a feat, as is any that legerdemain can boast of, and the mere contemplation of which leaves the reader very much in the state of the honest citizen in the *Spectator*, who, supping at Vauxhall, saw the waiter cover his plate with slices of ham, without increasing the weight of it by half an ounce! There is something positively magical in the way in which, in these books, words are piled upon words and sentences, after the manner of a nest of Japanese boxes, involved within each other without being in any way connected. Here the most everyday ideas are clothed in such grandiloquent language, that we think that they must be often, like Fuller's yeoman on a gala-day, “blushing at their own bravery;” and the most familiar truths are made to pass through a series of transformations under which they must sometimes forget their own origin and lineage. We are all, for instance, acquainted with a certain sublime passage, which tells us that upon a day known only unto the Lord, “the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up;” but let us listen to an improvement upon St. Peter:—

“The heavens are to be dissolved, the visible heavens, the sun, the planets, the stars; these are one day, like the gas-lamps throughout the streets of a city when the morning sun looks out upon its awakening inhabitants, to be blown out by the breath of Him whose *omnific* (!) word gave them existence. They will one day be missed, when the inhabitants of heaven look

forth and see them no longer rolling in their several orbits in which they have revolved. The angels of God, and the saints who will then be in glory, will look forth and see the orbit dark and deserted along which the bright sun once travelled, while the *poor sun* himself is lying in the grave of the *original nothingness* out of which he arose, when at God's call he made his appearance on the stage of existence, and took his assigned place among the works of God's hands. The maiden moon, in her quiet, pale serenity, which for nearly six thousand years has been reflecting the sun's light, and has been gliding along in her orbit through the sky amidst the music of the spheres,—that moon, which has so long, to the imaginations of the poets of earth, appeared to be one of the brightest gems that gleam and sparkle upon the crown that encircles the brow of old Night, will one day be looked for and anxiously inquired after by the countless assemblies who stand before the throne of God; but she will have disappeared for ever. The stars are one day to fall from the *firmament*, and strew the plains of annihilation. This earth, upon the surface of which so many of the human family are living, in the bosom of which so many of the dead are now sleeping, is one day to melt, dissolve, and disappear, like snow from one of its mountain-summits when the sudden thaw descends upon it. Say not, sceptic, that this cannot be.”—(*Life in Heaven*, p. 10.)

Let no one wonder, after this specimen of amplification, that we should have three books upon the same subject. Why not three hundred? What can be woven by the ell and yard, may be easily made to extend over the mile and acre. Easy writing, however, it is well known, may prove uncommonly hard reading. “What a tedious sermon Mr. — has preached,” was an observation once made on a Sunday's homeward walk, “and what a long one; I thought he never was coming to an end!” “On the contrary,” was the more critical rejoinder, “the end surprised me greatly; there seemed no reason why it should not have gone on for ever.” Every true composition, it is evident, contains within itself the hint and prophecy of completion; its end is foreseen in its beginning. But in such writing as we are now concerned with, there is no centre, no sequence, no principle of natural cohesion; its architecture is like that of a feverish dream, a complication of never-ending stairs and galleries that lead to nothing. And the subject of the books in question is, for such a style, a very happily chosen one, for the possibilities of heaven are at once unbounded and undefined, leaving room for the hazarding of wide conjectures. First, as to its geographical position, or, to speak more euphuistically, “the exact locality which heaven occupies in the great pavilion of space,” we are told that “the Scriptures do not attempt to define to us the exact

region where it is situated; indeed," the author adds, with becoming diffidence, "I am not sure that they could have done so, on account of the difficulties, familiar to the childish mind, introduced by the Copernican system, which would make it, like Australia, at one time above our heads, at another beneath our feet."—(*Heaven our Home*, p. 11.) A little further on he tells us that those who are in heaven possess a knowledge of it independently of the descriptions of the Bible!! a fortunate circumstance for these blessed spirits, as in another place it is stated, as an absolute certainty, "that the redeemed from earth have left their Bibles behind them."

We have all seen old-fashioned maps, in which the large blank spaces left in the interior of Africa and other unexplored regions are relieved by the drawing of a lion, an elephant, or "a salvage man." This hint has not been lost sight of in the present volumes, where the vacuum left by the absence of specific data with regard to a country from which no traveller has yet returned, is filled, from time to time, by long imaginary conversations, first, between Jacob and Rachel, "two seemingly much attached saints;" between David and Jonathan; between Paul and Onesimus; broken sometimes by a rather diffuse monologue from some less sociable spirit, or passing, through the addition of a third, into what would have been called in the last century, "a conversation picture." We are thus introduced to Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, to Abraham, Job, and Lazarus (of the parable). And a little farther on we find Newton, Locke, and Bacon "seated in calm serenity and interesting discourse," and next, as a concluding triad, Milton, Cowper, and Pollok. Selection is indeed difficult amid "the barbaric gold and gems" with which these discourses are strewn. Cowper, speaking of his former melancholy, says, "The horror of deep darkness descended upon me, which appeared like the plumed hearse of a lost eternity, followed by all the stars of heaven in black, and moving slowly and solemnly towards me." Here Abraham, seated with his friends under overarching trees, their eyes again and again directed towards the great abyss that is stretching before them and beneath, remarks:—

"Is it not the arrangement of a particular providence that has led God to place yonder awful hell full in the view of this glorious heaven?—for the sight of what the lost are enduring makes the praises of heaven louder and sweeter. This sight also is one of the subordinate means by which the inhabitants of heaven are established in their eternal righteousness and obedience. It is in the Lord Jesus, our new covenant Head, that we are to be supremely established here in the covenant of our God for ever. I see the

rich man weltering in a sea of liquid flame; the roaring and unquenchable flames of damnation are blazing around him. He deliberately, and as a free agent, chose his eternal portion. I hear his cry for help. Oh! it is a terrible thought that even a God of mercy, whose love is so great, and whose compassions are infinite, who has all power in his own hand, and can do as he will, cannot listen to his cries, cannot send him help, and cannot save him now."

It is but justice, however, to say that this somewhat austere passage stands alone in the three books in question; their tone, as regards feeling, is kindly, Christian, and expansive; they contain nothing to wound the moral instinct, or to make the heart rise up in sudden wrath; in this respect strongly and favourably contrasting with the general tone and feature of the class of literature they belong to. In most books which are at once "popular" and "religious," the crudity of theological speculation is so utterly shorn of that harmonizing medium through which spirits more comprehensive and hearts more tender have been used to contemplate the things that the angels desire to look into, that to take up a tract is to be at once removed to some point, perhaps the very one for which Archimedes sighed, equidistant from heaven and earth—how far from either it would be indeed hard to say!—where earth, with all its warm and loving interests, seems to have dwindled to a remote speck, without our feeling ourselves one degree nearer heaven. To say that these writings show no sense of the beauty and glory of God's visible creation, of the excellence of human reason, of the worth and sweetness of human affection, of the mystery, sadness, and complexity of this our mortal life upon earth, is to say little. Their want of sympathy with Man, even as regards the outward and manifest trials of our common lot, their inability to enter into life's deeper perplexities, its more searching temptations, its obscurer sufferings; their imbecile ignorance of all that in our complex nature goes to make up the springs of human motive and action, are so palpable, as to have made us, in some cases, almost doubt as to whether they have been written by men at all; they bear not Cæsar's image, nor his superscription, rather that of a steel pen, self-guided,—so grating is all, so metallic, harsh, as if coming through "scran-nel pipes," within which the still, sad music of humanity has never penetrated.

The Rev. Mr. Killen, in *Our Companions in Glory* (page 184), informs us upon what, to less learned persons, appear rather slender critical data, that the children whom Jesus took up in his arms and blessed, were the children of believing parents:—

"Christ does not say, 'Suffer little children,'

but 'Suffer THE little children,' that is, such little children, 'to come to me and forbid THEM not.' The little children of His believing people, then, are those of whom He speaks, and of them alone. In Matt. xviii. 14, our Lord is pleased to assure us that '*It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of THESE little ones should perish.*' What may be His pleasure with regard to the children of others He tells us not; but of the children of His people He most emphatically declares that '*OF SUCH is the kingdom of God.*'*"

The Word of God contains some severe and awful denunciations against such persons as shall at any time alter or pervert its everlasting simplicity. We know not how these may be more surely incurred than by such a wicked and unscriptural limitation of the blessing, pronounced not upon this or that child, but upon Childhood itself, by Him who, "beholding its innocency," was pleased to make that innocency a type of the regeneration which is man's regained Paradise, and to say, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Some excellent persons," the same author remarks further, "maintain that all children are saved, and deduce from the general benevolence of the Deity, an argument to the effect that the punishment of little children is quite repugnant to the nature of Him whose very name is LOVE. What, however, is truly worthy of a Deity who is *most holy and just* as well as good, must be determined, not so much by our *fancies* on the subject, as by solemn and indisputable *facts*. Now, is it not an awful *fact* that God *has* often punished little children? Were not multitudes of infants drowned in the flood? Were not little children burned with their parents in fire and brimstone when God overthrew the cities of the plain? Did not a righteous and holy God order the *infants*, as well as the adults, of the Canaanitish nations to be slaughtered by the Israelites? In the days of Ezekiel, when God determined to punish Jerusalem for her sins, was not His command, 'Slay utterly old men and young, both maids and LITTLE CHILDREN and women?' (Ez. k. ix. 6.) If we see God thus punishing parent and child indiscriminately in this world, who dare blame him—seeing both are depraved and fallen—should He, carrying out the same principle, think proper to punish them in the world to come? All are children of wrath, and all, therefore, might righteously be made amenable to punishment. We state these things, however, not for the purpose of saying what God actually does with the children of the wicked in eternity—whether he punishes, saves, or annihilates them—but merely to show what He might justly do, and to point out the danger of dogmatizing on so dark and difficult a theme."

In spite, however, of this acknowledged difficulty, the reverend gentleman continues to labour his point with strong instance and

perseverance. It troubles him to find (page 199)—

"That some should argue that God spared Nineveh solely on account of the hundred and twenty thousand children it contained, when Jonah makes mention also of 'much cattle' as a reason for that lenity; and the mention of the cattle is of itself sufficient to show the absurdity of drawing any conclusion from such a declaration with regard to the futurity of the creatures there spoken of. Some," he adds, "have brought forward the case of the child whom Uriah's wife bore to David as a proof of the salvation of all infants. Such must surely have forgotten that, notwithstanding the melancholy (!) circumstances connected with its birth, yet that child was the child of a true believer, and is therefore an illustration of the truth, not that all children are saved, but that the deceased infants of believers are saved, in virtue of the gracious covenant God has established with their parents, and notwithstanding the occasionally aggravated (!) sins of their parents themselves."

The writer, however, who can speak of adultery and murder in terms of such careful mitigation, reserves his severity for an offence committed by less conscious and responsible agents. It is the being born into the world, and not what we may do when once in it, which, according to this theologian's view of the divine system of morality, constitutes the chief, original transgression, the "great offence" for which all infants, saving the elect few, are to be "punished."

"Let us not, then, be deluded for a moment by the error that infants are poor little innocent creatures. So far from this being the case, we are assured that '*they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies.*' [We have seen, alas, in a day too fertile of them, many 'Infant Phenomenons,' but not one of this exact species, able to walk and talk so *very* soon!] Their mere infancy is no evidence of their purity, or security for their safety, for *embryo* wickedness is there; they may not have had time to commit any sinful acts, but they are partakers of a sinful nature. Nor need it be argued that it would be unjust in God to destroy these infant sinners. It would be no such thing. As the offspring of a rebel subject, and as creatures who are themselves depraved by nature and rebellious at heart, Jehovah might righteously consign them to hopeless misery; for as surely as the ferocity of the tiger exists in embryo in its newly-born offspring, so does deep depravity lie embedded in the nature of every babe, and time alone is required for its manifestations in actual transgression. As an order to root out and destroy all the poisonous and pernicious members of the forest might be rightfully carried into effect on the youngest as well as the oldest individuals of the vegetable world, so the condemnation of Heaven against our race might justly have been executed upon the entire of our species, so as to have embraced in its fell swoop the youngest sprigs and buds, as well as the most fully de-

*The italics and small capitals so in the original.

veloped branches of the tree of our fallen humanity."

Enough, however, of these atrocities. A paper like the present affords little opening for the consideration of the deep mysteries which underlie all such questions as that of universal infant salvation; little space for the inquiry as to how completely in the case of those who die before they commit actual transgression, the hereditary taint of our nature may be considered to be taken away, so that when looked for it shall be found no more, by Him who in that nature once offered himself as a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, satisfaction, and oblation for the sins of the whole world. Nor need we bestow much comment upon the perverted logic which would found upon the fact that the innocent suffer with the guilty in this world, an argument for their being punished (for being innocent) in the after one, when the admitted fact that in a broken and disorganized system they do so suffer, has furnished men like Butler and Paley with a strong inferential evidence in favour of a future all-compensating existence in a world "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

We are, however, as we have said, considering these writings less under a theological than under a literary and human aspect, and, looking at the foregoing extracts in this view, we would especially dwell upon their prevailing want of humanity, and their utter deadness of sensibility to whatever is tender and pitiful. We would draw attention to this, and also to a tone and manner of writing unspeakably coarse and flippant, we would even say jeering, peculiar to this description of religious tract, because they are class features, marking more or less strongly our cheap devotional literature as a whole. Looking at such books as literature, we should simply say with Dante—

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

Their authors, considered as writers, have little, it is evident, to be answerable for; not to them has been committed any ray or fraction of the vision and the faculty divine. Of insight, tenderness, of the charm that can allure attention, of the power that can enchain it, they are alike guiltless; they are not in a literary sense accountable for even the keeping of the one talent; it is as teachers only that their true responsibilities begin; and it is as teachers, as the self-constituted guides of the pious and unlettered poor, that we have to lay to their charge more weighty offences than any which can be committed against taste or sensibility. It is in this province that we hold them self-condemned, in the first place, of setting before their readers

a false and distorted view of the Divine character; and in the second of lowering the standard of Christian morality through the presentation of an utterly meagre and inadequate conception of Christianity itself.

Now, the first of these charges, if we are able to prove it to be a substantial one, involves surely no light offence. Not long ago, we read an affecting account of how a poor youth, blind and deaf-and-dumb from his birth, aided by the infinite perseverance of a kind teacher, had passed through a slow acquaintanceship with outward objects into the gradual conception of a great cause of causes. This teacher was one night alarmed by an unusual noise, and hastening to his pupil's room, heard, from his dark bed-side, the strange heart-moving sound of a loud, uncouth voice, expressing over and over again, "I am thinking of God; I am thinking of God." We are not set down as was this poor boy in the midst of a blank unintelligible world, "without form and void," to feel after God, if haply we may find him. Yet what "we think about God," what idea each one of us, in the deep and ground of his heart forms to himself of the great Power who has called him out of nothing into conscious life and responsible action, must be to every rational being the most important of all ideas, a thought which influences every other thought. "The worth and excellency of a soul," says Scougall, "is to be judged of by the object of its love," and the character of worship and of worshipper alike, will be ever found to depend upon the supposed attributes of the Being worshipped. It is the altar which sanctifies the gold; it is the Object and not the sentiment of belief which has power to purify and elevate the soul of the believer, and even the frankincense of faith and adoration, the costliest incense which can ascend from the spirit and the soul of man, possesses no inherent virtue to save it from turning to its own decay. If we turn to olden times, the average Greek seems to have been more religious than the average Christian, his whole public and private life being so interpenetrated by a sense of relation to the gods, that few transactions or events in either were unconsecrated by prayer. Every father of a family exercised the office of a priest in his own house; yet Plato tells us that men who had private altars and sanctuaries grew more hardened in iniquity and all kinds of vice, by reason of the prayers and sacrifices through which they there believed themselves able to appease and propitiate the gods. And to come to days more near our own, the Breton wrecker, who asks for a "good shipwreck," the superstitious peasant, who hangs up his

votive offering in the chapel of our Lady of Hatred, pray, it is probable, as sincerely as they pray erringly; even the poor African, the most materialistic of all idolaters, believes in his fetish, his thing of brass or wood or iron; and of each one of these we may say, that "even as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The heart grows up, the heart declines towards its Ideal, and the level of the worshipper's moral stature may always be taken from the standard at which his adoration is fixed. No greater injury can then be inflicted on humanity than that of darkening or lowering its conception of that which is Divine; and foremost among the blessings which we owe to Revelation, must we place that of having raised and fixed the idea of God, of having shown us plainly of the Father, a Father coming out to meet us. The gospel in the person of Jesus Christ, and in the deep utterances of the Holy Spirit, has made known to us the mind and nature of God; it has set fellowship with this nature before us as the highest attainment of which our own nature is capable; it has made eternal life to consist in the knowledge of God; it has placed spiritual blessedness even here in a "partaking of the Divine nature;" it has given to faith its needed object, to love its ever-during stay in communion with a Being infinite not only in power but in goodness. And what is there in the tracts now before us to answer to the idea of that which the heart claims, which the gospel responds to, the idea of one who "is a just God, and yet a Saviour?"

The following extract is from a tract taken up accidentally. It is marked, "The Weekly Tract, No. 393," and headed—

"GOD WAITING.

"Therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you."—ISA. xxx. 18.

"What a marvel of patience—what a miracle of kindness—what a mystery of love do these words indicate! Jehovah waiteth, my reader, that He may be *gracious* to you. Why should He thus wait?"

"*Not because he cannot do without your reconciliation to Him.*—He is the ever-blessed—the ever-happy God. He was so through a past eternity when you had no existence, and it cannot, therefore, be imagined that the joys of His being are suspended on the movements of one whose 'foundation is in the dust,' and who is 'crushed before the moth.' He could destroy our world. He could remove all the systems that people the universe. He could dispense with the existence of the myriads of angels that with songs encircle His throne. He could wheel all creation into the gulf of absolute nothingness, and the infinite resources of His own blessedness be unimpaired. He can, therefore, do without you. To suppose that your frown is so awful—that your smile is so desirable, that the one must

be removed and the other kindled ere the omnipotent—the independent, can proceed in the execution of His purposes, is absurd. 'If thou be righteous, what givest thou Him? or what receiveth He of thine hand?' (Job xxxv. 7.) Yet, He 'waiteth to be gracious.' Why?"

"*Not because He is under any obligation to wait.*—No such obligation exists. The law makes no provision for the thunderbolts of divine vengeance being averted from the man who violates it, and truth cannot utter a single consideration that ought to impede the descent of the curse now hanging over you, ready to explode. On the contrary, the law saith, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Justice said, 'Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?' You cannot affirm that the law is aught but good, or that justice demands what it has no right to require. You cannot put your finger on a single promise that you should be mercifully dealt with by God in your unbelief—yet, 'He waiteth to be gracious.' Why?"

"*Not because he is unable to execute the punishment you deserve.*—See Proverbs xi. 21, 31; Job xxxiv. 22; Ezekiel xxii. 14. These passages abundantly prove that "power belongeth unto God," power to repay vengeance to His enemies. You surely do not doubt this. Think of the angels 'reserved in chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day.' Listen to the wail of woe as it rises from human lips quivering in the agonies of eternity, 'I am tormented in this flame!' and then confess that though you have been spared till now, it is not because he whom you have offended has been at a loss for means to render you as miserable as you have made yourself sinful—oh no! At his rebuke the earth trembleth.' 'As smoke is driven away, as wax melteth before the fire, so he could cause you to perish in his presence, yet he waiteth to be gracious,—why? because, *my reader, you cannot be happy without his favour.*"

True it is that God, who knoweth all things, knows that we must love him before even He can make us happy. He cannot, so to speak, bless us except in Himself. Therefore he says, "Give me thine heart." True it is that God seeks our love for our sake, but no less true is it that he seeks it for his own. He has in that which he seeks a delight, a satisfaction, inseparable from his very nature. And what is there in all that has been revealed to us of that nature to warrant the writer of the above passage in his insolent and unfeeling certainty that God has no need of you to make him happy; or to induce the belief that he is indifferent to the loving allegiance of the weakest among the souls he gave his only beloved Son to save? Why should we imagine that the infinite blessedness of the Creator is not positively enhanced by the happiness of the creature, or suppose that when the angels rejoice over the returning sinner the Great Father of spirits and of men is unmoved? "He that loveth not knoweth not God." The absence of love in

these writings is something wonderful.* The word, used in some strange and altogether non-natural sense, may be often met with in these writings, but of the thing itself, of love in its outward manifestations of pity, tenderness, and good-will; of love in its inner essence as the bond of mutual fitness and reciprocal delight, we find in them no trace whatever. Their language, in speaking of the Almighty, is not the language of affection, rather that of servility, orientalism; the very feelings, it is true, which a Being such as they portray is calculated to inspire, for their whole teaching tends to connect God with the idea of power only; their delight is to represent him as irresponsible; a Being who is accountable to none, who may do what he will with his own creature. But what should we think of an earthly king, or of a human parent, who placed the allegiance due to him upon this ground, so daringly attributed to him who indeed delights in mercy, but whose primal attribute is justice? "A sceptre of righteousness, O God, is the sceptre of thy kingdom." God is not only the most morally responsible, but we will even dare to say the most morally limited of beings, limited by the infinity of his own perfection; bound within its self-drawn circle, he cannot will that which is evil or unjust. "With God," says St. Anselm, "there is no freedom except to do that which is expedient and fitting." He is a debtor both to himself and to his world, responsible to man for that idea of absolute justice, goodness, and truth, which he has himself laid so deep within the human soul, and to which the idea of his creature so inalienably cleaves, that could the soul by force or fraud be driven off this strong anchorage, God, it may be truly said, would lose even more than man. But all that gives man, as a being born into a state involving tremendous disabilities, a claim upon the Being who called him into it, a Being who knows whereof we are made, all that constitutes the wide, universal fatherhood of God, these writers do not so much ignore as disclaim. "No man,"† says the Rev. J. C. Ryle, "has a natural right to God as his father; it is a vile heresy to say that he has,"—a heresy in which we must include the prophet Malachi, who, making a Divine Fatherhood co-extensive with creation itself, says, "Have

we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" and also another inspired penman who, tracing the earthly genealogy of our blessed Saviour, stops not till he leads it back to "ADAM WHICH WAS THE SON OF GOD."* And even Mr. Ryle, it seems, is haunted by some recollection of St. Paul and of the certain poet quoted by him with approval, who, speaking of his own heathen nation, had said, "We also are his offspring," for he adds, "that God, in a certain sense, is the universal Father of all mankind, I do not pretend to deny. He is the great First Cause of all things; the sonship which we have by creation is one which belongs to stones, beasts, or even to the devils, as much as to us."

In the same tract Mr. Ryle informs us that Scripture tells us that God *out of Christ* is a consuming fire, and this, while we ask what there is in the text or context of the passage in Hebrews to authorize the interpolation of the three words in italics, leads us to consider the strange antagonism in which these writings place the First and Second Persons of the Blessed Trinity, by their continual habit of representing Jesus Christ as more favourably disposed towards mankind, more placable, more easily entreated than God himself. And yet Scripture, in more than one passage of terrific import, speaks of "the wrath of the Lamb," and bids us "kiss the Son lest he be angry." What error can be more shocking than that of separating the natures of God and Christ; and why, we may justly ask, was Jesus so different from other men,—so wise, so tolerant, so loving,—except through being God? It was because he was God that he was all for which even as man we adore him.

And it is certain, though it may seem a bold word for a Christian to utter, that even the Person and Merits of Christ may be made objects of idolatry, unless we learn to look to a point of real contact between our souls and him, and aspire, however humbly, to union with him, as the partaking of an essential goodness unto which, except through such union, man can never attain.

Of such an inspiration, the highest of which human nature is capable, these writings show little trace; nor do they betray, it appears to us, any deep appreciation of moral evil, or of that inherent opposition to God, which needed to be "taken away," at so great a cost. Their conception of sin is shallow, as of something in its nature indifferent to God; it is treated merely as a debt to be cancelled, a removable quantity. Neither as regards Christian morals do these writings show any

* Wonderful, when we consider that their authors have read the Bible, or at least some parts of it, for it has often struck us as a singular circumstance, that nearly all the quotations in these harsh and gloomy tracts are from the Epistles. The Epistles! which, taken in their wholeness, are a sort of gospel within the gospel, most tender and catholic of all, containing less of denunciation and severity than any other part of the Sacred Book.

† Tract, *Plain Speaking*, No. 50.

* Luke i. 38.

perception of that awful truth, "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."*

Of faith, without explaining what it is, they speak much; of repentance little; of the power of habit, of the influence of the affections, those strong auxiliary forces of the soul, upon whose direction the issue of its great conflict so often depends, they seem to know absolutely nothing. In many of these tracts, effort is not merely discouraged but condemned; as long as you are "striving,"† endeavouring after such light as you possess to please God, you must be wrong,—a person not so much to be pitied, as put down by those who are more enlightened. In all of them there is an entire silence as to the scripturally declared fact, that while we are saved by Christ, we are judged by things done in the body. There is not in one of them, any recognition of the great abiding principles of natural duty. All persons who have not attained to saving faith in Christ, who are not able to say, what no man except through the power of the Holy Ghost can say effectually, that Jesus is his Lord, his hope, his all, are treated as being on the same level. The thousands of poor men who, falling short of this, are yet sober, honest, industrious, and God-fearing, tenderly cherishing their wives, and affectionately loving their children, are represented as being as far out of God's favour as are the thousands of poor men who in this professedly Christian country beat their wives, starve their children, spend their earnings over women as vile as themselves, and delight in blasphemy and drunkenness. Nay, it seems to us that the preference in point of eligibility as candidates for the kingdom of heaven is always given inferentially to these latter worthies.

John Bunyan, in a tract‡ which it is surely unwise in the Dublin Tract Society to publish, as they have done, without guard or comment, tells us, with certainly far less than his usual scriptural accuracy, that "Jesus Christ in his lifetime left the best and turned to the worst!" Physicians get no name for picking out thistles, or laying plasters on scratches; they must cure some desperate cases. It is the dry wood which burns best; "grace takes occasion by the vileness of the man to shine more." And we are assured by Mr. Ryle that "where open sin slays its thousands, self-righteousness slays its tens of thousands." Yet the truth remains, that in

the class to which these writings are addressed, righteousness of any kind has little indeed to answer for. The moral standard of the humbler orders of men is generally lamentably low and defective, and the majority of professing believers are too deeply sunk in sensuality, ungodliness, and spiritual apathy, to be in much danger from any error of a speculative kind.

It is only those who are familiar with the poor, and able to enter into their modes of thinking and feeling, who are able to estimate the fearful evil wrought by omitting to draw a clear line between sin inherent in man's nature, natural to both saint and sinner, and vice,* the habitual, constant yielding to its promptings. We are all sinners by nature, and as such beloved and redeemed by Christ; but we are not all vicious, neither, as such, continuing and delighting in sin, can we be accepted by the Father in Him. The minds of the uneducated are slow and indiscriminating. There is something in their structure which naturally tends to confusion; but under a teaching like this, without any moral shading, it becomes "worse confounded." Not long ago, a working man, of apparently respectable character, died suddenly under circumstances which brought conduct of the worst kind to light. Some little time after his death, his widow, calling upon a lady who had been intimately interested in the family, closed some remarks upon her husband's short illness, with the usual pious formulary, "But at any rate, ma'am, he's happy now." "I am glad, Mrs. —," said the lady gravely, "to hear you say so; it makes me hope there has been no truth in certain reports, that it has made me sorry to hear." "Truth, ma'am!" she returned quickly, "every word true, and many a sore heart it has given me." "Then," returned her friend, "as William was never sensible after his first becoming ill, or able to seek God's pardon for his great sin, how can you feel so sure that he is happy now?" The poor woman had her answer ready, yet there was something affecting in the bewildered look with which she said, "Well, ma'am, of course, William was a great sinner, but then we're all sinners; and aren't we told Jesus Christ died to save sinners?"

But are we told that Jesus Christ died to save impenitent, unreturning sinners?—sinners who not only come to him for peace,† just as they are, but intend to remain with him just as they are, forgetting that there is no peace to the wicked? To see the highest

* Romans vi. 16.

† See a tract, *Should I not Strive? or, The Poor Man's Deceiver.*

‡ Bunyan's *Glad Tidings for Sinners.*

* See on this subject an admirable sermon by Adolphe Monod.

† See *Christian Spectator*, February 1860

result of a teaching which "preaches Christ"* as an antidote to the conscience, and sets forth faith in Christ without enforcing its grand scriptural correlative, "repentance towards God," we need only be familiar with the interior of a jail, and trace its workings upon a class, upon whose originally feeble moral instincts a long series of spiritual manipulations will sometimes produce an outgrowth too hideous to be mere hypocrisy. Among such persons we shall meet with a simulated mode of talking about Christ, which bears the same relation to real faith in him, that hysteria does to a real malady; it counterfeits, mocks it, has no root within the system, and yet it is real, because it is of the nature of possession, a devil that no human agency seems able to cast forth. Of such as these are the fourfold murderers who die in the apparent fulness of every evangelic grace, except repentance; who depart "forgiving everybody who has ever injured them!" who step cheerfully off the plank, expressing their entire confidence in "Jesus," and their longing to be with him. For they within whom this spirit has once entered will die as they have lived, "treacherous, lewd, malignant," ready to proclaim themselves "the chief of sinners," yet jealous and resentful of any specific charge of criminality; eager to proclaim that they have sinned against their Saviour, and have brought him to a painful death, but not by word or tear expressing regret for their many offences against their brethren; callous as to the evil which they have wrought in the bodies and the souls of others; unrepentant for sins, of the least of which the Saviour, whose name and work they profane, said, "It were good for such as commit them that they had never been born."

Before drawing this paper to a close, we have yet another region to glance into, one which fills a large space in popular devotional literature, we mean the department of Christian biography. So much real good has been done by the publication of books like the *Life of Hedley Vicars*, such a pulse of Christian activity stirred throughout England by the perusal of works like the *Missing Link* and *Ragged Homes*, that for the sake of a "great good one feels inclined to

* Ibid.

† Doyle, lately executed at Chester, for a frightful attempt to murder a woman he lived with (he being a married man), walked to the platform with these words (his last), "Jesus Christ was led like a lamb to the slaughter; I, like him, offer no resistance; I know that my sins are forgiven me."

He had eaten and drunk heartily to the last, conversed of his past life, sung hymns, listened to prayers and reading, and expressed regret, but certainly no depth of repentance for his crime.

pardon a little ill," and to shut one's eyes to the manifest wound done to the simplicity and sincerity which belongs to fine spiritual consciousness by the present tendency to make a sort of capital out of every holy effort and every exalted life. There is such a quick vibration through our present social life, that the world seems to have become a gigantic whispering-gallery, catching up and re-echoing every sound, even those which are most intimate and sacred, so that the word spoken in the deepest secrecy between a man and his friend, between the spirit and its Redeemer, is literally proclaimed on the house-top. Yet this, surely, is a tendency which, in all things connected with the kingdom which cometh not with observation, we shall do well to resist rather than to yield to, or it will be the harder for Christian men and women to attain to the breadth and stature of simpler ages, when the spiritual building of a holy life was able to grow up like the olden Temple, without that noise of axes and hammers that is now so bewildering. "Christ's humble man loveth not praise."* How quiet, yet austere heroic, were the lives of our Saxon and Celtic apostles!—of men like Boniface, Cuthbert, and Columba, at once the evangelizers and civilizers of the rude heathen world, within whose darkness they were as lights burning, and shining only because they burned! And even now, for those who seek it, there is a life of true simplicity waiting in the thick of our crowded civilisation. Our manufacturing towns and mining villages still afford populous solitudes where men and women may labour for Christ, either singly or in groups, as secretly as the coral insect works beneath the wave. The world wonders at self-devotion, admires it, and forgets it; only do not let the press come in! Above all, let it keep silence even from good words where the humbler members of Christ's family are concerned; they most of all suffer from praise and the publicity it brings. Is it not, to say the very least, injudicious, in *The Book and its Missions* going on month after month with a history of the work of the Bible-women in London—mentioning each of them by name, recounting what each is doing, often in their own words? In one of these papers a poor woman is represented as saying to her husband, in spiritual trouble, "Do hear Mrs. W.; she speaks so plain. You did not understand the missionary, but she speaks as simple as a child, and you will be sure to understand." The good woman goes; the poor man is deeply, and, it is believed, permanently affected.

* Jeremy Taylor.

The wife exclaims, in simple triumph, "Didn't I tell you that God would make Mrs. W. a blessing to you?" The Bible-woman, it is true, repeats this with an apology, and refers the change in the husband's feelings rather to the work of the Spirit, in answer to the faithful prayers of the wife, than to her own influence. Still she does repeat it; it is written and published; at what loss to all parties concerned, should they ever read it, it would be hard to state. And what, we may ask, is more offensive to a just spiritual discrimination than the set disclaimers continually inscribed in these records, such as, "I do humbly thank God for condescending to use me as an instrument, however unworthy; the work, however, is His; not by might nor by power?" etc. What need of these ostentatious statements? Who that is acquainted with the A B C of Christianity does not know that all work is and must be of God? What need to compliment the Almighty with all praise and all glory, and yet to keep back a certain perquisite, the more surely retained for these very disclaimers?

There is a tone and colouring about most of the statements of Christian benevolent work, that seems very far removed from that of the sober daylight of actual experience in dealing with human nature, that great and stubborn fact; a fervid glow that must often, we think, make the heart of many righteous labourers in the Lord's vineyard sad, under the certainty of having no such brilliant statistics to offer. We do not say that the statements set forth in the reports continually given to the world are not true in themselves; but we are sure that they are often calculated to give a false impression of what Christian work really is. Their fault is the same one which pervades modern religious biography: a want of simplicity, a tendency to strain and pressure, which misses, through that very effort, the true greatness of a Christian life. In taking up any such book, we seem to see, not the picture of a Christian, but a Christian sitting for his picture, with a great deal, as is usual in portraiture, put in for the occasion, and a great deal obviously left out.

In such records, the simplicity, the sweetness of a holy life, a life hid with Christ in God, is gone. Letters, diaries, are given to the public; all is laid bare, obtruded. Yet human nature has disappeared; we look in vain for

"This friend of ours who lives in God,
The human-hearted man we loved."

After all, as we said at first, literature of a devotional class must not be judged of by the ordinary standard. It is the glory of Christianity to condescend to a limited intel-

lectual stature, to humble itself to that which is in man. We must be prepared to see its grand ideal outlines concealed beneath much that is ordinary and mediocre. Christian commonplace will endure while the world lasts; but there are limits even to Christian commonplace, and we consider that charity, which in this region has endured all things, is now entitled to hope all things in the way of improvement.

There are certain rare and beautiful features in the present age of the world, which secular literature has not been slow to catch up and reflect. There are few poems or stories now written which do not betray some sympathy with the generous aspirations with which so many hearts are now familiar, the exalted aims to which so many lives are now directed. In originality, genius, and power, the literature of our present day probably falls short of that of some great intellectual eras; in tenderness, humanity, respect for man's moral nature, admiration for it under its more exalted conditions of self-devotion and heroism, reverence for goodness under its humbler aspects, sympathy with the family affections, delight in God's visible creation, it rises far above that of any former age. And when we return from literature to the social life it is connected with, when we see all that is passing around us, the ameliorating influences that are continually yet silently at work, the mighty enterprises that grow out of them,—while there is so much among us that is confessedly Christian, we feel deeply persuaded that the literature which is so professedly, has need to march with the marching order, and that its present status, as regards theology, intellect, and feeling, is unworthy of our present aims, unworthy even of our attainments, whether as Christians or as men.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The History of our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art.* Commenced by the Late Mrs. JAMESON; Continued and completed by LADY EASTLAKE. In 2 vols. London, 1864.
2. *Christian Iconography; or, The History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages.* By M. DIDRON. Translated by E. J. MILLINGTON. London: Bohn, 1851.

IN Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, no figure has been more severely criticised than that of the youthful Jesus. Many persons, partly because they forget the limits which

the painter can never pass, and perhaps more because they want the clear vision to see what he has expressed, have declared themselves ill content with the inadequate representation of that Divine countenance. But they have most loudly condemned the bright red hair, so bright, and raised so high around the head, as to form an almost self-luminous halo. It has not allayed their dissatisfaction to be told that this was a compromise of the claims of modern naturalism, on the one hand, and mediæval symbolism on the other, a compromise effected by such an arrangement of a natural feature as would suggest the nimbus or glory of the old masters. They resent the obtrusion of any mere conventionalism into the representation of so sacred an incident. Yet the fact remains, that a painter, painting for the British public, has considered it due to himself and his subject to brave these criticisms, and to go as far as, in these days, and in a historical picture, he may towards the employment of a conventional symbol of mediæval times.

This of itself raises a presumption, that something may be said on behalf of mediæval symbolism on *principle*. And in fact it enters so largely into the composition of many of our most precious art treasures, which cannot be understood without some acquaintance with it, that it may not be useless to devote a few pages to the discussion of its place in art, and to a consideration of some of its more prominent features and characteristics.

Christian art was at first applied solely to purposes of decoration. A painting was not painted nor was a statue chiselled to be a treasure in itself, wherever it might be. It always implied the existence of something to be decorated. Hence the walls of churches and of monasteries, and illuminated manuscripts, are for many centuries the great repositories of Christian art. The earliest specimens of it consist of frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the Catacombs, and bas-reliefs on the sarcophagi lying there. Its earliest object was the utilisation of vacant spaces, and opportunities of decoration for the purpose of religious instruction. This object was attained by representations which at once conveyed a meaning to the eye. The Good Shepherd reminded every beholder of our Lord's teachings. The story of Jonah was recognized as typical of the resurrection, that corner-stone of the Christian faith. No subjects are more frequent in the Catacombs than these, and they taught the lesson without any explanation. But little variety of idea was to be obtained within the range of works so readily intelligible; and when the artist passed beyond its bounds, some clue to

his meaning became absolutely necessary, unless he at once abandoned his functions as a teacher. Accordingly, in many early works of art, especially of the Eastern Church, the figures are identified by their names; but long after this practice had died out, it remained customary to distinguish them by certain signs. Thus our Saviour is distinguished by the cross; either the cross of the passion, heavy and strong, or the resurrection cross, formed of two light transverse bars, often carrying a flag. He is also identified by the stigmata on hands and feet and side; or by a mantle folded round Him, and held so as to display the wound in the side; or He is surrounded by the symbols of the four evangelists,—the angel, the lion, the ox, and the eagle; or He bears a book, sometimes closed, but often open, and with one of the following texts written upon it: "Peace be with you;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I am the light of the world;" "I am the resurrection;" "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father;" "I and the Father are one;" "In the beginning was the Word." Saints likewise had their appropriate marks, familiar enough to identify them by. This identification by means of recognised signs, which was required for purposes of instruction, was rendered the more necessary by the habitual neglect of truth in the accessories which distinguished the ancient painters. In Italian art we find all the scenes of the sacred story placed in Italian landscapes or among Italian buildings, enacted by figures in Italian costume, and often tintured with a certain infusion of Italian habits and manners. The same charge, if charge it be, may be brought against the Christian art of Holland, and indeed of every country. The practice arose, no doubt, from ignorance; but one result of it was to make more than ever needful a system of signs which would give the key to the artist's meaning.

Identification, however, is not the most important end and object of symbolism. The painter's intention, in a picture of the apostle Peter, for example, is not to say, "This is Peter;" it is to express his thoughts concerning Peter. His aim is not simply to suggest the idea of that apostle to the spectator's mind, but to declare his conception of his character, and of the emotions which moved him, or the thoughts which burned within him. For this it is of course necessary that the spectator should know for whom the figure is meant; but as art advanced it became easier to secure this object without any such cumbrous device as writing the name over the head; and when the higher aim was once satisfied, anything which merely

served the purpose of identification was foreign to the object of the picture. It will be readily seen, however, that many of the characteristic insignia of Christ above mentioned do more than identify. The cross and the stigmata speak aloud of His sacrifice; the evangelists proclaim the diffusion of His gospel; the texts have each of them its own significance. So it is with the signs of the saints. And a symbol was in use which, not being in any way subservient to the end of identification, simply expresses some thought of the artist concerning his subject. This was the nimbus, or glory; and its variety of meanings well illustrates the real uses of symbolism.

It is used, both in painting and sculpture, as a sign not of office but of character; and its various forms indicate different personal qualities, just as the crown, according to the style of its ornaments, marks a king, duke, marquis, earl, or baron. It sometimes encircles the head; sometimes the whole body. In the former case, it commonly has the name of nimbus; in the latter that of aureole, and the combination of the two is called a glory; but this use of the words is not universally current.

The aureole varies somewhat in form, but it is most commonly oval. Its meaning, however, does not change with its shape. It always indicates high eminence, and is generally applied to Divine persons. Angels are not adorned with it, and saints rarely before the golden age of art; but the Virgin has it much earlier.

The nimbus proper has a great variety of shapes and of meanings. In the Latin Church it always indicates sanctity, though some forms of it have a further significance. Its commonest shape is that of a circular disc. If the disc is intersected by transverse bars, it is a mark of divinity. It is then called the cruciform nimbus, and is applied even to the emblems sometimes used to represent the Divine persons. Thus the Father was, in early art, represented by a hand; and in a miniature of the ninth century, this symbol is surrounded by the cruciform nimbus. The Son often appears in the form of a Lamb; and the Lamb is decorated with the same exclusive mark. The Holy Spirit, who is generally figured as a dove, is distinguished by the same sign. On the other hand, the Virgin Mary, in spite of all the Mariolatry of both the Eastern and Western Churches, never possesses this peculiar mark of divinity.

Other forms of the nimbus are the triangle and the square. When it is triangular it has the same exclusive application as the cruciform nimbus, and symbolizes the Trinity. The square nimbus was, in Italy, used to in-

dicate that the person decorated with it was living at the time the work was executed, and it is often of great value in fixing the date of manuscripts and works of art in which it occurs. It is occasionally, however, applied to an image of the Divine Being, either alone, or in combination with some other form of nimbus. It then indicates the ever-living God.

In the Eastern Church, the use of the nimbus is more frequent than in Western art; but it has a much less precise meaning. It seems to claim consideration, not only on the ground of sanctity, but of eminence of other kinds. It is applied to saints, and to many persons who are not saints,—to kings, statesmen, and warriors. It frequently signifies *power*, and it is withheld from beings destitute of this title to admiration. Thus, in a miniature of the twelfth century, the Beast with seven heads (Rev. xiii. 1-3) wears a nimbus on six of them, but the seventh, which is "as it were wounded to death," is without it. And even Satan has it in a miniature of the tenth century.

There are no varieties of form used to indicate these different meanings, but sometimes a moral intention is conveyed in the colour. Thus, in a fresco of the Last Supper in a small church at Athens, Judas, in virtue of his apostleship, has a nimbus; but while the nimbus of the other apostles is of some bright colour, white, green, or golden yellow, that of Judas is black.

In the East, as in the West, the cruciform and the triangular nimbus are marks of divinity, and this intention is made the more clear by inscribing on three branches of the cross (the fourth branch being concealed by the head), or at the three angles of the triangle, the letters $\Omega \text{ N}$, this being the name which God gave Himself when He spoke to Moses from the burning bush, $\text{E} \gamma \omega \text{ e} \mu \iota \text{ } \Omega \text{ N}$: "I am that I AM."

The glory has no peculiar signification. When the aureole is combined with any form of the nimbus, it simply intensifies the meaning of the latter, whatever that may be.

The nimbus is never seen on the sarcophagi, the most ancient of Christian monuments; and it did not come into constant use in the West till the eighth and ninth centuries. It died out in the sixteenth century. It was first applied to the Divine persons and the apostles, and was retained by them after other personages had lost it. The aureole came into use later than the nimbus; it was always used less, and ceased to be applied earlier.

The use of the nimbus is, however, far older than Christianity. It appears on Hindoo monuments of the most remote antiquity. The Hindoo goddess Maya is surrounded by a semi-aureole of light, and from the top of

her head-dress and the neighbourhood of her temples, issue groups of stronger rays. The coincidence of this decoration with the Christian cruciform nimbus may be accidental. It occurs likewise in Roman sculpture and painting. The Emperor Trajan appears with it on the Arch of Constantine; in the paintings found at Herculaneum, it adorns Circe as she appears to Ulysses; and there are many examples of it in the Virgil of the Vatican.

Hence its origin is involved in some obscurity; but a consideration of its various changes of form leads to the conclusion that it was originally meant to indicate light issuing from the head. The importance attached to an appearance of that kind, in remote times, as an augury of good, appears in many classical legends. It is illustrated in the Second Book of the *Æneid* by the flame descending upon the head of the young Iulus, which Anchises, versed in oriental symbolism, saw with joy, and which proved to be an augury of good, though the other bystanders were alarmed at the apparition:—

"Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactaque innoxia molles
Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora
pasci.
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes."

If this be its origin, its appropriateness for the purpose with which it is used in Christian art is obvious. The cruciform nimbus probably derived its meaning from being first applied to Christ. By adorning the Divine Person in scenes in the gospel history, it came to have its signification of divinity, and was then applied with the same meaning to the other Persons of the Trinity. But the special force of some of the forms of the nimbus seems to be fixed on them arbitrarily.

These details illustrate the remark that the object of symbolism is to assist the painter in communicating his thoughts concerning the scene he is depicting and the persons who act in it.

It is objected, however, that he moves out of his province when he resorts to these means; that his business is to represent incidents as they happened, and, if he cannot ascertain the actual details, to abstain at least from violating probability. A nimbus, it is urged, was never seen round the head of Christ or His apostles, or the holy women, as they moved upon earth, and the painter is guilty of an impertinence who introduces them into his picture.

It might perhaps be sufficient to reply that the artist is sometimes compelled by pictorial necessity itself to have recourse to the use of

symbolism. Mr. Herbert's recent picture in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Lords illustrates this. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, his face shone with so much brightness that Aaron and the children of Israel were afraid to come near. This brightness could only be represented, without recourse to symbolism, by throwing the rest of the picture into deep shadow, and thus defeating the artist's intention of showing the people in the glare of an Eastern midday, and with the blue depth of the rocky valleys stretching far behind them. The same object is attained, without this sacrifice, by a conventional representation of light on Moses's countenance.* And even where no necessity of this kind arises, the painter still has reason to use these indirect means of expression.

Art is no longer devoted to the sacred mission to which it was dedicated in earlier centuries of the Christian era; and it is hard for us now to understand that the expression of devout feeling was the first object of the religious artist. But, if it were so, he was justified in availing himself of every means of expression, even at the sacrifice of some pictorial proprieties (as they are now held). It is, moreover, a mistake to suppose that this abandonment of realism was peculiar to the mediæval symbolist; it is characteristic of all high art, from the earliest times till now. It is true that in the present day the alphabet of our symbolism must be natural, not conventional; but the painter is still in antagonism with the principle of rigid naturalism if he introduces natural objects, because they are emblematical, and not for their own sake, or because their presence in the scene he is depicting is probable.

This natural symbolism (if we may be allowed to use the expression) is employed with great effect in one of the most striking pictures in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy,—Mr. Millais's *Parable of the Tares*. The field is well watered by a brook which bounds its farther side, and the young blades of the wheat are just appearing above ground. It is dark, but a rift in the thick-folded clouds shows the lurid light left in the sky after a stormy sunset, and a light still more lurid glares from the eyes of a hyena prowling in the darkness, and of two serpents that crawl near the feet of the "enemy," a wicked-look-

* That is, by two horn-like rays of light issuing from the forehead. The origin of the sign is singular. In the Vulgate his face is described as "*faciem cornutam*," which must have been intended to signify, "surrounded by horn-shaped radiations of light." But the close literalism of the artist has very commonly fixed on the forehead of Moses a pair of horns like those of an ox!—See *History of our Lord*, by Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, vol. i. pp. 171, 172.

ing old Jew, who, with a strong swing of the arm, is scattering the tares far and wide. The light from the sky is reflected from the brook with a greener and almost livid hue, and falling full on his face, draws the first attention to its intense malignity of expression. It cannot be urged that there is no symbolism, for surely two serpents and a hyena are more than the average allowance of evil beasts which might be expected to attend a man's steps at night in a cultivated field in Palestine. The painter's object was to represent an *enemy* sowing tares; and, instead of trusting only to the malignity of the countenance, he aided himself in the expression of his meaning by the use of *symbolical accessories*.*

Perhaps, however, the symbolical significance of accessories in themselves natural will appear clearer on a comparison of two pictures of the same subject. Nothing more solemn has ever been attempted by art than the representation of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane. The mystery of that awful hour has been variously conceived by different artists, and their thoughts have been expressed with the help of conventional signs, and without it. To our modern eyes, pictures whose meaning is not dependent on such aid will seem the most appropriate. One of the most noted is that by Giovanni Bellini in the National Gallery. In the distance is the "multitude with swords and staves" coming over the Cedron. The three apostles lie asleep at the foot of a little hillock in the calm evening air. Every object is distinct, but the brightness of the day has gone, and all across the sky there is a

"Mournful light

That broods above the fallen sun."

At the top of the hillock our Saviour kneels; His form dark against the glow of the west. His figure is firm, and the body erect. His head is thrown a little back, and His eyes are raised towards the angel who appears in the deep blue of the upper sky bearing the cup. His look is sad, with the sadness of one who is about to close a troubled life, and to bid farewell to his dearest friends. But

it is much more like our Lord when He said to His disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," than when "being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

The real meaning of the scene is not even suggested by Bellini's picture. Rembrandt has an etching of the same subject, for which the reader may be referred to Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake's recent work. The buildings of Jerusalem are roughly sketched in the background; in front, the forms of the sleeping apostles are barely indicated. Above them is the figure of the Saviour. He has lifted His hands in prayer, but at the moment chosen by the artist His whole frame seems about to give way; the hands, still clasped, are beginning to drop, the head falls a little on one side, and a few simple lines of the face are full of unutterable woe. The brow is rigid; the eyes firmly closed against any impression from without; the mouth drawn into a death-like stiffness. It would be a relief even to see those fixed lips tremble, but they cannot. The crowd who are to make Him captive issue from the city gate. Heavy clouds behind mass themselves in the shape of the cross, and the moon, far up in the sky, half hides her face behind them, as if fearing to look on. Something far greater than the fear of pain or the prospect of death is required to account for this intensity of suffering. It is the burden of the world's sin which bows Him down, and which seems as if it would crush Him, but for the angel, who with strong arms, and with a look of the most fervent sympathy, bears up the sinking frame. There is no noise or tumult, no violent wringing of the hands; all the scene is quiet and subdued, majestic in its solemn stillness, but the more terribly poignant and to the quick.

No one can doubt that Rembrandt's is the truer conception. If the object of art be to please, such a subject may not be legitimate, but it is a commentary on the sacred text which we should all do well to ponder.

Regarding the two pictures, however, as works of art, and applying them to the illustration of our subject, they suggest the question why Bellini placed the scene under a pensive evening sky, and Rembrandt in fitful moonlight? Not for historical reasons, for though it is clear that Bellini was historically untrue, it is not equally clear that Rembrandt was historically true. But each of them chose his accessories, because they were in harmony with the ground tone of feeling of his picture, accessories which themselves prompted the emotions which he desired to

* The picture obviously is not open to any objection as an attempt to "paint a parable." The story of a parable may be painted as well as any other story, and there is no attempt to paint its teaching; for we cannot think that the suggestion of fiery wings which some critics have found in the curved rift in the clouds, or of cloven feet in the broad and ill-shapen feet of the man, was intended by the artist. Greek art, on the other hand, is in the extreme of this error. In pictures of the same parable in Eastern Churches, angels appear conducting the orthodox into paradise, and devils binding heretics with chains, and leading them down into hell.

kindle, and make the mind of the spectator more impressible with the ideas which he intended to impart. This, however, means nothing more nor less than that they obeyed that law of unity of feeling which governs every true work of art, whether the subject be historical or ideal, whether it be a landscape or a portrait, or an incident of human interest.

This law is obeyed in poetry as well as in painting. A recent poem furnishes an apt illustration, in the description of Enoch Arden's approach to his old home, where he is to learn the dreadful calamity which darkens the remainder of his days:—

"But homeward—home—what home? had he
a home?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,

Sunny but chill; till, drawn through either
chasm,

Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and 'whelm'd the world in
gray;

Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.

On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze

The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light

Flared on him, and he came upon the place."

Observe how the key-note of feeling which this symbolism is so aptly fitted to strengthen, is struck in the first line—

"But homeward—home—what home? had he
a home?

His home, he walk'd."

Thus it was no more the poet's aim than the artist's to represent a scene by what was actually or probably visible in it. The poet as well as the artist chose his accessories with the view of deepening the impression of his central idea. And it is immaterial whether the subject be purely imaginary or historical, if, in the latter case, history is silent as to the accessories.

The same limit, however, was not observed by the ancient painter. His object was to express spiritual feeling, and to stir the sympathy of the beholder. For this end he might legitimately employ many means which the modern painter would reject. The singleness of this aim also permitted him to reject much that the modern painter feels bound to observe." The glaring untruth of the accessories in a mediæval picture, which is so surprising on a first acquaintance with ancient art, was no doubt mainly due to ignorance. The painters of those times knew little of the landscapes and costumes and manners of Eastern countries. In the imagination not

only of the painter, but of the people also, the scenes of Scripture history were pictured just as if they had been enacted by persons of their own time and country. But this disadvantage was not a very important one. Faith and love, doubt and hope, penitence and humility, are in no way dependent on any accessories of costume or of landscape. It is the deep spiritual meaning of the scene, not its appearance to the eye of the flesh, which the painter desired to seize, and this he was able to do, however his figures were clad, and whatever skies were above them. Indeed, anything which by its novelty or curiosity diverted the attention from the central thought of the picture and its spiritual meaning, would have been a hindrance rather than a help to the spectator, while his understanding was assisted by the special significance of the symbols. So long, then, as art retained its single aim of spiritual expression, this untruth in the accessories was excusable, if not positively to be preferred to an accuracy of detail, which would have caught the eye and detained the attention.

But this singleness of aim was gradually lost. The object of the artist ceased to be simply to *express*. It began to be limited by a condition: *to express by means of the beautiful*; just as in more modern times a new condition has been imposed upon it, namely, *expression by means of the natural and probable*. The change was inevitable. Love of beauty is the passion of the artist. It is present with him in all that he does. At length it becomes the object of his pursuit, and that more and more exclusively, while the expression of religious feeling gradually loses its place as the predominant motive. And so we find that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although they produced the greatest works of art the world has ever seen, and are distinguished by the finest combinations of colour, the most noble flowing lines, the freest play of muscle, and the most perfect symmetry and proportion in arrangement, are yet characterized by frequent poverty of thought and coldness and unfitness of feeling. It is not that the subjects of Christian art are unworthy of the highest skill, or incapable of repaying the noblest efforts of genius; but spiritual insight, a true imaginative sympathy with saints and martyrs, an ardent and penetrating comprehension of the scenes of the sacred story, are not to be attained without the most strenuous and undivided effort. And if the whole of a man's strength be put forth, as in fact it was, in the production of the highest æsthetic excellences, and the acquisition and the use of the greatest mechanical skill, it is inevitable that the other object should be less strenuous-

ly pursued and less successfully accomplished.

It is only by the total rejection of the theory of imitation, and by admission of the principle that the artist's true aim is to express his thoughts concerning his subject, that the way can be prepared for any representation of the invisible, or indeed any pictorial expression of thought about God. Subjects of this kind require the greatest delicacy and reverence in treatment, in order not to offend by their profanity. It was long before God the Father was ever represented in human form; and it is most interesting to trace the gradual movement of art from the reverence of her earlier periods to the daring imagination, we may even say the audacity, of her noon-day splendour.

We cannot wonder at the apparent reluctance with which she has ventured on representations of the Divine Father. We are told that God made man in His own image, but the reverence of early art dared not make God in the image of man. With God the Son it was otherwise, for since He condescended to assume human flesh there was no impiety in representing Him as He once appeared to the eyes of men. John of Damascus, in the second of his famous *Orationes against Iconoclasm*, expresses the feeling on the part entertained by the Church in the eighth century, or that section of it which retained its love for pictures and images. "We should be in error," he says, "if we were to make an image of the invisible God, since that which is not of bodily nature, nor visible, and possesses neither outline nor shape, cannot be painted. We should be doing what is impious, if we thought that images of men made by our hands were gods and paid them divine honours as gods. We admit, however, nothing of this kind. But since God, in his ineffable goodness, put on the flesh and appeared in the flesh on earth, and moved among men; since He took upon Him our nature and the gross fabric of a material frame, and likewise the form and colour of flesh, we do no wrong when we make his image." A human form is offered by Scripture to the artist who wishes to represent the Son of God. But the scriptural idea of Jehovah was a Being whose face no man might look upon and live. He was made known to man by His acts. It was not the face, the visible presence, but the hand of the Lord doing justice and mercy which men were permitted to behold. Hence, in art, the presence of the Divine Father is, up to the twelfth century, indicated exclusively by a hand, frequently with rays of light issuing from it.

Sometimes the hand is entirely open, indicating the act of bestowing; but it is more frequently displayed in the act of blessing. This is expressed in the Western Church by the extension of the thumb and the first two fingers only. In the Eastern Church the sign was more complicated. The ordinary way of writing the name of Jesus Christ in Greek paintings is I-C* X-C;* the first and last letters of each name; and in the act of blessing, the fingers are bent as nearly as possible into the form of those letters; the fore-finger extended, as I; the middle finger curved, as C; the thumb crossed upon the third finger, to make X; and the little finger curved into another C.

It was not till the thirteenth century that the artist departed from the reverential symbolism of the hand; but he did not at once advance to a delineation of the full figure. At first the face only, then the bust, and at last, but still rarely, the entire frame is represented. The artist's meaning is sometimes indicated by a sign or inscription. If it is not, it is, at this period, difficult to pronounce certainly whether the Father or the Son is the subject intended. This is partly because the Son appears very frequently, especially in Eastern art, in scenes in which we should have expected to see the Father represented; and partly because the Father and the Son were at that time made to appear of the same age and of similar features. Indeed, it seemed probable that when first the artist ventured on a delineation of God the Father in human form, he appropriated for that purpose the then recognised image of the Son. Afterwards, when men had become a little accustomed to the audacity of the idea, a special character is assigned to the lineaments of the Father. This process, too, was a gradual one. At first the only distinction was in more strongly marked features, apparently indicative of greater energy, and then in a difference of years, such as is suggested by the human relation of father and son. Had the liberty of the artist's imagination never overpassed these limits we should have had little reason to complain. Whatever interpretation we may put on the words, "God made man in his own image," it is probable that the artist felt that they sanctioned representations such as those we have just mentioned. But there was no such justification for images of the Divine Being decorated with the signs of human rank and dignity, with the imperial purple, or pontifical tiara, or kingly crown; and these violations of good taste, to give them no worse name, are frequent in the sixteenth

* The old form of *Sigma*.

century. Sometimes the desire of the artist to press as much of his reverence as possible into symbols of earthly dignity is grotesquely displayed. In the stained-glass windows of St. Martin-ès-Vignes at Troyes, the Father is represented in Papal costume, but the tiara is composed not of three but of five crowns. To this quaint exaggeration of Papal dignity is added a certain infusion of kingly state, for all the crowns are decorated with flourishes and *fleurs-de-lis*, like those of the French kings. This work belongs to the close of the sixteenth century.

At all times, however, representations of the Father have been very few, compared with those of the Son. The causes of this rarity are amply discussed by M. Didron. He summarizes them as follows:—

“The first of these causes was probably the hatred felt by the Gnostics for God the father; the second, the dread which prevailed amongst the followers of Christ lest they should appear to recall the idea of Jupiter, or to offer a pagan idol to the adoration of ignorant Christians; the third, that identical resemblance between the Father and the Son, which various texts of Holy Scripture appear to intimate; the fourth, the incarnation of the Son, who is the Speech or Word of the Father; the fifth, the absence of any visible manifestation of Jehovah, a fact which is confirmed by various texts of Scripture; the sixth and last, the difficulty all artists must have felt in imagining or executing so awful and sublime an image.”

The second of these causes was far from imaginary. The character of Jupiter Tonans, the highest ideal of majesty and might, could hardly fail to be adopted, or more or less nearly approached by an artist who wished to embody the idea of deity in traits which would clearly not be mistaken for those of the Eternal Son. But a much more active cause of the rarity of these representations was, no doubt, the inability of which all men must have been conscious to make any human form look divine. This task was not imposed upon them in representing the Son, since we know that many men could look upon Him, as He appeared among them, without recognising in Him anything more than mortal; but never, in all the course of sacred history, was Jehovah seen by the eye of man. There were many occasions on which His words were heard, or His angel appeared; but the visible presence of Jehovah on earth is never recorded, and the idea, indeed, is distinctly contradicted. No man had seen God at any time.

The difficulty, however, might have been overcome, but for the fitness with which the Eternal Son may be represented as the Divine actor in almost all the scenes depicted by art. The immediate agent in the great

act of creation is declared in the Nicene Creed, as well as in various passages of Holy Scripture, to have been the Son, the Word of God. The Angel of the Lord, who appears in so many scenes of the Old Testament, was considered to be the Son. Moreover, from the earliest ages, the worship of a “crucified God” must have been such a rock of offence to unbelievers, as to have given rise to a habit in the Church of asserting in every way, in art, as well as by the tongue and the pen, that the Crucified One whom they worshipped was God indeed.

These considerations appear to us to furnish the true reason why the representation of the Father so slowly comes into the practice of art. But M. Didron thinks otherwise. He says, “It was rather a feeling of resentment, a sentiment of hostility to strength and violence, by which art was deterred from attempting any representation of God the Father.”

We could not accept the conclusion that art bore this testimony to the thoughts of men about God without regret. And the phenomenon so long survived the Gnosticism of which M. Didron considers it a symptom, that nothing but the most conclusive evidence in art itself can support his position. Since, however, he argues the point laboriously and with some ingenuity, we feel bound to suggest considerations which affect the cogency of his reasoning.

The grounds upon which his conclusion rests are the following:—*First*, That the Son, and even the Virgin, are put in the place of the Father; *secondly*, that the rank assigned to Him in early Christian monuments is not always the most honourable; and, *thirdly*, that the part assigned to Him is occasionally undignified, and even cruel.

The examples adduced by M. Didron in support of the last proposition do not appear to sustain it. On the capital of a pillar in Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont, God is represented as striking the guilty Adam with his clenched hand. How wanting in the sense of what is fitting in such representations the artist was, is shown by another figure in the same group,—that of an angel who seizes the offender by the beard and plucks it out. Again, in a manuscript adorned with miniatures, God is represented as expelling Adam and Eve from the garden with bow and arrow—a “motive” probably suggested by the Homeric scene of Apollo taking vengeance on the Greeks. Such instances, however, prove nothing; for unworthy conceptions are not confined to any single sphere of art. No subject, however it may possess the imagination or captivate the affections of men, is wholly exempt from liability to inadequate,

and even improper treatment. That instances are to be found in which the Divine Father has been represented in such a manner as to shock the feelings, does not prove that art has done this "of malice aforethought." Her true sentiments are rather to be seen in the fear and trembling with which she has approached the subject, and the hesitating hand with which she has indicated that awful Presence.

The only other examples cited by M. Didron are in a Psalter in the Imperial Library at Paris, of the close of the twelfth century, in which the Deity is often represented as holding in His hands a bow and arrows, spear, or sword. He gives a woodcut of one of them in which the bow and arrows and sword appear. This belongs to the 18th Psalm, and is relieved from the charge of an irreverent intention by its apt illustration of the sacred text—a literal rendering of imagery very common among the miniaturists—

"Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them. . . .

He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle;

It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people unto me."

With the view of illustrating his second proposition, that the rank assigned to God the Father in early Christian monuments is frequently not very honourable, M. Didron gives the following rules as to the arrangement of figures in art:—

1. The left hand is inferior to the right. Christ is represented enthroned, with the tables of the law resting on the ark of the covenant on His left, and the books written by His apostles on an altar on His right.

2. The lower part is less honourable than the upper.

3. The centre is more honourable than the circumference.

In the vaulting of a cathedral, or the field of a rose-window, the centre is assigned to God or the Virgin Mary. Then come the different orders of angels, followed by the various ranks of saints. The order of the heavenly hierarchy is for the most part fixed, but the exceptions to it curiously illustrate the present rule. Thus martyrs generally rank next to apostles, and take precedence of confessors; but in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, where most honour was paid to intellectual services done to the Church, confessors take precedence of martyrs.

In applying these rules to his argument, M. Didron brings in evidence the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, and points out that the

Father, represented in one case by the hand, in another by the face, is placed at the apex of the arch, on the exterior cordon of the vaulting, "where it is exposed to all the injuries of rain and wind; while mere angels are placed in the inner cordons, and sheltered from the action of the weather;" and "God the Son, on the contrary, is placed in the interior, carefully protected from the effects of rain and wind." He adduces no case in which the Father is placed on the left when He might have been on the right; in the lower part when he might have been on the upper; or in the circumference when he might have been in the centre; and we should draw an inference the very reverse of M. Didron's, from the fact that these reverential symbols are placed in the most conspicuous position—the highest point of the exterior cordon, behind and below which all the other cordons range.

The most serious of M. Didron's arguments, however, is that the Son, and even the Virgin, are often substituted for the Father in art. He appears to us, in his eagerness to establish his point, somewhat to overstate the frequency with which the Son is placed in positions which we should have expected to see occupied by representations of the Father. But, admitting that the practice was a common one, we need not infer from it the existence of any such sentiment of hostility as M. Didron supposes. It was natural that the imagination of the artist should be more readily drawn to the figure of the Son; and it is not unnatural that his very anxiety to avoid anything that might shock the devotest feeling, should lead him to represent the Father in the form of Him "who is the image of the invisible God." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I and my Father are one." He felt that such words as these gave a sanction to the substitution; and he hoped thereby to approach nearer to such a representation of the Father as would commend itself to the love and reverence of all beholders, than he could if he attempted what he knew must end in failure, a pictorial representation of "the Eternal, Immortal, Invisible."

That the Virgin was ever admitted to the place of the Father, in art, would certainly be a significant discovery; but we do not think it can be made out. M. Didron's evidence of it is this: In the Eastern Church the forms of art are stereotyped, and there have long existed manuscripts of instructions to the painter for the representation of every scene of their religious art. For the subject of Moses and the burning bush, the following directions are given: "Moses untying his sandals; around him, sheep; in front, a

burning bush, in the midst and on the top of which is the *Virgin holding her Child*; near her an angel looks towards Moses. On the other side of the bush Moses appears standing with one hand extended, and holding a rod with the other.* These directions have been obeyed not only in the East, but even in the West, where Byzantine influence has prevailed. They are followed in a sculpture on the northern gateway at Chartres; in a painting on wood wrongly attributed to King René; in miniatures in the *Speculum Humane Salvationis* and other MSS.; in tapestry in the cathedral of Rheims, and elsewhere. It is clearly, therefore, a matter of some importance to discover their meaning. If this be a representation of God in the form of the Virgin, it is an effort of audacious profanity, without parallel in art; for M. Didron has no other argument.

The sacred text shows us that for the pictorial representation of the event, the image of no Divine person is required:—"And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him (Moses) in* a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt" (Exod. iii. 2, 3). It is clear from these words that Moses saw no angel, nothing but the flame and the bush; and the voice came from the midst of the bush. Why, then, does the Virgin appear here at all, so many hundred years before her birth? The explanation of this difficulty is suggested by the inscription under the picture attributed to King René: "*Rubrum quem viderat Moyses incombustum, conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem Virginitatem, Sancta Dei Genetrix.*" There are verses to the same effect on the tapestry of Rheims. The bush which was in flames without being consumed was in the Greek Church held to be a type, and even a proof, of the dogma that the mother of our Lord was a virgin mother. Aaron's rod and Gideon's fleece were regarded as having a similar significance.

If the intention had been to delineate the historical scene, and the Virgin had been put in the place of the Deity, she would in all probability have held a scroll containing the words which Moses heard from the bush. But there is no scroll proceeding either from the flame or from the hand of the Angel. The historical bearings of the scene are to the eye of the Greek Church so completely lost in its typical import, that everything is sacrificed to

make that prominent. There is a legend attached to the Church of Notre Dame de l'Épine at Châlons, which is curiously illustrative of this. On the Eve of the Annunciation, in one of the years of the fourteenth century, some shepherds, tending their flocks near Châlons, just before nightfall, saw a white thorn bush shining with a strange light; the shepherds, and it seems their flocks too, ran towards it, and there arose from the midst of the bush, which seemed to be in flames, a small statue of Mary holding Jesus in her arms. The church was built on the spot where the bush grew, to commemorate the event. It is said that the identical statue is there still; and at the end of the apse there is a painted window, representing the bush in flames and Mary in the midst. The townspeople at Châlons, the peasants, the shepherds, and even the sheep, are on their knees before the bush.

In the porch of the great church at the Monastery of Chilindari, on Mount Athos, there is a fresco representing Gideon squeezing his fleece; and in the fleece, just as in the miraculous thorn of Châlons, there appears a small image of the Virgin, white as the fleece itself. It cannot be urged that the Virgin is here substituted for the Divine Being.

It may be thought strange that in the picture of the type, the thing typified should be painted. We might have expected that familiarity with the intention of these typical forms would have made any explanation of them unnecessary; just as by the sign of the lamb, the fish, or the cross, Christ was understood, God the Father by the hand, or the Holy Spirit by the dove; so we might have thought that this doctrine would have been more appropriately taught by representations of the burning bush, of Aaron's rod or of Gideon's fleece, alone, than by the pictorial presence of the Virgin herself. But with the Greeks it was not so. They are ever reaching forward, even in art, from the sign to the thing signified. And this tendency of theirs is aided by their habit of personification of abstract ideas. A Greek MS. of the ninth century, in the Imperial Library at Paris, furnishes some curious instances of this. There is a picture of Nathan before David; but the historical fact yields in importance to the ideal significance of the scene, and instead of leaving the beholder to draw his own lesson, an allegorical figure, recognised by her name, *Metanoia*, written above, teaches the lesson of penitence by her bowed head and tearful eye, and the sobs rising in her throat. So while he tends his flocks on the slopes around Bethlehem, we are not allowed to forget the heavenly presence that is with him; as he sings his divine songs, a figure of the melody which Heaven had put in his heart sits by

* That is, in the form, not, in the midst, of a flame. The appearance was that of a flame, the actual presence that of the Angel. This is clear from what follows.

his side; as he smites the lion and the bear, the might with which Heaven nerves his arm stands with encouraging gesture behind. So it is in the Greek representations of the parables; and here the principle is often stretched even further; for not only is the interpretation of the parable brought prominently into the picture, but the parable itself (as that of the tares, referred to above), so far as it appeals to the imagination, is often wholly excluded.

We are compelled, then, to dissent from Mr. Didron's conclusion that art displays anything like hostility towards the First Person of the Trinity. There is abundant reason to explain the rarity of these representations without resorting to any such painful supposition. Indeed the testimony of art seems to lead to the opposite conclusion. It shows that the name of the Father has been hallowed. It has been named with fear certainly, but with no unloving fear. The fault which we have to find is rather that of over familiarity in dealing with so awful a subject.

The obstacles which checked the pictorial representation of God the Father, for so many centuries, existed, though with a lower degree of force, in the case of the Holy Spirit. For although He never appears in person to man in all sacred history, nevertheless Scripture provides a symbol which art could not reject. Hence at every period of Christian art a white dove has been the recognised representative of the Divine Spirit—white to indicate the light, which is in art a perpetual attribute of Deity. There is, however, a curious exception to this rule in the case of a manuscript of the thirteenth century. Here the Spirit of God, moving upon the face of the waters before the creation of light, is painted as black as the formless earth. A French miniature of the same period represents the Spirit as the breath (*πνεῦμα*) of the other Divine Persons. The Father and the Son sit opposite to one another. The Spirit, in the form of a dove, hovers between with extended wings, their tips touching the lips of each figure, "proceeding from the Father and the Son" like breath.

The Third Person of the Trinity is depicted as a dove, not only on all occasions in history on which He has assumed that form, but also in representations of the day of Pentecost. The dove likewise appears hovering over the heads of prophets, and even of saints of post-apostolic times.

Up to the tenth century, the Third Person of the Trinity was indicated by this sign only; but from that time forward He is also represented in human form,—at first, as a man of mature years only, but afterwards in every stage of life from infancy to old age.

It should be observed, however, that in representations of the Trinity, if the Three Persons are not of the same age, the Son or the Spirit, or both, are younger than the Father; never the reverse. In this case the idea of the filiation of the Son and the procession of the Spirit, is suggested; if there is no difference in years, the equality and co-eternity of the Three Persons of the Trinity.

There is frequently found a very remarkable literal rendering of a prophecy of Isaiah, in the representation of Christ surrounded by seven doves, sometimes one of them only, sometimes all of them having the nimbus. These represent the seven spirits which, it has been believed, were signified by the words of the prophecy, "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and piety; and the fear of the Lord shall fill him."*

If there has been any hesitation or coldness in the representation of the other persons of the Trinity, this appears in the strongest light by contrast with the abundantly frequent, and, if we may so say, the affectionate treatment of the subject of Christ the Son. The story of His life furnishes the most important subjects of Christian painting and sculpture; but art has ventured to depict scenes which the human eye has never beheld: the Word creating the world, speaking to men, inspiring prophets; the Son taking counsel with the Father, sent on His mission to the earth, descending into Hades, rising from the tomb, returning again to the skies, welcomed at the right hand of the Father, and at length appearing as the Judge of all mankind.

In all these scenes our Lord appears in art in human form. It is, however, worthy of remark that the same ancient reverence which indicated the presence of the Father by a hand, and that of the Holy Spirit by a dove, likewise forbade any realistic represen-

* Isaiah xi. 2, 3.—So in the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Our version is slightly different: "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, . . . the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." Our version follows the Hebrew in repeating the expression, "The fear of the Lord." This word is in the Septuagint translated first *εισβία*, and then *φοβός* *θεοῦ*, while *pietas* and *timor Domini* represent it in the Vulgate. Except in this point, the Septuagint and the Vulgate are closer to the Hebrew in their rendering of the passage than our version. The variation may have arisen from a desire to make up the perfect number, Seven. Its adoption in art was probably not independent of its consistency with the text of the Apocalypse, which describes "the Lamb, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God."

tation of the Son, even when He wore human flesh. Hence during the first ten centuries He appears in ideal form, youthful and beardless. Like the ever young gods of Greece, years and sorrow make no impression on Him. He appears thus, not only when seated at the Father's right hand, or when performing some great act of Divine power, but in the scenes of His humiliation and death, and even on the cross. This notion of the ideal perfection of the youthful form is illustrated by a bas-relief of the translation of Elijah on one of the ancient sarcophagi. The venerable prophet, as he rises to heaven in the chariot of fire, and leaves earth and all its painful weariness below, is represented young and smooth of cheek. So was our Saviour. The practice, however, began to die out in the eleventh century; and during the period of transition the works of the same artist sometimes show the different meaning attached to the two styles of representation. The two following subjects, from the carved ivory covers of a manuscript, furnish an example. On one side, our Saviour is on the cross, suffering mortal pains, and bending towards His mother, who, with the apostle John, stands below. His divinity is declared by iconographic signs, and the sun and moon are represented as bowing before Him, but He is still suffering mortal sorrow, and accordingly He is represented as a man of middle age, worn and wounded. On the other side, He is already victorious over death and the grave; He sits on a throne in the midst of an aureole, with the symbols of the four evangelists round Him. His right hand is lifted in benediction; in the left is a scroll; and a book rests on His knees. Here, therefore, He appears youthful and beardless, and with no marks of weariness or woe.

After the twelfth century, the youthful form is very rare. The face of Christ becomes more sad; He has now made acquaintance with grief. Happier incidents are rarely sought by the artist; and while He is represented in the scenes of His sharpest suffering on earth as the Man of Sorrows, He appears in the skies as the Judge of all mankind, the *Rex tremendæ Majestatis* of the *Dies Iræ*.

Notwithstanding the natural attraction to the human form in representations of the Second Person of the Trinity, art has admitted other signs also into her service. According to the symbolism of the Mosaic law, by the descriptions of the Prophets, by the declaration of the Baptist, and in the imagery of the Apocalypse, Christ was the Lamb of God; and this symbol of a lamb is in very frequent use in art. It is often borne in the arms of the Baptist, who always points

to it with the finger. And whatever the surroundings may be, it is adorned with the cruciform nimbus, and it often bears the resurrection cross. The Lamb of the Apocalypse is different. Its distinguishing marks are the seven horns and seven eyes; and whatever the position of the Lamb may be, they are so placed that all of them may be visible. Thus, in a French miniature of the thirteenth century, there is an apocalyptic Lamb with its side to the spectator. The seven horns are in a row at the top of the head; one eye is in the ordinary position, and the six others are in two rows down the same side of the neck. Below them all, at the side of the chest, is the wound of the spear, with blood streaming from it.

There were many other ways of representing Christ, but it is unnecessary to make further allusion to them, as they are fully and admirably set forth in the recent work of Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake.

All these details, however, show that the productions of the Christian artist make a strong claim on our attention of a nature collateral to their purpose, and in a great measure independent of their value as examples of art. Art has done much more than please and purify the æsthetic faculties of men. The works of the painter and the sculptor, the enamellist and the miniaturist, form a most valuable historical record. There is no careful statement of doctrine, no ill-concealed desire to place a cherished dogma in the most favourable light. The teaching is unconscious, unconscious as the revelation of the habits and civilisation of remote periods, which is made to us in their language. Mediæval art bears witness to changes in the minds of men from gladness to gloom, from reverence to audacity, or from faith to skepticism, just as the boulders on the lower Alps testify to the enormous glaciers which once covered their sides. But her glory is in the instruction which she has given, and which she still gives to the devout. She preaches sermons to the eye more eloquent than those which are heard with the ear. And by giving heed to these lessons, we may appropriate to our own use the united conceptions of successive ages of the Church, and thus arrive at a more complete comprehension of every incident of sacred story, and a more thorough appreciation of the moving thoughts and feelings of men, who, while they were of like passions with ourselves, yet attained an eminence of piety and vigour of faith which seem to place them beyond our reach. If these things be so, the works of the mediæval masters, whatever may be said of their conventionalism or their unrealism, cannot be unworthy of a patient study.

ART. VII.—1. *Discorso del Senatore Marchese Gualterio nella seduta del 2 Dicembre 1864, sul Progetto de Legge per il trasferimento della Capitale a Firenze.* Favale & Cie.

2. *La Translation de la Capitale et la Convention du 15 Septembre. Discours du Chevalier Bon-compagni.* Turin, 1864.

THERE are events in a people's history which bear upon their face the features of capital turning points, as strikingly as in an individual's life certain years are stamped with the indelibly impressive marks of epochs. The instinctive effect of both is alike on those who experience them. On finding itself in the actual presence of such moments of weight, the mind is forcibly impelled to pause and ponder—to look back inquiringly at the extent of ground that has been travelled over, and then to consider anxiously what may remain to be encountered in the future. Such pregnant instances irresistibly suggest taking a survey; for by no other process than that of measuring the relative strength of the difficulties already contended against, and of the force already brought to bear thereon, can we obtain some trustworthy clues to the perplexities that may be anticipated, and to the probabilities of their being successfully dealt with. In presence of a future that darkly advances forcing on us a deep feeling of its weightiness, it is impossible not to turn for guidance to the lights of experience and practical facts. It is at a moment inviting such review—a moment plainly marking the sharp passage between two most important periods in her political life—that Italy has arrived, by the transfer of the seat of Government away from the city and the province that served as the cradle for her national infancy. As long as Italy continues to exist as one State, the step so taken must prove a memorable era in her destinies and her progress, marking the stride made from the sprawling condition of babydom into the organic shape assumed by boyhood growing strong. Italy has entered upon her teens—a term in life exposed to many perils, fraught with many risks. What then are the chances that Italy will survive the dangers that she has thus made herself liable to encounter? The question is one which every person must be asking himself who takes the remotest interest in the politics of our times; for however varied are the sympathies of men in the great interests at stake, all acknowledge the Italian revolution to be the most startling event of our day, and all therefore watch its course intently from their point of view. On all sides, therefore, speculation has been intensely stimulated to estimate the practical

consequences that will flow from the measure that has been ventured upon. Is this an exercise of legitimate effort, imposing none but a wholesome strain on the body politic, and therefore conducive to its progress in strength? Or is this one of those premature acts of indulgence, that, being beyond the years of this body politic, are mere acts of precocious license which must open the door to a burst of wild excesses, that cannot but drain the constitution, and hurry the youthful system into an early decline? This is the question which people have been eagerly canvassing, and which, in our turn, we propose to consider in this paper. By plucking the seat of government out of Piedmont, and pitching it in Tuscany, has Italy gained or lost in her powers for coping with the difficulties and dangers inherent in the task she has taken in hand of consolidating her political conformation? Does a careful survey of the elements at work in the Peninsula, warrant the inference that this measure has been productive of a disturbance of forces that will materially weaken the capacity of the Italians to master those obstacles which they must master, if they are to succeed in securing the final establishment of their country, by its being calculated to foment intestine passion, which will break up that remarkable and spontaneous unity of action that has been hitherto so astonishing a feature in the Italian revolution? In short, does Italy wear merely the false mask of progress, behind which there is gathering a tainted mass of decomposing virus, which will infallibly inundate the whole system, and thus destroy a union which is too recent to have any cohesive force of its own?

It would be a work of pure supererogation to dilate upon the foundation there is for ascribing real gravity to the situation produced by the sudden changes that have been decreed in Italy. The very child that runs can read the signs of seriousness upon the aspect of affairs, and experience the sensation of being under an atmosphere heavy with weighty contingencies. We have no need to be told that the position of the moment is felt to be attended with anxieties; what we would care to be informed of is the exact nature of the perils that inspire anxiety, whether they are created by the new organization just adopted, or are of an old origin; and if so, then whether there be ground for assuming that the force of these perils will derive intensity from the political conditions that have been inaugurated by the dethronement of Piedmont and the Piedmontese from the proud position which they have heretofore held in the hierarchy of Italian provincialisms. The dangers which Italy

has cause to apprehend are of two distinct sources. With the one kind we are not called upon to occupy ourselves. It comprises the dangers that can descend upon Italy from abroad. By their nature these do not admit being reduced to certainties and necessities, for they depend on conditions always liable to accidental modifications, and especially on the exercise of a prudence which can dissipate in an incalculable degree menacing elements of this order. There is no absolute necessity that Italy must come in collision with Austria within a given time, and still less is there an absolute necessity why Austria must fall upon Italy, unless she be imprudently provoked to do so by the latter. Dangers under this head cannot therefore be considered as absolute and unavoidable. Rashness can conjure these up, while one individual's adroitness is often enough to get rid of them. Not so is it with angry elements dwelling within the system. No expenditure of dexterity will contrive to avoid ultimate collision with elements of antagonism and dissension that have once taken root in the body. Either the constitution must silently absorb and throw these off, or there must ensue violent throes and crises. One or the other must happen, for it is an indispensable condition of existence to grapple with the unwholesomeness that may be lodged within the system. This must be got rid of, or in its turn it will ruin the constitution. Should it therefore appear that the state of things created by the recent changes in Italy has swollen inward elements of opposition in the country, and lowered the force for grappling with these, then we should have to conclude that the chances for the consolidation of a large Italian State have been impaired by what has happened.

The internal elements of opposition wherewith the unitarian movement in Italy cannot fail to have to deal, and which, as internal, are necessarily exposed to be affected by a measure of strictly internal bearing, may be classed under the following heads:—I. Local feelings of provincial and municipal jealousies. II. The outlawry in the Neapolitan provinces. III. The Roman problem, which must be subdivided into a narrow question of mere local aptitude, confined solely to a consideration of practical difficulties, in the way of providing an appropriate establishment for two distinct authorities within one city; and into a religious question of wide range, directly connected with the grave problem of the relations which should exist between Church and State—with the peculiar interests involved by the Pope's unique position, and affecting in countless ways the chords in the human heart which are attached

to religious scruples. Within these categories lie the real difficulties which the Italian unitarians cannot avoid having to contend against. All else is accidental, and not of native growth; but these, in so far as they exist, spring out of the natural conditions of the subject-matter under treatment; and those who have undertaken to deal with this, must make up their minds that they will have to deal with these difficulties. Let us examine then their nature, and see how far the transfer from Turin to Florence of the seat of Government can affect them, either for better or worse.

I. The jealous feelings supposed to animate the many ancient and proud municipalities of Italy, have been all along paraded, by those who are averse to the unification of that country, as the rock whereon that project must go to wreck. It is certain that the past history of Italy would seem to justify such an opinion. But the facts of the last five years have signally confuted these sinister prognostications, so as not only to inflict bitter disappointment on the enemies of an united Italy, but to surprise even those who were disposed to rely on an improved political feeling in the people. Still, it was the opinion of many persons that the concord and hearty acquiescence in the new order of things, which have so remarkably distinguished the proceedings of the Italians since 1859, was not of an enduring nature, inasmuch as it rested on a sense of provisional necessity. The dread of impending Austrian restoration was supposed to be the sole motive which for the moment made the populations pull together cordially—until they felt themselves relieved from the detested contingency; while the general acquiescence in a Government vested in the House of Savoy, and seated in Piedmont, was assumed to be due only to a sense that the situation of the moment imperatively commanded strength to be husbanded and recruited, in order to accomplish national independence by plucking Rome out of the grasp of priestly rule. According to this view, the unitarian feeling is essentially ephemeral and deceptive in its nature, proceeding from calculation inspired by political craft. The Union was represented as merely a means adopted towards an end, this end being the establishment of free government in Italy—the emancipation from foreign rule. This goal once attained, then the feelings, now supposed to be suppressed artfully, but with painful effort, would burst forth with irresistible force, and the pent-up passions of municipal pride, of provincial susceptibilities, now fretting at the curb set upon them, would run

their free course, and constitute a federal Italy. It may be fearlessly asserted that nothing could ever have been invented to apply a more crucial test to this theory of angrily chafing local feelings ready to burst forth on the first occasion, than the circumstances which attended the removal of the capital from Turin to Florence. There was not a circumstance wanting that could provoke and stimulate the peculiar irritation which we were asked to believe existed so largely. In the first place, the people were taken quite aback by the announced measure. Thus it came on them not only without preparation, but under conditions to give a shock to feelings they had been stimulated to cherish. Rome as the metropolis, had become the accepted cry of all Italian Liberals, the current formula of all political parties in the Peninsula. In the fixed gaze on Rome as the point on which to march, public attention had utterly lost sight of the possibility of previously removing from Turin to some other spot the seat of Government. Therefore, when the surprise occurred, it came, in a manner, to dash a sudden sensation of chilling disappointment over excited feelings, and at the same time directly to provoke an outburst of dormant rivalries and jealousies. For to the claims of Rome all Italian populations had in a concert proclaimed their deference; but no public feeling had been awakened in regard to the pre-eminence of any other city; and what could be more natural—when the stereotyped programme was to be unexpectedly departed from—than that some discussions should arise amongst the many illustrious cities with which Italy is studded, as to the superiority of their individual claims and position for metropolis?

Surely there never could be a subject more legitimately calculated to inspire at least some debate. For were there not, at all events, the two splendid cities of Milan and Naples—the one illustrious with proud associations, the other still palpitating with the fresh self-sacrifice of its royal rank, which not only might have been expected to dispute the title of Florence to precedence, but were in recognized possession of such striking eminence, and of such natural advantages, as to bring their names of a necessity at once to mind, when it became a question of pitching upon an appropriate site for a new capital? Every existing circumstance thus seemed to concur against the possibility of a selection under the most favourable conditions being acquiesced in cordially by the nation, much more so when this selection was arrived at without the nation being consulted, and in the always unpopular mystery of a diplomatic transaction. Yet the selec-

tion made for the nation by its statesmen was not only ratified by the bulk of the people, but in spite of incidents specially calculated to foment a sense of local pride, no sound of protest could be extracted by some mischievous agitators from the communities, whose natural feelings might have been expected to be particularly predisposed to wounded susceptibility. In our opinion, it is difficult to over-estimate the political self-restraint which was shown by the Italians on this occasion, and especially by the Liberal party in the city of Naples. Also, amongst the repeated disappointments which the Reactionists have met with, none has been bitterer than what they experienced in the signal failure at this conjuncture of the anticipations they had so confidently indulged in. What then happened at Naples deliberately, on reflection, and amidst the most powerful incentives to dash wildly along a course of disaffected irritation, is an example of calm self-possession in a critical moment, pregnant with instruction, and meriting serious consideration.

The town of Naples was undisguisedly hostile to the administration. The shrill tongue of stricture rang loudly and vehemently in all classes against—the men and the measures of Government. The spirit of opposition luxuriated in a chorus of biting complaint at the incapacity, the follies, the clique-temper of those who had been governing Naples for Victor Emmanuel. This had gone so far, that on a recent occasion it was enough for a man to have received a well-deserved reprimand at the hands of his official superiors to make him an object of popularity—a favourite candidate. Go where you would in Naples amongst Liberals, and you could not escape hearing long indictments against the mismanagement of which the new governors were guilty. Moreover, in Naples it is no secret that the revolution had been the work of a minority, a minority superior in intelligence and energy, but still weak when counted by heads in the mass of the population, and now, it might have been anticipated, still further weakened by division; while the Reactionists were supposed to have grown in strength by organization, and by defections through dissatisfaction at the proceedings of Government. Nor can it be denied that the apparent temper of Naples did seem to warrant an outburst of angry feeling. Most certainly the opposition to the administration was so general, that the triumphant return of extreme politicians at the communal elections took no one by surprise. And yet in this city, seemingly brimful of intense disaffection, flowing over with clamorous complaint, beset by noisy demagogues, and played upon by plotting in-

triguers, the sudden announcement, that the men whose administrative incapacities were bitterly reviled every day, had determined in secret council to elevate Florence to the prominent station amongst Italian cities, was received with cordial and confirmed assent by all who advocated the cause of Italian revolution. The effect produced by the tidings of the municipal irritation at Turin was marvellous. Instantly it had been learned that at Turin the people had been hurried into lamentable demonstrations of anger at the transfer of the capital, then, as if sobered by a cold shiver of alarm for the safety of a dear object, all those politicians who on the day before had been hotly fighting with each other, but who concurred in a heart-felt aversion to Bourbon reaction, dropped their party cries and party purposes, and, declaring that the moment demanded union amongst all who really wished to see Italy one, publicly co-operated together to make an impressive demonstration in this sense. The result was a memorable gathering, by public call, of as many thousands as could press within the winter theatre of the Villa Reale, who were addressed, in the same strain of earnest moderation, by men so far asunder in ordinary politics as the Conservative Settembrini and the fiery Radical Nicotera. Not a word was breathed that day which was marked with an accent of discord or wounded susceptibility. Even Count Ricciardi, who with Quixote-like pertinacity has wearied Parliament by his interminable advocacy of the claims of Naples for capital, announced that under the critical circumstances which menaced the country, he would sacrifice his darling hobby.

Now this coalition was not the work of surprise operating through the contagious intoxication of enthusiastic transports. It was the result of reflection and wise instinct on the part of men who had acquired practical experience, and retained a warm and intelligent love for the great cause they had originally embarked in, in the midst of the party contests into which many of them, as for instance, Nicotera, have plunged so deeply and so eagerly. What happened on this occasion afforded conclusive evidence that the minority which brought about the transformation in Naples, and may be said by a *coup de main* to have imposed a new organization, held firmly together to protect their work in a critical moment, and sank all the differences which appeared to divide them so widely amongst themselves the instant they were aware of a risk menacing seriously the creation they had contributed to produce. It appears to us that here we have a complete confutation of the assertion that all

over Italy there is a powerful element of reaction against the introduced form of unification amongst the very instruments that had promoted its establishment, and which is panting to exhibit its formidable strength; for it is notorious that Naples (we mean the city) is emphatically the weak spot of Italy, where faction and intrigue luxuriate in rankest growth, where, partly from natural licentiousness of tongue, partly from the real mistakes committed by the administration, complaint and dissatisfaction have been most rife, and where, consequently, it is admitted on all hands that we must look for the most decided elements of disaffection and reaction in the Peninsula. If, therefore, at a conjuncture when every circumstance conspired to make a display of such elements safe and easy, no serious symptom of a wish to see their work undone has been manifested at Naples amongst the parties that carried through the revolution, we shall be justified in setting down as a baseless delusion, the notion of a strong impulse to return back upon the past being ready to explode in those other portions of Italy which have never been supposed to have contracted a spirit of irritation at all equal in active intensity to that which has been confidently assumed to animate the inhabitants of the city of Naples. In presence of these facts we are warranted, therefore, in setting down as an exaggeration the assertion that, in the portions of Italy recently united under the sway of Victor Emmanuel, there is fermenting a strong and general spirit of discontent at the particular process of fusion to which they have been subjected, and, above all, in rejecting the idea that the selection of Florence for the capital has had the effect of introducing a powerful element of fresh irritation.

But if we thus have grounds for disbelieving in the existence of an active current of reaction against their own work, in the populations of those provinces that gave themselves recently to the House of Savoy, can we hesitate to admit that a new danger has been created for the unity of Italy, by the declared rupture of that ancient loyalty which bound the people of Piedmont to their sovereign, and put at the service of the Italians an invaluable element of matured discipline and soldierlike force? It would be absurd to deny that the rapid success which attended the transformation of Italy, has been mainly due to the effective organization and manly qualities of the Piedmontese. It would be as absurd to deny that a serious danger might be apprehended from the awakening of an active spirit of disaffection to the Italian monarchy in the populations of ancient Piedmont. If the

transfer of the seat of Government away from Turin has been really productive of an intense feeling of irritation, that will make the Piedmontese as generally and actively disloyal as the Highlanders once were to the House of Hanover, or the Catalanians to the King of Spain, then, undoubtedly, a very grave danger has been called into existence. What has happened at Turin is indeed very much to be deplored, but we are unable to ascribe to it consequences of such magnitude. The outburst which occurred was the expression of the specifically Piedmontese aristocracy, and of a specifically Turinese municipalism. Now the old Piedmontese aristocracy, as a body, has all along stood moodily aloof from the reforming policy inaugurated by Charles Albert, and which has ended in making Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. The whole revolution has been extremely distasteful to its haughty disdain for democracy, and priest-ridden temper. With some signal exceptions, the Piedmontese aristocracy has taken no part in promoting the great measures that modified the Constitution of the country. In its judgment Count Cavour was a demagogue and a renegade from his order. Now this aristocracy, which has all along gnashed its teeth in anger at every measure that has been a step in advance, has again manifested its spirit of opposition—a spirit now indeed exhibited in a more violent manner than on former occasions, but in itself not new. Still we are told that the kind of irritation which has seized this body is marked by a serious feature heretofore wanting. It is affirmed that the rage of the Piedmontese aristocracy has made them lose their personal affections for the House of Savoy so entirely, as to make them ready to engage in active disloyalty. If we were to believe these representations, the temper is such, that for the sake of punishing Victor Emmanuel, every chance of insurrection would be embraced, even though it were for the avowed purpose of converting Piedmont into a French department. If this were correct we should indeed have here to deal with a novel element, for the Piedmontese nobility has ever been an essentially soldierly body, which, irrespective of political principles, has never failed on the outbreak of war to evince stout patriotism. But we are quite at a loss to detect any evidence in support of such an opinion. The testimony of the past seems to point conclusively to the contrary inference. The breach between the Crown and the aristocracy was quite as wide when the Constitution was granted, and the King surrounded himself with advisers from the middle classes; and yet at that time the undisguised discontent of the nobility showed no tendency to

deepen into treason. What we anticipate is, that for some time this aristocracy will stand angrily aloof from the Court, as it has often done before, only that its sulkiness, instead of wearing the expression of a simply political, will contract that of a territorial complexion. The aristocracy will try to make its private spleen figure as the representative of an indignant Piedmont, just as formerly the Genoese aristocracy affected to represent the wounded feelings of the republic by staying away from the Court of Turin. Yet the little Piedmont successfully defied the moody hostility of these proud aristocrats; and why should we have reason to anticipate that the Italian monarchy will have greater difficulty in dealing with the splenetic humours of the Piedmontese nobles?

Probably it will be answered that a valid reason is to be found in the fact that the anger of the aristocracy is no longer merely its own, but has been shown by events to coincide with the pervading feeling of Piedmont. We believe this assumption to rest on the grave mistake of identifying Turin with Piedmont. In the capital there has been and still is great irritation at the transfer of the seat of Government. The irritation, not astonishing under all circumstances, has been undoubtedly stimulated by the agitating manœuvres of the aristocratic party, which found a happy field in the consciousness of the Turinese that their city possesses none of the natural advantages which always secured to Florence and Naples the certainty of prosperity independently of their being the residence of Courts. But let us go into the other towns of Piedmont, and we shall find that the same feeling of irritation does not extend to these; a point whereof conclusive proof is afforded by the marked contrast between their attitude at Turin, and the absence of demonstrations in any one town of Piedmont in sympathy with those that occurred in Turin. The old capital alone has manifested passionate anger at what has been decreed, but Piedmont at large has not participated in these ebullitions. The truth of our assertion is irrefutably established by an analysis of the opposition recorded in Parliament to the Convention. Other than those who, as determined members of the Radical party, were on principle adverse to every ministerial measure, we find in the opposition division list of the Deputies hardly any of the men of Piedmontese origin who have attained to political distinction. In the Senate, some Piedmontese of eminence, like Ponza di San Martino, did indeed protest vehemently against the policy of the measure, but the Senate also notoriously comprises many reactionary elements in its parent

stock, of purely Piedmontese creation. In the Lower House, the Piedmontese Deputies, who figured as the violent opponents of the Convention, were without exception men of no parliamentary standing, and connected with Turin by ties of interest and profession, like the lawyer Boggio, who made himself the mouthpiece of this municipal clique. It is needless to remind the reader that the majority of the Cabinet which defended before Parliament the treaty concluded by its predecessors in office, consisted of Piedmontese. No less significant is the course pursued by M. Rattazzi. M. Rattazzi is a man who has acquired the position of an influential politician. He has gained this by parliamentary skill and quickness in debate. He is ambitious of office, has held it several times, and has never shown symptoms of wishing to retire from political life. Amongst the party leaders in Parliament M. Rattazzi has been looked upon as the representative of a specially Piedmontese complexion of feeling. A Piedmontese himself, he has always contrived to figure as the leading man amongst his immediate countrymen in the House, and his advent to office has been taken to signalize antagonism to the great national party represented by the combination of men who formed the Minghetti Cabinet, and concluded the Convention. Yet M. Rattazzi, though certainly not a politician disposed to omit an opportunity of assailing his adversaries, spoke and voted for the Convention; for although he is fully aware that his influence has been mainly due to his connexion as a Piedmontese, and that the value of such connexion will fall considerably by the dethronement of Piedmont from its exceptional position, his sagacity instinctively shrank from ruining himself in the opinion of Italy by associating with a mere municipal faction, in opposition to a measure of manifestly imperial interest. We cannot therefore see that there is foundation for the opinion that the practical consequences of carrying the seat of Government to Florence must be disastrous, because this measure cannot fail to quicken intestine jealousies amongst the provinces whose recent fusion has produced the Italian kingdom, and to alienate from the House of Savoy the affections of its old subjects.

II. Still less are we able to concur in the opinion that an effect of this measure must be to aggravate the active intensity of those lawless elements which have produced in the Neapolitan provinces a state of chronic brigandage. To enter upon an inquiry into the causes, some moral and of ancient origin, others merely accidental and of yesterday's growth, which combine to make the Neapoli-

tan provinces, in their present condition, a soil infested with brigandage, would be beyond the limits of this paper, which has for its scope circumstances bearing on a particular movement. To understand these circumstances, it is however necessary to define the moral circumscription within which lies the lawlessness that has to be dealt with at present in these provinces. We need not know all the peculiarities that mark its character, but it is indispensable that we should not ascribe to it qualities that are really foreign to its origin. Neapolitan brigandage is thus not the manifestation of strong popular impulses of loyal affection for a dethroned dynasty. It is a gross misrepresentation to consider it to proceed from a feeling of romantic devotion for an unfortunate cause, akin to what animated the Vendean royalists, and made the hearts of the Highlanders thrill with passion at the name of Stuart. The lawlessness which infests the Neapolitan provinces is in substance of the same order which is met with in Ireland. The political complexion is merely of the surface, as a dye smeared on the face, while its real nature is of social origin, and, except through the action of artificial stimulant, confines itself to agrarian outrage. We are firmly convinced that the disorder, which has afflicted these provinces like a pestilence, is a thing quite apart from purely political feeling, and quite incapable of being roused to action at the concerted operation of a political rising. The elements in fermentation are simply a savage and miserable peasantry, grovelling in a state of degraded ignorance, rendered necessarily vicious by the accumulation of bad feeling, contracted in centuries of systematically wretched governments and hard conditions. For the relations between the owner of the soil and the labouring population, in many portions of the kingdom, have been on a footing to inspire the latter with a feeling of bitter hostility against the former, and it is in the antagonism which has thereby been engendered that resides the whole force that now disturbs the peace of the Neapolitan provinces.

In 1863, a Parliamentary Commission was appointed to examine on the spot into the nature of brigandage. It was composed of men well able to perform the duty they were charged with. The report drawn up by these Commissioners is a most instructive and exhaustive production, with a telling appendix of illustrative facts to the opinions expressed in its body. These judges ascribe, in the most decided manner, brigandage to the passions nourished in the breasts of the peasantry by the miserable conditions in which they live. "First amongst the causes leading to brigandage," we read in the Report, "is the

social condition, the worldly state of the peasant, which, in the very provinces where brigandage has attained largest proportions, is most wretched.* In support of this, the Commissioners state two striking facts. Wherever the Metayer system prevails in the Neapolitan provinces, there brigandage has not thriven. In Calabria, where an exceptional and quite feudal relationship of cordial fellow-feeling unites the great landowners with their dependents, who here have preserved the character of retainers, brigandage has been equally at a discount. On the other hand, the districts that have been ravaged by it, the Capitanata and the Basilicata, are those where the peasantry are reduced to the lowest level of physical and mental condition, clad like savages in the skins of goats, housed in hovels of the meanest structure, destitute of all instruction, having no religion but that of a fetish-worship, the perfect type of humanity grown wild and utterly given up to the unbridled instincts of fiery passion. It is from individuals of this stamp that the brigand bands are recruited, and their actions as enrolled bands have corresponded exactly to the impulses which sway them as individuals. They never have attempted any combined operations approaching to the conception of a campaign, but have contented themselves with committing outrages upon the property and persons of the leading landowners of their immediate district against whom they entertained a spite. The war carried on has been a war of agrarian passions, waged by a fearfully barbarous peasantry against the men of landed substance. The political colour acquired by their lawless proceedings, has been derived from the extraneous circumstance that the Bourbonists availed themselves of this element of intestine disorder to appear strong before the world. Therefore Chiavone, and Nino Nanco, and Caruso, and the many other leaders of bands, were invested with brevets from King Francis, and the outlaws perpetrated depredations, for the gratification of their personal passions, under the false show of a political purpose, and under the sham dress of political partisans. At the same time, it happened that the class against which the individuals who composed the brigand bands were bitterly inflamed, was the very one that, in each locality, was most conspicuously identified with the new order of things, for it was the middle class—the small landowners—the men of property and substance—that groaned in the provinces beneath the despotism of the Bourbons, undisguisedly rejoiced at the proclamation of the new Government, and immediately

proceeded to fill naturally the offices of Syndic, Councillor, Commandant of the National Guard, which were necessarily created on the establishment of the present system of local administration. Therefore these savage boors saw nothing in the revolution but the exaltation of those whom they particularly had a grudge against, and lent consequently an eager ear to the incendiary incentives for falling upon and despoiling these Liberals.*

A sore of this social nature can be healed only by social operations, by a healthy reaction in the system. The repressive intervention of the Central Executive will not be enough to get the better of the evil. Unfortunately, in the Neapolitan provinces hitherto, the only active force that has been brought systematically against brigandage is the inadequate one of the military. The military is an indispensable accessory; but it is hopeless to see lawlessness of this special nature extirpated, so long as the middle classes themselves continue, from cowardice, to allow brigandage to exercise an assured terrorism. The Commissioners dwell with much force on the striking contrast afforded by a few localities where the leading inhabitants and landed proprietors, under the influence of a spirited townsman, got up a civil force that boldly defied the brigands, and refused to pay attention to their threatening demands. The result was that these communities remained thereafter exempt from the visitations which were the lot of their more timid neighbours. This is the point at which we apprehend that the Convention, with its consequences, is likely to be felt. There is nothing more lamentable than the spectacle of faint-hearted helplessness presented by these Neapolitan communities, quietly knocking under to the threats of a handful of cowardly ruffians, unless it be the cause that inspires it. That cause is an inward hollowness of faith in the stability of the new Government, simply because it is new. The phantom of restoration haunts the soul of a Neapolitan who has seen Governments often blown over, but who has never known a revolution to prove abiding. Go through the country, and unfortunately

* The Commissioners state that Giorgi, a brigand chief in the Abruzzi, having entered San Germano, harangued the country people in the market-place with the following words:—"Francis II. wishes to finish off with these *galantuomini*," the name given to all above the labouring class, "who do you so much harm. He charged me to tell you that he will give you all their houses and goods. Also from the Pope I am charged to bless you and absolve you from your sins." We ourselves have heard at San Germano much bearing on this subject. Probably there is no district in which the relations between the labouring classes and the owners of the land are marked with more bitter feelings.

* Commissione d'Inchiesta sul Brigantaggio, p. 9.

you will find a pervading want of confidence, a pervading uneasiness of mind, partly of Francis II., partly of the French Emperor as the protector of Murat, now in regard to some fabulous conceptions of what England is meditating, and now in regard to a wonderful mare's-nest, in the manufacture of which every political power of Europe becomes an ingredient, which makes men helpless, and tremble with an inconceivable perturbation at the thought of being called upon publicly to commit themselves, by boldly facing the partisans of a cause which still looms before the mind of the country with so spectre-like an influence as that of the expelled Bourbons. "What if they were to come back from Rome?" is the question which nine-tenths of the individuals put to themselves who really wish for anything but their return, when they find themselves in the predicament of being exposed to take a step that may publicly separate them further from the past, and the impulse will usually be to avoid taking this step from fear of possible consequences in the event of a possible restoration.

It is this want of confidence, the vice begotten by centuries of demoralizing habits, which has protected brigandage in the Neapolitan provinces. Victor Emmanuel may be King for the hour, and an Italian kingdom may be proclaimed just now; but still Francis II. is close by in Rome, and it is an ugly thing, as experience has taught, to trust rashly to the appearances of the moment, and rouse the anger of a possibly restored monarch by imprudent manifestations. The want of the Neapolitan populations is of moral self-reliance. The classes that at heart loathe the thought of Bourbon rule are yet practically postponing the consolidation of the new system, as far as this depends on them, by inactivity, and a faint-hearted dread of obeying their convictions and coming forward in behalf of an authority which they are afraid may itself soon fall. It is this temper alone which has enabled a few ruffians to terrorize repeatedly a whole district, to a degree which is inconceivable. Now undoubtedly the Convention has created in the Neapolitan provinces an impression that the Italian Government is growing in positive strength, for what Neapolitans always look to is the action of foreign Governments. All their revolutions have come from without; and their conception of political vicissitudes is inseparable from something that comes from a foreign power. The fact, therefore, of the Treaty signed with France, accompanied by the transfer of the capital in direct understanding with France, has affected the Neapolitan mind with the sensation of a guaran-

tee, and the more so, that during the last years the most incredible stories had been systematically circulated by Bourbon agents in the provincial circles—peculiarly prone to swallow fables—about the positive determination of the Emperor Napoleon not to permit Naples to remain attached to the Italian kingdom. The result has been to instil a new flood of confidence in the present state of things into the hearts of the provincial populations, which, it is reasonable to expect, will contribute to discourage the already languishing force of brigandage. That an evil, taking root in a social sore of long standing, should disappear at once altogether, is out of the question; but as certainly as its existence is a serious weakness to Italy, so certainly can it be asserted that the moral influences flowing from the Treaty can never tend to inflame its noxiousness. The Government of Victor Emmanuel has gained immensely in reality for the Neapolitan provincials since and in virtue of the Convention. Brigandage is now merely sporadic, with the exception of a few localities; and if it has not altogether been stripped of its assumed political dress, this is due exclusively to the mischievous influence of the country clergy, with whom alone there resides a really active spirit of political hostility to the Government. But the consideration of this influence comes within the problem which lies in the great Roman knot.

III. We have before said that the Roman question falls under two aspects, closely hanging together, yet presenting issues of very different magnitudes, the one being confined to the concrete point of certain natural reasons inherent to Rome, which are supposed to make the Italians hotly bent on being satisfied with nothing short of the actual installation of their seat of Government within its walls; and the other comprising an intricate mass of delicate considerations, that have their source in religious scruples, and in the peculiarly sacred rank which the Pope holds in the eyes of faithful Roman Catholics. It is manifest that the measure adopted by the Italian Government affects both these aspects, though in different degrees; for upon its frontispiece stands conspicuously inscribed the purpose to furnish a pledge for dispelling that angry dread of harsh coercion which is put forward by those who in the Court of Rome declare anti-Italian feelings to be a matter of necessity for it, in consequence of the spoliation which is intended. It appears to us that the promise held out bids fair to be kept; and that already the effect of the measure adopted by the Italian Government is felt in the reduction of the antagonistic elements which

militated against an understanding with Rome, in so far, at least, as these elements existed on the side of the Italians. The cry that the wants of Italy cannot be satisfied without Rome being made the capital, is now uttered with a feeling much modified from the passion of a short while ago; and we note this fact as an indication of the coolness of mind which the Italians have retained amidst the excitement of revolution. The change which we fancy to be working is not at all an essential change of purpose; it is merely a modification of method—the result of experience, that what is really essential can be attained by other combinations than those originally conceived, and at first pursued with rather hasty and overweening impetuosity. But the essential purpose which lay at the heart of Count Cavour, when he struck out the formula of *Rome the metropolis of Italy*, was simply to give a pointed expression to the absolute necessity of completing the national structure of Italy, by the emancipation of Rome and the Papal States from the continued presence of foreign intervention. This feeling, and this feeling alone, inspired Count Cavour—whose inventive genius darted upon the coincidence between the manifestly provisional Constitution of an Italy with Turin for capital, and the condition of Rome, not yet delivered from dependence on a strange power—to provide a political formula strikingly expressive of the national want, and calculated to furnish a direction to the national action. At that time, however, the Italians undoubtedly overrated the facility of carrying through this project. They deluded themselves as to the effect which would follow on their presenting to the French Government a distinct summons to march out of Rome. Success had flushed the popular mind with impatient irritation at a disappointment, and had inspired the feeling that, like a second Jericho, the walls of Rome must tumble down at the blast of national cravings. The plain-spoken representations addressed by Baron Ricasoli on the subject to France, indicated a haughty misapprehension of any circumstances being of a nature to stand between the wishes of the Italian people and their immediate execution by the French Government. The result was that the Italians experienced a sharp rebuff, with which they have had to put up; and they learned then that there were elements of a serious nature connected with the presence of the French in Rome which could not be got rid of by off-hand proceedings and obstreperous clamour. At the same time that they got to feel the difficulties in the way of what was so important to obtain—the departure of French forces from Italian soil; they acquired experience that

Government could go on from Turin, and that therefore the actual establishment of it in Rome was not the *sine quâ non* condition it had been freely asserted. Hence a change came gradually over public feeling. The question of the capital faded in importance before the ever growing sense of the danger necessarily involved by French occupation of Rome.

To relieve the country from the political millstone so plainly hung round its neck, began to appear an object worth every possible concession, and this conception spread from statesmen into the people. We have no hesitation in saying that a serious though tacit reaction has taken place in the estimation of what constitutes really essential points for Italy in the settlement of the Roman question. The establishment in Rome of the metropolis—the enthronement upon the capitol of the representative of the Italian State—is looked upon at heart as a matter of comparative insignificance, if only the Roman population can be got to participate practically in the civil advantages enjoyed by their Italian brethren. The Italians are far too shrewd a people to be deluded into a belief that there is a serious intention to undo, immediately after eighteen months, all that has just been done at so much cost in Florence, and to renew forthwith the scenes of dethronement which have been just gone through in Turin. The real feelings of the country are concentrated, not on seeing Victor Emmanuel dwelling in the Quirinal, but on seeing an end put to a state of things in virtue of which a foreign power of first-rate magnitude is located in the heart of Italy. To achieve this capital object we believe that the temper of the Italian people would readily acquiesce in preserving, within specified limits, sovereign rights to the Pope, and is fully disposed, in accordance with the terms of the Convention, to discountenance violence against the Pope. Time and moral influences are now looked to for a solution, the precise condition of which no one presumes to be able to define beforehand, but which it is confidently assumed will come about through patience and moderation. *Citta santa ma citta Italiana* was the phrase used by Massimo d'Azeglio in his speech on the Convention; and we are disposed to think that he happily gave expression therein to what would satisfy the genuine feelings of the Italians. During the same debate a very remarkable speech was delivered by the Marquis Gualterio which we would consider a note-worthy sign of the times. The Marquis Gualterio may be taken as the special representative of Italian unitarianism in its direct connexion with Rome. He was himself a subject of the Pope, and has been already, long before 1859, the indefatigable and systematic missionary of

Italianism against the Pontifical Government. He has ever represented the particular movement against the Pope's temporal authority. To him the question how to deal with Rome has been undisguisedly the question of capital importance, nor has he been backward to counsel resolute measures. He concurred at the time cordially in the sharp policy advocated by Baron Ricasoli, who sent him as an advanced vidette on the Pope's frontier to govern Orvieto as Prefect. Yet this man, so little prone to hidden courses, so well known for his strong unitarian feelings, at great length expressed his conviction that the Convention should be accepted in good faith; because, said he, to deal successfully with Rome it was indispensable to disarm by a genuinely conciliatory course those cosmopolitan elements of Roman Catholic coalition, which in 1850 restored the Pope, and would be impelled to fall afresh on Italy were he to be made the victim of treacherous violence. Now, in these words Marquis Gualterio struck a chord which is eminently in accord with the genius of a people so essentially astute as the Italians. The argument was really drawn out of their hearts. The marvellous self-restraint shown by the Italians after Villafranca was mainly due to a lively dread of giving occasion to a return of the Austrians by the first act of discord. The sense of how much had been already gained, and of Austrian battalions being still massed angrily on the banks of the Mincio, concurred to promote the rapid unification of Italy. We are convinced that if once the French evacuation of the Pope's dominions be happily effectuated, the people's shrewd dread of the possible return of such occupation will tell powerfully to keep them within the limits of prudence. In fact, we have practical evidence for the foundation of this anticipation. The National Committee which clandestinely directs the Liberal party in Rome, has been, we believe, remodelled within the last few months. It is now composed, we are told, of men who are in intimate relations with the people, and must consequently be taken to represent especially the popular feelings on the subject of the Convention. If anywhere, it would be natural that in Rome there should be some irritation at the terms of an arrangement which does not distinctly contemplate an immediate and absolute emancipation from the detested rule of the priests. Yet this is so far from being the case, that since the publication of the Convention the greatest possible union exists in the Liberal part of the Roman population as to the line of action to be pursued. Every kind of provoking demonstration against the Government has been dropped as impolitic. It is felt on all hands that the Convention of-

fers a means of delivery from foreign occupation; and with admirable good sense the Romans have understood that the simple fact of delivery from the continued presence of foreign intervention is a higher object than the claiming for their city the prerogative of being the Italian metropolis. If they persevere, as they appear determined to do, in this line of public-spirited self-denial, then we believe that they will have the merit of guarding Italy against a danger not a whit less serious than the weight of Austrian armies. So far, therefore, as the difficulties presented by the Roman question turn merely on the supposed passion of the Italian people to lodge their King in the same city with the Pope, we are decidedly of opinion that the effect of the Convention has materially contributed to confirm a reaction already set in against this assumed popular passion.

It is less clear that this same measure can have equal effect in smoothing down the other and more subtle class of difficulties that surround the attempt to bring the Papacy and the Italian State into concord. These constitute in our opinion the most serious, or rather the only serious, internal difficulties which the Italian unitarians have to contend against, for they alone of all the elements of opposition conjured up against the new Government, have a deeper origin than resides in this strata of an artificial creation. It is not to be overlooked that, amongst the rural population, which is in many parts utterly uneducated, there exists a quite superstitious reverence for the clergy, who are therefore in a position to wield a very material influence. Nor is this influence of the clergy confined to these lower classes. Hidden and difficult to trace in all its windings, it penetrates stealthily everywhere, and secures a directing action particularly through its hold on women. One can indulge no delusion as to the purposes for which the clergy exert the influence they possess. As a body, they make incessant war against the national Government. That the Italian clergy counts not only many individuals, but even religious confraternities, disposed to take another line, we are convinced of, but under present circumstances they cannot assert themselves to any good effect. The strict spirit of discipline of the Romish Church makes the inferior clergy humbly submissive to their superiors, and these have for some years been carefully selected for their virtues of servile deference to every behest from Rome. As a body, the Italian clergy is therefore decidedly hostile to the Italian Government, and thus an antagonism has been produced which is seen every day, and in every quarter, creating a state of things which is seriously embarrassing. It is the opinion

of many persons that this might have been obviated had the State not omitted the opportunity of conciliating the clergy, which, after all, is composed of Italians, in the earlier stages of the revolution. There is probably some foundation for the idea, that the proceedings of the Executive towards the clergy have been calculated to irritate its notoriously sensitive susceptibilities. There was a moment when it might have been possible to detach a considerable portion of the respectable clergy from identifying itself with a fierce war, to be waged for the special interests of the Court of Rome on the National Government. As matters stand at present the ranks of the ecclesiastical phalanx are closely serried around the steps of the Pope's throne, and have been carrying out his orders without any really considerable defections.

Thus a state of affairs is created which is undeniably grave, as it tends necessarily to widen a dangerous breach. We cannot avoid perceiving that the persistent hostility declared by the Court of Rome, and waged by the clergy, is productive of a rapidly growing irritation in the classes sincerely devoted to the new order of things. Politicians of mark and temper, representing large sections, who formerly spoke disparagingly of the comparatively insignificant measures adopted by the Executive against the clergy as vexations and impolitic, are now disposed to urge such wholesale operations of coercion as the total suppression of religious orders, the arbitrary redistribution of dioceses by the civil power, and the sale of all Church lands. We have watched this modification of feeling amongst men of moderate opinions, and cannot resist the impression that it is very prevalent. A feeling of exasperation is being kindled by the systematic disloyalty of the clergy; forbearance is being worn threadbare by continued friction against an obstinately recalcitrant priesthood; and a strong belief is arising that it is quite useless to employ any other than radical operations to get rid of this malignant element. The influence of this growing feeling is unmistakably visible in the bill presented by the present Government for the suppression of religious corporations and the reorganization of the Church establishment. In its present shape, it is out of the question to fancy that it can ever be accepted by the clergy, much less by Rome. Some of its clauses for the suppression of sees, for remodelling the boundaries of dioceses, are so direct an usurpation of the purely spiritual authority vested in the Pope, that they must have been introduced with the special view of bearding it. It is true that the bill is laid aside for the present. Yet it is enough to peruse the report of the Parliamentary Com-

mission named to examine it—a Commission comprising such leading and Conservative men as Ricasoli, Giorgini, and Corsi, and which recommended considerable modifications—to see how largely the fundamental idea of the measure finds favour. We apprehend that at the coming general election, men may be returned to parliament animated with a dangerously excited temper against the Church. But should this temper acquire ascendancy in the councils of the nation, then we much fear that the Italians will find themselves engaged in a work of terrible labour. For it is impossible to separate in Italy questions relative to the administrative organization of the Church from the capital question of the Pope—of the establishment that is to be given him in his capacity of Catholic Primate. Other Catholic nations have been able to carry out arbitrarily ecclesiastical reforms in their Church establishments by themselves, but Italy can never deal with the Church without coming simultaneously into direct collision with the Papacy itself, and hence with the great and manifold interests connected with this institution. These interests are so ramified, so subtle, and so liable to modification from strange causes, that it is impossible to define and estimate their force. In having to contend with them, Italy has to contend with elements that escape scientific tests. The antagonism into which the State has therefore got with this dark power—a power which cannot be summarily expelled with a certainty of having been finally got rid of by the process, while it obstinately refuses to be coaxed into good fellowship—is rightly a source of anxiety to prudent politicians.

It is difficult to detect any speedy prospect of improvement in this unsatisfactory condition of affairs. The hope to be entertained is, that a reaction may set in against the inexorable irritability which has possessed the Papacy; for as long as Pius IX. lives, we apprehend that few persons will be sanguine enough to think it possible to carry through any reasonable arrangement with Rome. There is, however, reason for presuming that there are in the Church men sufficiently impressed with the perils that menace the genuine interests of their religion, by a continuance in the line of conduct adopted by Pius IX., as to be likely to advocate another course, should they be legitimately in a position to speak with authority. This could only be after the death of the present Pope. The moving springs of the men who might act thus would reside in specially religious convictions. It is not likely, therefore, that the establishment of the capital at Florence will exercise more than a merely indirect influence on their minds. Their thoughts

will run more on the moral condition of the Church than on material guarantees for the temporal power. Indirectly, however, the establishment of the capital may perhaps tend to stimulate their courage to hold out a hand of peace, if a disposition to do so is not otherwise checked through the display of some directly hostile spirit against the Church by the representatives of the State. It is in regard to such important contingencies that we hail the conciliatory words uttered by a man of Gualterio's position and peculiar authority, as a noteworthy symptom. The difficulty of the Papacy is the greatest difficulty Italy has to deal with. It is so great a difficulty that all the forces of the country will be required to overcome it. The power of religious feeling and of the clergy is formidable. To overcome this requires more than violence—it requires statesmanship and certain large concessions. The Convention has done somewhat which may help to facilitate an understanding; but by itself this is not enough. The understanding, so important to the future of Italy, can be brought about only if the Italian Government steers its course so that, while asserting its authority against seditious priests, it refrains from measures of a persecuting nature that must wound deep rooted religious feelings, and subject the Church to a species of coercion manifestly trenching upon a sacrilegious invasion of its specific jurisdiction over spiritual matters.

We have now surveyed in succession, as far as we can, the effects which the serious measure of removing the seat of Government from Turin may be anticipated to exercise directly on the great internal difficulties affecting Italy, difficulties inherent in her nature, the fruit of causes seated in the distance of ages, and neither evoked by the action of the present generation, nor capable of being exorcised by any mere adroitness on its part. The difficulties that have been engaging our attention constitute, in virtue of an irreversible course of events, as necessarily unavoidable a portion of the task united Italy has to deal with, as mountains and jungles and torrents constitute of the task an explorer has to deal with, who deliberately sets himself to penetrate a new country in one particular direction. But besides these difficulties, with which Italy is fated to contend by an overwhelming combination of causes beyond control, there may be others arising from the special circumstances and characteristics of the present generation not less formidable. When therefore we have examined the force with which a particular occurrence is calculated to strike certain distinct elements of opposition, we have done but half our work of survey. It is quite as essential to be satisfied about the

condition of the powers engaged in active operation—to inquire into their steadiness, their temper, their present spirit, as to gaze curiously at subtle elements of an historical and almost impalpable nature. Let us step down from contemplating vast forces that work with the mysterious weight of fated antagonisms, and look at the small, sharp, concrete image of man, as in his little self he stands grappling with circumstance. Having gauged how far the elements naturally and necessarily hostile to a united Italy can be anticipated to derive strength or weakness from the important measure of internal reform that has been adopted, let us see what ground there is for apprehending that the Italians will seriously be wanting to themselves at the critical moment.

For the first time Italy is about to go through the ordeal of a general election, under circumstances to elicit the political feelings of the country free from exaggerated impulses, necessarily limited in this direction. The last elections did take place under the action of one of these transports of feeling that give a tyrannical complexion to revolutions, and impose silence on dissentients. The country was in the paroxysm of creation; and enthusiasm for unification under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel burned with a passionateness that violently submerged every other feeling, and made it either walk abroad in a deceptive mask, or hide itself altogether in obscurity. One profession of political faith then ran absolutely through the Peninsula, and to judge by what occurred at those first elections, Italy seemed the united family amongst nations, where all men lived in cordial harmony, where all men were exactly of one mind, and all men were devoted to the monarchy. We remember how, at the time when the first Italian Parliament was being opened, one of the leading politicians of the country remarked, as he looked at the Deputies thronging into the hall, that the appearance of uniformity was too great to be reliable, still more to be a correct reflex of the country. What was especially remarkable was the entire absence of any representatives of a Conservative and clerical feeling, for although in the new provinces the enthusiastic delight at the changes wrought in their condition rendered the unpopularity of such feeling intelligible, yet in the constituencies of Piedmont proper there had always been a Conservative and clerical party, which had formerly returned active representatives to Parliament, who were ranged under the leadership of Count Solaro di Margherita, a man of decided ability. The absolute disappearance of this party from the House, resulted, therefore, manifestly from one of those

violent revulsions, too extreme to be capable of continuance. It was the effect of being stunned; but stunning can last only a certain while. On the other hand, the apparent conformity of political feelings amongst the Deputies immediately split up into factions of various kinds, some deriving their complexion from merely personal influences, others being stamped with the passionate features of Mazzinian feelings. Scarcely had Parliament proceeded to business, than it was seen that uniformity had come to an end, and that, besides other divisions, there was a marked knot of impatient Radicals clamouring for wild and foolish projects.

Now, it is a matter of considerable anxiety to many Italian politicians, whether, at the coming elections, there will not result a serious increase to the strength of a party practically bent on discarding the system on which the country has been administered for the last four years. We have heard uneasy misgivings expressed on this score by men entitled to respect. There can be no doubt that the consequences would be incalculably grave if a Parliament were to be returned with a numerically strong and compact phalanx of exaggerated Radicals, while the temperate Liberals were split up into personal factions. Happily, we believe that there is every ground for not anticipating such an untoward result. Yet we are free to confess that the impending elections promise to be attended by the active intervention of elements that were quite out of the field before, and which now are undeniably organized to operate with a systematic vigour against the party of temperate unitarians, which has hitherto been in so decided an ascendancy. According to the testimony of persons from all parts of Italy, the clerical and reactionary faction has everywhere of late exhibited an activity manifestly the result of concert. The operations pursued may be classed under three heads: to create a double instrument that can serve at once for organization of the party, and for special agency upon the feelings of the people; to bring into play means of religious coercion for frightening timid souls from connecting themselves with the new Government; and to fling at Elections the whole weight of the party into the scale of Radical candidates, with the view of swelling the elements of disorder. These tactics are capable of demonstration. They have been pursued with the pertinacity peculiar to clerical organization—with that steady, noiseless, mole-like mode of operation which is so admirably fitted to escape observation, and yet to work towards an aim with assiduity that knows no rest.

The first of these objects is believed to be sought to be attained in large part through the instrumentality of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a society devoted avowedly to works of charity and beneficence, but which, it is confidently said, are made to serve as engines for political propagandism. The constitution of this society is indeed very remarkable. Although marked with a religious complexion, the members of the society are not distinguished by any outward badges of confraternity. The only visible bond of union is that of contribution to a common fund for charities, and of co-operation in seeking to administer to the wants of distressed persons. Men of all classes and of all callings are members of this body; with the obligation, as such, to give gratuitously their professional services to the society when wanted. The lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the man of the world, are thus so many soldiers of different weapons, to be employed according to the nature of the service to be rendered, by the officer in command. The range of service is indeed wide. The society by no means confines its activity to such labours of relief as are usually understood by works of charity. To bestow relief in money and kind, to tend the comforts of sick paupers, to minister, in short, to physical wants, is only a small portion of the duties assumed by the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul. It aims to exercise a moral influence, to heal dissensions, to promote reconciliations, in a word, to play the part of a sedulous peacemaker and comforter, for ever going round on the watch for an occasion that may call for interference, and always quick to come forward with an effort at assistance. The society is thus continually seeking out persons involved in troubles, no matter of what nature, whom thus it tries to relieve. In doing so, the deputed member proceeds, irrespective of any other considerations than that of the most fitting method for the application of remedies. The minister of relief appears in no prescribed uniform, he is dispensed from all obligatory declaration of his character. When the case will not admit of avowed interference, then an emissary is selected who can steal in under the unsuspecting garb of an old friend, of a kind-hearted relative, of some seemingly fortuitous good Samaritan, and thus the object in view is smuggled through with covert art. It is evident that such an organization is well calculated to render formidable the influence of a society, which should be widely spread, and conduct its operations under systematic direction. Both these conditions have been most successfully attained by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which has continued

rapidly to inundate like a flood every region and community of the Roman Catholic world.

The foundation of the society dates from about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign, and was the work of some young men in Paris. With a quickness, all the more astonishing that it was free from all ostentatious circumstances to arrest attention, this obscure benefit society of Paris established affiliated offshoots, first all over France, then in neighbouring countries, gradually in every corner of Catholic Europe. All these institutions remained in close correspondence with the parent society in Paris, which retained thus the supreme direction of a body of universal dimensions, dealing with interests of every degree and nature. The parent foundation in Paris was in fact the Grand Lodge of a zealous, busy, practical freemasonry, that multiplied with the same mysterious rapidity with which rabbits multiply in a warren. The Emperor Napoleon's Government found reason to become jealous of the kind of action which the society aimed at exercising in the country. With the view of depriving it of the means to wield such influence, the correspondence between the different local bodies and the Paris Society was prohibited. The object was to reduce the society to a mere bundle of local charitable institutions, strictly confined to local charitable purposes, and stripped of any formidable organization. We believe that the measure has quite failed in its intentions. The Paris Society, it is confidently asserted, still exercises the same prerogatives of grand-mastership as before, only the dependence on it, from being formal and avowed, has become clandestine, so that the correspondence is now carried on in the shape of private communication. It is beyond denial that the influence possessed by the society is vast, and that its influence, as its organization, presents points of striking analogy to those offered by the Jesuits. It is certain that a close connexion exists between the two societies, many of the devotees to the one being enrolled members of the other. In Italy the spread and activity of the Society of St. Vincent are particularly great. We have met with the existence of the Paolotti, as they are popularly called, in every little country town; and it is very remarkable that their organization is most distinguished for activity in those districts where political passions are supposed to be the keenest. In the Romagna where there is a numerically inferior, but resolute and disciplined Mazzinian faction, there also the Paolotti have made themselves be remarked for their extraordinary activity, their strenuous assiduity, and their large charities. The same has

been observed in localities of a cognate nature to the temper existing in the Romagna; and everywhere local testimony deposes to the fact that with the same activity which they have shown in dispensing charities, the Paolotti have brought to bear on recent occasions all the influence at their disposal to thwart the triumph of moderate Liberal principles, even to the length of coalescing practically with Mazzinians. Nor can any one be disposed to doubt the correctness of this charge who has knowledge of Rome and of the language systematically held by the organs of the Jesuit faction in that city. The rapid growth of republican passions in Italy, and the certainty of their triumph, is the continual theme of declamation, coupled with an undisguised expression of confidence that the consummation of this triumph is to be looked to as the event which must bring about the reaction that will restore the good estate of Italy, and the happy reign of legitimate principles now trodden under foot. But who is innocent enough to fancy that the action of the Paolotti associations spread over Italy, is not inspired and controlled from the board which presides over the Society in Rome; and by whom do we find that Board to be presided over but by Monsignor Borromeo, Maggior-domo of the Pope, and probably the most devoted tool which the Society of Jesus commands amongst the prelates constituting the Pope's household? There is therefore conclusive circumstantial evidence that the widely spread and sedulously active Society of St. Vincent de Paul, is a body of a formidable nature, capable of serious political influence, commanding very considerable resources, which are being strenuously and systematically expended, partly for the purpose of constituting a bond to keep sympathies from falling asunder, and partly for the purpose of forging an instrument of active offence.

In regard to the system of religious coercion set in motion to frighten timid souls, the evidence is still clearer, for it is supported by documentary proofs of undeniable authenticity. The mode of operation put in practice is to refuse the sacraments of the Church to those who, either by deed or language in regard to political events in Italy, have given offence to the authorities of the Court of Rome, as long as they do not profess repentance for their errors, and take engagements to make them good. The application of this intimidation has not been left to the instinct of individual priests. It has been commanded in elaborately minute instructions issued secretly by the office of the Grand Penitentiary, within whose province such matters lie—instructions in which every point is specified

with a strictness that exacts implicit execution. The scope of these instructions is practically to excommunicate every person who has adhered to the new order of things in Italy; by withholding the consolations of religion, and especially absolution in the confessional, from all who will not declare abhorrence of this order of things, and readiness to co-operate for its destruction. The first of these instructions was issued in the early period of the revolution, when a copy found its way into the Italian press, and was much commented upon.

In this curious paper, bearing date 10th December, 1860, the most stringent and detailed directions were laid down for the guidance of the priests in dealing with certain cases of conscience, that were contemplated, with an elaborate expenditure of imaginative faculties, as likely to present themselves. In all cases the confessor was commanded to regard every act of political adhesion, however remote or indirect, to the new Government, as a sin to be atoned by special expiation, short of which the penitent must be rigorously excluded from the spiritual comforts he sought, however complete may have been his repentance on other points, however light may have been his shortcomings in other directions. The expiation to be exacted as the condition whereon alone the penitent could be admitted to participate in the consolations of religion, was a solemn engagement to turn at the first favourable opportunity against the authority of the Italian Government. To facilitate the acceptance of such an undertaking, the confessors were specially instructed that it was sufficient for the penitent to renounce, in solemn terms, inward allegiance to the powers he had bowed to, and that he was distinctly authorized to reserve any act of defection until such time as he could perpetrate it without injury to himself. By this provision, persons in the service of the Italian Government could continue therein with the approbation of their spiritual advisers, provided they used the opportunities afforded them by official relations, to betray their employers. The soldier was told to serve on until, in the hour of action, he could with impunity inflict a fatal blow by deserting. The officer was instructed to assume commands, which then, at the crowning season, he should hand over to those at whose hands he had not received them; and the civil functionary was encouraged to steal himself into the confidence of his masters, whose secrets he might then communicate to those who plotted their destruction. The Church taught her faithful children that, in her eye, the original act of treason could best be atoned for by an ample counter-draught of systematic treach-

ery. Charity and love are the essence of Christian virtues, and the Church is an eminently Christian body, therefore she shrinks from imposing upon her sons any duties that may expose them to personal risk. She does not demand of her children any heroism, the bold, open spirit of broad daylight defiance, which makes bright examples of self-sacrificing devotion at the risk of life and property; but she prefers to see her interests promoted by a set of skulking conspirators who creep along with the aid of false oaths, and, as their manliest weapon, understand to use a snare.

The instructions so issued were followed by an innovation perfectly monstrous. Confessors were not content with imposing a special penance on those who stood convicted of connexion with the political authorities deemed unholy. They were directed to constitute themselves inquisitors, not into the acts, but into the speculative opinions on political matters, of their penitents. During Lent, 1862, in Rome, the question came to be addressed in the confessional to penitents, What they thought of the Pope's temporal dominion? and absolution was refused to such as either declined replying to what they considered a question affecting a point foreign to religion, or answered in a spirit not in accordance with the view that it was a Divine institution. It is to be expected that our statement will be set down as an Exeter Hall fancy by those who make it their business to cry up the Court of Rome. We are prepared to meet with hesitation in giving credence to a proceeding so monstrously contrary to precedent, that it inspired many fervent Catholics with horror, and led in Rome to vehement protests from independent minds of unexceptionable orthodoxy, who refused indignantly to submit to so unwarrantable an attempt at extending the limits of clerical dictation. The facts we allude to are of too private a nature to be given in detail, but we stake our credit on the perfect authenticity of our statement; and we know that one of the most eminent members of the English Roman Catholic hierarchy, who then happened to be in Rome, inveighed in unmeasured terms of reprobation against this monstrous proceeding. Since then the system has not been abandoned. It has only been modified. We believe that it is no longer attempted to impose on all penitents, without distinction, this preliminary declaration of belief in the Divine necessity of the Pope's temporal power, but only on those whose timid natures point them out as proper subjects to practise intimidation on, or who, for special reasons, are considered to deserve having a specific test applied to their orthodoxy. The system so inaugurated has been followed up consistently throughout

Italy, more or less covertly to suit individual cases, but still with persistent determination. It appears, however, that not a few Italian bishops have acquired experience of the danger that threatens the Church from such a course. We are informed, on authority of the highest kind, that numerous representations have quite recently reached the Grand Penitentiary from Italian bishops, as to the perilous consequences which attend the system they have been commanded to pursue. In these representations, the question has been addressed to Rome, What attitude should be adopted on the occasion of the ensuing election? and the attention of the head of the Church is particularly invited to the question, whether the influence of the clergy should not be directed towards promoting as much as possible the return of moderate men, who would be disposed to confine within a minimum the organic change in the Church establishment of Italy. We are assured that no formal reply has been yet given to these representations, which, we are informed, are at present being taken into consideration in the office of the Grand Penitentiary.

There are, however, indications of what the reply may be anticipated to be. On the 9th and 10th March this year, two strictly confidential circulars were issued from that office to the bishops. We have had in our hands the originals, and have now before us copies which we have collated with them. The one treats of what should be done to laymen thriving themselves who have been guilty "of co-operating in the rebellion of the Papal States, or who have adhered thereto, or in any manner promoted it, whether by deed or by sympathy, or who have given a vote in behalf of the union of Italy under one king;" while the second refers to the case of such priests as have acceded to the "teachings of traitors, and particularly who have subscribed petitions for inducing the Roman Pontiff to throw off temporal power, that have been cunningly indited by some renegade from the Church's host." The substance of the first is the same as that of the paper we have already spoken of. Absolution is to be granted only if penitents "be inwardly resolved to desert an unjust service, as soon as they shall be able to do so without danger to their lives, abstaining in the meanwhile from all acts of hostility against the subjects and soldiers of the rightful prince." In the other case, that of repentant priests, the bishop is instructed to subject them, before absolution, to a course of spiritual penance, but of a kind not to attract the notice of the civil authorities; and then to admit them back to the rights of the priesthood, after signing the following declaration:—"I

confess and affirm it to be an error, and an act of audacity, to gainsay the doctrines uttered by the Church, and that without grievous sin it is not possible to refuse obedience and cordial submission to the authority of the Holy See; therefore I respect and conform to all the declarations of the same, and particularly to those which regard the temporal dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, to which the entire Catholic Episcopate has responded." Almost simultaneously with the date of these most secret instructions, there appeared a highly significant paragraph in the *Correspondance de Rome*, a weekly periodical published in Rome, and which is directly inspired with the confidential feelings of the highest authorities. In the number of the 18th February, there was inserted, in type of a size at once to attract the eye, an announcement of practices said to have been set on foot by the Italian ministers to secure, at the coming elections, the support of those who had preserved their loyalty to their expelled sovereigns. "It is easy to understand," says the *Correspondance de Rome*, "that the men in power, sensible of the insecurity of the tenure of life, should resign themselves to implore the help of the very parties which they plunged in desolation and misery. But we may be assured of an almost absolute abstinence by these parties at the coming elections. Italy, as now constituted, is in the eyes of the Church the symbol of revolt against laws divine and social. No Catholic deserving that name can then connect himself with the acts of the Government. In one word, neither electors nor eligibles are possible in the existing state of things." When one considers the undisguised tone of authoritative communication in this paragraph, the marked conspicuousness of the mode of its insertion, and above all, the avowedly intimate connexion between the journal in which it appeared, and the oracles of the Vatican, we cannot avoid ascribing special importance to this publication.

Nor are we without the evidence of positive steps taken towards realizing this policy of deterring moderate men from identifying themselves in any way with the cause of government and order. A gentleman named a senator had abstained from taking his seat from timidity of conscience. He had qualms of conscience about taking a line of conduct openly fulminated against by the head of his Church, and so remained away from Turin, a prey to doubt and hesitation. Recently he became troubled in his mind with the feeling that duty impelled him to go there with the view of taking part in the discussion of the laws referring to the Church, and trying to avert measures which he contemplated with

disapprobation. But, true to his spirit of deference towards spiritual authority, he would not charge his conscience with such a step without the sanction of that authority. He therefore addressed himself to the Grand Penitentiary, communicating the grounds which weighed with him in favour of his taking his seat at this moment, and exerting the influence at his command to stave off from the Church impending dangers. We are positively assured that the answer given him was, not to trouble himself about attempting to shield the Church by any active intervention in his capacity as senator, but to continue the same passive attitude of isolation which he had hitherto preserved. Much might be said about the moral aspect of a policy, on the part of men who profess to be the consecrated guardians of the Church, which deliberately prefers seeing the interests of the Church exposed to violence, to warding off that violence by any action which can temporarily bring them into contact with Italian unitarians. But it is enough for our purpose to have supplied the reader with the facts that we have here given.

The opposition of the Church is, however, stated by persons worthy of credit, not to be confined to the policy of isolation, and refusal to contaminate itself by association with any recognition of the authorities in existence. It is confidently asserted that, on the occasion of recent electoral contests, the votes of those who represent the inspiration of the priests have been systematically given in favour of the ultra candidate, or against the one who advocated the temperate spirit of Government reform. So far as we have been able to satisfy ourselves on the correctness of this assertion, we are disposed to accept it. The local testimony decidedly deposes thereto. For instance, last year there were a number of supplementary elections to fill up vacancies, one of which, at Ravenna, gave rise to a warm contest that ended in the return of the Moderate candidate. Undoubtedly the evidence which we gathered on the spot, from men of standing and ample means of knowledge, testified distinctly to the active exertions of ecclesiastical partisans in support of the Radical candidate. The same occurrence is spoken of as having been manifest in Tuscany, and we have also met with very distinct evidence to the same purport in some localities in the former kingdom of Naples. It is undeniable that, in the most diverse parts of the country, somehow or other, the same impression has been produced on the minds of intelligent and trustworthy observers, that the active influence of the Church is being systematically expended, either to frighten into passiveness those who would

feel disposed to swell the ranks of temperate reform and practically support orderly government, or to propel the blind subjects of priestly dictation into actively swelling the Radical force, as the hopeful element of dissolution. It is very intelligible that the fact of such a coalition should arrest the attention of prudent politicians. There can be no doubt but that, at the coming elections, we shall see in various localities sharp contests, and that, in some constituencies of prominent rank, the Opposition may probably obtain successes which will be paraded with great flourish. For instance, one must be prepared for the likely return of members hostile to Government in the city of Naples, through want of resolution amongst the temperate Liberals, who allow themselves to be paralysed. Leghorn also is a constituency which has always been distinguished by a turbulent leaven, and must be expected to send intemperate men to Parliament. But that there should be ground for apprehending a considerable return of men of this stamp appears to us quite unfounded. The compact majority in the country is as little disposed to follow the rash bidding of foolhardy men, as it was when it coldly declined to follow the great popular hero Garibaldi on the mad enterprise which ended on the peaks of Aspromonte. The attitude of the country on that occasion was decisive of its temper, and nothing has since occurred to modify this. The dominant feeling which pervades the Italian people is that of gratitude for what has been won, and an anxious determination not to risk its loss. There are constituencies, especially in the Southern provinces, which, from sheer want of political perspicacity, will allow themselves to be gulled into the choice of indifferent representatives, but we have not the least fear about the selections that will be made by the vast majority of the nation. These will be of men who, in essential points, are the advocates of a prudent policy.

The next session will open in Florence, and it is to be hoped that the political atmosphere of the new capital will have the result of imparting to the majority, consisting of men who on all capital points concur in the advocacy of temperate views, as against the heated impulses of passionate fanatics, a more compact parliamentary formation than it had in the old Parliament. The real cause of this want of effective organization is the fact that the majority has not been marshalled under the guidance of a natural leader. The only man who could lay claim to this high moral position is Baron Ricasoli, who, for obvious reasons, since his withdrawal from office, has thought it most consistent with a severe sense of duty not to put

himself prominently forward, except to intervene as a peacemaker with the full weight of his authority in critical moments. There cannot be a nobler example of high-minded conduct than Baron Ricasoli's action in Parliament. The same praise cannot be awarded to the part played by another parliamentary leader, M. Rattazzi. It would be difficult to define precisely the principles which regulate this politician's course; but it is undeniable that he has a predilection for tortuous ways and for intrigue, and that his parliamentary position relies mainly on his Piedmontese connexion. Now here it is where the transfer of the Legislature from Turin is confidently expected to exercise a wholesome effect, in reducing to their just value those artificial influences of a purely sectional origin, which, however intangibly, pervaded Capital, Court, and Parliament, neutralizing the action of truly national parties. It is anticipated that in Florence many influences will be blighted which luxuriated in Turin, whereby the obstacles would be removed which have impeded the accession to office of men in whom the nation have real confidence, and those circumstances which have invested specific interests with a factitious weight be stripped of their importance. The soil in which these specific interests struck root was that of the Court. It is well known that Victor Emmanuel's personal likings made him peculiarly liable to be worked upon by purely Piedmontese influences. With all the rough bluntness of his character, and the sound common sense of his judgment in critical moments, these predilections of the King, inflamed as they were at Turin, through a thousand channels and by daily contact with ancient connexions, had entailed, on divers occasions, unfortunate consequences. It is therefore a happy event that the Crown has been transferred from a place where it was exposed to influences which confirmed its individual disposition in a particular direction, and which threatened ultimately to counteract its national character; and in this respect, even those otherwise deplorable incidents may have been beneficial, which had the effect of firing the King's latent pride against his favourite Piedmontese.

The conclusions at which we arrive, therefore, after surveying as accurately as we can the position of affairs in Italy, are not unfavourable to the prospects of the country. Not but that there are many and very grave tasks to be dealt with which can be overcome only by great prudence and great self-restraint. We do not indulge in any delusion as to the intrinsic gravity of the problems which the Italians have to solve. The financial condition of the country will

require extraordinary care, while yet its necessities will imperatively impose heavy expenditure. At the same time, Italy is engaged in a conflict with Rome and all the complicated interests which cluster around the Papacy, from which she cannot by any means disentangle herself. It is her inevitable lot to fight out this dangerous duel to the end. Heavy as these labours are, we see no reason to infer that the Italian people are giving way under their weight. We have been unable to detect the symptoms of reckless impatience and disorganization which are spoken of as existing. In no one instance of moment has the nation shown itself disposed to rush into wild ways—even when these were recommended by the appeals of the man who is essentially the People's Hero. To us the persistent sober sense and practical instinct exhibited by the Italian populations amidst so many circumstances calculated to intoxicate, is a matter of marvel. Of course there exist men of restless, impatient temperament, and wayward intellects, who having passed all their days as conspirators plotting clandestine expeditions, chafe at the recreant proceedings of, in their opinion, a hireling administration, and incessantly are at work on projects of foolhardy undertakings against Rome and Venetia. When one considers the stimulating phases through which the Italian people has passed, we only wonder that this party should be so small. The bulk of the nation has decidedly separated from it, and has shown a determination not to be led into foolish courses when it allowed the King's Government to put down Garibaldi with a strong hand at Aspromonte. We must, indeed, expect to hear of intended attempts to fling bands of emancipating volunteers into Venetia; but we have no apprehension of anything like a serious movement which the Government can have difficulty in controlling. These attempts will not exceed the insignificant proportions of abortive deeds by a handful of excited enthusiasts. Equally unfounded seems to us to be the impression prevalent in some circles, of the rapid strides made by republican principles in the country. We are firmly convinced that this is either a wilful misrepresentation, deliberately invented by those Reactionists who from Rome are sedulously bent on always defaming Italy, or else the vain imagination of fanciful intellects. The Republican bugbear is an idle dream. The name of Victor Emmanuel has a popular attraction which constitutes a paramount force that penetrates through the whole country, and brings the idea of the King home to the breast of the rudest peasant. The circumstances of this singular power of

popular attraction in the representative of the Crown is probably the most happy blessing that has befallen Italy. By effectively counteracting the otherwise irresistible force of certain dazzling individuals, it has furnished the nation with the inestimable benefit of a steady guide, and laid the foundation, we trust, for a truly national monarchy. Finally, it appears to us that the character generally displayed by the Italian Legislature has been highly creditable. With the single exception of M. Rattazzi, the stigma of ignoble intrigue has not attached itself to the name of any one of the leading politicians. The political capacity exhibited may be impugned, but it cannot be said that its Assembly has shown itself deficient in public spirit. The high influence of Baron Ricasoli—a man so lofty and so disdainful of all intrigue—is a proof of the temper of the majority. Also the real reason for the support given to the present administration proceeds from the deep sense entertained for the integrity of its members, and from the conviction, that in the paramount question of the day they mean to act with perfect good faith. When one considers how often in deliberative assemblies, especially in exciting times, administrations have been paralyzed and successively overthrown by combinations growing out of faction and unnatural coalitions, the conduct of the first Italian Parliament will appear, we think, entitled to the praise of having shown solid qualities in one very important respect. The shrewd good sense of the Italian people, quickened by a lively thankfulness at relief from foreign ascendancy, and a wholesome experience of the positive benefits insured by self-restraint and moderation—that shrewd good sense which has disappointed so many confident anticipations, and has achieved so many startling successes, is still existing without any signs of decline. In spite of all that is loudly advanced by voluble declaimers, we have been unable to lay our hands on any evidence of inward disorganization, of intestine divisions that threaten to break up the firm unity of purpose indispensable to the success of the great enterprise which the Italians have to achieve. We can see nowhere any really serious symptom of the people beginning to be untrue to themselves, and so long as we see none such, we are not prepared to admit the evident and rapid coming of an Italian cataclysm.

The preceding pages had scarcely been written, when there came upon us first a slight vague rumour, and then a confirmed report, of distinct and spontaneous advances made to Victor Emmanuel by Pius IX. which were ripening into serious negotiations. A more

astounding and unexpected incident in the firmament of Italian politics could not be imagined. We confess to have been quite unprepared for the appearance of such a novel element in the course of Italian affairs as that of the great Church power stepping forward to meet, otherwise than in anger, the representative of the revolutionary lay tendencies of modern Italy. In this, however, we flatter ourselves not to have been singular. The surprise created at the step taken by the Pope was universal. Also the first sensation on hearing thereof was that of general incredulity, which was then followed by a strange variety of hypothetical surmises as to the real causes which had prompted so extraordinary a proceeding. These surmises it is not at all necessary to examine. The precise circumstances which induced the Pope to adopt his startling resolution, and which have attended his overtures, constitute matter pregnant with interest, but secondary to the consideration of the political consequences which can be anticipated from the nature of the altered position in which Church and State must stand towards each other in Italy after the overtures which have been made by the Pope, even though they should not lead at present to the conclusion of an understanding. It is impossible, in our opinion, to put any other construction upon the measure adopted by Pius IX. than that it is the death-warrant of the No-surrender policy hitherto broached by the Papacy. It is very true that the negotiations opened with Victor Emmanuel are distinctly confined to specifically ecclesiastical points, affecting the Church establishment in the provinces that constitute Victor Emmanuel's kingdom. But do not these ecclesiastical relations with which the Sovereign of Rome stands connected, in virtue of his dignity as Pope, constitute precisely the privileges and prerogatives which endow him politically with a position different from that which was the lot of the other Italian princes, and contribute to furnish him with a power which is far more difficult to deal with roughly than the power possessed by those princes? It is precisely from his spiritual and ecclesiastical qualities that the Pope derives his exceptional position, and whatever force he can reckon upon wherewith to thwart the otherwise easy onflow of the Italians over his shrunk States. For what has been all along said is, that the Pope cannot put himself into intercourse with the Italian Government, because the nature of his authority must absolutely forbid his making any concession which would amount to a renunciation of Church principles, while the very fact of having any relations whatever with Victor Emmanuel must necessarily involve a concession of this nature. Victor

Emmanuel and his Government were habitually proclaimed to be the incarnation of that spirit of sheer worldliness which the Papacy pretended it to be its particular duty to combat on earth. Now this position has been entirely abandoned, for the Pope, departing from the course he has hitherto pursued in providing provisionally out of his own authority for the wants of the Church in Italy, without taking any notice whatever of the civil powers in existence, as too impious to be looked upon; has now treated with these same powers in reference to the aforesaid wants of the Church, thereby practically recognising Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and releasing the representative of the State from the ban under which he has been lying. The moment the Pope treats in a friendly way with a monarch about the choice of individuals for sees in his dominions, it is self-evident that this monarch can no longer be regarded by the Pope as an outcast from the pale of the Church. Whatever may be the differences still existing between them, the nature of the breach must still be essentially modified after such relations. We have, moreover, good grounds for confidently stating that the manner in which the Pope has proposed to deal in regard to the nomination of bishops, amounts practically to a most distinct recognition of the Italian kingdom. He proposed to leave the recommendation of candidates for the vacant sees to the King's Government, without any reservation in regard to the sees in his old provinces. Victor Emmanuel, therefore, would thus practically exercise his right of patronage in all portions of his dominions without abatement, a concession of such vast importance, and involving such vital consequences, that one is almost at a loss to understand how the Pope could have brought himself of a sudden to act so liberally.

It is therefore strange to learn that the men who are in office at Turin should express themselves not content with this concession, and should be making difficulties about points of very small importance, thus acting contrary to the spirit in which Count Cavour was prepared to treat with Rome. That large-minded statesman felt that a great object was to be won only by a great policy. To deal with Rome in a narrow and jealous temper he saw was quite beside the requirements of the case. Hence he struck out the bold policy of a free Church in a free State. He meant the Pope to be absolutely independent in everything appertaining to Church matters, to be entirely emancipated from all interference on the part of the State. He believed that this scheme offered a guarantee to the Papacy for a condition of dignity and inde-

pendence that must prove superior to what it now possesses; equal to the necessities of its position, and therefore having intrinsic merits, which sooner or later would recommend its acceptance to representatives of the interests of the Papacy. It was, besides, the conviction of Count Cavour, that to establish any how relations of intercourse between the King of Italy and the Pope, to bring matters to the point of at all events opening direct discussions between the two, was a thing in itself of such paramount importance as to be worthy of almost any price. For ever he was vainly on the watch with his keen eye for an opportunity such as now has been showered down upon his successors; for he deeply felt that Rome and the Roman question were the real difficulties of Italy, and that every approach to them was necessarily so much gained. In the spring of 1861, Count Cavour fancied that he might be able to effect his object. A plenipotentiary was at that time named by him, who was furnished with elaborate instructions, and was authorized to concede to the Pope the absolute nomination of all bishops in Italy, without any check thereon by the State. But the Court of Rome was then still obdurate, and Count Cavour's Plenipotentiary was never admitted to treat. Thus what that great statesman always worked to obtain with unrelaxing activity, and what, as proved by his own doings, he thought worthy of being acquired by a wholesale surrender of ancient privileges of the Crown, his successors are not satisfied at having offered to them on much cheaper terms (for we repeat, that the Pope has proposed that Victor Emmanuel should recommend the persons to be made bishops), but they want to impose still further conditions of their own. It is demanded that the bishops should take an oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, a proceeding quite in accordance with ancient custom, but quite at variance with the great policy of a free Church in a free State, and, moreover, impossible for the Pope to allow, without making a concession, not merely in practice (which he is ready to do), but also in principle (which he is not willing to do). But is it statesmanlike to jeopardize the immense political advantages that would be secured by a concluded understanding between King and Pope out of regard for a formula involving so small a material guarantee as an oath of allegiance? What dynasty has ever been saved by any form of oath? We have no reason for inferring that the negotiations have been broken off. The Italian Plenipotentiary left Rome simply because he had conducted matters as far as he was in a condition to conduct them. If the Italian Government should not insist

on the question of the oath, which the Pope says very fairly that he cannot impose upon the bishops in his old provinces, and therefore also not upon bishops in other provinces wrested from their former sovereigns by the same force of invasion by which he himself was dispossessed, then we believe that no substantial difficulty remains on any point that has been under discussion. Indeed, the Pope has shown himself very good-tempered and willing during these negotiations. At bottom he has Italian impulses, and these, long counteracted, are now again for the moment allowed free scope.

The indisposition of the Italian Ministers to waive the oath proceeds from a timid deference to that anti-ecclesiastical irritation which we have mentioned as being on the growth amongst Italian Liberals. Neither do the present Ministers, being men of small capacity, understand how to act with firmness, and they thus put themselves often in false positions. The vacillating manner in which they conducted the Bill for the Regulation of Religious Communities, exposed them to the charge of having withdrawn it in obedience to a command from Rome—a charge for which there is no foundation, the negotiations never having extended to this point. But this is quite enough to make them fear the imputation of being priest-ridden, and to make them try and recover their reputations by being stubborn on a point of popular prejudice. Still, so vast are the consequences to be gained at this moment, and so very great are the perils to be laid up in store if these present negotiations should fall to the ground, from the Italian Government insisting on terms which the Pope cannot grant, that we cannot dismiss the hope that the remarkable instinct evinced by the Italians, and the straightforward intellect of General La Marmora, will turn to account this precious opportunity for obtaining a further and material security for the

execution of the Convention of the 15th September. That Convention expressly purports to be made for the securing of the Pope's safety. Now, if a pretext were to be sought for not carrying into execution its capital provision that Rome is to be evacuated by the French troops, might that pretext not be furnished if, on the Pope's making such serious advances, the Italian Government were to exhibit itself in the attitude of having refused to concede those guarantees which would make a reality of that loudly vaunted free Church which Italian Liberals have been holding up in the face of the Pope? However strong may be the Emperor Napoleon's personal predilections in favour of Italy, she has enemies enough in France who are eager to thwart her progress. Montalembert has been loud in declaring his conviction that the free Church programme has never been meant to be more than a blind—that the settled determination of the Italian Liberals is to enslave the Pope once they get him separate from foreign support. There is now an opportunity afforded of satisfactorily confuting this confident insinuation, and of facilitating materially, at a most critical moment, a measure which, if once carried out, may be confidently said to be the coping set on the structure of an United Italy. For it is a point of paramount importance that the evacuation of Rome by French troops contemplated by the September Convention be not obstructed; and how can that evacuation—the darling wish of all Italians—be obstructed, if once the Pope and King of Italy live together on footing of practical good-fellowship? Of all the astonishing circumstances that have marked the Italian Revolution, none is so wonderful as this sudden change on the part of Pius IX. Also the responsibility resting on the shoulders of the present Ministers of Italy is enormous.

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ИЗВЕЩАНИЕ ПУТНОЕ

О ПОЕЗДКЕ В СЕВЕРНЫЕ РАЙОНЫ

1912

П. П. ПУТНИКОВ

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THE
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ART. I.—*An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By JOHN STUART MILL.
London: 1865.

WE cordially welcome this book, in the interest of thought and free discussion everywhere, but especially in Scotland. Its publication marks an epoch in the history of British philosophy. The very title must at once bespeak the attention of those in both parts of the island who read in order to reflect, associating as it does the greatest Scotch speculative intellect of the century with the greatest living English one, in discussions which, in the end, more than any, regulate opinion indirectly, if not directly, in morals, theology, politics, and on the methods of scientific research. It is moreover a sign that those who are anywhere seeking for a better reasoned conception of this mysterious life of ours look at present for their nourishment with a peculiar expectation to the now fully published logical and metaphysical writings of Sir William Hamilton. And in the present lull of philosophy in Scotland, which has followed his departure and that of Professor Ferrier, we, at this northern end of the island, should be grateful when one so calm and candid as Mr. Mill occupies the otherwise vacant place in the Scotch discussion of ultimate questions that has been going on for considerably more than a century. It is a place to which, by Mr. Mill's hereditary Scotch connexion, as well as on more important grounds, he is well entitled. His new book is a formidable summons to Scotland to resume, with all the advantages of its lucid exposition and criticism, that effort to re-think more deeply answers to questions

of undying interest, which those who have guided thought from the chairs of the Scotch universities have been conspicuously engaged in since David Hume proposed them—an effort which cannot be long abandoned by any community without a loss of its intellectual power.

Mr. Mill is now the acknowledged representative of systematic philosophy in England. He is the recognised successor, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, to the intellectual throne occupied in their day by Hobbes, and Locke, and Hartley, where he rules in a spirit of large eclectic moderation, to which Hobbes and Hartley, at any rate, were comparative strangers. Probably no other Englishman now living has been so influential, with the most influential portion of the community, in gravely determining well-defined conclusions upon the most important subjects, and in promoting a strictly scientific manner of reaching them. His writings on logic, political science, and social toleration, have been forming a new public opinion in these last twenty years. Now, for the first time, he appears as an author in metaphysical philosophy, giving to the world the results of his matured thought, at a time of life which we believe pretty nearly corresponds to that at which Locke produced his "Essay," Kant his *Criticism of Pure Reason*, and Hamilton his *Dissertations on Reid*.

Mr. Mill is distinguished by obvious marks from three great men, who may be said pre-eminently to share with him the distinction of educating English mind in this generation. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Maurice have in common, each with a marked individuality, reflective genius of the suggestive or poetical type. Mr. Mill has scientific clearness, and a power seldom equalled, of

presenting transparently revelations that are drawn, it must be added, from less spiritual depths of our being than is habitual to these contemporaries, and accompanied, too, with less of the emotional inspiration which contagiously communicates itself. His literary action, not less intrepid, is every way of a calmer and less fiery sort than Mr. Carlyle's. As an excitement to reverential love and faith, or to a Pascal-like awe in the meditation of the intellectual and moral mysteries of life, most feel, we should imagine, that his writings are less powerful than those of Mr. Tennison, Mr. Maurice, and, we must add, those of his Scotch contemporary Sir W. Hamilton. With Sir W. Hamilton, nevertheless, Mr. Mill is to be classed as one of our two great contemporary systematic reasoners about the nature and methods of knowledge, and the laws which should regulate belief; while they are distinguished as leaders of what are commonly regarded as opposed and rival schools of philosophical doctrine. They are accepted representatives of the two contrasted methods of interpreting the world in its ultimate relation to our knowledge, which philosophy has presented throughout its history, and the discussion of which has been said to be its history. Whether this ought to be said we shall consider by and bye. Here, at the outset, we note distinctive marks in the aims of the two leaders whose respective answers to the principal questions of all philosophical inquiry are in this volume placed side by side and compared. These marks may be pondered by those who want to appreciate the human interests which this otherwise purely intellectual discussion concerns; for it is their broadly distinguishable intention, as much as their metaphysical formulas, which gives to such systems power.

The spirit which seeks to conserve faith in God, free-will, and other supersensible realities, is to be found working in Sir W. Hamilton, amid a crowd of learned references to the grand historic past of speculation, and by means which have for their avowed end the promotion of intellectual activity as in itself a good thing. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, is inspired with the hope of intellectual progress in the future, and on this behalf he struggles for present freedom of thought from the bondage of assumptions imposed as necessary by the past. In Hamilton a reverential intellectual conservatism animates a series of discussions, dogmatically confined round a centre of supposed necessary principles or intuitions, which are assumed to be given originally to our weak, because finite intelligence. Mr. Mill encourages intellectual movement in any direction to which we are conducted by experience, consolidated by in-

variable mental associations, and animated by expectancy. With Hamilton the most important questions are assumed to be finally foreclosed. With Mr. Mill all questions are always open questions; what is yet to happen may modify our answers to them; the human race is on a hopeful voyage of discovery—any whither. The Hamiltonian starts with propositions, believed by him to be universally necessary; the disciple of Mr. Mill declines to admit the claim of any proposition to eternal universality or necessity. And yet each writes in large letters, on the very front of his philosophy, that whatever knowledge can be attained by or attributed to man is essentially finite and relative.

Of these two tendencies, which, it may be asked, is likely to regulate the future among men, or, especially and more immediately, among Englishmen and Scotchmen, in matters of physics and politics, art and education, morals and theology? Which is even now regulating it? On what side should we range ourselves in this contest?

These questions are sometimes put in a spirit which betrays entire ignorance of what philosophy is. It is not certainly as leaders of opposite sects, for one of which we seek a party triumph, that we are now about to look at Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill, and to hear what each says on matters which thinking persons are trying from age to age to think over again, and to express more truly, but at each stage with a large remainder of error and indistinctness. We regard them, on the contrary, as strong individual thinkers, full of speculative curiosity, who are struggling to attain each for himself the good point of view for amending or harmonizing common, inarticulate, and unreflective opinion, but whose very individuality and individual environment of circumstances occasions that one-sidedness of mental vision from which none of us is free. The history of all genuine philosophy is the history of a discussion, cessation from which is the collapse of intellect and of social progress, while its immediate result always leaves plenty of room for a fresh effort to think more clearly and express more felicitously. It is the history of a continued controversial dialogue, by which the mental vitality of society is sustained, but in which every man, and every nation, has a way of thought and expression different from every other. We do our part, now and here, if we help to keep the discussion going, taking our own, however subordinate, place in its perennial course; and, if it may be so, contributing something to correct the thought or expression of preceding interlocutors, by help of the sides of a common truth which respectively they

hold up to view. It is in this zigzag course that truth in any department has gradually moved forward, and that it has been assimilated in each new age or different nation, by the imperfect faculties and languages of men.

We have spoken of Mr. Mill as, in this book, virtually an interlocutor in the controversial dialogue in which certain Scotchmen, of a more than European range of influence, have been engaged for more than a century—to the benefit of Scotland and the world, as it may be hoped. This Scotch discussion in philosophy—on a wide scale, and with European consequences at any rate—was set agoing by David Hume in 1738. In him this part of the island first took its place among the manifestly intellectual communities of Europe. Subsequent Scotch philosophical discussion, as indeed German too, is an attempt to crack the hard nuts of Humism, or to protest against its conclusion that when cracked they are all found to be empty of real knowledge within. Thomas Reid was the first among us to undertake this task. The sagacious Glasgow professor spoke on the side of conformity to unanalysed common conviction, and in opposition to Hume, who had spoken for philosophical dissent from unreasoned beliefs in things of everlasting interest. This earnest and energetic expression of the common consciousness, by Reid and his associates, was, however, so little critical, that it looked like an interpolation by unreflective opinion in a great philosophical debate. Hume made Reid and his friends suspicious of Locke, and frightened them into a misunderstanding and reversal of the still more subtle philosophical teaching of Berkeley, from all which we are only now recovering. After Reid and Stewart, the next to take a conspicuous part, speaking from a new point of view, was Thomas Brown, the Edinburgh Professor of Moral Philosophy, whose early death cut short a career of brilliant promise, but in whose comparatively crude fragments, consisting of pamphlets and of rapidly written and posthumously published lectures, we find traces of a more ingenious conception than Reid's of Hume's critical questions, along with less of the modest wisdom for which Reid is admirable. The succeeding great interlocutor in the zigzag, alternative course of this Scotch philosophical dialogue is Sir W. Hamilton, contemptuous of the fences which Brown tried to set up against some results of the phenomenalism that he received so largely into the working premises of his philosophy, and ready to transfer for discussion into the Scotch arena the principal propositions which Kant and his greatest suc-

cessors in Germany had introduced into modern thought,—propositions then very strange to British philosophical controversialists, but which his power has since put into wide circulation. And now Mr. Mill appears.*

Mr. Mill recognises in the works of Hamilton the most powerful agency on the conservative or conformist side of British philosophy, and thus naturally they have more than any others on that side attracted his candour and courage. The Hamiltonian he regards as the latest form of the Reidian theory; and "by no other of its supporters has that theory," he thinks, "been so well guarded, or expressed in such discriminating terms, and with such studious precision. Though there are a few points," he adds, "on which the earlier philosopher seems to me nearer the truth, on the whole it is impossible to pass from Reid to Sir William Hamilton, and from Sir William Hamilton back to Reid, and not be struck with the immense progress which their common philosophy has made in the interval between them" (p. 107).†

Mr. Mill explains that the subject of his book is not properly Sir William Hamilton, but "the questions which Sir William Hamilton discussed." And he justifies his undertaking by expressions regarding the importance of these questions, which, as coming from a man of affairs, and not an academic pedant or monastic recluse, may carry weight among those who would drown the voice of "metaphysics" and its perplexing questions by the din of daily human life. "England," says Mr. Mill, "is often reproached by Continental thinkers with indifference to the higher philosophy. But England did not always deserve this reproach, and is showing, by no doubtful symptoms, that she will not deserve it much

* Since this was written, critics of Sir W. Hamilton, as well as of other late and living British philosophers, have been crowding in. Professor Massyn's *Recent British Philosophy* (London, 1865) places its author, already eminent in literary criticism, among those in this country who are entitled to guide metaphysical opinion. The *Exploratio Philosophica* of Professor Grote (Cambridge, 1865) affords rich and fresh philosophical feeding, in a volume over whose pages one breathes the pure love of truth, and is attracted to sympathy with intellectual enterprise, whether conducted by Hamilton or Ferrier, Mr. Mill or Dr. Whewell, or our countryman, Professor Bain of Aberdeen, and which we especially welcome as an emanation from the University of Cambridge. And Mr. Stirling, whose *Secret of Hegel* (London, 1865) has suddenly revealed a strong man watching and working among us, now threatens Hamiltonism with war to the knife.

† A comparison of Dr. Priestley's "Examination" of the Philosophy of Reid, Beattie, and Oswald (London, 1774), with Mr. Mill's "Examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy (London, 1865), suggests a similar remark.

longer. Her thinkers are again beginning to see, what they had only temporarily forgotten, that a true Psychology is the indispensable basis of Morals, of Politics, of the Science and Art of Education; that the difficulties of Metaphysics lie at the root of all Science; that these difficulties can only be quieted by being resolved, and that until they are resolved, positively if possible, but at any rate negatively, we are never assured that any human knowledge, even physical, stands on solid foundations" (p. 2).

It is an arduous business to gather together in an orderly way "the questions discussed by Sir W. Hamilton," along with the exact Hamiltonian answers or solutions, from the lectures, and the fragments of essay, dissertation, and annotation, over which they are scattered, and in which they are brought forward in various forms of expression. Mr. Mill has reproduced them, according to his own interpretation of what they are, and in his own lucid and interesting manner, but not, we think, in an order which gives distinct prominence to the salient features, and keeps the subordinate parts in their due relation to three or four great centres of discussion. We shall here offer a generalized summary of the questions into which these two great minds have thrown themselves—a sort of map of the territory of Philosophy as it has been occupied in the Scotch discussion which Hume initiated, and which Mr. Mill is now maintaining.

The questions of Intellectual Philosophy may be assorted in two principal groups.

I. The first group gives rise to METAPHYSICS. Here are some specimens of them:—What is this conscious life, on which we entered when we became conscious, and on which, as by a new birth, we enter in a deeper sense when, as in asking this very question, we begin to reflect? Is it hollow and transitory, void of all reality, and soon to be dissolved; which we may enjoy as it lasts after its fashion, but looking on the whole all the while as a lie? Or is there something real in what now is, and conducting, too, to another and more awe-inspiring reality, of which we have glimpses in the very objects we are now conscious of, and anticipations in the faith which carries us beyond them? In a word, what shall we say about what we commonly call our Knowledge? Does it penetrate to the real existence of what we say we know; or does it leave us in the dark, being after all no real knowledge? Should our habitual state be a consciousness that we know the universe in which we find ourselves, and may we dispense with mere faith or trust? or should it be the doubt which paralyses trust? or should it, intermediate between the two,

be a trust which acknowledges that we neither know all nor are ignorant of all? These and like questions are those in debate under cover of controversies about the relativity and finitude, as distinguished from the absoluteness and infinitude, of knowledge; the relation of our knowledge, or of any knowledge, to what really exists; the reality of matter, and what we should mean when we say that space and matter exist and are external to us; the reality of mind, and what we should mean when we say that mind exists; the beginning and ending of matter or mind; whether they, or indeed existence in any form, absolutely began or will absolutely end, and what we can know or may believe about such Beginning or Ending. What, in short, shall we say about the Eternal Stream of Existence, a part of which, in passing through, or rather in constituting, our personal conscious experience, appears somehow to connect us with the whole?

Metaphysical questions, more or less of the sort condensed in this last one, and discussed by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill, may be conveniently arranged in three subordinate groups:—

1. There is a long list which circulates round the terms "natural realism" or "dualism," with their correlatives "consciousness" or "perception," and especially "consciousness of matter." We may conveniently keep these together. They all refer to the "stream of existence" as it is in the act of passing through and constituting our primary or immediate conscious experience. Is there, they ask, anything "external" behind what we are immediately conscious of? or is this very immediate consciousness itself the ultimate thing, behind which we cannot go, and behind which there is nothing of a different essence to go to, however much more there may be of a like sort with the phenomenal stream itself, in our own past or future conscious experience, or in the past, present, or future conscious experience of other sentient beings? The Hamiltonian Consciousness of Matter may be taken as a peg on which to hang questions under this first head, also discussed in this book by Mr. Mill. In themselves these might indeed be so treated as that answers to them should include the whole range of metaphysics.

2. It is better, however, to keep separate, as a second group of questions, those which may be said to circulate round the terms "common sense," "testimony of consciousness," "necessary beliefs," "necessary truths," "intuitions" (in one of the two meanings of this word*), "universal postulates," "*a priori* principles," etc., in the works of Sir William

* That is, the meaning in which Mr. Mill confines it, according to which it includes general prin-

Hamilton and others; and to which Mr. Mill adds, "law of inseparable association" and the "psychological," as distinguished from the "introspective" method in metaphysics. It is through what these terms refer to that our present or immediate consciousness, transient as it is, is connected inferentially with manifestations of existence which have been or which are to be. The controversy about Necessary Truths is thus the nucleus of this second group.

3. A third group of questions rising beyond and yet involved in the two preceding ones, refers to the limits which mark the culmination or apex of that knowledge which, beginning as an immediate consciousness, expands, in the form of belief, beyond this narrow area, so as to embrace in inferences what is past and future. This group may be said to circulate round the Hamiltonian Theory of the Conditioned and the Unconditioned. Here we ask whether knowledge, or knowledge and belief, is co-extensive with existence? Is there Being beyond Knowing; or is existence dependent on a consciousness, so that if consciousness is not, existence cannot be? What, in short, is the relation of "knowing" to "being?" Is our knowledge in the last analysis a relation? Is all knowledge as such necessarily a relation? Is existence essentially a relation? If there be extra-conscious existence, how should we demean ourselves towards it? Do we owe it any belief in default of all knowledge; and should such belief about it in any way modify our manner of thinking of, or believing in, the physical or moral matters which concern human life, and are contained in human science?

We have thus three groups of metaphysical questions, the first concerned with Existence as we immediately know, perceive, or are conscious of it; the second, with Existence as it is mediately knowable or believed in; and the third, with the Unknowable or Unconditioned,—the due study of this last enabling us, according to Sir W. Hamilton, as well as Mr. Mill, to eliminate from human discussion ontological abstractions, which men have in vain sought to make matter of science, and by which their conceptions of what is within their range have been grievously perplexed. These three groups of questions, we say again, are so connected that the first set cannot be fully answered until the second and third are answered. Notwithstanding, they ought to be distinguished; and the metaphysical works of Sir W. Hamilton, as well as the metaphysical portion of this book of Mr. Mill, may be broken

ciples which consciousness is supposed to attest, and not mere face-to-face conscious intercourse with phenomena,—a usage which seems to confuse some of his reasoning.

up, and the pieces re-arranged, as they attach themselves to the first, second, or third of these groups.

II. Besides these three groups of metaphysical questions, philosophical discussion connects itself with a body of questions in Logic. The metaphysician meditates upon the stream of consciousness, as *our branch* of the Eternal stream of Being. The logician seeks to construct a mechanism which may assist us in forming conceptions and beliefs about what is not actually present in the conscious stream, and cannot be adequately imagined even; and also in applying to the increase and extension of our beliefs, those universal assumptions which are the special matter of examination when we are under the influence of the second group of metaphysical questions. The formal construction of science, and the methods of actually constructing it, rather than its ultimate basis, structure, and apex, is the problem of Logic. And this gives rise, in the book before us, to a series of questions which may be thus assorted:—

1. An elaborate system of rules and formulas, to which we are told the mind must conform when it is developing or extending its conceptions, and abridging, with the aid of language, what it believes in, has been transmitted (latterly under the name of Logic) from the days of Aristotle. What is the worth of this imposing intellectual machinery? Does it display to us the laws of our intellectual life? Does it assist in making that life more available for its main intention? Questions concerning the philosophical worth of the Aristotelian or Scholastic Logic, and the soundness of the interpretation of the thinking and ratiocinative nature of man, on which this logic is rested by Sir W. Hamilton, are the subject of a series of chapters by Mr. Mill.

2. Sir W. Hamilton is conspicuous in the history of nineteenth century philosophy as an innovator, on a great scale too, upon the traditional formulas or framework which scholastic logic offers for unelliptically expressing our thoughts, for testing their verbal consistency, and for securing methodical arrangement in what we are supposed to know. He has constructed a framework that is new, and which advances the claim that it is simpler and every way more scientific than the old one produced by Aristotle? Shall we accept it as such; or if not, has it any legitimate place? In what manner, in short, shall we dispose of the Hamiltonian Analytic of Logical Forms? Questions of this sort occupy some more of Mr. Mill's chapters.

3. Several since Bacon, Mr. Mill himself recently the most conspicuous in Britain

among the number, have pressed the claims of a logical organon or mechanism for testing inferences, that is more comprehensive in its aims than either the Old or the New Formal Analytic. These last confine their help to the business of putting into ratiocinative order judgments which are assumed to be already proved; they give us no guarantee for the validity of the assumption, nor any additional resources for increasing the number of legitimate beliefs regarding the universe of which we have immediate but transient glimpses in consciousness. Can a Real Organon of this sort be constructed; and, if so, of what power towards promoting the interpretation of Nature? Mr. Mill only touches these questions in this book; and it can hardly be said that Sir W. Hamilton has done even so much anywhere in his writings. While Hamilton, in his *Logic*, was chiefly employed in amending or re-constructing a set of logical forms,—the framework for elaborating what we are assumed to know, Mr. Mill's *Logic*, elsewhere expounded by him, is a system of devices for securing that beliefs in facts of which we have no immediate consciousness, shall be accepted as legitimate or fully proved only when they are shown to be virtually specimens of our more general belief in the uniformity of Nature.

These four last pages contain a programme of matters professedly discussed in Mr. Mill's "Examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy, and which should be re-discussed in any adequate review of his "Examination." The question of the Freedom of Will,—the vindication of which Mr. Mill regards as "the central idea" of the Hamiltonian system, and the "determining cause of most of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophical opinions,"—although, on account of its ethical relations, it has a chapter apart in Mr. Mill's book, belongs partly to the first, but especially to the third of our three sets of metaphysical questions, and receives its solution,—or rather dismissal, according to Sir W. Hamilton,—in his general dismissal from philosophy of what is necessarily unknown or unconditioned. And the "Theory of Pleasure and Pain," however interesting in itself, lies aside from the path we mean to follow in this article.

The whole history of intellectual philosophy is the history of attempts, by a series of strongly individual minds, of very various temperament and genius, and occupying different points of view, to re-think more deeply than their predecessors, answers to the foregoing groups of metaphysical and logical questions, as well as to present an amended expression of the questions themselves. Scotch philosophical discussion, as initiated

by Hume, was employed about all the three *metaphysical* groups. Under Reid it was characteristically a discussion of the first of the three, in the form of a criticism of the theory of a Perception of Matter by means of representations or ideas, and of the consequences of that theory. Brown was engaged in re-thinking Reidism, in order to attain an interpretation of some of its principles of common sense, especially regarding Causation, more assimilated than that of his predecessors to our phenomenal experience, and which was, in fact, more akin to that of Hume. Hamilton has been the first in Scotland to put forward metaphysical questions of the third group so as to deepen and intensify those of the first; while he may be said to have introduced the first and second group of the *logical* questions as a new element in Scotch philosophical discussion, which had previously ventured (as in the cases of Hume, Stewart, and Brown, and that incidentally rather than systematically) only logical questions of the third group.

We are obliged to confine ourselves in this article to the Metaphysical questions discussed by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill. We inquire what truth and active thought have gained by Mr. Mill's "examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's *Metaphysics*; what amendments of permanent value he has suggested in the Hamiltonian manner either of putting or of answering such questions; and what sort of resuscitation of the philosophical spirit among us, in what tone, and with what applications, may be expected to issue from what he has written.

First of all, we find pervading Mr. Mill's manifesto certain formidable charges against the *Metaphysics* of Hamilton. Among the most important of these are three—

(1.) *General want of symmetry, and especially a frequent inconsistency with itself.*—Two radical and nearly connected inconsistencies are reiterated, viz., the inconsistency of what it teaches about Consciousness of Matter on the one hand, with what it teaches about the Relativity of knowledge on the other; and its inconsistency in bringing back under the name of Belief what it rejects under the name of Knowledge.

(2.) *Misrepresentation of other philosophical teaching.*—The special misrepresentation alleged is that the majority of philosophers are said by Hamilton to "have been wont to play fast and loose with the Testimony of Consciousness; rejecting it when it is inconvenient, but appealing to it as conclusive when they have need of it to establish any of their opinions."

(3.) *Unsubstantiality and irrelevancy in*

its highest and most characteristic doctrine, viz., the Relativity of knowledge, under the Law of the Conditioned.

These are charges which, with dignified courtesy, and with a candour that shows itself in profuse quotations from the writings arraigned, Mr. Mill in many forms urges against the Metaphysics of Sir W. Hamilton. Without doubt they are grave ones. A system that is radically inconsistent with itself, hopelessly incoherent and disjointed, which builds itself upon a false interpretation of other systems, and in which the highest distinctive principle is hollow and illusory, seems hardly to justify Mr. Mill in the complimentary language which he applies to its author. Let us see, however, how the matter stands.

A preliminary remark, applicable to the Logic as well as to the Metaphysics, seems to be called for with regard to the charge of internal inconsistency, which Mr. Mill so reiterates, and which he illustrates by the above major, and by very many other minor instances. The critic of this philosophy ought not to forget that the printed exposition of it is contained in two sorts of documents—(1.) those published by Sir W. Hamilton in his lifetime and under his own eye; (2.) those published since his death in 1856, with all the necessary disadvantage of posthumous publication. The larger portion of the extant "Works" of Hamilton is posthumous, comprehending, in addition to the four volumes of "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic," with their remarkable appendices, various fragments of unpublished Dissertation suggested by what Reid has written. Seven Dissertations appended to Reid's works (one of them unfinished), with a body of annotations upon the text (published in 1846); certain metaphysical and logical Discussions and their appendices (published collectively in 1852); and a very few annotations on the works of Stewart (in 1855), contain, we believe, all the philosophical writing that was published by Sir W. Hamilton himself. The chronological order in which these works, of both classes, were written, must also be cared for by the critic. Mr. Mill has not, we think, enough adverted to all this, when he brings his charge of incoherence against the published exposition of the Hamiltonian philosophy.

But apart from this consideration, charges of want of symmetry, and even of inconsistency, may be plausibly supported against every profound philosopher with whose writings we have any acquaintance. This may be explained by the nature of the objects the philosopher is conversant with, and the hardly surmountable difficulty of keeping

the all-embracing conceptions with which he deals steadily in his mind, while they are struggling for adequate and exact expression. The "totum teres, atque rotundum" philosophy, as professed by imperfect man, is necessarily shallow; and what Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, says of divinity is true of metaphysics (which is speculative theology under another name).—"As for perfection or completeness in divinity, it is not to be sought; for he that will reduce a knowledge into an art will make it round and uniform; but in divinity many things must be left abrupt." "Plato," Mr. Grote remarks in the Preface to his great work on that philosopher and his contemporaries—"Plato would have protested not less earnestly than Cicero against those who sought to foreclose debate, in the grave and arduous struggles for searching out reasoned truth; or to bind down the free inspirations of his intellect in one dialogue, by appealing to sentence already pronounced in another preceding. Of two inconsistent trains of reasoning, both cannot indeed be true; but both are often useful to be known and studied; and the philosopher who professes to master the theory of his subject ought not to be a stranger to either. . . . I recognise such inconsistencies, when found, as facts—and even as very interesting facts—in his philosophical character."

Another remark occurs. A large part of what Sir W. Hamilton has written, and also of Mr. Mill's examination of what he has written, consists of attempts to interpret what other philosophers mean in what *they* have written. The ambiguity and changes in human language, even the most exact and philosophical, must perpetually produce this deposit, so apt to create discussion and controversy; and besides this, independent minds, each imperfect, necessarily conceive many of these problems differently. The exercise of trying to think what other philosophers have thought, exactly as they have thought it, is itself an important aid to reflection, when it does not run into pedantry, nor withdraw the mind of the critic from the truths written about. But we shall not, in what follows, spend much time in trying to settle the many still open questions about the exact conceptions which the great minds referred to by Mr. Mill and by Sir W. Hamilton, were labouring to express.

We must now face the most formidable-looking charge of inconsistency with itself which Mr. Mill brings against the Hamiltonian metaphysics. The reader may turn back to our three groups of metaphysical questions to see what it is. Mr. Mill virtually says that Sir W. Hamilton's main answer

to the first of these groups of questions contradicts his main answer to the third group,—these two answers being, moreover, the two fundamental principles or discoveries in the metaphysical part of his philosophy. The Hamiltonian doctrine that we have a perception or consciousness of Matter, is alleged to be irreconcilable with the Hamiltonian doctrine that we cannot have Absolute knowledge. To the doctrine of relativity, Mr. Mill very emphatically professes his own adherence, speaking of it as the fundamental truth in all philosophy and intellectual culture. Only he thinks that Sir W. Hamilton conceives it in a way in which it quite loses its importance, and that by maintaining a consciousness of the primary qualities of matter he altogether does away with it.

We venture to think that if Mr. Mill had examined more patiently the nature and tendency of the doctrine that we are conscious of Matter, we should have heard less about a contradiction, which looks so fatal on the surface.

But here is the contradiction very much as Mr. Mill takes it up.

In dozens of places Sir W. Hamilton describes the human manner of knowing what are called the primary qualities of matter, as a "consciousness," or "perception proper;" a direct, immediate, absolute knowledge; a knowledge of them "as they are in themselves," and not merely as causes which produce effects in us. When we have sentient intercourse with what is extended and solid, we know Matter, he says, not through the medium of its effects, but as it is in itself. We are percipient or conscious of extended and solid objects, and not merely of sensations caused by them in us. On the other hand, when we have sentient intercourse with objects as coloured, or sonorous, or odorous, we are conscious only of the sensible effects which external objects produce in us, and not of an external object as it is itself or absolutely. But then, in dozens of other places we find Sir W. Hamilton energetically asserting, and seeking to prove, that we cannot know any object at all absolutely or in itself. Of things absolutely or in themselves he says we know nothing, or know them only as incognisable. All that we know, or can know, is phenomenal of the unknown. All our science of Matter is ultimately a Nescience.

These two sets of passages, Mr. Mill argues, are irreconcilable. We cannot know matter as in itself solid and extended; or, if we can, it can no longer be said that all Absolute knowledge is impossible to us; we have, at any rate, this Absolute knowledge of the material world, and may have it of a

great deal besides; we are not kept down to the humble, tentative habit of mind which he and Sir W. Hamilton both profess to foster.

When we first read this charge of radical contradiction, which is so many times repeated by Mr. Mill, we were surprised that he should have presented the particular *proof* which he does present of Sir W. Hamilton's surrender of the one-half of his metaphysics, in the statement and vindication of the other half—his surrender of the law of the conditioned, in order to maintain our consciousness of matter—or, at any rate, that he should have confined himself to this proof, when so much more, of a like description, lay as ready to his hand. Why, we asked ourselves, does Mr. Mill not found this charge of inconsistency with relativity of knowledge, upon the Hamiltonian doctrine, that we are conscious, directly and absolutely, of our feelings when we are feeling them, or of our thoughts when we are thinking them, or, in short, of any of our conscious acts and states when we are conscious of them, as well as upon the Hamiltonian doctrine that we are conscious, directly and absolutely, of solid and extended phenomena, when we are in sentient intercourse with them? Being conscious, without a medium, of unextended and unsolid feelings, while we are percipient of them, is as much knowing existence absolutely and in itself, as being conscious, in like manner without a medium, of phenomena of extension and solidity, while we are percipient of them. A consciousness of *both* is maintained throughout Sir W. Hamilton's writings. Nay more, a consciousness of our feelings, when we feel them, is maintained by Mr. Mill himself. Both the philosophers say that we have a direct, conscious, face-to-face perception of our own sensations and other feelings *while they last*. How then does the assertion that we are percipient, directly and not through a medium, of phenomena of solidity and extension, contradict the principle that all our knowledge is relative, when the assertion that we are percipient, directly and not through a medium, of the phenomena of sensation or emotion or intelligence, does not? The former of these two assertions may be objected to on some other ground perhaps, but surely not on this—and by Mr. Mill.

A passage in the twelfth chapter of Mr. Mill's book first admitted light for us on his meaning, and so far relieved a seeming inconsistency in Mr. Mill himself. In that chapter we find this sentence:—"It is evident that our knowledge of mind, like that of matter, is entirely relative; *Sir W.*

Hamilton indeed affirms this of mind in a much more unqualified manner than he believes it of matter, making no reservation of any primary qualities" (p. 205).

Now, we ask Mr. Mill to produce one passage that Sir W. Hamilton has ever written which supports the assertion contained in the words we have put into Italics. Where does Sir William say, expressly or by implication, that our conscious knowledge of matter, or any of its qualities, is *less* relative than our conscious knowledge of mind and its qualities is? Where does he say that we have an absolute knowledge of the primary qualities of matter, in any other sense than that in which he says that we have a like knowledge of a feeling of pain or pleasure in our own minds while it is being felt, or of an act of consciousness while it is being acted. On the contrary, he says, with a steady uniformity of conception, that in perception we are equally and simultaneously conscious of the percipient act and of the extended or solid object; of the subjective sensation and of the external perception. Both are alike relatively known; both are alike accidents or manifestations of unknown existence; both are alike phenomenal of that unknown; and yet, in a sense, both are alike irrelatively, presentatively, directly, immediately, absolutely, in a word, consciously known. However inexplicable it may be, and however at variance with the assumptions of preceding philosophers, and with the ordinary manner of speech, he describes both as alike involved in the stream of our very conscious experience, and that in spite of the apparent contrariety of extension and solidity to thought and feeling. That the solid and extended portion of our conscious experience is also somehow believed to be contrary to and independent of that portion of it which consists of mere sensations and other feelings, or of intelligent and voluntary acts, is indeed also held by Sir W. Hamilton. Just now, however, we are speaking only about what we are phenomenally conscious of; not about the beliefs to which what we are thus conscious of may somehow give rise. Sir W. Hamilton begins with what we are thus conscious of in our sense-experience. He finds, as indeed Mr. Mill and everybody else does, that we are conscious of phenomena which form the connotation of such words as "extension," "solidity," "externality," etc. He calls *that* a consciousness of matter. Whether he sufficiently analyses the connotation of the words "extension," "solidity," "externality," etc.; and how we ourselves ought to describe *the* portion of our experience which gives rise to them, are questions about which a great deal has to be said, which perhaps

Sir W. Hamilton did not say, or did not try enough to say well. But all that is away from the proposition on which Mr. Mill founds this charge of radical inconsistency against the Hamiltonian metaphysics.

A host of passages, as well as the whole analogy of his philosophy, leave us no room to doubt that when Sir W. Hamilton describes our primary knowledge of extended or solid objects as direct, presentative, immediate, absolute, in a word, as conscious knowledge, he means to distinguish it from those other phenomena in consciousness, which are what he calls *representative*, and in which we are not conscious of the solid and extended percept, but only of a mental image or representation of it, not numerically different from the conscious act or state itself. In this representative consciousness, Mr. Mill would say that the distinction of subject and object is merely "nominal" and "metaphorical" (see p. 216); but, in the Hamiltonian philosophy, this so-called nominal or metaphorical difference of subject and object is the only recognised difference between them, *save and except in the case of external perception*, which has the wonderful peculiarity of receiving an object, believed by Hamilton to be numerically different from the act, into the same relation with itself that the so-called "nominal and metaphorical" objects of our other conscious states bear to them. It is this which makes "external perception" so unique a phenomenon throughout the Hamiltonian metaphysics. It had been taken for granted in British philosophy that only sensations and other "mental states" could get into that relation to consciousness which, in *their* case, Mr. Mill calls a merely nominal or metaphorical relation of subject and object; and that "external objects" could be known only through our consciousness of the sensations which they excite,—as past objects are known through our consciousness of the mental states of remembrance which they leave behind them. Sir W. Hamilton was the first boldly to say that this is not so; and that our sensations actually introduce the external phenomena which they illuminate into the very current of our direct conscious experience.

Mr. Mill, apparently overlooking all this, naturally finds a tissue of inconsistency in what Sir W. Hamilton has written about consciousness. For instance he is startled (p. 112) by finding him say that "consciousness comprehends every cognitive act," and proceeds to argue from this that "we can have no knowledge of the past or the absent," and to make a difficulty in the Hamiltonian explanation that "all our mediate cognitions are contained in our immediate." We see

no inconsistency, or even obscurity, in the Hamiltonian meaning here. Every cognitive act is a conscious act; inasmuch as we cannot know without an object of which we are conscious, although that object is (in every case except external perception) what Mr. Mill calls a "nominal" or "metaphorical" object. The object in consciousness, when we remember the past, or imagine the absent, is the act of memory, or the act of imagination. But the object of which we were conscious in the previous perception of that remembered past was the very *external reality itself*, which then and there started up in the stream of our conscious life. In memory we are conscious of an object that is not self-contained, but that has something behind it; our prior sense-perception of the object now merely represented in a consciousness of the act of memory was, on the other hand, objectively complete, inasmuch as nothing knowable by us lay behind it, as its standard of representative accuracy, or as its cause. It was itself *the thing*, at least the only thing of which we could have any positive knowledge; as a percept, we could not refer it to any *previous* presentation, which we can and do in the case of mediate objects we remember, but which are not themselves in consciousness at all.

"The past reality," Mr. Mill strangely remarks (p. 114), "is certainly implied in the present recollection of which we are conscious; and our author has said that all our mediate knowledge is contained in our immediate, just as knowledge of the outward object is contained in our knowledge of the perception. If, then, we are conscious of the outward object, why not of the past sensation or impression?" Now, where, we ask Mr. Mill, has Sir William Hamilton said anything to justify the assertion which we have printed in italics? Where does he say that a past event is contained in our consciousness of its representation in memory, in the same way as an extended and solid object is contained in the sphere of our sense-perception of it? A large part of what Hamilton has written was meant to enforce the distinction between these two, and to say on the one hand, that consciousness experiences, as immediately as it does our own feelings when we feel them, the solid extended phenomena that are present in sense; while, on the other hand, it receives into this immediate experience only the mental acts or states which *represent* past absent events, not the past or absent events themselves.

So far from regarding consciousness as a kind of evidence that is incompetent in a conditional knowledge, Mr. Mill himself puts it prominently forward, "if only we can obtain it pure" (p. 126), as emphatically the one

kind of evidence that is beyond dispute. We ask our readers to ponder the opening pages of Mr. Mill's ninth chapter, including the long quotation from Sir William Hamilton's lectures (pp. 128-31), which Mr. Mill accepts as "one of the proofs that, whatever be the positive value of Sir William Hamilton's achievements in metaphysics, he had a greater capacity for the subject than many metaphysicians of higher reputation, and particularly than his distinguished predecessors in the same school of thought, Reid and Stewart."

Some of the remarks which Mr. Mill appends to this long quotation disclose his own misconception of this chief article in the Hamiltonian metaphysics. "The facts (of consciousness) which cannot be doubted, are those," he says, "to which the word *consciousness* is by most philosophers confined,—the facts of internal consciousness; the mind's own acts and affections. What we feel we cannot doubt that we feel. It is impossible to feel and to think that perhaps we feel not, or to feel not, and think that perhaps we feel. What admits of being doubted," he adds, "is the revelation which consciousness is supposed to make (and which our author considers as itself consciousness) of an external reality" (pp. 131, 132).

Now, the part of Hamiltonism we are here considering, and which Mr. Mill puts in contradiction to the Hamiltonian doctrine of the Absolute, is exactly what he here describes as "the phenomena of consciousness considered simply in themselves." Sir William implies that these phenomena are of two obviously distinguishable kinds,—some solid and extended, others unextended and unresisting; and he further (but this is beyond the present question) implies that there is nothing except unknown substance transcending the one of these two sorts of phenomena, and nothing except unknown substance transcending the other. As phenomena, he professes to take both as they are given in our sentient experience. It is true, that in addition to this their merely phenomenal and transient character, they have another aspect, the result, according to Sir William Hamilton, of an instinctive and inexplicable "testimony of consciousness" to something more than what is merely phenomenal and transitory, *i.e.*, something permanent in their character; the result, according to Mr. Mill and others, of our experience of how they behave themselves—in a word, of mental association, and afterwards inductive comparison. In this second relation,—not as mere transient phenomena in consciousness, but as phenomena believed to have certain relations to what is out of transient consciousness,—the solid and extended phenomena are believed to be external

to and independent of our being conscious of them; while the unextended, unresisting thoughts and feelings, are believed to depend on our consciousness of them. But this alleged "testimony of consciousness" regarding these two sorts of phenomena, of both of which we are conscious, might conceivably be reversed. The solid and extended phenomena we might have instinctively believed to be phenomena of ourselves, and the unextended and unresisting feelings and thoughts to be external to and independent of ourselves; or we might have believed both to be external; or both to be internal. In short, the phenomena given to consciousness are one consideration; the *immediate* inference of consciousness about them (as Sir William Hamilton puts it), or the *mediate* inference we draw concerning them (as others suppose it to be), viz., that *some* of the phenomena of which we are conscious (*e.g.*, sizes, shapes, solid objects, etc.) are the manifestations in us of something that is independent of us; while *others* (*e.g.* feelings, thoughts, etc.), are manifestations of ourselves,—is another and different consideration.

But we must look at the Hamiltonian doctrine of consciousness of Matter as a whole, and not merely in the one aspect in which Mr. Mill presents it. It is in many respects the most ingenious, internally complete, and original part of all that its author has uttered in the Scotch philosophical discussion; and it is to be gathered only by a careful collation of passages situated in widely separated parts of his writings. It is not to be confounded with Reid's doctrine, which is only a deliberate statement of the unanalysed sentiment, while the Hamiltonian doctrine is strictly reflective and critical. It contains three principal elements. First of all, there is the assumption that Matter, in its primary qualities, is a portion of our properly perceptive or conscious experience. Then there is the recognition (through aid of physiology and psychology combined) of that qualified Matter which can thus appear in the very current of our direct conscious experience, as being only our own animated organism, or what is in physical contact with it, and as not being any of the distant objects which encompass us in the ambient space. Lastly, there is the assumption that we are mysteriously obliged to believe that the primary qualities—which we are thus as conscious of, while they are present to us in our organism, as we are of feelings while we are feeling them—are (unlike the feelings) qualities of a something that is "contrary in existence" to ourselves, but which is nevertheless present in our consciousness.

The *first* of these momenta we have been trying to make clear in the last few pages.

We regard it as a distinct and important contribution by Sir William Hamilton to the theory of Matter previously common in this country. Except Berkeley, we know no other philosopher in these islands who begins by acknowledging that Matter, whatever it may turn out to be, is at any rate that which we find in our proper conscious experience—that consciousness is not a mere medium for *representing* an extended and solid world which exists behind it—and that there is nothing *behind* the proper objects of *sense*-consciousness, these being the very things or realities themselves which we call material, external, extended, solid. This was so far Berkeley's teaching, and it is virtually Hamilton's. Berkeley and Hamilton may, notwithstanding this agreement, differ in regard to what we are bound to believe respecting the material phenomena which thus visit consciousness; that belief forming the third above-mentioned element in the Hamiltonian doctrine. As for Reid, we cannot discover that he was within sight of this "consciousness" of material phenomena, so suggestive of ulterior speculation, or that he meant to say more than that our belief in Matter is due to instinct, and not to fallacious reasoning about representative images.

In this first element of his complex doctrine of Realism, Sir William Hamilton, as it seems to us, brings the question back—or rather forward—to the reflective point of view at which Berkeley had contemplated it more than a century before, but from which intervening British thinkers had been scared, partly by David Hume, but also by certain infelicities of statement in Berkeley's own writings. Yet while he takes the purely reflective or philosophical, as distinguished from the vulgar, and also from the imperfectly philosophical point of view, Sir William Hamilton pauses, we think, in the work of analysis before he has sufficiently surveyed what his stand-point enables him to command. He does not enough analyse what Space, and Matter, and Extension, and Externality mean; or what is meant by the belief on which we all act—that what appears in consciousness as extended and external, practically continues to exist when we are not conscious of it. He puts our belief in the *permanence* of that which appears in the senses too much on the same footing with our immediate consciousness of the transient sense-appearances themselves, which suggest the belief; and he seems to forbid criticism alike of the belief and of the meaning of what is believed, by calling it all "a fact of consciousness." And yet these are the very questions which the recognition of the passage of Matter through

our sense-consciousness suggests to reflection.

What we have called the *second* element in the Hamiltonian doctrine is an avowed critical and reflective modification of Reid's uncritical "common sense" judgment about the objects we perceive. Reid says that "when we see the sun and moon we have no doubt that the very objects which we immediately see are very far distant from us and from one another. We have not the least doubt that this (what we see) is the sun and moon which God created some thousands of years ago, and which have continued to perform their revolutions in the heavens ever since" (*Reid*, p. 298); and he accepts this belief as its own sufficient authority. Sir W. Hamilton reverses this doctrine, and denies that we see the sun and moon in the heavens, or that any human being ever saw or ever will see them. In fact, according to Sir William, no two persons ever see the *same* thing. We do not and cannot see, or have any other sort of sensible intercourse with any part of the material world, except the nervous organism of our own bodies, and what is immediately in contact with that. When we are "conscious of matter," we are conscious of that matter which we animate; and which, when animated, is illuminated by the various sensations of taste, smell, sound, or colour, of which we are also, and simultaneously, conscious. Feeling and Extension—Mind and Matter—the Ego and the Non-ego, are as it were fused together in an animated organism; and what we are properly conscious of, when we are conscious of an extended object, as distinguished from a mere sensational feeling, turns out, after physiological and other experiment, to be a portion of that small mass of matter of which our bodies are composed. The introduction, so to express his doctrine, of *this* small portion of the space occupying universe (whatever "space" and "extension" mean, of which again), into the current of a human consciousness, on a footing of entire equality with sensations and other feelings, of all which we are notoriously conscious, opens the only way to that indefinitely numerous body of *inferences*, which includes the sun and moon, "very far distant from us" in the heavens, and also the entire circle of our conclusions in the physical sciences. Of all these inferred objects we have of course only a belief or mediate consciousness, for we cannot *see* an inference with the eye of sense. But we are sensibly conscious of what we afterwards discover by reasoning to be a small spot of extended matter contained in or in contact with our animated organism; and from this sense-consciousness,

combined with our tangible and other experience, we infer what is visible and tangible elsewhere, *e.g.*, in the sun and moon, or wherever our inferences extend.

Mr. Mill has no doubt (p. 111) that this part of the Hamiltonian teaching is correct, "and a great improvement upon Reid." We can accept it only in the light of the meaning to be put upon the terms Matter, Space, and Externality, in the propositions which express the *third* element in the Hamiltonian theory of perception. And to these we now proceed. Consciousness is here alleged to give testimony to the *meaning* of the material or sense appearances which pass through it; to tell us how we should interpret and define them. Consciousness, according to Sir W. Hamilton, testifies that what appears in perception is somehow external to and independent of our being conscious of it. Mere sensations expire when we cease to be conscious of them. The solid and extended *percepts* which our sensations reveal to us, exist, whether we are conscious of them or not. Whoever doubts this, according to him, doubts one article in the faith which is the common foundation of all speculation and action. He makes God a deceiver, and the root of our nature a lie. Now, the great majority of philosophers, by his account, have doubted whether phenomena, of which we are immediately conscious in our sensible experience, are in themselves external to and independent of consciousness. They regard these immediate objects as only "ideas" or representations, behind which the otherwise unknown, external, and extended world lies concealed, or revealed only as their cause. And they do all this in the very act of acknowledging that nature or common reason teaches us something quite different from this, *viz.*, that the very object of which we are sentient is itself the external object. They thus play fast and loose with this testimony of consciousness, and in denying its fallibility in this instance, prostrate its infallibility in every other. All this suggests questions which carry us a great way into a subtle and fascinating part of metaphysical analysis.

We are here obliged to leave Sir W. Hamilton, and to connect ourselves more with Mr. Mill, whose three chapters (xi., xii., xiii.) on the Primary Qualities of Matter, and on the Nature of our Belief in Matter and in Mind, we regard as the ablest in his book, and as among the clearest expositions of psychological analysis now contained in the English language. Sir W. Hamilton, we think, has served philosophy well in recognising the material world, as within the proper sphere of consciousness, in respect of

its extension and solidity. In so doing he has no more contradicted his doctrine of our incapacity for Absolute knowledge, than he has done in recognising (with Mr. Mill himself) mind, in respect of its thoughts and feelings and actions, as also phenomenal within the sphere of consciousness. But he goes on to put a bar to ulterior questions about the definitions of extension, solidity, and externality, by the short-hand assumption that they are qualities of that which is "contrary in existence" to us who are conscious of them. To tell us that we are conscious of extended and solid phenomena, and that consciousness testifies to their "externality," is to teach a creed which consists of abstractions, until by reflection this externality has been translated into our actual experience. We still want to know what externality means, what extension means,—what matter and space mean. We are conscious of sense-reality; but what, after all, are we to understand by this reality? Sir W. Hamilton has, we fear, left the answers to these questions too much in the shape of unresolved dogmatic formulas; Mr. Mill has ably tried to resolve them back into their origin in our mental history. In doing so, he has made his examination of Hamiltonism a partial solution of the problem which Berkeley alone among British philosophers did so much to state and solve; which the formula that we are "conscious of matter" suggests again; and which is now fairly precipitated anew, with Mr. Mill's acceptance of at least half of Berkeley's solution, into the arena of British philosophical discussion.

We must here explain our meaning, and try to settle the relation of both Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton to what may be called the Berkeleyan problem, which is truly the main problem of all Reflective Realism; and which, as solved, or indeed as conceived, in one or other of two ways, is the turning-point of two great tendencies—the tentative and experiential, and the dogmatic or abstract, the former of which we in Scotland need to strengthen, and the other to educate more philosophically within its proper sphere.

With regard to this problem of Externality in the senses, the mass of mankind are ready to say that our very senses themselves teach us all that there is an external world, distributed throughout ambient space, and consisting of real things of various shapes and sizes, colours, tastes, and smells, which continue to exist in the state our senses show them to us, whether we are perceiving them or not, and of which our perception is a mere accident. As Berkeley puts it, it is

"an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in a word, all sensible objects, have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding." It is in this external or spacial existence that the reality of things consists; and any proposition which expresses doubt or denial of their independent externality—which affirms that "all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth," have not any subsistence without a mind—which proclaims that "their being is to be perceived or known," is called unnatural, destructive of our sense of the vastness and glory of the material universe, and at the best an eccentric hypothesis, for which no evidence has been or can ever be alleged. This would be the sentiment of vulgar or unreflective realism, and—with some abatement on account of the secondary qualities of matter—it is expressed with emphasis and iteration in the writings of Beattie, Oswald, and even Reid, as its mouth-pieces in philosophical debate.

But this is not the language of Hamilton. With him, as we have partly said already, there is a sun and moon that are no doubt independent of human consciousness of them, but which we never see, and cannot, without a contradiction, be supposed to see. There is an illimitable space, though no part of it beyond our own animated organism is ever presented to our senses. The only material world which we ever come into direct intercourse with is this animated organism, and whatever touches that. The rest of the material world is for us a series of inferences. And even with regard to this infinitesimally small sense-given material world, as well as all the rest, when we are neither sentient nor percipient of it, and when no one else is so,—during intervals of all consciousness of it or about it, if any such there be,—it relapses, does not Hamilton mean to say, into unconditioned, irrelative, merely substantial or potential existence, of which we can have only "a negative conception,"—whatever that may mean?

Mr. Mill writes as if, in Sir W. Hamilton's system, the relation of perception and percept should correspond with that of sensation and its external cause, or of mental state and a supposed "object," that is out of immediate sense-consciousness. This appears in what he says in his review of Hamilton's account of the different theories on the belief in an external world. He can see no important difference between Brown and Hamilton; he says that Brown's theory "cannot with any justness of thought or propriety of language be called a theory of mediate or representative perception" (p. 162). He supposes Hamilton

to mean that representative perception is always a "knowledge of a thing by means of something which is *like* the thing itself" (p. 162); whereas all Sir William intends is, that Brown's doctrine of a mediate perception of the qualities of Matter, through "external states of mind," cannot give us what is "deserving of the name of knowledge," inasmuch as the external states are *not* known to resemble the qualities they are assumed to give us a knowledge of; we not having, in the case of sense-perception, the previous presentative perception or direct consciousness of the things themselves, which makes a representative knowledge of them possible in memory, although impossible in sense. All this, on the part of Mr. Mill, is to reverse the fundamental principle of the Hamiltonian perception, according to which the external and independent percept is no more the *cause* of its being perceived than what Mr. Mill calls a "nominal" or "metaphorical object" (p. 216) is the cause of our being conscious of it. In this latter case, the object and the subject being identical, there is, by universal acknowledgment, no causal relation between them. In the former, although the object and subject are, according to Hamilton, "contrary in existence," there is nevertheless no causal relation between them, but an identity in the percipient act. We could not say that we had anything "deserving the name of knowledge," of our own thoughts or feelings, if we knew them only as the causes of mental effects which in no way resemble them. As little can we, Hamilton would say, have anything "deserving the name of knowledge" of qualities of Matter, if we know *them* only as the causes of effects in the mind which in no way resemble them.

But, after all, what means this externality or objectivity proper, which, according to Hamilton, consciousness attests with regard to percepts? What is Matter when it is *not* perceived? What becomes of percepts when our sensations are withdrawn? How can an extended percept, for instance, continue to exist when the sensation of its colour is gone? What, moreover, do we mean when we say that what we perceive is extended or solid? Are Hamilton's solid and extended percepts only special groups of Mr. Mill's sensations, viewed in their relation to his "possibilities of sensation"? We have failed to discover a definite expression either of these questions, or of his own answers to them, in Sir William Hamilton's writings. The analogy of his philosophy would lead him to say that unperceived and unperceived Matter exists only potentially, or rather substantially; and that of this substantial existence we know nothing positively, except when contained in, and as

it appears in its passage through consciousness. Matter would then present its positive or qualified side in our senses; and when it is in that predicament we attribute primary and secondary qualities to it. But when it ceases to be in that predicament, we have only its negative or unqualified side to deal with; it lapses as it were into unconditioned existence, from which it recovers only through renewed intercourse with a sentient and concipient mind. If this be a logical development of the implied meaning of Hamiltonism, in what except in name does it too differ from Berkeleyism?

The conception of "externality" or "external objectivity" is not so easily defined as uneducated dogmatism takes for granted. Man cannot act, cannot live, without assuming an external world, in some conception of the term "external." It is the business of the philosopher to explain what that conception ought to be. For ourselves, we can conceive only—(1.) An externality to our present and transient experience, in *our own* possible experience past and future; and (2.) An externality to our own conscious experience, in the contemporaneous, as well as in the past or future experience of *other minds*. Any objectivity one can positively conceive is dependent on mind; but it is not dependent on, nor indeed properly involved in, the present experience of the individual; nor is it exclusively dependent on, nor even properly involved in, his own individual mental experience, as Mr. Mill, we think, too much represents it. The tendency of the best modern ideas (so far including those of Hamilton), is towards a Reflective Realism, in which the entire spacial or external world is a unique modification (what its peculiarities are analysis has partly discovered) of conscious experience. The Universe, in this philosophy, is a universe of MINDS, which communicate with one another through sensible symbols. These symbols each mind can so modify in other minds, as that those others become conscious of the induced modifications, and are able thereby to infer their conscious causes; while all the minds, and all their sense-given phenomena, are in an established harmony under Supreme Mind.

Any external or space-filling universe that is by us positively conceivable, is in this philosophy dependent on mind, because consciousness as agent or patient, is that only of which we have experience. Our primary experience is a conscious experience. A conscious self is the only *unit* we can multiply in imagination. We can conceive phenomena as external in another mind, or as external to our own present mental experience; but we can-

not conceive them aloof from all mental experience. It is only negatively, as unconditioned, in a word, as empty abstractions, that we can speak of percepts, when they are not perceived or conceived by us, or of phenomena when they are out of our conscious experience—unless, indeed, we conceive them, as in the conscious experience of another.

It is this conception of "externality," "materiality," and "spacial reality," to which the profoundest and most comprehensive modern reflection is now converging. It was dimly approached, under other forms, in ancient speculation. Nor can it be said truly that it is a mere assertion, unsupported by proof, and which proceeds on principles that disable us from ever working our way to a legitimate belief in anything beyond the charmed circle of our personal sensations and other feelings. Reflective Realism is only a change in the unanalytic manner of thinking about objects; a thinking them in a less abstract, because more comprehensive way. Let us look at some more of what it has to plead in its behalf.

It can plead, in the first place, that analysis has succeeded in resolving our experience of Space into an experience of unresisted locomotion, and of solid Matter into an experience of resisted locomotion. For nearly two centuries, but especially since the publication of Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, reflective analysis has been gradually resolving our spacial and solid conscious experience into an experience of successive non-resistances and resistances to motion, associated with the visual experience of contemporaneous modifications of colour by which the former is symbolized. In a late number of this Journal we discussed all this.* We there translated the abstractions Space and Extension into a peculiar sort of experience of which we are conscious in the senses of touch and sight. The conception of the remoteness of an object, for example the sun, is the conception of a locomotive experience by us which could not be finished for thousands of years. The spacial vastness of the universe is the possibility of indefinitely protracted

locomotive experience which it presents to us. Extension and space cease to be conceived as huge entities, independent of what we are, have been, or may be conscious of; they begin to be conceived of as possibilities of an experience that is familiar in consciousness. Extension and space are analysed into time, and time into consciousness of changes. All sensible phenomena, but especially visual, become a system of signs,—a language, significant of other conscious experience, not now actual, but which has been, or may become actual. Reflective Realism can thus plead that, in its doctrine of Matter, it is only a higher expression of the now common scientific conception, that nature is a language, our scientific and practical knowledge of Matter, so far as it goes, being an interpretation of the immediately sensible signs which constitute that language. In short, Matter is Mind embodied in and signified by sense-experience of minds.

Reflective Realism can plead, in the second place, that it has no practical evidence of any other sort of externality than what resides either in our own past and future sensible experience, or in the present, past, or future sensible experience of other minds, *i.e.*, externality in time, or else externality in another spirit. What Matter is, out of all relation to human experience, is surely a frivolous discussion. We want to know, not about this mere abstraction, but about sensible Matter; as either contained in our actual conscious experience, or as inferrible from that experience, in the form of actual and possible conscious experience, pleasant or painful, in ourselves or others. When Matter is conceived as a system of regularly ordered sensible signs, by means of which we can foresee the sense-experience of ourselves and others, all that we have practically to do with it, or that we can positively conceive about it, is represented in the conception. Sensations, percepts, or whatever else we please to call them, are then phenomena in consciousness, which have this peculiarity, that they are reliable signs of other sensible phenomena, or groups of sensible phenomena, of which we are not now sentient; and also reliable signs of the existence and action of other conscious agents. What proof have we of more than this in what we call Matter? Have we any evidence of an existence which should continue in the death of all conscious life, created and Divine? Can we mean anything at all when we speak of the continued existence either of space or time after the annihilation of all consciousness? It is surely only through an illusion that any one supposes he can; at least we must continue so to believe until we are helped first to put meaning into the words,

* See article on Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, in *North British Review*, for August, 1864, in which visual phenomena are proved to be a system of symbols, and visual extension a language of contemporaneous signs, significant of our successive experiences of active resistance and locomotion, with which they are arbitrarily connected. The visual theory of Berkeley, by implication, analyses the conception of Space into a modification of the conception of Time; and in its doctrine of arbitrary but regular connexion of sensible signs anticipates the philosophical conception of physical causation as an established uniformity or association, the actual relations in which are discoverable through experience.

and then to find evidence for the reality of what they mean.

After what has been said, we need hardly add, as a third item in the pleading, that we have no practical need for the extra-conscious existence of anything that we apply language to; provided that, in whole or in part, it appears in and disappears from the current of consciousness in a calculable manner. The peculiar *calculableness* of these sensuous appearances and disappearances, not being due to us, does indeed suggest the very conceivable inference, that what causes them must be a conscious cause, able to calculate. And if we look with a human eye, and from a sympathetic heart, upon the sensible universe, can we avoid the conviction that, in being conscious of Matter, *i.e.*, of sensible order, we are constantly conscious of the signs of Mind—not indeed immediately conscious of any mind except our own, but immediately conscious of what we cannot but interpret as signs of other minds, more or less like our own, and of Supreme, All-pervading Mind?

Into this conception, according to our manner of thinking, even Sir W. Hamilton's sense-given Matter ultimately resolves itself, when reflective analysis is applied to Extension and Solidity. And to this result, at any rate, we are largely helped by the three singularly interesting chapters of Mr. Mill's "Examination," which we have already named. Yet Mr. Mill, we think, has not fully availed himself in these chapters of the philosophical resource against Egoism, which his own view of Self partly affords. At the end of his three chapters, we feel inclined to ask why he does not regard himself as the external universe, or rather the external universe as a general term expressive merely of the order in which a large portion of *his own* conscious experience appears and disappears—*i.e.*, the sensational portion of it; and those "possibilities," as he calls them, of which actual sensations are the signs. What is an "external" world of this sort other than a part of his own associated ideas, which, to a certain extent, he is able to foresee, but which provide no way to any other externality than the one which has its seat in himself, as he is to be, or has been? If this be so, is he not the universe? Must he not logically profess *Egoism*, the doctrine which Fichte is supposed at one period of his life to have believed? Let us see.

"Matter," says Mr. Mill, "may be defined a Permanent Possibility of sensation" (p. 198). This is his conception of the externality and substantial reality of the universe that is transiently presented to our senses. As presented, it is *actual* sensation. As in-

ferred, it implies actual sensations, treated as signs, and interpreted to mean *other sensations, or groups of sensation, not actually felt, but inferred to be conditionally certain, in the future sensible experience of the percipient*. These conditionally certain masses of possible, past or future, sensations, of which actual sensations are the signs, and in which actual sensations were, so to speak, wrapped up, constitute Mr. Mill's conception of External Object or Material Substance.

Our power to infer this sort of objectivity or material substance is, according to Mr. Mill, the physical result of laws of conscious experience "not contested by Sir W. Hamilton and other thinkers of the Introspective school."—(P. 190.) They are these two—our expectant faith; and the tendency of all invariable association to generate belief. Place one, he virtually says, with these two tendencies, in an orderly succession of sensational experiences; in other words, let a succession of sensations be excited in a sentient having these two tendencies; and let the sensations be so related, individually or in groups, that an immediate consciousness of one proves to be a sign of the future possible experience of others, or of a group of others, without a single instance to the contrary, and we are so constructed that we become not only unable to imagine their separation, but obliged to believe them inseparable. All that we can say in explanation and vindication of this constitutional tendency and its resulting belief or assumption, is, that it is natural, and that the belief is verified by every action, and by every result of action.

This perception theory of Mr. Mill, essentially Berkeleian, differs in two respects, at least, from the corresponding part of Hamiltonism—(1.) According to Sir William Hamilton, the sensations introduce into, or rather reveal as already present in consciousness, something that is not sensational at all, *viz.*, percepts or primary qualities of matter. The object of which we are sensibly conscious is, with him, not a sensation dependent upon a sentient, but an external percept independent of the percipient, and invested with qualities of extension and solidity which are not attributable to the percipient at all. According to Mr. Mill, our conscious experience in sense is exclusively of sensations, which are dependent upon the sentient; while they are, he would say, causally (*i.e.*, invariably and unconditionally) connected with other possible sensations, of which they are signs. (2.) Sir W. Hamilton's *percept*, in the absence of a percipient, becomes *unconditioned*—being disengaged, as it were, from the kind of consciousness which constitutes what we mean by the terms "exten-

sion" and solidity. The *actual sensation* of Mr. Mill, on the other hand, on the withdrawal of the sentient, becomes part of a group of *possible* or *potential sensations*; and that group of possible sensations is the "object" of his—merely mediate—perception, and the cause (in Mr. Mill's meaning of *cause*) of any of the actual sensations, which otherwise lie, as it were, latent in the group until they become actual. When I see an apple, for instance, part of the qualities of the apple (its colour, etc.) are in *actual*, and the others (its hardness, odour, taste, etc.) only in *conditionally certain* sensation. In short, Mr. Mill's object of mediate perception is much in the predicament in which, according to Sir W. Hamilton, our states of consciousness are when they are what he calls latent; or rather, in which chairs and tables are, according to Berkeley, when they are not perceived. They exist potentially, which amounts to this, that they exist practically, and appear when we expect them. But Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Mill says, "did believe in more than this" about matter; while Reid, Stewart, and Brown, whatever they may have themselves supposed, did not. Sir W. Hamilton, he thinks, believed in a "perdurable basis of sensations, distinct from the actual and possible sensations themselves" (p. 198). And what, we may ask, is this "perdurable basis" other than "unconditioned existence,"—which is only a synonyme for the unknown?

The "perdurable basis" of Sir W. Hamilton—his substantial matter—we shall have to refer to when we are considering what he and Mr. Mill say about the Unconditioned. The "permanent possibilities" of Mr. Mill himself we cannot regard as adequate to express all that we mean, when we conceive sensible reality, matter, space, and externality. Mr. Mill's externality is, as it appears to us, an externality that must be confined to his own conscious history, and *its* possibilities in the past and in the future; unless he is willing to admit, as an essential part of his definition, the externalizing or projecting efficacy, as we may call it, of other conscious beings like ourselves. Otherwise, each of us may say that this externality amounts simply to a conditional certainty that *my* sensations have been, might have been, or may become such and such. For sensations, apart from *other* conscious Selfs, are not actual externally to me. As far as this *quasi* externality goes, I am the universe—that universe being composed of my actual sensations, and other feelings, and my mediately perceived possibilities of being sentient—these possibilities, as *quasi* external to my actual sensations at any given time, being

Matter or Material Substance. This external world is merely a conditional certainty in my own personal history. It is the latent part of those patent trains of actual associated sensations which make up my individual sentient life. This is not an actual, but only a potential externality; and potentially external only to my present sense-consciousness, not to my personal conscious life.

Externality proper is more than this, as indeed Mr. Mill seems to imply in his enumeration (pp. 206–7) of the marks (third mark) by which permanent possibilities of sensation are distinguished from "permanent possibilities of feeling." It has its seat in *another self*. It involves the conception of *actual* sensations and percepts, dependent on other conscious agents, as ours are on us, and contemporaneous with our own conscious experience. It is only as we are able to infer this conceivable externality, that we reach the complex conception of ourselves existing and being conscious in a universe, that is not merely dependent on and relative to ourselves. The working conception of and belief in externality implies the discovery, that we are not alone in this strange life; that we have recognised the sensible signs of companions who are living other lives like ours, and who are able to communicate with us, as we with them, through the medium of our respective sense experiences. We have more than a prevision of conditionally certain sensations, which may hereafter be experienced by ourselves, but which are not yet actual in us. There is also a mediate perception or reasonable belief in sensations, and other conscious experience, now going on, contemporaneously with our own, in other conscious beings like ourselves. There is not merely, as with Mr. Mill, *conditionally certain externality in time*, but there is also *actual externality in spirit*; and these two combined convert a not-self, given or implied in all *self-consciousness*, into the not-self which daily enlarges and defines itself in our conceptions, under the accumulating inferences of science. That can only be a sham externality which leaves us in solitude, among associated sensations.

Consciousness of phenomena as dependent on a Self is thus the basis of human science and belief,—the groundwork or flooring, beneath which we cannot go in our analysis. It is that unity in our conscious experience which admits of being multiplied, and thus externalized in imagination and belief. Mr. Mill himself seems to feel that he has not given enough of prominence to the conception of Self in his definitions of Matter and Mind. These are defined by him as if the true conception of the Universe were that of

a series of mere feelings, inclusive of sensations, so grouped and related to one another that an actual experience of one of the sensations is reasonably followed by belief in a great many others not then actual. Matter he defines as we have said, as "a Permanent Possibility of Sensation," and, Mind as "a Permanent Possibility of thoughts, emotions, and volitions as well as sensations." If these definitions were all that he had to say about Matter and Mind, Mr. Mill's last word in philosophy, as he now interposes in the Scotch debate, would be nearly the same as David Hume's first word in the same debate a hundred and thirty years ago. But all that Mr. Mill says is not comprehended in his definitions of Matter and Mind. He goes far to provide the bridge which we have to employ when we realize an actual as well as possible externality, in the following passage, which we regard as philosophically the most important in his book:—

"Besides present feelings, and possibilities of present feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enumeration of the elements making up our conception of mind. The thread of consciousness which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise, in part, of memories and expectations. Now what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all resemble, moreover, some given sensations or feelings of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of a sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past; and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it directly refers will exist in the future. Nor can the phenomenon involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed without saying that the belief they include is, that I myself formerly had, or that I myself, and no other, shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is, that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the self-same series of states or thread of consciousness, of which the remembrance or expectation of those sensations is the part now present. If, therefore, we speak of the Mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future; and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the Mind or *Ego* is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself

as a series. The truth is that we are here face to face with that final inexplicability at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observes, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts."—(Pp. 212-13.)

This passage, so far as our passive or sensational, as distinguished from our volitional experience is concerned, contains all that we care for as true in the Hamiltonian, or in any other doctrine of consciousness. It concedes an inexplicable consciousness of Self. This implies a not-self, but not necessarily either the material not-self, or the spiritual or conscious not-self, these being gradually discovered in experience. To the "inexplicable belief" about Self, which Mr. Mill says is required to complete the conception of what Mind is, there is no analogue in sense-given phenomena viewed in abstraction from a consciousness. The only radical synthesis we can point to either among them, or among the feelings and thoughts and volitions which make up, according to Mr. Mill, our purely mental experience, is their common dependence on Self to which they are all alike consciously present.

Mr. Mill condemns Dr. Reid (p. 207), for alleging, against Hume's famous resolution of Mind into a mere series of feelings, that that deprives us of all evidence for the external existence of conscious fellow-creatures, God, and immortality:—

"By what evidence," he asks, "do I know, or by what considerations am I led to believe, that there exist other sentient creatures; that the walking and speaking figures which I see and hear have sensations and thoughts, or, in other words, possess minds? The most strenuous intuitionist does not include this among the things I know by direct intuition. I conclude it from certain things, which my experience of my own states of feeling proves to me to be marks of it. I conclude that other human beings have feelings like me, because, first, they have *bodies* like me, which I know, in my own case, to be the antecedent condition of feeling: and because, secondly, they exhibit the *acts*, and other outward signs, which in my own case I know by experience to be caused by feelings. I am conscious in myself of a series of facts connected by an uniform sequence, of which the beginning is modifications of my body, the middle is feelings, and the end is outward demeanour. In the case of other human beings, I have the evidence of my senses for the first and last links of the series, but not for the intermediate link. In my own case, I know that the first link produces the last through the intermediate link, and could not produce it without. Experience therefore obliges me to conclude that there must be an intermediate link, which must either be the same in others as myself, or a different one: I must either believe them to be alive or to be automatons; and by believing them to be alive, that is, by supposing the link

to be of the same nature as in the case of which I have experience, and which is in all respects similar, I bring other human beings, as phenomena, under the same generalizations which I know by experience to be the true theory of my own existence. And in doing so I conform to the legitimate rules of experimental inquiry. . . . We know the existence of other beings by generalization from the knowledge of our own; the generalization merely postulates that what experience shows to be a mark of something within the sphere of our consciousness, may be concluded to be a mark of the same thing beyond that sphere. . . . As this theory leaves the evidence of the existence of my fellow-creatures exactly as it was before, so does it also with that of the existence of God. Supposing me to believe that the Divine Mind is simply the series of the Divine thoughts and feelings prolonged through eternity, that would be at any rate believing God's existence to be as real as my own. As for evidence, the argument of Paley's *Natural Theology*, or, for that matter, of his *Evidences of Christianity*, would stand exactly where it does. The design argument is drawn from the analogy of human experience. From the relation which human works bear to human thoughts and feelings, it infers a corresponding relation between works more or less similar, but superhuman, and superhuman thoughts and feelings. If it proves these, nobody but a metaphysician needs care whether or not it proves a mysterious substratum for them. . . . As to Immortality, it is precisely as easy to conceive that a succession of feelings, a thread of consciousness, may be prolonged to eternity, as that a spiritual substance for ever continues to exist; and any evidence which would prove the one will prove the other" (pp. 208-11).

We shall not now examine the intended meaning of the doctrine of Hume which suggested to Reid the objection thus criticised by Mr. Mill. Reid, at any rate, supposed it to involve a denial of that belief in Self, which Mr. Mill, in the remarkable passage already given, presents as "the final inexplicability." If Mind be merely a series of feelings,—of "impressions and ideas," without any lawful belief in a personal identity involved in them, we cannot infer more than this of "other" successive feelings. We cannot represent as external what is not to be believed even as internal. The very words, "I," "self," "myself," "other selves," etc., must be abolished. Existence is analysed into phenomena, orderly it may be, but unconnected by any vital bond of Self, that "ultimate inexplicability."

One word as to the date of the commencement of our properly conscious experience. Mr. Mill (p. 214) conceives Sir W. Hamilton to be wrong in his statement that a "self and a not-self are immediately apprehended in our primitive consciousness." He thinks that we have probably no notion of either

Self or Not-self in the *first* sensation that we experience, nor until after considerable experience of the recurrence of sensations, according to fixed laws and in groups. But where, we ask, does Sir W. Hamilton say that we are awakened to a necessary belief in a Self or a Not-self, in the "first" sensation that we experience? What does he say inconsistent with the supposition that this conception and belief mysteriously rises up only after a series of sensations has been experienced without it? The belief in Self rises inexplicably, Mr. Mill himself allows. The belief in the spacial or material Not-self is partly explicable, as we say, in agreement so far with Mr. Mill, but not with Sir W. Hamilton.

We need not ask what either Sensation or Self is, before the sentient becomes self-conscious. We can have sensational experience without any definite conception of what this experience involves; we can feel before we are able to give an accurate definition of our feeling. Our growing ability to distinguish and define the things of which undefined original experience is made up, is simply our intellectual growth; which turns on the pivot of Self, and consists in a deepening and truer interpretation of phenomena dependent on, yet distinguished from Self, and which are symbolic or interpretable, in their relations to one another, and to other Selves with *their* dependent phenomena.

Nor can we allow that either sensations or percepts produce this conception of Not-self merely from something in themselves *per se* and not from their order and groupings, or from the established harmony of the sense-given portion of each person's experience with that of other persons. Imagination and other purely internal experience in each of us might reveal externality to what we are at any moment feeling in our own conscious history, and might also reveal phenomena existing in other minds, if this internal experience were organised like our external intelligible relation with the entire cosmical system, and could, as it were, be experienced simultaneously by ourselves and others in common. This is assumed to be the case, in a degree, in supernatural dreams and visions, which involve an intercourse of a mind with other minds, through what is usually internal experience.*

* Professor Masson asks, with reference to Mr. Mill, "How can I predicate the existence of other minds in the same sense as I can predicate my own?" (*Recent British Philosophy*, p. 355.) Why not at least when we add what Mr. Mill says about Self to his definition of Mind? We have a *specimen* in our own consciousness (however "inexplicable") of a Self that is conscious of sensible and other phe-

A question may here be suggested. Is the actual universe *ultimately* referable to a Self? Is there no higher form of existence than this of phenomena dependent on Minds which maintain inter-communion through their sensible phenomena? As a self-conscious experience seems to rise mysteriously out of blind, unself-conscious sensation, may self-consciousness, in its turn, advance into what is higher?

It is now more than time to proceed to the second of the three groups of metaphysical questions which we arranged at the outset. Mr. Mill's criticism of the Hamiltonian Realism,—from which we have tried to draw some contributions towards a Reflective Philosophy of Space, Externality, and Reality—is itself a cover for a discussion which is even deeper, or at least more comprehensive. The metaphysical question about Matter, and about the difference between Not-self and Self, Mr. Mill indeed characterizes as “the most fundamental question in philosophy.” But all through his answers to it, he hears the under-tones of another debate, between what he calls the Introspective and the Psychological—or, as we should say, the Dogmatic or Abstract, and the Tentative or Experiential—methods of metaphysical inquiry. He discusses “the most fundamental question in philosophy,” mainly in order to illustrate the difference between these two methods; and in order to meet in the face Sir W. Hamilton's summary manner of settling it,—by a dogmatic appeal to an assumed “testimony of consciousness,” as an absolute standard. All philosophers who proclaim a different origin of our belief in the externality of matter, or who give a different account of what matter and externality mean, are charged by Sir William with the grave offence of “playing fast and loose with the testimony of con-

sciousness” (p. 153, etc.). In short, the question discussed by Hamilton, under cover of a defence of natural realism, is the question of the infallibility of universal postulates, assumed to be given as facts in consciousness. Our belief in the independent externality of what we are conscious of, when we are conscious of solid and extended phenomena, is taken as a specimen, *a fortiori*, of this kind of infallibility.

Are there any *universal truths* which we are originally obliged to believe, or which we originally know to be true? Sir W. Hamilton is supposed to answer this question in the affirmative, and Mr. Mill in the negative. Let us contemplate its significance, which is said by many to be immense.

Is there an infallible voice within us? Have we, in the last resort, an absolute standard of truth for determining anything at all? Or is all beyond transient sense-objects not properly knowledge, but only probability; generated historically and by experiment, and excluding any intuition of universal truth latent in our own deepest and truest being? If even our belief in the special externality of Matter is a belief due to a particular kind of changeable conscious experience, and is not a direct infallible revelation, it may be asked, Where have we any absolute truth at all, which we know that no future evolution of experience shall reverse or modify? If there is no direct infallible revelation of externality in sense, we are apt to say there can be no infallible revelation about anything at all—no “inspiration of the Almighty” for regulating the understanding and life of man.

The confused fight about “consciousness of matter” which we have been trying to disentangle, is in fact felt, by one party, in respect of its human interest, to be a fight against scepticism, on behalf of reality, infallibility, and absolute truth, and by another as a fight against dogmatism on behalf of liberty and progress. It is in one of its aspects the old and ever-during struggle between Faith and Scepticism; and in another, the struggle, also perennial in human nature, between Dogmatism and Inquiry, struggles which have given life to philosophy and theology in all the living ages of their history,—in Greece, in mediæval times, in modern Europe, and never more earnestly than now. On the battle-field of metaphysics, “Platonic ideas,” “innate ideas,” “connate ideas,” “common sense,” “common reason,” “intuitions,” and “testimonies of consciousness,” are a few of the watchwords of the combatants on the one side; and “experience,” “sensation,” and “mental association,” are a few of the watchwords on the other.

Let us consider the true relation of our two philosophers to this second group of questions.

nomena. Can we not infer the existence of other similar units inductively, from their sensible signs, while we cannot intelligibly infer abstract Matter?

Mr. Mæsson also seems to think (p. 357, etc.), that what he calls Mr. Mill's “cosmological idealism,” is severely tested by the modern geological disclosure of the Pre-Adamite, and even pre-sentient existence of our planet. But length of time does not increase the difficulty. If the pre-sentient planet was “created,” say a million of years before any individual sentient, this would mean that if any of us, now sentients, had been awakened into consciousness at some definite time in the course of that million of years, we should have had the sense-experience which Science, reasoning inductively from present geological phenomena, is able to attribute to that supposed time; but that if, on the other hand, we had become conscious *before* the million of years commenced, *i.e.*, before the planet was “created,” we should have had no sense-experience at all—its *quasi*-externality not having, *ex hypothesi*, at that date commenced, so far as our sense-experience would be concerned.

In reference to the first group, we have described the Hamiltonian philosophy as a dogmatic yet partly reflective dualism, and the philosophy of Mr. Mill as an analytic self-conscious phenomenalism. Our consciousness, from the date of its awakening, and all through this earthly life of ours, is, according to the one philosopher, interpenetrated, as it were, by an inexplicable belief attested by consciousness, in the polar opposition of two realities, Mind and Matter, Ego and Non-ego, with the qualities of each of which it is in conscious relation, while out of that relation they are both unknown or unconditioned. Our consciousness, when it is awakened, is, according to Mr. Mill, inexplicably aware of itself as past and future, and gradually defines an external world, which in our early conscious history is a dim and vague correlate of the hardly developed conception of an Ego, but which, step by step, becomes, through our associative tendency, and also through what Mr. Mill calls the principle of expectation, and Sir W. Hamilton the principle of philosophical presumption, the system of physical conceptions for which language provides names, and which are further corrected and enlarged in science.

It is at this point that the two systems diverge. Sir W. Hamilton who has already recognised, in this foundation of his system, two beliefs for which he says no explanation can be given, explains the construction of our mediate knowledge, in all its ramifications, by means of other universal but inexplicable beliefs,—some positively and others negatively conceived,—which we are originally obliged to have, while we cannot fully comprehend them. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, postulates no such universal beliefs; and regards the growth or extension of our knowledge, in the remotest ramifications of science, as due to the same principles of expectation and association which set it agoing at the commencement, afterwards aided by artificial language, and by artificial forms of reasoning. Sir W. Hamilton proclaims the presence of universally applicable intellectual necessities, of which he can give no account; and he assumes these as the framework of our intellectual being. Mr. Mill accounts for all the intellectual necessities or universal truths which regulate our beliefs and actions, by the kind of experience through which (self-conscious and endowed with the associative and expectant tendency as we are) we pass, in this our life-intercourse with phenomena. Hamiltonism, grounded on, and consolidated throughout its structure by necessary truths of the common sense or common reason,—grounded on consciousness as a witness to a set of universal principles, and not

merely on consciousness as the scene of a set of phenomena,—takes its place on the conservative side in the battle about “necessary truths.” Mr. Mill, proclaiming freedom from all inexplicable assumptions except that of a self-consciousness of phenomena, which are presented in orderly co-existence and succession, in an associative and expectant mind, is ready to believe in any way that the co-existent and successive phenomena of our ever enlarging experience require.

More earnest debate has circled round this than perhaps round any other high speculative question. It has been described as the one question in metaphysics, which, as decided by each generation for itself, gives the tone to the whole opinion and mode of thought in that generation. We confess to thinking that not a little misconception and exaggeration are commonly mixed with what is said as to this battle about “necessary truths,”—this controversy between *a priori* and *a posteriori* philosophies—between the reason and the understanding.

Take Sir W. Hamilton as a representative of the philosophy of necessary truths, and Mr. Mill as a representative of the opposed philosophy. More favourable types on either side could not be found. Do we find a harbourage for certainty and infallibility in the teaching of the one, and an exposure to hopeless doubt when we try to place ourselves at the point of view of the other? It is not so. According to both, there are beliefs which we are *obliged* to form about the phenomena of which we are conscious, and their meaning. In both, we find a way open, on which, in the form of reasonable belief, we may expand the narrow area of our transient but direct conscious experience. But then the beliefs which Hamiltonism declares that we are obliged to assume are universal, and supposed to be secure against all possible future experience; while the beliefs that Mr. Mill recognises as legitimately formed, are due to the experience through which we have passed, and may be modified by the experience through which we are still to pass. The one accepts principles which are assumed to be absolutely universal for us; while they are ultimately inconceivable by us, because consciousness is only of the finite, and their objects disappear at both ends in the Eternal or Infinite. The other accepts principles which are discovered to be universal, as far as experience can carry us towards universality, and which as such are the natural basis of our secular life, but which, as our experience is limited, become the “open questions” of an endless experience. Both systems, it must be added, are grounded on and animated by a faith or trust in what we cannot

immediately know or be conscious of. Hamiltonism can at the best only *trust* to beliefs, which it declares we cannot fathom, but which it assumes are fit to carry us over the unfathomable abyss. Mr. Mill invites us to *trust* any belief which, gathered from an experience sufficiently criticised, is on the same level of trustworthiness as our faith in self or in the uniformity of nature, and that even while he cannot shut the door against the suggestion that nature may *become* disorderly, and that what seems to have always been may not always continue to be the custom of phenomena. If we confine the meaning of the word *knowledge* to the direct consciousness of phenomena while we are conscious of them, *e.g.* of a feeling while it is being felt, then neither of these two philosophies affords a "knowledge" that is co-extensive with "beliefs" which both accept as legitimate. With both, belief greatly transcends knowledge, and both ultimately repose in a faith, in which the one cannot conceive that any future experience shall ever disturb him, while the other keeps his necessary beliefs (themselves attributed to past invariability in his conscious experience), ever open to be modified by the contingencies of his future conscious experience, or to be annihilated, if that experience shall at any time terminate for ever. With Hamilton, in the necessary absence of a universal experience, we lean on universal propositions, which express beliefs that stand in the place, and do the work of, a universal experience. By Mr. Mill we are invited, in the meantime, to trust in our limited and relative experience, even as if it were universal.

So far, it is a difference of attitude in the two philosophers. The Hamiltonian travels on the dark unknown, with his chart of necessary truths, which he believes that no future experience can disturb, but which he acknowledges at the same time that he cannot clearly and distinctly decipher. Mr. Mill, on the same dark voyage, trusts to truths which he thinks the action of experience has converted into necessary ones, which are clearly and distinctly decipherable, but which experience may at any time cease to necessitate. A tendency of the one philosophy is to abstraction from experience, in mere verbal proposition and reasoning; a tendency of the other philosophy is to insist on having all its propositions and reasonings resolved into and read in the light of a narrow experience. With both science is constructed by help of indispensable trust or faith. However "necessary" any proposition may be, and however originally inevitable our belief in it, we accept and act upon it as true, according to Hamilton, only on the assumption that *our*

nature is not a lie. And however unable we may be to forecast the future fortunes of the human voyage, on an ocean of experience that is enveloped in darkness, so long as we persevere in this voyage, and in forming reasonable beliefs regarding what is meant by symbolical phenomena of which we are conscious, we are, with Mr. Mill, acting on the assumption that so far *nature*, and our tendency to trust in phenomenal uniformity of co-existence and succession, are not deceptive.

This difference of attitude does not imply that the Hamiltonian stands ready to receive into the structural part of his system *any* belief which is popularly assumed to be a necessary one, while Mr. Mill stands ready to bar out all beliefs that cannot stand the ordeal of legitimate experiential proof. Sir William Hamilton, on the contrary, proclaims that the "argument from common sense is one strictly philosophical and scientific," and that "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession." And though he refrains from attempting to produce an exhaustive analysis and classification of the truths in which Being is as it were supernaturally, or super-experientially, revealed for our practical purposes, on this mysterious life-voyage that is enveloped in the darkness of the Unconditioned, he describes the problem as "in itself certainly one of the most interesting and important in philosophy." Moreover, he contributes the suggestion that "principles of cognition which now stand as ultimate may be reduced to simpler elements; and some which are now viewed as direct and positive may be shown to be merely indirect and negative, —their cogency depending not on the immediate necessity of thinking them—for if carried unconditionally out they are themselves incogitable,—but on the impossibility of thinking something to which they are directly opposed, and from which they are the immediate recoils."—(Reid's *Works*, pp. 743, etc.)

It may here be asked whether there are any propositions in intellectual philosophy which Sir William Hamilton assumes to be necessary and authoritative, but which Mr. Mill would reject because unsupported by sufficient inductive proof? While each seeks for trustworthy propositions by a different method—the one by a critical analysis of our present beliefs, with a view to detect those which we cannot hold in suspense; the other by an inductive comparison of phenomena presented to observation—do both

in fact reach, by their respective routes, the same goal, so that Mr. Mill is ready to indorse, as experimentally proved, all the real propositions which Sir William Hamilton assumes without proof as part of our original intellectual stock?

We cannot here either find an essential difference. We cannot name any real question, soluble on the method of *a priori* criticism, that is not solved, in its own characteristically tentative way, by the method of logically criticised experience; while we know no question left open to controversy by the latter method, which can be saved from controversy by the former. If a debated universal proposition is assumed to be true independently of experience, and to be implied in and by reasoning, this very assumption, and its legitimacy, becomes itself the question. Instead of a controversy about the probability of the proposition, we have a controversy about the probability of its being *a priori* or necessary—but no irenicism. We cannot infallibly know what is not phenomenally in consciousness, and we can know that infallibly only while it is in consciousness. All beyond makes a demand, in some form or other, upon Trust or Faith. Every universal proposition about realities reposes on belief; and while it implies an act of consciousness it is only one of mediate consciousness. In short, we can have no *real* generalizations of the understanding which do not involve a reasonable faith; and no faith is reasonable which cannot be translated into the language of the understanding, or faculty which judges according to external and internal sense. They are the two sides of the same shield, and any theory which confines itself exclusively to either is a mere abstraction and not a philosophy. We have an unphilosophical phenomenalism, which abstracts from the conscious mind, or an unphilosophical metaphysics which treats of forms and faculties in abstraction from their real objects. Philosophy itself is reflection upon both in their living union.

The answers of philosophy to the second group of questions are not to be found in an uncritical acceptance of the universal, and, as they are called, the natural persuasions of men—in Reid's uncritical common sense, which it is the very object of philosophy to enlighten and correct by reflective analysis. As little are these answers to be found in an abstract and verbal criticism of universal propositions which we are assumed to be obliged to believe and conceive; or in uncritical generalizations of portions, especially the merely sensible portions, of our consciousness experience. They are to be sought for in that constant tentative correction of

our provisional conceptions, by collision with our moral and physical experience, which leaves us unable at any time, or in any philosophical system, to offer a final and exhaustive list of universal postulates, but which, systematically pursued from age to age,—each individual and each generation self-corrected, by the comparison of its conceptions with present and preceding experience,—developes universal postulates, that, by successive modifications, become better adapted than preceding ones to throw light over ourselves and our phenomenal world, in our life-voyage with our companions through the surrounding darkness of the unknown. The world may continue to expect a demonstrated and final system of necessary truth; our real philosophy, in its growth, can only be a system of assumptions or hypotheses, increasingly accommodated to the real experience, moral and material, through which we are passing. Yet this philosophy may employ the language of Wordsworth in his immortal ode on Immortality; or it may even occupy the Platonic point, and view each physical discovery as the disclosure of an overlooked but established harmony between Divine ideas in our minds, and Divine ideas symbolized in nature; or it may describe our conceptions as gradually corrected by experience, as human science advances in its tentative career, and, adopting the language of Bacon, who has been called our British Plato, see in true philosophy, not the doctrine of an individual or of one age, but the slow and never-ending birth of time. The "necessary truths" of philosophy, untested by experience, are only plausible conjectures, although, when they are the imaginations or ideals of genius, they prove powerful forces for our intellectual advancement. The high ideals of modern thought are sometimes only the revival of forgotten truths, already tested by experience, but which, in intervening periods of unreflection, had lost their meaning, and are now re-suggested with all the power of new discoveries. It is not easy to refute the theory that all universal postulates were at first tentative and hypothetical, when it is conceded that some of them have been so early and so superabundantly verified, that we have been in consequence unable to avoid feeling them to be necessary in all thought and action recorded by memory.

What is important to note on each side, in this memorable controversy, is the mode in which each treats the propositions, whose authority, by common consent, warrants belief or trust. The advantage of Mr. Mill's mode is, that it insists upon having them translated into the language of experience;

that of the Hamiltonian method, that it calls attention to their prominence as the pivots on which our work as intellectual beings must turn. Neither mode lifts them above an originally blind trust, or can convert them into a knowledge which can dispense with trust; at least in beings who are not omniscient, and who cannot comprehend the universe in a single intuitive grasp. With Hamilton we are intellectually weak, and become incoherent and contradictory when we begin to reason about what is not finite. With Mr. Mill we are now coherent and consistent, but our present science may become absurd and contradictory in an experience in which we find two parallel straight lines enclosing a space—space annihilated, alike in its one form of resistant extension or matter, and in its other form of non-resistant extension or space proper,—universal nature in disorder, and changes suggestive of causation, a condition of things in which present beliefs (on his doctrine the produce in their first beginnings of an unconscious associative influence upon our self-consciousness amid orderly phenomena) must pass away, and with them the substitute which *they* supply for the Omniscience of which we are destitute. Mr. Mill's experiential and tentative universal postulation opens room for this possibility; and Sir W. Hamilton's necessary truths provide no absolute guarantee against it. Neither, we repeat, gives absolute infallibility; for what is originally necessary to be believed may turn out to be a deception, and that which experience has converted into a practical necessity to believe, some future experience may dissolve. On either method, we rest at last in Faith, and merely describe differently the manner in which the texture of beliefs in which this our faith is manifested comes to be what it is. The philosophy of necessary truths ascribes these directly to our constitution as conscious beings, and demurs to having them translated into experiential language; the opposed philosophy ascribes them to the gradual and corrective influence of our constitution, in the circumstances in which we are conscious. The introspective or intuitional metaphysicians, in refusing to translate their universal assumptions into the language of experience, are apt to reason from them dogmatically, and to encourage the unreflecting in their unwillingness to have their assumptions analysed into a concrete meaning. We had one illustration of this already in the resistance which is offered to a strictly experiential resolution of the conceptions of space, material reality, and externality; and we value Mr. Mill's philosophy for its tendency to enforce a steady

reference of these abstractions to our experience. The intuitional school, on the other hand, when led by inventive genius, has circulated, under the name of intuitions, fruitful ideals, which have afterwards received the warrant of inductive experience; while the experientialists are often represented by men of merely sensuous science, who have no corresponding experience of their own in which to recognise truths attested in the love and reverence, in the struggles and sufferings, of the noblest human spirits.

But in any way of it, absolute infallibility is out of human reach, and no interpretation of symbols, either physical or verbal, can secure it—

"We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow."

But is this all? Is there nothing Absolute beyond this? Is Knowledge not greater than what is thus immediately or inferentially known? Is Existence merely identical with, or may it be distinguished from, a knowledge such as this? Is my intelligence, or if not mine, is human intelligence, in its common beliefs, however these beliefs have come to be what they are, in any respect a measure of the Universe?

These questions have glimmered through the Hamiltonian Realism, in its theory of External Sense in particular, and also of Common Sense in general. They meet us in the face now, under cover of controversies about the relativity, finitude, and conditions of this our mediate and immediate consciousness of existence; the relation of belief to knowledge; the conceivability of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned; and the connected questions about Causation and Free-will. They form the upper, as the theory of a consciousness of matter is the lower story in the metaphysical structure. A large part of Mr. Mill's book, and at least as large a proportion of what Sir W. Hamilton has written, are the fruit of attempts to determine what is to be seen at this third point of intellectual vision. Mr. Mill considers this the most original part of the Hamiltonian philosophy; and no doubt the wide interest which that philosophy has excited in Great Britain and abroad has been mostly on account of its real or supposed conclusions at this culminating point of the metaphysical system.

Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton are at any rate verbally agreed in taking the Relativity of human knowledge, whatever that may mean, for the supreme article of their metaphysical creeds. We do not need to quote passages in proof of this.

But it is not so easy to determine what each intends this formula to express. Mr. Mill, in particular, although he has devoted a whole chapter to explain how a knowledge may be relative, has not, we think, here attained to his customary vigour of philosophical imagination. He restricts the term "relative" to a knowledge that is conversant with subjective effects, while it is doomed to entire ignorance of objective and ultimate causes. If human knowledge is not immediately of Noumena or "things in themselves," but only of the sensational and other effects of Noumena, then it is only what he would call relative. And this is what it is, according to Mr. Mill; who takes Sir W. Hamilton's account of our knowledge of the secondary qualities of matter as a specimen of this conception of a merely relative knowledge. He holds that all we know, immediately and mediately, of external objects, is the sensations which they cause, and the order of the occurrence of these sensations, in ourselves and others;—this, we suppose he would add, is not known to be all that is. But what is to be understood by our phenomenal knowledge being relative to an unknown cause? We should have expected Mr. Mill to say that phenomena in a conscious self are themselves the Absolute, at least the only Absolute we have to do with. But he does not say this. He uses language here and there in this book, and generally in his *Logic*, about unknown causes and things, which is very like Sir W. Hamilton's exceptional manner of speaking about the Unconditioned. Both philosophers now and then seem to say that there is something, *not phenomenal in consciousness*, that is, and that perhaps is knowable, not by us indeed, but in some higher intelligence.

When any one proclaims the relativity of this our human knowledge, the first question which occurs is, What is that to which it is in relation? A relation supposes two terms. Our immediate and mediate consciousness makes one of these terms. But what is the other? The phrase "relativity of human knowledge" carries a different meaning, according to the answer given to this question.

We, of course, discount the *individual* relativity of vulgar scepticism, according to which, whatever any man believes, however his conceptions may have been formed, is true for him—each individual being the sufficient measure of the universe for himself. This sort of relativity is discarded by all who speak of one man's beliefs or conceptions as being more nearly true than another's. For this manner of speaking implies an independent standard, by which individual thought is

measured, and to which individual "knowledge" is relative.

Discounting this, we distinguish three apparently different phases of the relativity of knowledge. These may be expressed respectively in three propositions:—

1. Human knowledge or consciousness, mediate and immediate, is the effect of an unknown cause, to which unknown cause it is relative.

2. Human knowledge, or consciousness mediate and immediate, is in itself, essentially or internally, a relation, that which is irrelative being necessarily unknown.

3. Human knowledge, or consciousness mediate and immediate, is in itself an imperfectly comprehended system of relations, collectively relative to, and measurable by Divine Omniscience or the Divine Ideas.

The correlated terms in the first of these theories are our immediate conscious experience and inferences from it (the effect), and that which is not consciousness, but which may be called External Existence (the cause of what we experience and infer). The correlative terms in the second of these theories are the various elements, internal to and constitutive of our intelligence and its inherent faith. The correlated terms in the third of these theories are our variously conditioned but objectively imperfect knowledge, on the one hand, and the all-comprehensive Divine Omniscience on the other. Mr. Mill seems to adopt the first, and Sir W. Hamilton the second of these theories; while the third is the conception of those who claim for our intelligence a seminal identity with an Omniscience from which we actually fall short only in degree. Under the first and second theories the environment of our finite knowledge is an Unknown; under the third theory its environment and ideal is Omniscience.

Mr. Mill is puzzled how to understand what Sir W. Hamilton means by his "strong and explicit" affirmations of the merely relative nature of every human knowledge,—as when he says that "things in themselves" are to us "altogether unknowable;" that whatever we can know of anything is "its phenomenal relation to our organs;" and that "all we know is phenomenal of the unknown." He concludes, however, that "in any substantial meaning of the phrases, the doctrine they assert was certainly not held by Sir W. Hamilton" (pp. 17, 18); who, he adds, by no means admits that we know nothing of Matter, for instance, except its existence and the sensations produced by it. Quotations are offered, from which Mr. Mill draws the conclusion, "that Sir W. Hamilton either never held, or when he wrote the *Dissertations* had ceased to hold, the doctrine for which he has been so often

praised, and nearly as often attacked—the doctrine of the Relativity of knowledge. He certainly did sincerely believe that he held it. But he repudiated it in every sense which makes it other than a barren truism. In the only meaning in which he really maintained it, there is nothing to maintain. It is an identical proposition, and nothing more" (p. 28).

We have alluded to this already in speaking about the meaning of a consciousness of Matter. We confess that we are at a loss to discover a "substantial difference" between Mr. Mill's unknown Cause, and Sir W. Hamilton's Unconditioned or Unknown. In fact, Sir W. Hamilton turns his back to the Unconditional more visibly than even Mr. Mill does. He disclaims any knowledge of more than things or persons, human and Divine, conditioned in space and time. Mr. Mill sometimes appears to say that we have a knowledge of at least the "mere existence" of outward or extra phenomenal things or causes; while Sir W. Hamilton does not claim even objective "existence" for his Unconditional. Our ultimate ignorance of causes is a doctrine which Hamilton reiterates; telling us that "the causes of all phenomena are at last occult;" and that "thus at last we must perforce confess the venerable abyss of ignorance."—(*Discussions*, p. 657.)

Mr. Mill says that Sir William Hamilton taught no substantial doctrine of relativity. He taught, at any rate, a doctrine whose direct and prominent result is that "the highest knowledge is a consciousness of ignorance;" that "the pursuit of knowledge is but a course between two ignorances;" that "the consummation of our philosophy is ignorance;" that "as cognisant intelligences, our dream of knowledge is a little light surrounded with darkness;" that "the sphere of human enlightenment is at best a point, compared with the boundless universe of night surrounding it;" that "the grand result of human wisdom is a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not." These are only a few out of a host of passages in which Hamilton enunciates the most comprehensive conclusion that is peculiarly due to that relative knowledge which involves our Absolute Nescience, and our dependence on Faith in the "necessary truths" which, in our life-voyage, we carry with us and interpret in consciousness, as a substitute for the Omniscience of which we are destitute. Let us recollect that when we are said to be ultimately nescient, this implies that there can be no proper science of anything until everything is completely known,—that Omniscience is the only Science. With all this in our recollection, can we say that the Hamiltonian

doctrine of relativity is the verbal figment which Mr. Mill supposes it to be? Is it not, in fact, identical with his own, with the two exceptions, that he describes the unknown or unconditioned as a "cause" or an "existence;" and that the decipherable symbols by which he permits us to be regulated in our voyage through the darkness, are uniformly the language of experience, thus leaving room for modification or even reversal of our present "necessary truths," by our future experience,—a contingency against which, as we have said, no doctrine can find absolute security. With Mr. Mill himself our real knowledge in all physical inferences, is ultimately relative to our associative tendencies and our expectant faith; with Hamilton it is radically relative to those "testimonies of consciousness" which he gathers together under the name of common sense. Hamilton no doubt claims a knowledge of the phenomena given to us in consciousness, and a belief in the "necessary truths" by which we interpret them, which may in a secondary sense be called absolute. It is, so to speak, a *relatively* absolute knowledge and belief; for it is our fixed and trusted compass on our life voyage, as acting and thinking beings,—to be trusted till proved false. And its complement of beliefs is not, he maintains, disproved by anything that we experience, or by any internal contradiction among the beliefs themselves. Now, what more, what less, does Mr. Mill himself say? In what, except in degree, and in his manner of describing the origin and limits of our ultimate Trust, does he differ from Sir William Hamilton? His "unknown cause" is equivalent to Sir William's "unknown existence," for he professes that he cannot say (except so far as it may be inferred from experience) that the ordered uniformity, on which he regulates all his intellectual proceedings, is eternal. Hamilton professes to be ignorant (apart from the instinct of reason) whether Existence has or has not a beginning or an end. He can only say that Existence must be either absolutely finite or infinite, *e.g.*, in its duration. In other words, Time is either absolute or infinite. Now we cannot decide between these alternatives; and, thus ignorant, we have to live in Time by faith, and not by sight or perfect knowledge.

What is the concrete question that lies beneath this controversy about an Unconditioned? Here again Mr. Mill seems to misconceive. He tells us that the question really at issue in Sir William Hamilton's celebrated and striking review of M. Cousin's philosophy, is "only another form of the question, 'Have we, or have we not, an immediate intuition of God? . . . the name of

God being veiled under two extremely abstract phrases, the Infinite and the Absolute, perhaps from a reverential feeling?" (p. 32).

Where, we ask Mr. Mill, has Sir William Hamilton written anything to sanction this translation of the debated question? The question is not immediately about a knowledge or consciousness of God, and the possibility of that, but about the possibility of a knowledge or consciousness of Existence (God and Creation, Mind and Matter) which should supersede the Belief or Trust in which Hamiltonism throughout declares that we are obliged to live. Existence is eternal. Can we reduce eternity to science? or can we even comprehend what we mean when we use the word? Our regulative belief, in its causal form, presses us beyond the finite in time. This, according to Sir William Hamilton, is because we are *originally* unable to conceive an absolute beginning; according to Mr. Mill, it is because our associated experience has gradually *made* us unable to have satisfaction in unexplained changes. But whatever its origin, do not both alike recognise a mental tendency in us which impels us to carry Existence at last out of sight of finite intelligence, into Eternity or the Unknown, thus leaving us at the mercy of a state of mind which is radically one of trust, and not of conscious insight,—not, in short, a state of intuition of phenomena at all?

With Sir W. Hamilton the Unconditioned or Infinito-Absolute is not a real external thing, though here and there he uses language which may seem to imply that it is. It is only another name for our ultimate ignorance of the τὸ Ἐν καὶ Πᾶσι—an ignorance which leaves us at the mercy of faith in our physical and moral experience, or in what Sir William calls the "testimony of consciousness." "The Infinite and Absolute are," he tells us, "only the names of two counter imbecilities of the human mind, transmuted into properties of the nature of things, of two subjective negations converted into objective affirmations. We tire ourselves either in adding to or in taking from. Some more reasonably call the thing unfinished—*infinite*; others, less irrationally, call it finished—*absolute*. But in both cases the metastasis is itself irrational."—(*Discussions*, p. 21.)

Can Mr. Mill say that "what is rejected as knowledge by this doctrine is brought back under the name of belief;" or can he charge it with reducing the doctrine of relativity to "a mere verbal controversy, by an admission of a second source of intellectual conviction called Belief, which is anterior to knowledge, is the foundation of it, and is not subject to its limitations; and through the medium of

which we may have, and are justified in having, a full assurance of all the things pronounced unknowable to us"? In what respect does it make "Belief a higher source of evidence than knowledge;" or assert that we have, and are warranted in having, "beliefs beyond our knowledge; beliefs respecting the Unconditioned, respecting that which is in itself unknowable?"

Where does Mr. Mill find evidence that Sir W. Hamilton recognised in consciousness beliefs in another sense than he does himself; though he differs with him in his account of the way in which some of them come to be there? Hume sets down as one of the chief subjects for philosophical curiosity, "to inquire what is the nature of that evidence which assures us of any real existence and matter of fact, *beyond the present testimony of our senses or the records of our memory*,"—a part of philosophy, he adds, which "has been little cultivated either by the ancients or moderns."—(*Essays*, II. 37.) Mr. Mill's own treatise on "Logic" is an exposition of the *rational* of this kind of evidence. With him, as indeed with Hume and with all, *this* evidence is radically belief substituted for perfect insight or knowledge. Every received *universal* proposition regarding matters of fact is saturated with belief. When we accept any of the generalizations of science, or of the alleged necessary truths of reason regarding matters of fact, we do so only on trust. We believe in the universality of gravitation, not because we can intuitively or consciously perceive of all the gravitating universe, past, distant, and future, but because we trust in the uniformity of nature, and have evidence of the gravitating rule among bodies, which we cannot reject, without, by implication, ceasing to believe in the steadiness of natural order. And this very faith in the steadiness of nature, or in physical causation, is itself, according to Mr. Mill, not even a complete, but only an empirical induction. It is at last only a blind confidence, generated by the associative tendency, which produces what in a secondary sense we may call knowledge, but which is appropriately named belief. Sir W. Hamilton's "consciousness" may testify more things than Mr. Mill's "experience" does; but it is not "belief respecting the Unconditioned" that it testifies; unless Mr. Mill's own *trust* in continued natural uniformity, in the absence of any *knowledge* that nature is uniform, is to be called "belief respecting the Unconditioned." Both are only regulative beliefs as to how we should think and act in our voyage through surrounding darkness—trust in our compass in the absence of daylight. Hamilton's beliefs are of the nature

of knowledge, so far as they inform us how to steer; they are different from knowledge, so far as, enveloped as we are in the unknowable, we can point to no area of conscious experience wide enough to be co-extensive with them; some of them we accept as true without limit in time, although eternity is unknowable. May not the like be said of the beliefs which Mr. Mill also carries as his working cargo; though he may have them otherwise arranged, and expressed with a more direct reference to their related experience? Is not Mr. Mill ready to vindicate himself for believing that nature is universally uniform, although he cannot know, and must merely take on trust this universality? Yet neither he nor Sir W. Hamilton are to be described as thinking that these regulative trusts have "the Unconditioned" for their object; that they are a knowledge (under another name) of the Unknown. The most "complete" induction involves an ultimate trust,—well or ill founded, and in whatever way originated.

Mr. Mill, however, says that Sir W. Hamilton does professedly penetrate into the Unconditioned, in promulgating what he calls his law of the Conditioned; that he there applies the rule of "excluded middle" to the Unconditioned, to which, as a synonym for the Unknown, any rule must be inapplicable. We do not deny that there are ambiguous expressions in what Sir W. Hamilton has written, due in part perhaps to too resolute an abstinence from concrete references; yet here too, strange as it may seem, we ask for the difference between the Conditioned Knowledge of Hamilton, and the results of the corresponding part of the criticism of Mr. Mill. Let us compare them.

Our whole conscious experience is, in Hamilton's view, conditioned in space and time. As dependent on the body, it is extended or conditioned by space; and in itself, as well as when external, it is conditioned by time. Man involves body and mind. Whatever we know or believe in, thus partakes both of a spacial and a temporal nature; for everything we can know or believe in is connected with everything else. Now we do not, properly speaking, know anything unless we know everything, and as space and time become mysterious when we try to carry them out towards the infinitely great or the infinitely little, *everything* spacial and temporal becomes mysterious too. "Omnia exeunt in mysterium." We cannot conceive space, *i. e.*, existence in space, at a maximum or finished quantity, nor as destitute of a maximum or unfinishable. We cannot conceive space, *i. e.*, existence in space, at a minimum or finished quantity in the other direc-

tion, nor destitute of a minimum, and in this respect unfinishable. We cannot conceive time, *i. e.*, existence as in time, at a maximum or finished quantity, nor as destitute of a maximum or unfinishable. We cannot conceive time, *i. e.*, existence in time, at a minimum, and in this respect unfinishable. But one in each of these pairs of alternatives must be true.

Mr. Mill holds that Sir W. Hamilton has failed to make out both these points. "It is not proved," he says, "that the conditioned lies between two hypotheses concerning the Unconditioned, neither of which hypotheses we can conceive as possible. And it is not proved that, as regards the Unconditioned, one or the other of these hypotheses must be true. Both propositions must be placed in that numerous class of metaphysical doctrines, which have a magnificent sound, but are empty of the smallest substance." (p. 87.)

For ourselves (as we have already, in this article, treated space as a conception of one kind of conscious experience in time, and time itself as only an abstract term to express the mutability of our conscious experience, the conception being suggested by the fact of change), we may throw space out of account, and describe our conscious experience of changeable existence, as what at last loses itself in one of two alternate inconceivables, each illustrative of what Hamilton calls "a counter imbecility of the human mind." Must not the experienced Existence, external or internal, which we are daily conscious of as changing, externally and internally, be either changing for ever, or else cease to change? How can we avoid one of these alternatives? Existence, as in time, must, in short, either be or not be. It is, as such, either absolutely finite or infinite. Its absolute finitude is inconsistent with the universality of the causal belief; its infinity cannot be grasped as a conception, for, *ex hypothesi*, it is not a whole. We may come by our causal belief in the way Mr. Mill says we do, or in the way Sir W. Hamilton says we do, or in the way Reid says we do. But however we come by it, there it is: and, as Mr. Mill may allow, by an invariable association at any rate, we are unable to conceive or believe an uncaused beginning of Being (*i. e.*, of the *τὸ Πᾶν*, or God + creation). Nor can we, on the other hand, conceive as complete what in its essential nature must be incomplete,—the Infinite alternative. But the Existence which we are cognisant of "in part," must be either the one or the other. Our highest conception is thus of Existence where its horizon is the darkness of the unknowable.

Mr. Mill objects that the principle of excluded middle, *i. e.*, that one of two contradic-

tory hypotheses must be true, is inapplicable to "things in themselves." He refuses to admit this rule when the subject is a *Noumenon*; inasmuch as "every possible predicate, even negative, *except the single one of Non-entity*, involves as a part of itself something positive, which part is only known to us by phenomenal experience, and may have only a phenomenal existence. . . . The only contradictory alternative of which the negative contains nothing positive, is that between Entity and Non-entity, Existing and Non-existing: *and, so far as regards that distinction*," he adds, "*I admit the law of excluded middle as applicable to Noumena; they must either exist or not exist*. But this is all the applicability I can allow to it." (p. 86.)

Now, when we try to face the problem of the Beginning or the Ending of this time-conditioned existence, are we not face to face with the very alternative which Mr. Mill here admits as legitimate? We are asking whether Existence, as conditioned in time, ultimately *is*, or *is not*. Mr. Mill will allow that this must either be, or not be, *i.e.*, there must either be or not be temporal or mutable Existence; that *such* Existence is either absolutely finite or else infinite. Succession either is or is not noumenal. But can we grasp *either* alternative, and so hinder it from reminding us, as it does, whenever we try to grasp it, that our whole conscious life, with all its cargo of beliefs, is placed here, as Pascal says, "in a vast uncertain medium, ever floating between ignorance and knowledge," and in which "all things seem to arise from nothing, and to proceed to infinity?"

Mr. Mill says a great deal about "inconceivability," and its three kinds, and about its being "impossible to believe a proposition which conveys to us no meaning at all," such as that "Humpty-Dumpty is an Abracadabra," we neither knowing what is meant by an Abracadabra, nor what is meant by Humpty-Dumpty; and he argues from this that propositions about the Unconditioned must be incredible. Yet Sir W. Hamilton tells us, he says, that "things there are which may, nay, *must* be true, of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility;" and that it is obliged to believe as necessary "one of two unconditionates, neither of which can be conceived as possible." But does Mr. Mill himself not believe that the Existence of which we are conscious, ultimately either is, or is not changing; or that the $\alpha\delta\ \Pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ either has or has not a beginning or an end? We must hold Mr. Mill's objection irrelevant, until he names to us any *other* sort of proposition with regard to the Unconditioned or Un-

known, which Sir W. Hamilton enunciates and asks us to believe. Sir William indeed bids us believe scientific and practical propositions regarding what is revealed as *conditioned*, for which we can render no reason, and which we must take on trust, *because* we cannot fathom the abyss over which we are floating. But is not the whole tenor of his philosophy to exhort to neutrality upon controversies which have been fetched from the Unknown; to teach that questions in which we try to transcend the beliefs which are our human substitute for Omniscience are vain and profitless, and should be consigned to the limbo of open questions? Is not its supreme lesson an enforcement of the intellectual duty of turning our back upon the Unconditioned or Unknowable, in order that we may read the revelation in consciousness (or, as Mr. Mill would have it, in experience), which ultimately we must take upon trust? Does it not warn against the opposite attitude, in which metaphysicians and theologians have been too apt to indulge, of gazing into the Unconditioned, and involving themselves in antinomies of reason, in a virtual assumption of Omniscience? The true scope of developed Hamiltonism is to sweep away a mass of ontological speculation; and to induce a trustful study of phenomena, and their relations to other self-conscious phenomena, and to Supreme Mind. "A world of false, and pestilent, and presumptuous reasoning, by which philosophy and theology are now equally discredited, would," he tells us, "be at once abolished, in the recognition of this rule of prudent Nescience."

Has this discovery that "our dream of knowledge is a little light, rounded with darkness," any effect upon our manner of looking at what comes within the little light? Are our spiritual, moral, and physical beliefs less fixed because all intelligence is at last only trust? Is every proposition open because no proposition is ultimately knowable? May our physical faith be discredited by our moral and spiritual, our moral and spiritual by our physical, and either, or both, by an alleged supernatural revelation?

These questions are suggested by Mr. Mansel's professed applications of Hamiltonism, and by Mr. Mill's relative criticism, which has drawn a larger share of popular attention than any other part of his "Examination." The chapter which contains this criticism requires a separate review for itself. With all our admiration for Mr. Mansel's labours as a philosopher, and as the ornament of an illustrious university, we are not prepared to subscribe to some passages in his application of the Hamiltonian philosophy to theological controversy, in his celebrated Bampton Lec-

tures. Our inability to rise to a science that is independent of faith or trust,—faith in the testimony of consciousness, according to Hamilton, or in the results of invariable association or experience, according to Mr. Mill,—is surely no reason for accepting as believable any professed *external* revelation, or any excepted interpretation of such, irrespectively of its moral and spiritual contents. The more awful the darkness of the surrounding Unknown, the more implicit might our faith be expected to be in the “testimonies of consciousness,” or in the primary revelations of physical and moral experience,—without which we have not got light to see our way to the *proof* of a revelation which approaches us through historical facts. A doctrine that puts discredit upon the common reason, because we are not omniscient, is, in fact, a reversal of the Hamiltonian philosophy, which turns its back upon the Unconditioned, not in order to be able to throw a new meaning into words when they express the attributes of God, but in order to enforce obedience to our genuine intellectual and moral beliefs. Hamiltonism paralyses ontological discussion in its primary rudiments, by proving that ontology has nothing to discuss or controvert, and then directs human research to the realities that are revealed in our external and moral experience, in a spirit of trustful humility. It makes open questions, or rather no questions at all, of many famous theological ones; but it nowhere opens a way for the reception of a professed external revelation of a God who cannot be worshipped and trusted without involving us in a contradiction of all that we mean by wisdom, and goodness, and trustworthiness. Nor, after all, do we understand Mr. Mansel to intend the contrary; or indeed to intend more than the analogical theologians, including King, Brown, and Whately, have expressed in other language.

We meant to have examined some of the applications of the doctrine of the Unknown to the multiplication of “open questions,” for the promotion of theological eclecticism, and to free agency or causation proper, human and Divine, as well as its relation to the Hamiltonian theory of the causal belief. But we must forbear, even tempted as we are by Mr. Mill's chapters on these two last subjects. We can only express our regret at the countenance which Mr. Mill gives to an assumed inconsistency of Divine and human free-will with regularity in nature or the phenomenal world. The matter of present interest in this question is the possibility of a moral causation co-existing with universal law or order in the world of experience.

Human life is based on both; and the philosophy of the Unknown,—ignorant alike of moral causation and of physical law, except as given, mediately or immediately, in experience,—is ready to recognise both.

We cannot even enter on the consideration of any of the three groups of logical questions, already noted as embraced by Mr. Mill, and to which eight chapters of his “Examination” are devoted. These, if treated in a manner at all commensurate with their number and intricacy, would require another article not shorter than the present. We take room, however, for the remark, that while Mr. Mill in many places in the logical as in the metaphysical chapters, so it seems to us, exaggerates his own differences with Sir W. Hamilton, and Sir W. Hamilton's inconsistencies with himself—and sometimes, by a misconception of the Hamiltonian meaning,—he nevertheless in the logical discussion, in one important particular, concedes nearly all that we are prepared to maintain. He “subscribes heartily to all that is said of the importance of Formal Logic by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel” (p. 403). Nor does he “deny the scientific convenience of considering this limited portion of Logic apart from the rest; the doctrine of Syllogism, for instance, apart from the theory of Induction; and of teaching it in an earlier stage of intellectual education” (p. 404). And we agree with him when he goes on to say that “it is not only indispensable that the larger Logic, which embraces all the general conditions of the ascertainment of truth, should be studied in addition to the smaller Logic, which only concerns itself with the conditions of consistency, but the smaller Logic ought to be, at least finally, studied as part of the greater—as a portion of the means to the same end; and its relation to the other parts—to the other means—should be distinctly displayed.”

After this, in what does Mr. Mill differ from Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, with respect to much that he has written about in these chapters, unless in the larger meaning he insists on giving to the world Reasoning, which with him embraces not the act merely of formally applying *assumed* general rules to the determination of doubts, but also the tentative processes, for determining the *experiential legitimacy* of the assumptions. The Logic and logical psychology of Hamilton limits itself to the former; the Logic and logical psychology of Mr. Mill embrace the latter. To this circumstance are due many of Mr. Mill's strictures on his chapters on Concepts, Judgment, and Reasoning. At the same time, we believe that no really phi-

losophical study of Logic is possible, if the student overlooks the relation between the abstract formulas for judgments and reasonings,—whether according to the Old or the New Analytic,—and what is to be expressed in them. The forms are the framework which logical science provides for the uneliptical expression of our ratiocinative applications of assumed universal propositions, to the determination either of general questions, or of matters of fact. At the best, they help us to decide whether our snunptions are experientially legitimate, only by making us more distinctly aware of what we logically mean in them, and of what they lead to if we are verbally consistent with ourselves.

We must close abruptly. Mr. Mill announces that his "Examination" is "an attempt to anticipate, as far as is yet possible, the judgment of posterity on Sir W. Hamilton's labours" (p. 3); and he thinks that he anticipates that judgment in the opinion that either Dr. Thomas Brown, or Archbishop Whately, "has done far greater service to the world, in the origination and diffusion of important thought, than Sir W. Hamilton with all his learning" (p. 553). When the philosophy of Hamilton is interpreted by Mr. Mill, as in even ludicrous contradiction with itself, in its most fundamental principles, and as proclaiming an unsubstantial truism to be its great discovery, even this estimate of its place appears to be a favourable exaggeration. But, if what seems on a superficial interpretation to be a shallow truism is found to be a profound truth, by oversight of which the world has been vexed with ontological abstractions which have often superseded experience, or has taken license in controversies where the question can be determined and even stated only by an Omniscience; and if the chief alleged contradictions disappear, and the essential Hamiltonian theory, so far as it goes, is found to be at any rate one with itself, and largely capable of assimilation with the best ideas of this age, we must respectfully ask Mr. Mill to consider whether this critical judgment truly forecasts the place that is to be finally adjudged by the philosophical world to Sir William Hamilton, as an interlocutor in the Scotch discussion of philosophy, and a power in the European thought of the nineteenth century.

ART. II.—BURLESQUE POETRY.

1. *Butler's Hudibras*. Edited by ROBERT BELL. Feap. Griffin. 1861.
2. *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior*. London. William Pickering. 1835.

THE Burlesque, though a lower species of the Comic, which can never expose vice or recommend virtue with the energy of the Higher Comedy, has yet its own place and purpose in literature. It may be allowed at times to amuse us in a sort of Saturnalia by mimicking what is lofty and dignified; but its best use is to level inordinate pretensions and reveal the emptiness of inflated exaggeration. We may fairly laugh at a passing parody on almost anything that is not sacred, just as we might enjoy for an hour the late Mr. Robson's *Medea* without throwing off our allegiance to Euripides. But the elaborate burlesques which have sometimes been in fashion, as Travesties of Homer or Virgil, Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England, and the like, appear to us to be profane abominations, as hurtful to unformed minds as they are offensive to a cultivated taste. An undue indulgence in this tendency leads to a habit of morbid irreverence that breaks through all the barriers intended to repress its aberrations. On the other hand, when the frivolous puts on the mask of gravity, when dogmatism usurps the place of truth, when error or absurdity have gained a prescriptive ascendancy, the Burlesque may lawfully be called in to detect the imposture, and restore the influence of reason and good sense.

It has been sometimes said that the ancients were unacquainted with burlesque writing; but this is surely a mistake. They may have no poems entirely burlesque, for the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, if it is to be called ancient, belongs to the Mock Heroic, which is the opposite of the Burlesque,—the one consisting in the exaltation of the Little, while the other attempts to depreciate the Great. Yet the two extremes will sometimes meet; and it seems impossible to deny that the ancient comic writers, particularly Aristophanes and Lucian, exhibit many burlesque pictures and passages. The conduct and bearing of Bacchus in the play of the *Frogs* is a burlesque upon the character of Hercules, in his descent to the infernal regions; and many of the dialogues of Lucian are a burlesque upon the Pagan mythology and Heroic history. Homer himself has presented us with a burlesque sketch, when he makes the gods give way to inextinguishable laughter, at Vulcan's awkward efforts to hand round the nectar with the grace of a Ganymede.

The earliest modern masters of eminence in this school are confessedly Berni and Scarron; but although we recognise them as first in date, we cannot admit them to be foremost in excellence, when we think of the incomparable poem of Butler, who both saw so well the proper objects of his attack, and could direct the artillery of his ridicule with such unerring and overwhelming effect.

Our English literature, however, contains other admirable specimens of this style besides *Hudibras*; and indeed throughout its whole range burlesque compositions of an occasional character are constantly to be found. Whenever anything good is overdone or comes to be out of place and season, Momus is always ready to make game of the occasion. Wherever reverence ceases ridicule may begin.

The *Rime* of Sir Thopas, in the *Canterbury Tales*, is a burlesque on the narrative ballads of the day, with their endless detail of trifling particulars, and their stereotyped formulas of silly commonplace. But a truer specimen of this kind of caricature may be found in "The Turnament of Tottenham," which belongs apparently to the century after Chaucer, and is an excellent burlesque on those encounters of chivalry where Beauty presided and was the prize of Valour. The contest here has for its object the "wooing, winning, and wedding of Tib, the Reeve's daughter," and the combatants are the rustics of the neighbourhood, mounted on cart-horses, and fighting with flails. The versification is strongly alliterative, and resembles in a somewhat simplified form the metre with which we are familiar in the "Awntyrs of Arthur at the Terne Wathelyn," and other early English poems of the Round Table. The Tottenham Tournament must be well known to many of our readers, but as old things are beginning now to be forgotten, we venture to insert a verse or two of it, which we do in modern spelling.

After a holiday-gathering of country people at Tottenham, Perkyn the Potter openly asserts his pretensions to the hand of Tib, the daughter of Randolph, the reeve or bailiff of the manor. His claim is met by an indignant resistance on the part of some wealthier suitors, and Randolph, the father, then proclaims a tournament to be held for deciding the competition, while he announces at the same time the portion which his daughter will receive:—

"Then said Randolph the Reeve, 'Ever be he
"waryd,"

That about this carping longer would be tarried:

I would not my daughter, that "scho" were
miscarried,
But at her most worship I would "scho" were
married.

Therefore a tournament shall begin
This day sevennight,
With a flail for to fight,
And he that is most of might
Shall brook her with wyne."

"Whoso bears him best in the tournament,
Him shall be granted the gree by the common
assent,
For to win my daughter with doughtiness of
dint,
And Coppell my brood-hen that was brought
out of Kent,
And my dunn'd cow;
For no 'spence will I spare,
For no cattle will I care,
He shall have my grey mare
And my spotted sow."

A word here in passing on a philological point. "Coppell" seems to have become a common or conventional name for a domestic fowl, and it is so used in an old chap-book edition of *Reynard the Fox*, mentioned in Mr. Collier's recent book on *Early English Literature*, vol. ii. p. 241. It is the name there given to Chanticleer's daughter, who has been killed by Reynard, and whose epitaph runs thus:—

"Coppell lies here, stout Chanticleer's dear
daughter:
Mourn thou that read'st, for wicked was her
slaughter."

The name thus given was then either in vernacular use or was taken from Caxton's translation of the Flemish forms of the poem of Reynard, which some consider as the most ancient of the whole. There the Cock's daughter is called Coppe or Coppin, while in the Low German version of 1498 her name is Krassvot (Scratchfoot). Whether in Flemish or in English, the word *Coppel* or *Coppe* is derived from *cop*, a top or crest; and *coppell*, or the copped hen, is the same with our name of "tappit hen," which means in its literal sense a hen with a tuft, and in its figurative sense a still better thing. Tib's hen, it will be observed, was brought out of Kent, which is not far from the country of the Dorkings.

The week that intervened between the appointed day for the tournament is busily employed by the several combatants in "graiting their weed," and otherwise preparing for the contest; and the substitutes which they resort to for regular armour are amusingly described:—

"They sewed them in sheepskins for they should
not brest:

Ilk-one took a black hat instead of a crest;
A basket or a pannier before on their breast,
And a flail in their hand; for to fight 'prest,
Forth gan they fare;

There was 'kythed' mickle force,
Who should best fend his corse;
He that had no good horse,
He gat him a mare."

The description of the lady who is to be at once the spectatress and the reward of the strife is given in very brilliant colours:—

"Such another gathering have I not seen oft,
When all the great company came 'ridand'
to the croft;

Tib on a grey mare was set up on loft
On a sack full of feathers, for 'scho' should
sit soft,

And led to the gap.

'For crying of the men
Further would not Tib then
Till 'scho' had her brood-hen
Set in her lap.

"A gay girdle Tib had on, borrowed for the
'nones,'

And a garland on her head full of round bones,
And a broach on her breast full of sapphire
stones,

With the holy-rood token," etc.

The several competitors then put up their various vows for success, after the most approved fashion of knighthood, and the fight begins:—

"When they had their vows made, forth can
they hie,

With flails and horns and trumps made of tree:
There were all the bachelors of that countree;
They were dight in array, as themselves would
be:

Their banners were full bright
Of an old rotten fell;
The cheveron of a plough-mell;
And the shadow of a bell
Quartered with the moon light.

"I wot it was no 'childer' game when they
together met:

When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bet,
And laid on stiffly, for nothing would they let,
And fought ferly fast, till their horses swet,
And few words spoken.

There were flails all-to slattered,
There were shields all-to flattered,
Bowls and dishes all-to shattered,
And many heads broken.

"Perkin turned him about in that ilk thrang,
Among those weary boys he wrest and he
wrang;

He threw them down to the earth, and thrust
them amang,

When he saw Terry away with Tib fang,

And after him ran:

Off his horse he him drewgh,
And gave him of his flail enough.

'We te he,' quoth Tib, and leugh,
'Ye are a doughty man.'"

Perkin having won the day, the affair is suitably wound up. The wounded are carried off by their wives, sisters, or sweet-hearts; the bridal is celebrated, and the bridal feast is attended by all the defeated combatants:—

"To that ilk feast came many for the nones;
Some came hip-halt, and some tripping on the
stones;

Some a staff in his hand, and some two at once;
Of some were the heads broken, of some the
shoulder-bones;

With sorrow came they thither:

Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Harry,

Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,

And so was all the bachelary,

When they met together.

"At that feast they were served with a rich
array,

Every five and five had a cokenay;

And so they sate in jollity all the long day;

And at the last they went to bed with full great
deray;

Mickle mirth was them among;

In every corner of the house

Was melody delicious

For to hear precious

Of six men's song."

We cannot dismiss this excellent ballad without noticing the great affinity which its language exhibits to the Anglian forms of speech.

Coming down a little later, one suspects at first that Spenser is about to give us a burlesque in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, when he begins with those lines which Pope ridiculed so mischievously in his insidious paper in the *Guardian*:—

"H. Diggon Davie! I bid her good day;

Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

D. Her was her, whilst it was day-light;

But now her is a most wretched wight."

On further perusal, however, we perceive that the poet's intention was merely to give the language, and paint the manners of rural life in their rudest simplicity, without any design to throw contempt upon them. On the other hand, we find in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* a most unequivocal and successful burlesque upon the high-flown tragedy of the times, as caricatured by the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, and his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The seventeenth century in England presented a new aspect of literature, where wit, in the sense of ridicule, and for purposes of personal and party satire, became peculiarly conspicuous. Milton, though a violent enough controversialist in prose, refused to prostitute his Muse to political polemics, and in darkness and obscurity brought forth those compositions of which it was no violent hyperbole to say that "the force of nature could

no further go," than to unite in one last achievement all the beauty and majesty of former excellence. But on the side of Royalty there were other men of genius who successively appeared, and devoted their transcendent powers to the advancement of the public cause which they had espoused. Butler first, and Dryden after him, produced in *Hudibras* and in *Absalom and Achitophel* the two greatest political poems that were ever seen. Dryden's forte in satire lay in the mock-heroic style; while Butler was a consummate master of the burlesque, and has given a specimen of it that is not likely ever to have a rival. It is perhaps singular that while Butler's genius took this inferior range of wit, the controversies he had to deal with were of larger compass and more enduring interest than those which are the subjects of Dryden's loftier strains. The political questions at issue in Dryden's satire were more purely personal and temporary than those which occasioned the Civil Wars in the previous reign, although, of course, it was Butler's cue to present merely the ludicrous aspect of these, and to keep out of view the great points that were involved as to the limits of monarchical power and the claims of religious liberty. Dryden thought that Butler should have chosen the heroic measure; but he was here estimating another man's genius by his own; and it is plain that each of those great men understood his own powers best, and that neither would probably have succeeded had he invaded the other's province.

We do not propose here to swell our pages by a vague and general eulogium on Butler, or by extracting those passages from his poem which have been repeated time out of mind as specimens of his peculiarities. There is an opening even now, we think, for a careful examination of *Hudibras* in its different bearings, with reference not merely to the brilliant wit and talent displayed in it, and to the innumerable sources from which its erudition is derived, but also to the truth and wisdom which may be found in its sentiments, partial and one-sided as these may be, on the great political and ecclesiastical topics which are its theme. But an elaborate survey of this kind our limits do not permit us at present to attempt, and anything short of it would be idle and impertinent.

The next half-century presents us with similar contrasts, though the subjects are less connected with political differences. Pope was every way the legitimate successor of Dryden; but in the *Rape of the Lock* he surpassed anything that his master had done in the region of wit, and produced the most elegant and elaborate trifle that ever delight-

ed society. Swift and Prior followed Butler in the lower walk of broad and easy merriment, and all but rivalled him as writers of burlesque.

It is to be regretted that so many of Swift's pieces possess but a local or limited interest, and that many of them are disfigured by that wretched misanthropy that seemed to find in garbage its natural food. His best things are admirable in their style, and models of ease and simplicity. Take as a specimen his *Baucis and Philemon*, where Ovid is so delightfully modernized with the most skilful expansion and improvement in those points that best admitted of it. The Latin original, which, although simple and homely in its description of the rustic couple, is never mean or undignified, dwells chiefly on the rural feast which is laid before the gods, while the conversion of their cottage into a temple is despatched in these few lines:—

"Illa vetus, dominis etiam casa parva duobus,
Vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnæ;
Stramina flavescent, aurataque tecta videntur,
Celataque fores adopertaque marmore tellus."

"Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground in height and bulk to grow;
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires
and tiles of gold."

Swift, in describing the conversion of the yeoman's house into a church, gives us a number of details of the most ingenious and ludicrous kind, expressed in the easiest verse and most natural language:—

"They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft:
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.

The chimney widened and grown higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:—
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels.—
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple reared;
Became a clock and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn!

The roast meat which it cannot turn.
 The groaning chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge snail, along the wall;
 There stuck aloft in public view,
 And with small change a pulpit grew.—
 A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphosed into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep
 By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

But the most remarkable specimen of the Burlesque of that period is to be found in Prior's *Alma*, a poem which in the last century was much admired and often quoted, but which is now, we suspect, so little known, that we feel justified in attempting an analysis of it, as a literary curiosity, and selecting and illustrating some of its best passages.

The absurdities and impertinences of science seem always to afford a fair subject of ridicule. From the time of the Margites down to that of Martinus Scriblerus, the folly of those who pretend to know many things, and who know nothing well, has afforded a favourite employment for wit. Among the topics which may be thus handled, are some of those discussions where philosophers have attempted to dogmatize upon matters placed beyond the reach of our faculties, and on these we may be allowed to raise a laugh, so long as we keep clear of the more serious mysteries which involve the religious element. The questions formerly raised as to the seat of the Soul come under this description, looking at this part of our nature more as a vital and intelligent principle than as a spiritual and immortal element. The *Anima* or $\Psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ of Aristotle and the Schoolmen is not precisely what we call the Soul, or even the Mind, though the latter term approaches, perhaps, the nearest to the idea. The union of the Soul and Body, of Mind and Matter, is a subject on which it was natural to speculate, and which involves inquiries of a high and solemn description. But, as treated by the Schoolmen, who affected to explain it with a minuteness of detail that was presumptuous and absurd, it became, in its lighter aspect, a legitimate occasion for laughter.

The doctrines of the early thinkers on this subject are referred to in a graver tone in the beautiful poem of Sir John Davies, on the Immortality of the Soul, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, in 1592:—

"In judgment of her Substance thus they vary,
 And vary thus in judgment of her Seat;
 For some her Chair up to the Brain do carry,
 Some sink it down into the Stomach's heat.

"Some place it in the root of life, the Heart;
 Some in the Liver, fountain of the Veins;

Some say, *She's all in all, and all in every part;*
 Some say, she's not contained, but all contains."

The theory here adverted to, that the soul or mind is "all in all, and all in every part," is generally ascribed to Aristotle, though we suspect it is rather the result which his commentators have drawn from his various works than any express proposition of his own. Though the phrase is pedantic and obscure, it seems to have a meaning and a truth somewhat to this effect,—that while the mental principle is universally diffused over the whole body, it is present in its totality of energy in every part of it.

The general notion that the brain was the "chair" of the soul, was afterwards carried out by Descartes in a more minute way, by assigning to her the Pineal Gland as her special throne or palace, from which, by means of the nerves and the (supposed) animal spirits, she kept up a telegraphic communication with the more distant parts of the body, receiving messages from the different senses, and sending out her instructions to the several organs of motion. This idea was promulgated by Descartes in his later works, and in particular in his *Treatise on the Passions*, and *On Human Nature*, which were widely diffused after his death in 1650. For a time the Cartesian system generally carried everything before it, and Aristotle seemed going to the wall—a result not a little due to the consummate prudence with which Descartes had been guided in his language as to questions affecting theology and the Church. But shortly after his death a reaction took place, partly owing to the alarming lengths to which his professed disciple, Spinoza, seemed to carry out his principles, and partly from a suspicion which gained ground that the metaphysics of Aristotle were at bottom more favourable than those of Descartes to the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. The tide accordingly turned, and the doctrines and disciples of Descartes came to be denounced in France, as well as at Rome, as heretical and dangerous. It seems to be thought that the Parliament of Paris, on the application of the University, or of the College of the Sorbonne, were about to issue a deliverance to the same effect, and were only hindered from doing so by a burlesque sentence which Boileau, in 1671, circulated on the subject, to show the absurdity of such interference. This very clever *jeu d'esprit*, of which, however, we are obliged to speak merely from recollection, as we have not a copy within reach, affects to be an *Injunction* or *Interdict* by the Supreme Court of France, under an application presented on behalf of Aristotle of Stagira and other ancients, com-

plaining that their doctrines, though so long recognised and established, had been suddenly dispossessed of their rightful influence and authority, and that various new notions had violently usurped their place, in reference to the most important subjects of a physical and metaphysical nature. It is therefore ordered that these novelties shall be discontinued, and that all the old views and practices shall be resumed; that the earth shall no longer presume to revolve on her axis, or go round the sun according to the Copernican opinion; nor the blood to circulate in the body, as promulgated by Harvey; further, that sick persons shall be treated exclusively according to the old rules of medicine, and that any patients who may have been cured by the new methods shall be held as if they had not been cured, but shall be subjected to the proper orthodox remedies, as if they were still sick; and, finally, all persons whatsoever are prohibited and discharged from believing or receiving, or thinking or acting, according to any other philosophical system than that of Aristotle and his followers, or from molesting and disturbing those parties in their possession of public authority in time to come.

While this controversy was at its height, a story is told of a country curé in France who had four mastiffs, one called Aristotle and another Descartes, having each another dog attached to him as his disciple. The animals were trained up so that each pair had a fierce animosity against the other; but when brought out to fight they were taught to begin at first by barking alternately in a moderate tone, and in the form of a dialogue, as if they were carrying on a disputation. By degrees the discussion became louder and more violent, till at last the two philosophers and their respective pupils rushed together with the utmost ferocity, and were only prevented from worrying each other to death by the interference of their master, who used to assemble his friends to witness these encounters, as affording a vivid picture of the virulent contests then raging among human disputants.

In England, among those who thought of such things, Descartes was not yet exploded in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in particular the theory of the Pineal Gland was then almost a popular belief. In his dream of the dissection of a bean's head, Addison tells us what he there saw: "The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was compassed with a kind of horny substance cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if

there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties."

It was at this time that Prior wrote the very witty and clever poem which it is the chief object of this article to notice. It was composed by him about the year 1717 to cheer the tedium of a close confinement to which he was subjected, for a supposed complicity in the treasonable plans imputed to his friend Lord Oxford, and the other Tories.

ALMA is a romance form of the Latin *anima*, and the French *âme*, and the idea of the poem is to ridicule the speculations we have referred to as to the seat of the soul, by propounding a new and ludicrous theory on the subject. The plan is carried out in an imaginary conversation between Prior and his friend Mr. Shelton, under the names of Matthew and Richard. Matthew begins with an account of the existing doctrines, and first of the Aristotelian view:—

"Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defined,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is *bona fide* all in all.
And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there like Hamlet's ghost,
While everywhere she rules the roast.—
This system, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold."

"The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses."

After some amusing illustrations of these conflicting views, Matthew declares his desire to propose a *via media* between the two:—

"Now to bring things to fair conclusion
And save much Christian ink's effusion,
Let me propose a healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream.
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
How many would admire our toil?
And yet how few would comprehend us!"

Matthew then announces his theory thus:—

"My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And all these under-regions past
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improved, by time,

Up to the heart she loves to climb;
 From thence, compelled by craft or rage,
 She makes the head her latest stage."
 "From the feet upward to the head;
 Pithy and short," says Dick,—"Proceed."

The first indications of Alma's presence are shown in the early activity of the infant at the lower extremities:—

"Hence long before the child can crawl,
 He learns to kick and wince and sprawl;
 To hinder which your midwife knows
 To bind those parts extremely close;
 Lest Alma, newly entered in,
 And stunned at her own chattering's din,
 Fearful of future grief and pain,
 Should silently sneak out again."

As Alma ascends, the whole limbs become active:—

"Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
 That children tread this worldly stage.
 Broom, staff, or poker they bestride,
 And round the parlour love to ride;
 Till thoughtful father's pious care
 Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
 With supplemental hobby-horses;
 And happy be their infant courses!
 Hence for some years they'll ne'er stand still;
 Their legs, you see, direct their will.
 From opening morn till setting sun
 Around the fields and woods they run."

In process of time Alma rises to the central regions of the system, from which the affections are supposed to be developed. Richard struggles hard for the whole belief that love is situated in the heart or liver, and refers to the traditions of the poets on that subject, both Classical and English; but Matthew maintains that the heart and liver have other things to do, and that the poets only speak of those organs for the sake of the metre:—

"*Jecur* they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
 As either best supplies their verse;
 And if folks ask the reason for't,
 Say, one was long, and t'other short.—
 If Cupid throws a single dart,
 We make him wound the lover's *heart*;
 But if he takes his bow and quiver,
 'Tis sure, he must transfix the *liver*.
 For rhyme with reason may dispense,
 And sound has right to govern sense."

Anatomists can make it clear,
 The liver minds his own affair:—
 Still lays some useful bile aside
 To tinge the chyle's insipid tide.—
 Now gall is bitter with a witness,
 And love is all delight and sweetness.
 And he, methinks, is no great scholar
 Who can mistake desire for choler.

* The like may of the heart be said:
 Courage and terror there are bred.—

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
 That courage does itself exert,
 'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
 That this is eke the throne of love.
 These notions then I think but idle,
 And love shall still possess the middle."

Advancing life gradually brings an abatement of the more youthful passions, and a few years of chequered courtship, or of matrimonial loves and quarrels, produce a season of indifference.

"Leaving the endless altercation,
 The mind affects a higher station."

Of this apathetic condition Prior gives us an apt example in the story of a Thracian king who lived in the time of the Trojan war:—

"Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
 I think, was in this very case.
 All Asia now was by the ears,
 And gods beat up for volunteers
 To Greece and Troy; whilst Poltis sat
 In quiet, governing his state.
 And whence, said this pacific king,
 Does all this noise and discord spring?
 Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
 With ease, I could compose this strife.
 The injured hero should not lose,
 Nor the young lover want a spouse.
 But Helen changed her first condition,
 Without her husband's just permission.
 What from the dame can Paris hope?
 She may as well from him elope.
 Again, how can her old Goodman
 With honour take her back again?
 From hence I logically gather,
 The woman cannot live with either.
 Now, I have two right honest wives,
 For whose possession no man strives:
 One to Atrides I will send;
 And t'other to my Trojan friend.
 Each prince shall thus with honour have
 What both so warmly seem to crave!
 The wrath of gods and men shall cease,
 And Poltis live and die in peace."

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
 Pray, thank Dan Pope, who told it me."

It is curious how little is known of this Poltis, whose name we have not found in the ordinary biographical dictionaries, nor have we come upon any other trace of him than a short notice among the common collections of Greek Apophthegms, where the hint of this story is given, which Pope and Prior have so much improved. It is lucky for the world that the scheme for pacification thus proposed by Poltis or Poltys (as the name should rather be spelt), was not adopted; for if it had been, we should not have possessed the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*.

Matthew now diverges into some incident—

tal discussions as to the propensity of Alma to animate different limbs simultaneously, whether connected by proximity or by sympathy. He inculcates also the doctrine that Alma is mechanically influenced by the preponderance of inducements in the resolutions she adopts. He argues

"That Alma merely is a scale;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down or up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb 'twixt earth and heaven."

A particular illustration is then given, analogous to the well-known problem of Buridan's ass, that scholastic animal which was supposed to be placed in a state of equipoise between a bundle of hay and a bucket of water, when it was both hungry and thirsty:—

"This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale;
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice:
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolved impels your will;
She guides your hand,—so drink your fill."

Alma has a tendency to fasten on some peculiar member, and thus create a ruling passion. The unhappiness of its taking the direction of the *tongue* is particularly descanted on:—

"Again, if with the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!)
For evermore all care is vain
That would bring Alma down again—
You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick,
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms and mental powers:
Described our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation:
And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence as fast as she was able
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes;
And takes the Romans in the close."

The movements of Alma are influenced also by national manners and customs in dress, in personal appearance, and in education:—

"In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats,
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches
If she be seen without her breeches.—

"Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest;
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters:
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.—

"I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread:
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But show a Hebrew's hopeful son,
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *Finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserved the last."

The later progress and proceedings of Alma are thus described:

"When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages;
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things and censure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of cerebrum and cerebellum!
How could I play the commentator
On dura and on pia mater!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination:
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing

The several follies I was naming.
 As in a hive's vimineous dome
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home;
 Each does her studious actions vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry;
 Each still renews her little labour,
 Nor justles her assiduous neighbour."

Alma, when she has reached the head, is subject to an entirely new class of feelings. The reign of passion being over, Avarice becomes predominant as the desire of appropriation shrivels the power of enjoyment. Locomotive energy having ceased, Alma lives in the recollection of the past, or is content with any trifle that comes to afford present amusement:—

"A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
 A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
 Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time."

These, too, however, lose at last their power, and Alma approaches her end:—

"Wearied of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state,—
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which nature, forced by time, must make,
 Through which she wings her destined way;
 Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
 While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies."

The picture and reflections that follow are in Prior's best style of easy elegance:—

"O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us playthings for our age;
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk
 And twist our thread with gold and silk;
 Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty;
 And should we both in this condition
 Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition;
 (E're those two passions by the way
 May chance to show us scurvy play;)
 Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town;
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books complete.
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk
 O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleased with all we thought we wanted,
 Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove and my collection:
 Thy son, and his, ere that may die,
 And Time some uncouth heir supply,
 Who shall for nothing else be known
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.
 Who set the twigs, shall he remember
 That is in haste to sell the timber?
 And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?"

The full development of Mat's system does not proceed all this time without strenuous opposition from his companion, who tries in the middle of the discussion to set up the rival theory that the seat of the soul is the stomach:—

"I say, whatever you maintain
 Of Alma in the heart or brain:
 The plainest man alive may tell ye,
 Her seat of empire is the belly:
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which make us either stout or wise;
 The strength of every other member,
 Is founded on your belly-timber;
 The qualms or raptures of your blood
 Rise in proportion to your food;
 And if you would improve your thought
 You must be fed as well as taught."

The doctrine is sought to be illustrated by the effect of different kinds of diet on national character:—

"Observe the various operations
 Of food and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel?
 But who shall stand his rage and force
 If first he rides, then eats his horse?
 Salads and eggs, and lighter fare
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
 And if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight."

Richard, in following out the same view, compares the human frame to a complicated clock, where besides the "horal orbit" that tells the time of day, there are a number of "added movements" showing the day of the month, the moon's age, and other particulars, all of which, however, depend on the main-spring:—

"So, if unprejudiced you scan
 The goings of this clock-work, man,
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head;
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke,
 That tells his being, what's o'clock.
 If you take off his rhetoric trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure:
 Or, clog his mathematic wheel,
 His buildings fall, his ship stand still;
 Or, lastly, break his politic weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on;
 But spoil the engine of digestion,
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no power can mend;
 The jest, alas! is at an end:
 Soon ceases all this worldly bustle;
 And you consign the corpse to Russel."*

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals. He is mentioned by Dr. Garth in *The Dispensary*, Canto iii.

The argument ends, as usual, in neither party being convinced by his opponent; but Dick finally cuts the knot by declaring that no theory deserves to be adopted that does not add to one's comfort, and that good humour and good fellowship are the best philosophy:—

"Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am;
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your system is not worth a groat.
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato, in the play,
For anything that he can say?
Ev'n let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said
Or Tully writ, or Wanley* read.

Dear Drift,† to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart and Aristotle:
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle."

Such is an outline of that poem, of which Pope is said to have declared it was the only one he knew that he would like to have written.

An elaborate translation of Prior's *Alma* in Latin verse was published in 1763 by Thomas Martin, Master of the Grammar School in Warminster, Wilts; but it has not sufficient merit to justify quotation.

The inquiry as to the Seat of the Soul is now obsolete. The rise and prevalence of the Ideal Philosophy tended to extinguish such a speculation, and the opposite doctrine of Materialism was equally fatal to it. No question of that kind can be entertained, unless we believe both that there is a Soul that can have a seat, and a Body in which that seat can be located. But even those who hold, with a firm persuasion, that there is *Something* we can call spiritual, and *Something else* we can call corporeal, are now satisfied that the *how* and *whereabouts* of their contact and connexion lie beyond our powers of discovery. Important and increasing light has been thrown upon the operations of different portions of the nervous system, but by what link the two distinct and separable elements are united, and in what way they act and react upon each other, is still as great a mystery as ever, and is likely to remain so, until "the Great Teacher Death" shall remove the veil from our eyes.

* Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford.

† Mr. Prior's secretary and executor.

ART. III.—*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. 6 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1864.

MR. CARLYLE'S *History of the French Revolution*, published twenty-eight years ago, ended with the following passage:—

"And so here, O reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! For whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the voice of man speaks with man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacredness sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable 'as an incarnated word.' Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell."

The *History of Frederick* closes with a very different leave-taking:—

"I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings;—when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair,—blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad, also, adieu."

In the tone and spirit of these two passages we seem to discern clear marks of a change which has taken place in Mr. Carlyle; a change not for the better. He has grown hardened in self-confidence; a grim yet not unkindly humour has given place to savage intolerance; the deep and warm sympathies which ever and again relieved his sternest moods of indignation have sunk out of sight, and there remains a cheerless uniformity of harshness and contempt,—forgotten only when some of the strange favourites of his wayward fancy step upon the scene. It is hardly too much to say that he appears to have lost what was once his leading characteristic—a genuine insight into what is really noble in human action, and exalted in human character.

Worst of all is that, in the theme Mr.

Carlyle has here chosen, these unhappy tendencies will have peculiar power to work mischief. Except religion, there is no subject on which the people of this country think so much as politics; and it is a subject on which, fortunately for them, though greatly to Mr. Carlyle's disgust, their thoughts can be carried out into action. It is plainly, then, a matter of no small moment that they should think rightly on political questions; and Mr. Carlyle has here done all in his power to make them think wrongly. In his life of Sterling he treated the religious beliefs of his countrymen in a manner that even a critic so favourable as Mr. Brimley was forced to condemn as "wholly unjustifiable;" and now he is doing all he can to upset their political creed. We shall hardly be suspected of affectation when we say that to mark Mr. Carlyle's errors is not a grateful task. It is difficult to do so without misgiving; it is impossible to do so without regret; it is hopeless to do so without incurring the charge of presumption. Yet Mr. Carlyle is not a writer whose errors, if they be such, should be passed in silence. A man of genius preaching a morality at once pretentious and unsound, is the most dangerous of all teachers. And he is never more dangerous than when he teaches by means of history. Such diatribes as the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* carried with them their own refutation. The subjects were familiar, and their fallacies were therefore powerless. But it is a very different matter when an unrivalled knowledge of a past time is devoted to the work of setting the present in a false light. And this is what Mr. Carlyle has done. He is never weary of driving home the moral of his tale, which is simply the manifold inferiority of his own country and time. Now it is no light thing that historical facts should be distorted in order that false opinions may be inculcated; that some chosen period or some favourite hero should be painted in colours unduly bright, in order that the days we live in may appear more gloomy, and the men who rule us more incapable; in a word, that erroneous convictions should be fostered and groundless discontent awakened. Mr. Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, sketched a lordly abbot of the middle ages, whose munificence might contrast with the cold charities of the nineteenth century; he now brings Frederic before us in beautiful and commanding proportions, which may dwarf into insignificance the puny rulers of the present day. In both instances the representations are unreal and the contrast misleading; nor would it be a useless service to convince any reader that the morality in which he has been taught to believe is not a dream, that the age

in which he is fated to live is not corrupt and effete, that the country to which he belongs is not utterly degraded or hopelessly ruined.

We do not propose, in these pages, to give any continuous sketch of the events of Frederic's life. That has been already done by many reviewers, and the book itself has been widely read, at least those parts of it which bear directly on Frederic's career. Our concern is rather with Mr. Carlyle than with his hero; more with the causes and the political results of Frederic's wars than with the details of the wars themselves. For, as it seems to us, the great interest of this book lies in the fact that it is the final and complete development of Mr. Carlyle's views,—the latest exposition of the doctrine of hero-worship. What manner of man then is the chosen hero, according to this doctrine in its perfection? To what form of government does it lead us? And what effects does it tend to produce on the history of a nation? If we can catch any glimpse of a satisfactory answer to these questions, we may be able to appreciate the political value of the doctrine itself.

Beyond doubt, Mr. Carlyle has chosen a theme well suited to a full and clear illustration of his theory, both as regards the character of his hero, and of the period in which he lived. The eighteenth century Mr. Carlyle knows thoroughly, and does not in the least admire. It is, in his eyes, "a disastrous, wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon." It was "opulent in accumulated falsities," had, indeed, grown so false as to have lost the consciousness of being false, was "steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone." Some critics have resented such sweeping condemnation, and have stood up for this so much abused century. They maintain that it must have had something good in it, because much good came after it; and then they run over the great names of which it can boast in literature, statesmanship, and war; and ask if a tree altogether bad could bring forth such fruit? Neither argument is very conclusive. The former is an old and well-worn fallacy; and as for the latter, it proves nothing at all. The truth is that, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, during the eighteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, the whole fabric of society was unsound and decaying. Many of the men whose names are quoted as the ornaments of the time gained their greatest fame by their efforts to pull that fabric down. The ruling classes were not only corrupt, but were in a position utterly unreal, and impossible to be maintained. That they were blind to this, and went fiddling and dancing

to destruction illustrates more plainly than anything else what Mr. Carlyle calls "the falsity" of the time. Under them, indeed, influences were gathering, and forces were rising which they recked not of,—here to gain a calm success, there to burst forth in storm; but these things belong, not to the life of the eighteenth century, but to its destruction. No; the latter half of that century was artificial, unreal, undignified,—the only thing grand about it was the Revolution in which it closed. And it is precisely because of these characteristics that it forms a background against which heroism, or the semblance of it, stands out in strong relief.

Many points, too, in Frederic's character become almost heroic from contrast with the weakness and meanness of his epoch. He was eminently clear, direct, resolute, and largely endowed with "veracity," in the Carlylian sense of the word; that is, the faculty of seeing things as they really are, a faculty by no means to be confounded with the more vulgar virtue of telling the truth. On the other hand, his bad qualities bring out the doctrine of hero-worship in its full force. In judging of characters like Mohammed and Cromwell, whose thoughts were other than the thoughts of common men, we are easily led into a feeling of vague reverence, seeing much that we cannot comprehend, and would not hastily condemn. But Frederic's was no such mixed character. All his faults, his selfishness, his tyranny, his faithlessness, are quite apparent; and therefore we say that Mr. Carlyle has at last chosen a hero whose character is well calculated to bring out the weakness as well as the strength of the gospel of hero-worship. Which of the two it brings out more completely we shall hereafter see.

Of the literary merits of the *Life of Frederic* widely different opinions will be entertained. Of course, like all the works of Mr. Carlyle, it bears unmistakably the stamp of genius. Laborious research, no uncertain mark of genius, is apparent on every page. Certainly Mr. Carlyle does not hide this light under a bushel. He is for ever bewailing his mighty toils, as if he were another Hercules, and glorifying his persevering industry. On one point connected with Frederic's public life we should have liked greater fulness of detail,—we mean what Mr. Carlyle calls "hypothetic diplomatic stuff." We have several sketches, always wonderfully graphic, of diplomatic interviews; but we sadly want definite accounts of the exact nature of the negotiations carried on, and of the treaties actually concluded. But Mr. Carlyle avoids these things, not from laziness but from distaste. His soul abhors the intri-

cacies of diplomacy, and he has little sympathy with those who do not share this abhorrence. He directs divers sneers, not always in the best taste, against "ingenious Herr Professor Ranke," whose history of Frederic, we are told, "affords mankind a wondrously distilled '*astral spirit*,' a ghost-like facsimile (elegant grey ghost, with stars dim twinkling through), of Frederic's and other people's diplomatizings in this world." A man like Ranke deserved more respectful mention. His researches have thrown a light on Frederic's policy and career which we suspect Mr. Carlyle would have more highly appreciated, had it not been for the fact that the more this hero's diplomacy is investigated, and the more his treaties are studied, the less apparent will become the "moderation and veracity" ascribed to him by his English biographer. And while we are on this subject, we must say, once for all, that Mr. Carlyle expresses his contempt for the Prussian "*Dryasdust*,"—including in this borrowed phrase such men as Preuss and Ranke,—in terms which are quite unbecoming. The Prussian *Dryasdust* may be tedious, and much in want of an index, as well as of things more important; but surely he is laborious and accurate, and so far as facts are concerned, makes rough places smooth for those who follow after him in a manner which deserves thankful acknowledgment rather than rude and scornful abuse. Even "ghost-like facsimiles" are something to have ready made to one's hand.

But if some students might desire fuller information regarding great treaties, none can wish for anything more regarding the fighting which is too often the result of treaties. All Frederic's battles are set forth with surprising lucidity, and in the most minute detail. Even without the accompanying plans, the careful reader can, from the verbal description, take in the lie of the ground, can comprehend the general plan of the action, and can see how each formation and manœuvre bears upon that plan. Minute as Mr. Carlyle sometimes is, he never descends to the details which make Mr. Kinglake's battle of the Alma at once tedious, confused, and ridiculous. On the whole, so far as we can judge, he does not exhibit the power of seizing upon and vividly representing the essence, as it were, of an action which was possessed in so remarkable a degree by Sir William Napier; but some of his battle-pieces, as Prague, Dettingen, Fontenoy, seem to us not unworthy of the historian of the Peninsular war.

We have said that Mr. Carlyle's research is visible on every page of his book. In no way is it more pleasantly visible than when

he brings up from the great stores of his knowledge some lively anecdote or familiar allusion which serves to cheer the reader during his long and sometimes weary journeying. We catch bright glimpses into the domestic life of the Prussian Princesses; bitterly sarcastic pictures of the follies of the French Court awake our scorn and laughter; grimly humorous, but yet indulgent sketches of the Court of St. Petersburg, in the days of Peter the Great, of *infâme* Catin, and of the more notorious Catharine II., excite we hardly know what various emotions, but among them certainly that of amusement. Some of these Court-scenes, for example such as illustrate the life and conversation of Peter the Great, or of Augustus the Strong, are hardly suited for quotation; but we cannot resist giving the following sketch of the great Czarina and her husband:—

"Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground yielded. . . . In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a *Fragment* of early *Autobiography* by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little Piece; worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking. A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

"Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old *Catin* herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigour, which—who knows but it may savour of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise, or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

"Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through

perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of all the Russias,—through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, 'Either you to Siberia (perhaps farther), or else I!' And it was Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—And Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not in the lower kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole nebulae and milky-ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, or the Louis-Quatorze of those Northern Parts. 'Second Creatress of Russia,' second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great."—(Vol. vi. pp. 248-9.)

The wretched Peter is disposed of in a few inimitable sentences—

"Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real to poor Peter,—as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He 'used to drill cats,' it is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbours, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!"—(Vol. vi. p. 256.)

Bankrupt, chaotic, opulent in falsities, and above all, miserably wanting in the kingly element, as the eighteenth century undoubtedly was, there were yet a few statesmen and soldiers in Prussia, and even in other countries, whose occasional presence gives life and dignity to the record. Walpole and Fleury, unable to avert the coming evil, not brave enough to avoid the guilt of participating in a policy they disapproved by a voluntary relinquishment of power, are nevertheless forced to give place to more fiery spirits. Kaunitz, hailed in his own day as the greatest of diplomatists, with his rides under glass cover, and his rash dinners on boiled capons—"a most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;" Belleisle, vain, unprincipled, blustering, yet likeable in a way, as the last of the grand old Frenchmen; "Fiery" Loudon, and "Cunctator" Daun;

the two Keiths, "active" Prince Henry,—every man indeed of that stern band of warriors who surrounded Frederic—all these are brought before us living and moving, not a trait forgotten which can give individuality to the character. Even men long familiar to us we learn to know better than before: Chatham again lives to "bid England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes;" Wolfe, greatly daring, is borne by the midnight flow of the St. Lawrence to the scene of his glory and his death; Montcalm, prophetic as his end draws near, foretells the revolt of America and the humiliation of England.

But not only from Courts and armies does Mr. Carlyle gather that personal element which gives so much interest to his History. Many of the great names in literature light up the page, and cheer the reader, if but for a moment, with a pleasant effect of contrast. They are introduced for all sorts of reasons—often for no reason at all, but they are always welcome. Their only connexion with the theme may be the time of their death, as Swift and Pope; they may have recorded some incident in the great struggle, as Smollet; like Maupertuis they may be laughed at, with Johnson they may receive a few words of hearty greeting; some come and go, pleasantly, but without result, as Gellert or Zimmermann; a few leave behind them for ever the marks of the tread of the monarchs of thought, as Voltaire. Kings, statesmen, warriors, men of letters, pass in proud procession before us; types from every class in that strange society enliven the scene; and, as the stately panorama rolls on, the gazer looks with rapt attention on a brilliant and life-like picture of a bygone age, separated from us by a gulf broader and deeper than could have been the work of time alone. The historian of the great catastrophe which closed the eighteenth century, has in this book enabled any painstaking reader to form for himself some idea of what was the state of the nations which made that catastrophe inevitable.

On the other hand, it is not to be denied that many and forcible objections can be urged against the *Life of Frederic* as a work of art. It is often prolix and often confused; sins both of commission and of omission are numerous. Thus the first volume is concerned almost exclusively with the history of the Hohenzollerns—with the rise of Prussia into a nation and a royalty. This preamble, though undoubtedly too long, might have been made interesting had it been written in a clear and perspicuous style. But Mr. Carlyle's abruptness and obscurity, his trick of telling a story by allusion, and his preposterous habit of quotation from

"Smelfungus," make it quite impossible for him to render an extensive sketch of this sort interesting or even intelligible to the general reader. The second volume is mainly occupied in the vain endeavour to make a hero out of that drunken savage Frederic William; and, though enriched with much of Mr. Carlyle's humour and genius, is, we must say, on the whole wearisome. Volumes three, four, and five are the cream of the work; for the end of the Seven Years' War, from the battle of Torgau to the Peace of Hubertsburg, is very tedious, and the Bavarian War is unendurable. The redeeming points in the sixth volume are the account of the Partition of Poland, and, perhaps, the best index that was ever put together. As a whole, the book wants proportion. We have too much of Frederic's ancestry, far too much of his father in particular; we have too much of his campaigns, and too little of his internal administration. Prolix, confused, out of proportion—all this, we regret to say, can be urged truly against the *Life of Frederic*.

But all other literary faults sink into insignificance when we think of the style in which Mr. Carlyle has seen fit to write. Why in this respect he should have chosen so to fall away from his former self, it is hard to tell. It is quite melancholy to compare what he has done with what he chooses to do now. In his early days, Mr. Carlyle wrote English as few men have ever written it—simply and clearly, yet with a richness and power peculiarly his own. No reader will blame us for recalling to his recollection the following most pathetic passage from the *Diamond Necklace*, published nearly thirty years ago:—

"Beautiful High-born that wert so foully hurled low! For, if thy Being came to thee out of old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasted ignominy;—of thy birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the world. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of

maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is then no heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified,—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it, and made it holy; and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is high ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—Dumb lies the world; that wild yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee."

To us this passage seems to fulfil all the conditions of good writing—the worthiest thoughts expressed in appropriate and moving words. Beside it Burke's celebrated burst of eloquence on the same sad theme becomes tinsel; apart from the beauty of the diction, there is a tenderness of feeling which goes to the heart. Nothing of a similar stamp, or at all approaching to it, can be found throughout these six large volumes; the following, rather, is a fair specimen of Mr. Carlyle's later style:—

"When the brains are out, things really ought to die;—no matter what lovely things they were, and still affect to be, the brains being out they actually ought in all cases to die, and with their best speed get buried. Men had noses at one time, and smelt the horror of a deceased reality fallen putrid, of a once dear verity become mendacious, phantasmal; but they have, to an immense degree, lost that organ since, and are now living comfortably cheek-by-jowl with lies. Lies of that sad 'conservative' kind, and indeed of all kinds whatsoever: for that kind is a general mother; and *breeds*, with a fecundity that is appalling, did you heed it much."—(Vol. iii. p. 337.)

We cannot find it in our hearts to forgive this falling away in Mr. Carlyle. Such a rare and splendid gift was his, and to see how he has thrown it behind him! And the worst is, that he has done this wilfully, with his eyes open. Affectation, a love of singularity, an idea that inverted sentences and uncouth phraseology would give weight to his teaching—such have been the causes of the corruption of Mr. Carlyle's style.

Not only has he thus deprived his readers of much pleasure; not only has he done himself grievous injustice, he has also inflicted a deep, though not, we hope, a lasting injury, on the English language, than which no more grievous fault can be laid to the charge of a great author. A man like Mr. Carlyle should look on the language in which he writes as a proud heritage come down to him from no

ignoble ancestry; if not by him to be improved and enriched, at least to be preserved perfect and undefiled.

Besides this unhappy substitution of rant and fustian for real force of expression, Mr. Carlyle's tricks of composition have grown into vicious prominence. The old Smeltungus and Sauerteig device is repeated in these volumes until it becomes irksome to a degree; his love of nicknames and sweeping terms of abuse has grown to an extreme. What possible good can come from raving against "boiling unveracities," "apes of the Dead Sea," "putrid fermentations of mud pools," and so on? What does it all mean? To what reader does it convey any distinct comprehensible idea? Nay, these wild generalities have a directly pernicious effect. They may do Mr. Carlyle a good turn now and then in the way of finishing in convenient vagueness some terrible denunciation; but they do this at the expense of clear thinking on his part and clear apprehension on the part of his readers. Nothing is more fallacious than the use of what Mr. Foster, in his essay on the use of the word romantic, calls "exploding terms." They only serve the purpose of concealing obscurity or confusion of thought, and, in the hands of Mr. Carlyle, they serve this purpose many and many a time. Even worse, if possible, is Mr. Carlyle's fondness for nicknames, and the prominence he gives to physical peculiarities. It would be tedious to give instances—they are to be found on every page. In regard to the latter point, Mr. Carlyle seems to have taken a hint from Mr. Dickens. The peculiarities both in dress and appearance of many of his characters, of George II. for example, are as frequently insisted on and made as familiar to us as the coat-tails of Mr. Pickwick or the teeth of Mr. Carker.

Such tricks, besides being in bad taste, are positively misleading. Mr. Carlyle's admirers are fond of claiming for him the great merit of getting at the real nature of a man—of drawing his characters "from within outwards," to use their favourite way of putting it. The fact may be so; but certainly the habit we refer to gives no very strong testimony that it is so. For in this way we get nothing but the outsides of people. They are identified by some external trait, and are ever after associated with it. Now, this trait may be the index to the real character of the man, but it also may not. We should like to have the character well analysed before the nickname is given, or the representative peculiarity fixed upon. The device is amusing and telling. A forcible impression is produced on the imagination; but the question will intrude—is that impression true? Are

the pictures like the originals? We feel ourselves too much at the mercy of the writer, and would welcome with a sense of security characters drawn in the old-fashioned style.

With a brief but vehement protest against the use of German nomenclature by Mr. Carlyle,—at once displeasing and puzzling, and, worst of all, not consistently kept up,—we pass from considering the book in its literary aspects.

Unfortunately, when we do this we leave all possibilities of praise behind us, and get deeper and deeper into the region of mere fault-finding. We say nothing of his wonderful admirations, and for his not less groundless dislikes; but when we look at the general scope and tenor of the book, we can hardly convince ourselves that Mr. Carlyle is in earnest. We feel it impossible to get into a state of moral indignation on the matter, as some reviewers have done; the whole thing looks so like a ponderous joke. Mr. Carlyle's morality may be expressed by the formula—act up to your character, that is, do whatever you like; his politics may be expressed by the formula—seize whatever you have a chance of getting, and, when asked to give it up, answer by demanding more.

Thus he really seems to believe that he has satisfactorily disposed of all objections to Frederic's faithfulness, by the question, "How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an element and such a time?" which, in plain English, means that by setting before yourself an utterly unjustifiable end you become entitled to adopt any means, however iniquitous, for its attainment. Again, what can any reader make of the two following passages, occurring in the same volume, and but a few pages apart?—

"And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking; there being no such thing as 'mendacity' discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself."—(Vol. iii. p. 419.)

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business; but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what first thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous-wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged; and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And, in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering medley, and go home safe with it if he can."—(Vol. iii. p. 478.)

And this line of defence, not only immoral, but shabby—unworthy of any higher order of criminal than a thimble-rigger—is further supported on the ground that Frederic "did not *volunteer* into this foul element like the others," an assertion which is as nearly as possible the exact reverse of fact. Whether Frederic's invasion of Silesia was justifiable or not, we shall presently see; but that, whether justifiable or unjustifiable, it was entirely voluntary on his part, is beyond question. Statements of this sort—and throughout these volumes their name is legion—altogether overthrow our confidence in the candour of the historian.

Space would soon fail us did we attempt anything like an enumeration of the fallacious arguments and perverted judgments with which the *Life of Frederic* abounds. We will recall to the recollection of our readers but one more example—perhaps the most remarkable of all. No one who ever read it has forgotten the story of the execution of Katte, the unhappy companion of Frederic's flight, when driven to despair by the brutality of his father. Mr. Carlyle does his best to gloss over the barbarity of Frederic William; but the facts represented even by his friendly pen—the sentence of the court-martial changed into one of death by the king—the sudden intimation to the prisoner—this night drive of sixty miles just before his execution, for no other purpose but that the prince should "see him die"—the prince himself tortured into a happy insensibility, and so only escaping the sight of the death of his friend,—make up a drama of refined cruelty which recalls Carrier or Lebon, or some other of the more distinguished ruffians of the French Revolution. And then, at the end of all this, Mr. Carlyle tells us that it was "indeed like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone." To the justly exasperated reader we can suggest this comfort, that a hobby is least mischievous when pushed to its greatest extreme. Readers may therefore restrain their wrath; serious remonstrance would be even more out of place; but a feeling of considerable irritation cannot be altogether restrained. If an author of ordinary powers and moderate pretensions were to indite nonsense of this sort, inextinguishable laughter would be his portion. But when it comes from a great teacher in Israel—a writer of rare genius and of vast influence; when it is forced upon us with profound confidence, and our assent demanded with the loftiest arrogance, a plain man feels at once impatient and affronted. It is not so much that his sense of morality is offended,—the thing is too preposterous for that; but he feels in

a manner aggrieved by such outrageous insults to his understanding. What, on the other hand, are those qualities which gain Mr. Carlyle's approval—which make him thus slow to mark all extremes of iniquity? So far as we can see, mainly the possession of a mysterious something called veracity. Thus Frederic William is forgiven everything, because he is “a wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. There is a divine idea of fact put into him, the genus *Sham* never hatefuller to any man.” We are not supplied with any clearer definition than the above of this precious characteristic; neither do we gain much knowledge of it from a study of those men by whom it has been possessed and displayed in action. Cromwell, Napoleon, Frederic William, Frederic the Great, what have these men in common? And our difficulties are further increased by the fact that Mr. Carlyle is by no means consistent in his predilections. Thus, in *Hero-Worship*, the leaders of the Commons—Pym, Hampden, etc.—are lightly spoken of, as “worthy,” but “unlovable” men, while in his *Cromwell* they are restored to favour; here we have Napoleon and his wars denounced as “grounded on Drawcan-sir rodomontade, grandiose Dick Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder;” while in the *History of the French Revolution* this same Napoleon was “natural terror and horror to all phantasms, being himself of the genus Reality!” So true is it that eccentricities and dogmatism surely lead to inconsistency and self-contradiction.

But Mr. Carlyle is open to another charge, worse even than this wanton disregard of plain morality: he is not always scrupulous or candid in his statements of facts. When, as not unfrequently happens, the exigencies of his case drive him into a corner, he does not stick at a trifle to get out of it. We are far from saying that Mr. Carlyle is wilfully unfair or inaccurate—naturally he is, we should think, the most honest of men,—but we do mean to say, that to be constantly maintaining a pet paradox, or supporting a very doubtful hero, must have a demoralizing effect on the mind. A writer with such aims ever before him cannot preserve the fairness of his spirit. Historic impartiality is one of the rarest of virtues, and is hardly attainable by a man who is always fighting against general opinion. It is not that directly erroneous statements are made, but hostile facts are so lightly thought of that they are dropped out of the narrative altogether; things are looked at from a false point of view, are seen by a coloured, not by

a white light. Thus when Walpole sends subsidies to Austria he is covered with contempt; when Pitt does the same by Frederic he is exalted to all honour. France is, by some curious legerdemain, made responsible for all the evils that have ever befallen Germany, for the Seven Years' War, for the Thirty Years' War, both of which had begun before she drew the sword. Nay, in order to show how combustible were the elements in 1740, and so afford some colour of an excuse to Frederic, the Spanish war, into which popular clamour dragged Walpole, is defended,—a war which was afterwards condemned by the very men whose party-spirit brought it on, which, after lasting ten years, ended in a discreditable peace, without one of the objects for which it was undertaken having been gained. The story of Jenkins' ear is narrated with some pathos, and without the slightest indication of doubt, as an instance of the high-handed doings of the Spanish *Guarda-Costas*, and as “calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honour.” And yet Mr. Carlyle can hardly be unaware that Burke treated the said story as a fable, and that good authorities have attributed the loss of Mr. Jenkins' ear (which he always carried about with him wrapped up in cotton), not to the truculence of Spanish *Guarda-Costas*, but to the homely severities of the English pillory. When he comes on matters in which his favourites are directly concerned, his colouring is yet more illnsory. We have already remarked on the way in which he glosses over the shameful story of Katte. In the same fashion he omits or softens down many instances of Frederic's harshness, as his injustice to Moritz at Colin, or the bitter contempt by which he broke his brother's heart; of his cruelty, as his order before Zorndorf that no quarter should be given; or his scandalous bombardment of Dresden, which Sismondi reprobates as “*une des taches les plus odieuses qui ternissent sa mémoire.*” Worse still, we hear not a word of those professions of regard and friendship with which this most “veracious” politician amused the Empress-Queen up to the very moment when he dashed into Silesia. Again, the miserable Voltaire-quarrels are set forth with much partiality, and at times convenient obscurity. Doubtless Voltaire has exaggerated the treatment he and his niece received at Frankfort from coarse Prussian soldiers; but is there *no* truth in his story? Making every allowance for exaggeration, was not the conduct of these military bullies savage to a degree; and if Frederic did not expressly authorize their harshness, did he ever disavow it? Did he ever punish or rebuke any one in consequence of it? Was not the whole trick ex-

actly what might have been expected from Frederic,—the result of an unamiable craving for a contemptible revenge? the meanness of the proceeding being, if possible, increased by the pains taken that Frederic's share in it should be concealed. How low this great prince should stoop to gratify his pleasure in inflicting pain, may be gathered from the fact of his having actually issued orders to curtail the sugar and chocolate consumed by his distinguished guest, a charge which Mr. Carlyle, so far as we can see, does not venture to contradict. Often a vital fallacy is dexterously conveyed in a few words, as when we are told of “the Silesian, or *partition of Prussia* question;”—the fact being that Silesia did not at that time belong to Prussia at all, and that the Empress Queen, in her attempts on the province, was only seeking to regain her own. Very extraordinary, too, is Mr. Carlyle's way of dealing with Frederic's flight from the field at Mollwitz. That a young prince at his first battle should have been disturbed by the defeat of his cavalry, and even swept away in their headlong rout, is small discredit to him; Frederic's after life can well bear this slight weakness. But no spots must be on Mr. Carlyle's sun. Accordingly, instead of simply saying that Frederic ran away, he tells us that he “was snatched by Morgante into Fairyland, carried by Diana to the top of Pindus (or even by Proserpine to Tartarus, through a bad sixteen hours), till the battle whirlwind subsided.” Maupertuis told the English ambassador at Vienna how he rode off in the King's suite, how some Austrian bussars saluted out of Oppeln upon them, whereupon Frederic, exclaiming, “Farewell, my friends, I am better mounted than you all,” gaily rode off, leaving his friends to captivity. No very great sin after all, except in the manner of doing the thing; but Mr. Carlyle will have none of it, and so disposes of Maupertuis by quoting against him Voltaire's account of his doings after Mollwitz. This is really too bad. Voltaire to be cited as a good authority against Maupertuis, the man of all others whom he most hated and despised! What a “world of scorn would look beautiful” in Mr. Carlyle's eyes at the idea of Voltaire being quoted as an authority against Frederic! This list of omissions and misrepresentations, ranging from matters of the highest moment to matters seemingly of the lowest, might be extended almost indefinitely; and it seems conclusive against the trustworthiness of Mr. Carlyle's history.

With all this, what has Mr. Carlyle made out? The main purpose of his book seems to be twofold—*first*, to give to the world in Frederic the ideal of a patriot king; *second*,

to vindicate the Carlylian theory of government more completely and conclusively than has ever yet been done, by showing it successful in action. Has either of these things been accomplished?

Till Mr. Carlyle took the matter in hand, people had pretty well made up their minds as to the character of Frederic. Lord Stanhope, the most impartial and sober-minded of historians, thus writes of him:—

“Vain, selfish, and ungrateful, destitute of truth and honour, he valued his companions, not from former kindness, but only for future use. But turn we to his talents, and we find the most consummate skill in war, formed by his own genius, and acquired from no master; we find a prompt, sagacious, and unbending administration of affairs; an activity and application seldom yielding to sickness, and never relaxed by pleasure, and seeking no repose except by variety of occupation; a high and overruling ambition, capable of the greatest exploits, or of the most abject baseness, as either tended to its object, but never losing sight of that object; pursuing it with dauntless courage and an eagle eye, sometimes in the heavens and sometimes through the mire, and never tolerating either in himself or in others one moment of languor, or one touch of pity.”

To reverse such judgment as this—to make the world recognise in Frederic not only a great warrior and statesman, but also an honest politician and a high-minded man, is Mr. Carlyle's leading object. Whether or not he has succeeded in this object we shall hereafter see; but in the first place, we must remark that his devotion thereto has, in one important respect, been prejudicial to the real value and interest of his work. His endeavour to set Frederic before us in a new light makes him dwell upon the influence and doings of that prince, to the entire exclusion of the various elements, at once of discord and of progress, which were then awakened in the world. Mr. Carlyle could never be a supporter of the “dynamical” theory of history; but in this book he rejects it altogether, and thereby misses the real grandeur of his theme. In the struggle which we know by the name of the Seven Years' War, many forces were at work very different from the ambition of Frederic. The national and political spirit of Germany was moving on the face of the waters. It had slept a deep sleep ever since the death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen. The old mediæval tendencies towards independence and self-government had been utterly overwhelmed in the Thirty Years' War. A gloomy reign of darkness and terror—of Austria and Popery—had lasted for some hundred years. But the time had now come, though the fulness of time was not yet. The

league formed against Frederic, which Pitt, with pardonable exaggeration, styled "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind," roused, to some extent, that independence which it menaced. Despite the blind of the accession of Sweden, it was universally felt to be a league of Catholics against Protestantism, and the spirit of the sixteenth century swelled high in favour of the successor of the "Lion of the North." Clement XIII. did Frederic an invaluable service when he sent a sword and a velvet hat, and dove of pearls, enriched with his pontifical benediction, to Marshal Daun. It was a struggle, too, of despotism against liberty. Austria, the overthrower of the Hanseatic cities, the destroyer of Bohemia, the violator of the Constitution of Hungary and of the Low Countries, could never be regarded as other than the bitter foe of freedom and of German nationality. In every way it was a contest between darkness and light, for the awakening mind of Germany was naturally on the side of German independence. Thus all the stars in their courses fought for Frederic. In his behalf—the sceptic, the despot, the French *littérateur*—were enlisted the influences of Protestantism, of love of liberty, and of the rising power of German thought. The spirit of the times was on the side of Frederic—an aid which, even if despised by him or undeserved, should not have been omitted in the story of his life. Such omission may tend to the greater glory of Frederic, though we doubt this; but it certainly is a serious injustice to the reader, and detracts sadly from the dignity and the value of the record.

But to return to Frederic's character. The point on which he is most generally condemned is his conduct of the foreign affairs of Prussia. In his relations with other kingdoms he is accused of unprincipled ambition and utter faithlessness. Now we should have been well content had the question of Frederic's public morality or immorality been left without remark to the judgment of the reader. We have no great love for that style of history-writing which is always pointing a moral. We prefer greatly the passionless indifference of Thucydides, who sheds his light alike upon the just and the unjust. We have no inclination to preach ourselves, and we have still less inclination to listen to the preaching of others. If Mr. Carlyle would only tell us calmly and truthfully what took place, and then leave us alone! But this is precisely what Mr. Carlyle will not do. He is for ever in the pulpit; exhorting, prophesying, denouncing. If his doctrine were sound, and his preaching

dull, we might silently go to sleep. But no slumbers are possible to Mr. Carlyle's hearers; and as we cannot choose but listen, and listen to much that is quite wrong, we are forced to take up our testimony on the other side.

Two events in Frederic's life may be taken as decisive of the case—the invasion of Silesia and the partition of Poland. Of these the former is incomparably the more important. For here undoubtedly we have the key to the whole of Frederic's career. If his seizure of Silesia, in the first instance, was justifiable, the guilt of what followed does not rest with him. Mr. Carlyle has laboured this point in his hero's favour, and quite fairly: "His first expedition to Silesia,—a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered,—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory,—to defend the horse he had seized." Doubtless this last sentence is quite true. All Frederic's subsequent history runs up to the invasion of Silesia. His wars were undertaken either to ward off anticipated danger from this coveted province, or to defend it when openly attacked. They all take their character, so to speak, from the original outbreak in 1740. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some importance to see what was the nature of Frederic's claims to Silesia. The sort of information which the reader will gain from Mr. Carlyle on this point may be gathered from the following passages:—

"No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous king, less sensible to the perils and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been."

"Friedrich, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies. His claims on Schlesien; and on infinitely higher things; which were found to be his and his nation's: though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure. For, as my poor Friend insists, there *are* Laws valid in Earth and Heaven; and the great soul of the world is just."—(Vol. iii. pp. 141, 335.)

This can hardly be considered satisfactory historical information; and really there is little better to be got. We suspect that very few, even among the careful students of these volumes, could tell what Frederic's claims on Silesia really were. Clear statement of them there is none; but from the obscurities of the first volume the diligent reader may glean an idea of their nature, though a vague and

insufficient one. We will do our best to state them shortly and plainly.

When Silesia first comes clearly into the light of European history—about the middle of the tenth century—it had been Christianized, and was governed by Poland. Divisions of the heritage of the Polish crown among the members of the Royal family made Silesia independent about the middle of the twelfth century. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century it became a fief of Bohemia, or rather a part of that kingdom, partly by resignations of various Silesian dukes, partly by a fortunate marriage of the son of that king of Bohemia who fell at Cressy. From this time Silesia shared the fortunes, good and evil, of Bohemia; adopted the doctrines of Huss, welcomed the Reformation, and supported the cause of the "Winter-King;" and had therefore to endure, in a greater or less degree, the miseries of the wars of Zisca, and the yet greater miseries of the Thirty Years' War. The treaty of Westphalia made no difference in the political position of Silesia; only secured to it freedom of religious opinion, a privilege which the House of Austria laboured perseveringly to take away. In 1537, Silesia, or rather certain portions of Silesia, became connected with Prussia in the following manner:—Frederick Duke of Brieg and Liegnitz-principality in Silesia, concluded a treaty of succession or agreement, to succeed reciprocally, on failure of heirs to either, with Joachim the Second, Elector of Brandenburg. Doubts, however, existed from the first as to the legality of this treaty, and nine years after its execution it was declared null by the King of Bohemia, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand the First. In this declaration of nullity the states of Bohemia concurred, and the Duke of Liegnitz at least acquiesced. Nay, the states of Bohemia were the first to challenge the proceeding. Mr. Carlyle calmly assumes that the paction was "questionable by no mortal." But the point is not quite so clear. The right of a vassal to dispose of his lands is most distinctly though implicitly limited by the condition that he must not dispose of them to the injury of his suzerain and of his country. Would the Earl of Warwick, under our Edward IV., have been entitled, by the laws of England, to make such a "heritage-brotherhood" with the Duke of Burgundy? The illustration is perhaps a strong one. But it brings out the principle which justifies the states of Bohemia and the King in what they did; a principle which not only regulated the whole feudal system, but which lies at the root of all tenures now,—the principle that a vassal does not hold his land absolutely,—that he has no

right to alienate it according to his own arbitrary wish,—that, in short, as lawyers put it, "no man is in law the absolute owner of lands; he can only hold an estate in them." The rights accruing to Prussia, in virtue of these transactions, constituted Frederic's best claim on Silesia. Another and a weaker ground for justifying the invasion arose as follows:—The principality of Jägendorf, also a district of Silesia, had come into the possession of Joachim Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, by various steps which it is not necessary to narrate here. Joachim gave it to his second son, John George. The new Duke of Jägendorf, unfortunately for himself, warmly supported the Elector-Palatine in his attempt on the crown of Bohemia. The result of that attempt, and the fate of the "Winter-King," is well known. The Duke was laid under the Ban of the Empire, and of course forfeited Jägendorf, the investiture of which was conferred on the prince of the House of Lichtenstein. With the merits of the cause which the unlucky John George espoused we have nothing at present to do. He played and lost; and accordingly forfeited his possessions. The proceedings of the House of Austria may have been harsh, but cannot be called illegal. The danger had been too great for lenity. Rulers more merciful than the House of Hapsburg have ever shown itself, would hardly have proved lenient to the adherents of a cause which had nearly torn from them such a possession as the kingdom of Bohemia. Mr. Carlyle, of course, attacks this proceeding as "contrary to all law!" Unfortunately for himself he gives his reasons, or rather his reason, which is merely that Johann George had left "innocent sons;" as if rulers had always recognised, or were at all bound to recognise, the amiable doctrine that the political sins of parents do not descend to children. Lastly, in 1686, the Elector Frederic William expressly renounced his pretensions to Jägendorf and the other Silesian duchies in exchange for a district, contiguous to his own dominions, and called them "the circle of Schwiebus." Frederic's son was jockeyed out of this circle of Schwiebus for the sum of £25,000; but nevertheless the renunciation of the father, if, indeed, that renunciation was required, remained good.

To rake up from the dust of past centuries pretensions such as these, and make them the ground for war, is conduct the rectitude of which it would be idle to discuss. No wonder that Mr. Carlyle finds it convenient to talk vaguely of Frederic's "claims," without clearly telling us what these claims were. If such pleas are to be regarded as a cause of war, the world could never be at peace for

a week together. What would be said of France were she to take up arms that she might enlarge her borders till they should be as they were at the peace of Amiens? What would be said of the King of Holland were he to begin a European war that he might regain the Belgian provinces? Nay, fresh as the wound is, would Austria be held justified were she, without any new provocation, to overrun with her troops the plains of Lombardy? But Frederic's conduct was far more flagrant than any of the cases we have supposed. His claims were antiquated—prescribed by the lapse of centuries. It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether they were at the first well founded. Beyond doubt they had been distinctly waived by his ancestors, and prince after prince of his house had acquiesced in that waiver. And lastly, Prussia was a party to treaties whereby the integrity of those dominions which Frederic treacherously invaded was expressly guaranteed. Of course Mr. Carlyle laughs at the Pragmatic Sanction: "the only real treaties are a well-trained army, and your treasury full." Truly a comforting doctrine for the wellbeing of mankind, calculated to promote peace and good-will, and stop the present mania for armaments,—in all ways well worthy of a great teacher of the public mind. But surely we cannot disregard the fact that all the States of Europe, Prussia included, had bound themselves to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction—a treaty which regulated the Austrian succession, and secured the Austrian dominions. That instrument, in the weighty words of Lord Macaulay, "was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world." And yet Mr. Carlyle would convince us that Frederic did well to violate his obligations under that instrument, because, forsooth, "flaming Opportunity" invited him; that is, because Austria was poor, because the Emperor was dead, and because the young matronhood of the daughter of the man to whom Frederic probably owed his life might prove unequal to the cares of empire.

The results of this treachery were such as might easily have been foreseen. When war had once begun all the nations of the earth gathered together to the fray. According to Mr. Carlyle, France is to blame for this. Why should she have interfered, and have so "palpably made herself the author of the conflagration of deliriums that ensued for above seven years henceforth; nay, for above twenty years"? Undoubtedly France was wrong. We are in no way concerned to defend her. But is it just that she should bear the whole, or even the chief blame? It would have been right, of course, in her to have kept aloof, and seen other nations en-

riching themselves with the spoils of the great Austrian heritage; but such virtue, rare at any time, would have been unprecedented and incomprehensible in the middle of the eighteenth century. Why, we might rather ask, should she have refrained from the plunder? She was bound by no ties to Austria. She had not been recently an ally and friend of the House of Hapsburg. On the contrary, France and Austria had been foes for long ages. It was too much to expect that either of these Powers would let slip a favourable opportunity of humiliating and reducing the other. And yet France is loaded with abuse for having yielded to temptation, and gone to war openly and above-board; while Frederic's treacherous robbery is justified and praised. It is really too much that history should be turned topsy-turvy in this fashion. On Frederic, and on Frederic alone, lies the blame of having commenced this fearful strife. But for his unprincipled ambition, peace would have probably been preserved. In peace lay the only hope of safety for Austria. France and England were ruled by ministers to whom peace had been always dear. Russia had nothing to gain by war, and showed no inclination to move. These Powers, together with Poland and Holland, had expressly declared their intention of maintaining the Pragmatic Sanction. And no one of them showed any symptom of falsifying these declarations until the example of the King of Prussia called the whole world to arms. "On his head is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America."* The beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters. It is a terrible question,—At whose door lies the guilt of a war? And by what motive driven did Frederic do these things? In his manifestoes he spoke a little, and Mr. Carlyle now speaks a great deal, of "claims" on Silesia; but it must be admitted that Frederic did not, as a rule, pretend to more virtue than he had. In his letters and conversations he ascribed his conduct to its true motives—a desire to extend his territory, and a vain craving for *La Gloire*.

* Lord Macaulay's Essay on Frederic.

His schemes were carried out with profound secrecy and duplicity. He preferred no demand for redress, he made no declaration of war. He continued his assurances of amity up till the last moment, and had overrun Silesia with his troops before Austria knew that he had any cause of quarrel against her. As he began the war, so he carried it on. With every new success he rose, "sibyl-like," in his demands; and yet Mr. Carlyle affects to be mightily indignant because the world would not credit his professions of moderation. But whenever his own ends were secured, he cared little for the safety of his allies, or for the preservation of his own honour. After the battle of Chotusitz, Maria Theresa agreed to cede Silesia, and he abandoned France and Bavaria without a thought. France, pressed by Austria and England, was soon reduced to desperate straits; Bavaria was overrun with bands of Austrian hussars, and her unhappy Elector hurried heartbroken to the grave. Then Frederic took alarm at the ascendancy of Austria, allied himself anew with France, and without complaint, without cause of offence, a second time invaded the Austrian dominions. A year had barely elapsed when he again deserted France, and concluded another peace with Austria, now sufficiently humiliated. In fact, his policy was simply this: to seize whatever he could, and then so to play off France against Austria as to prevent the fruits of his robberies being forced out of his hands. The policy was astute, and it was pursued with perfect resolution, rapacity, and faithlessness. A desire to stand well in public opinion, somewhat strange in such a politician,—connected perhaps with the real admiration and the love of letters which formed part of his character,—prompted him from time to time to justify his conduct in the eyes of Europe.* Thus, on the occasion of his second attack on Austria in 1744, he published a letter or address to the people of England. He does not seem to have taken much by the motion. "A poor performance," writes Horace Walpole of it; "his Voltaires and his *litterati* should correct his works before they are printed. To pen manifestoes worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three Margraves, is insufferable."

On the question of the partition of Poland we have less to say. Our readers will not hear from us any "shrieks or foam-lipped

curses" over that proceeding. Mr. Carlyle defends or palliates it by drawing a forcible and humorous picture of Poland in a state of "anarchy, pestilence, famine, and pigs eating your dead bodies," deliverance from which would be a manifest blessing for Poland herself, and hardly less so for her neighbours. The Poles are plainly no favourites with Mr. Carlyle; and their constitution, as described by him, with the right of confederation—that is, the right of any man to disobey the law when he might think fit; and the *Liberum Veto*—that is, the right of any man to stop the proceedings of the whole parliament,—“an ever-flowing fountain of anarchy, joyful to the Polish nation,”—certainly seems the most remarkable form of social existence under which mortal men ever attempted to live and prosper. We should like to quote much here, but we must content ourselves with the summing up:—

“The Poles put fine colours on all this; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain: ‘Still barbarian, sir; no culture, no literature,’—inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide; but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end, got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it. Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. ‘Polite Polish Society for the last thirty years has felt itself to be in a most halcyon condition,’ says Rulhière;* ‘given up to the agreeable, and to that only;’ charming evening-parties and a great deal of flirting: full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas,—given up especially to the pleasing idea of ‘*Laissez-faire*, and everything will come right of itself.’ ‘What a discovery!’ said every liberal Polish mind; ‘for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, to let go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!’

“To this condition of beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts;—the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called ‘Religion’ in Poland. Dis-senterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over-against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that time. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially

* Mr. Carlyle differs from this, and finds in Frederic “not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader.” This may be true of Frederic in his autobiography, but not as a rule. Witness the instance in the text, his publication of the papers found at Dresden, and his *Apologie de ma Conduite* in 1757.

* Rulhière, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).

one at Thorn, forty years ago, which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world. Polish Orthodoxy in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, 'Polack, Catholik!' I am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities!—In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is speciality of blame due to them on any score; it was 'like People, like King,' all along;—and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time."—(Vol. vi. pp. 409, 410.)

Looking upon these things, Mr. Carlyle is clearly of opinion that Poland was moribund, and had well deserved to die. He makes a somewhat novel application of the old analogy between the State and the Individual, maintaining that just as when a man "has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him to general satisfaction," so nations fallen into depths of decay must be disposed of by some similar process. There is much truth in all this, but the analogy fails in one important point, namely, that it is not so easy to hang a nation as to hang one man. The "finishing" is an essential element in Mr. Carlyle's process; and to finish a nation is a hard thing. Poland, for example, has not been finished to this day. Had the partition of Poland, once accomplished, proved to be a matter disposed of for ever, had no re-partitions and rebellions ensued, Mr. Carlyle's defence might have been held conclusive; but, as things have turned out, the case is not quite so clear. Of all the parties concerned, however, the Czarina was most free from blame. Mr. Merivale, in his recently published volume of Essays, has shown that she interfered not only in the interests of order, but as the champion of religious liberty. The territory which she took from Poland had been for long a debatable land between two barbarous nations. She interfered in answer to the appeals and supplications of millions of serfs, almost all orthodox Greeks ground down to the earth by a savage and bigoted aristocracy, the victims at once of tyranny and fanaticism. The Archbishop of Cracow had induced the Diet to bind themselves by a solemn vow never to extend toleration to schismatics,—thus adding another to the

many instances in which successful Ultramontaniam has proved the ruin of nations. Still, judged of by the results, the partition of Poland was, to say the least of it, a serious blunder, and the above defence can be pleaded on behalf of Catherine alone. Yet it would be well for Frederic's reputation if nothing worse than his share in this transaction could be laid to his charge.

Students of the military science will find much to interest them in these volumes. Not only are the battles narrated, as we said before, distinctly and with brilliancy, so that ordinary readers can understand and enjoy; but no little skirmish is forgotten, and the plans of Frederic's campaigns are mapped out in a way which must for soldiers be both interesting and instructive. We can imagine no more profitable study than the study of Frederic's marches and manœuvres—in which, so far as we can judge, his military genius is even more conspicuous than on the field of actual battle, always excepting the signal triumphs of Rossbach and Leuthen. Indeed, for so great a captain, Frederic committed some extraordinary blunders in the work of fighting. At Colin, Hochhirsch, and Kunersdorf, disregarding the counsels of his best officers, he rushed into errors which brought him to the brink of destruction. At Prague, again, he rejected advice which, had it been followed, would have secured to him not only the victory he gained, but the total and final overthrow of the foe. In fact, Frederic was not a heaven-born general. Lord Stanhope, in the passage we before quoted, was quite mistaken when he spoke of Frederic's skill in war as "formed by his own genius and acquired from no master." It was formed by long experience, and acquired, not only from the teaching of his own veterans, but from some severe practical lessons administered in his second Silesian war, by old Marshal Traun. "No general," says Frederic himself, "committed more faults than did the King in this campaign."* It was a campaign of manœuvring not fighting, and Frederic was out-manœuvred. His campaigns in the Seven Years' War had very different issues. Beaten he sometimes was, out-marched or out-manœuvred never.

It would be out of place to discuss here at any length Frederic's qualities as a commander, even were we qualified to do so; but the constitution of his army, and his bearing towards both his officers and their men, are points of general interest, and which throw some light on his character. What

* He always admitted that he regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and M. de Traun as his teacher.

manner of man did he show himself to be in this most important relation of his life? The first thing which strikes us is, that a harsher chief never led men to victory. He praised rarely, rewarded almost never, and punished unsparingly. In his officers he visited mere blunders with cruel severity. Bevern, a brave and skilful captain, was sent to Stettin in disgrace because of the doubtful result of the battle of Breslau, fought in circumstances which even Mr. Carlyle admits to have been "horribly difficult." Schmettau, for the capitulation of Dresden,—a capitulation expressly authorized by Frederic himself about a month before it happened,—was disgraced and never employed again. Years after, when the aged veteran ventured to complain of the scanty pension allowed him from the Invalid List, he received the gracious answer that he should be "thankful he had not lost his head." General Finck, an able soldier, of tried skill and courage, who had been thought worthy to be intrusted with the command of the army after the disaster of Kunersdorf, was ordered by the king, against his own vehement remonstrances, into a position of extraordinary difficulty and danger at Maxen—"has a Sphinx riddle on his mind, such as soldiers seldom had." He failed to extricate himself, and was forced to capitulate. For this he received a year's imprisonment in Spandau, and was thereafter dismissed the service. Throughout his life Frederic kept up a strange vindictiveness towards every one who had been, however innocently, connected with this disgrace; possibly because he must have felt that he had himself in great measure to blame for it. Years after, when an officer, who had belonged to the capitulating army, fallen into poverty and evil times, sent in a humble petition for a pension, Frederic wrote on the margin, with cruel sarcasm: "Assign him a pension by all means! assign it on the profits of Maxen." Such conduct betrays unmistakably a cruel nature, and is very short-sighted besides. Frederic was not better served in consequence of it, but worse. Instances not a few occurred in these wars, in which Frederic's generals, from an undue dread of his displeasure, rushed upon disaster against their own better judgment. Thus, in 1760, Fouquet, "the Bayard" of Prussia, reluctantly obeying Frederic's mistaken orders (Spandau and disgrace might have been awaiting him otherwise), lost Silesia, and some 10,000 men. Fear indeed is a deadly foe to good counsel. No man can exercise the full powers of his mind when disturbed by the knowledge that a mistake, however innocent, will certainly entail punishment. Accordingly no wise chief, in war or any-

thing else, was ever other than lenient to mere errors of judgment.

The constitution of Frederic's army was in the highest degree remarkable. It was officered by Prussians and nobles; but the troops were gathered from all quarters of the earth, and by every possible device of lying and kidnapping. Mr. Carlyle never alludes to Frederic's recruiting expedients, though he does to those of his father. But Frederic was, in this respect, even worse than Frederic William. He had his miserable crimps spread all over Europe, kidnapping peasants, or seducing the troops of his allies; sticking at no crime to gain men to be sacrificed to the ambition of this "last of the Kings." He profited by their disgraceful services, and paid them; but if they were detected he disowned them, and left them to their fate. The cruelty of the treatment to which these troops were subjected was such as few armies have ever experienced. The following description, though given in a work of fiction, is no whit exaggerated:—

"The life the private soldier led was a frightful one to any but men of iron courage and endurance. There was a corporal to every three men, marching behind them, and pitilessly using the cane; so much so that it used to be said that in action there was a front rank of privates and second rank of sergeants and corporals to drive them on. . . . The punishment was incessant. Every officer had the liberty to inflict it; and in peace it was more cruel than in war. . . . I have seen the bravest men of the army cry like children at a cut of the cane; I have seen a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks,—a man who had been in a hundred battles,—and he has stood presenting arms and sobbing and howling like a baby while the young wretch lashed him over the arms and thighs with the stick. In the day of action this man would dare anything. A button might be awry *then* and nobody touched him; but when they had made the brute fight then they lashed him again into subordination."*

This horrible life was uncheered by hope. The possibility of promotion at once awakes the stimulus of personal ambition and imparts a feeling of professional dignity; but for the Prussian soldier there was no such possibility. The army must be officered by nobles alone. This illustrious prince, in whom Mr. Carlyle discovers, as the soul of all his noble tendencies, "that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him," when peace came, would dismiss any officer who was not noble, whatever his services might have been. In spite of all his cant about equality and sneers at blood, he

* Thackeray, *Barry Lyndon*.

was in practice a bitter aristocrat. He carried his reverence of German quarterings even into his administration of civil affairs. He would not allow a merchant to travel at more than a certain fixed rate of expense; he would allow a nobleman's estate to be purchased by none but a nobleman. The punishments by which this motley army was kept in order were frightful. Death was regarded as a secondary punishment. In order to insure a capital sentence a strange and horrible crime of child-murder became prevalent. The soldiers shrank from the guilt of suicide; but they thought it little harm to secure their own release from suffering by causing the death of an innocent child. That even such an army as this fought well under Frederic is matter for no surprise. For they knew their trade well, and on the field of battle that knowledge must come into play. Men are essentially combative by nature; and the hounds love the huntsman who can best show them the prey. But they fought unstirred by any of those influences which almost make fighting virtue. It is too bad of Mr. Carlyle to compare such an army as this to Cromwell's Ironsides. He has elsewhere described it far more truly,—"fighters animated only by drill-sergeants, messroom moralities, and the drummer's cat!"* A few of the native Prussian soldiers did show something of stern enthusiasm, as at Leuthen; but these were the exception. The stock of such men was soon exhausted; and the rest were merely the best fighting brutes, perfectly trained, and handled by a master. Never, we think, did the profession of arms wear a less inviting aspect. The army, as a body, was animated by nothing of that religious and political enthusiasm which made the troops of the Commonwealth the finest soldiers the world has ever seen, or of that passion for distinction and glory, that fervid devotion to a leader, which carried the legions of Napoleon triumphantly to the close of many a bloody day. When Frederic himself implored them to return to the charge at Colin, he had for his answer, "No, no, Fritz; we have done enough for eightpence a day." No such thought was present to any English or French soldier when brought up to turn the doubtful battle at Marston Moor or Marengo.

The one inexplicable puzzle to our mind is, that this army never rose up in impetuous revolt and put a stop to the whole thing, by shooting, if necessary, the king and every officer they had. We are told indeed that Frederic was never quite safe on parade, and no wonder. The troops deserted, when op-

portunity offered, as at the retreat from Dresden, in scores and hundreds; but no mutiny was ever brought to a successful issue, though the attempt was more than once made. The difficulty of combination, in such circumstances, is almost insuperable; and we fear it must be added, that there is a tendency in human nature to cower before stern oppression. Of this strange army we get no knowledge from these pages; we are presented instead with an imaginary picture of high-minded Prussians, devoted to their king, and overflowing with patriotism and Lutheran hymns.

The third of Mr. Carlyle's volumes opens with rejoicings over the beginning of Frederic's civil reforms—rejoicings not wholly undeserved. He showed a real anxiety for the speedy administration of justice, and did his best to secure for his subjects this great blessing. He abolished torture. He granted to all sects, except the Jews, perfect religious liberty. He allowed uncontrolled freedom of thought and expression. These were great boons. But one boon, greater than all these, was persistently withheld, namely, freedom of action. "My people," he said, "may think as they please, provided I may act as I please!" Never was a people so regulated and disciplined in every relation of life. They could not marry, or buy or sell, or travel abroad, or stay at home, save as the king thought fit. And the extraordinary thing is, that he did all this superintendence himself. He had absolutely no ministers. Those who are curious to see how nearly the life of a great and illustrious prince may resemble the life of a galley-slave should read Lord Macaulay's sketch of Frederic's business habits. He himself did all the work of governing Prussia, and what that work must have been, owing to his love of meddling and distrust of subordinates, it is hardly possible for us to conceive. A nobleman could not go to Aix-la-Chapelle for his health; a man of letters could not go to Holland to procure information for a history of that country, without special permission from the king.* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams thus writes to Mr. Fox in 1751: "If a courier is to be despatched to Versailles, or a minister to Vienna, his Prussian Majesty draws himself the in-

* The marginal notes written by Frederic on the reports sent to him by his ministers, or more properly speaking, secretaries, are characteristic, and sometimes most amusing. The answer which he gives to a petition from some officials objecting to the promotion of their juniors over their heads, is well worthy of attention among ourselves: "I have in my stable a parcel of old mules, who have served me a long while, but I have not yet found any of them apply to be made superintendents of the stable."

* *French Revolution*, vol. iii.

structions for the one, and writes the letters for the other. This you will say is great; but if a dancer at the opera has disputes with a singer, or if one of those performers wants a new pair of stockings, a plume for his helmet, or a finer petticoat, the same king of Prussia sits in judgment on the cause, and with his own hand answers the dancer's or singer's letter."† His leading idea was to make Prussia a barrack-yard. He was persuaded that his people could not act or think wisely for themselves, and that he therefore must think and act for them. In his conception of how to promote the wellbeing of a nation he was far inferior to Peter the Great. The Czar laboured to raise brutes into men; Frederic's aim was that men should remain as children.

Perhaps the most inexcusable and pernicious development of Frederic's love of meddling was when he interfered with the administration of the law. The story of Miller Arnold's lawsuit is well known. We have no space to go into that matter here, further than is necessary to illustrate Frederic's style of government. If, after repeated investigation and consideration, all the best judges in a country should agree on a point in an intricate and difficult branch of law; if, in spite of remonstrances and threats from a despotic king, they adhere to their opinion as one which they cannot, on their consciences, change or modify, people will be apt to think that they must be in the right. Not so the king of Prussia. Without misgiving he reversed the decision; abused the judges who pronounced it only a little less coarsely than his father would have done; and rewarded them for their conscientiousness by dismissal and imprisonment, finding them liable also in damages to the successful litigant. The results were what might have been expected. For some time after the Courts of Law found the utmost difficulty in enforcing their authority; and it is gratifying to know that hundreds of peasants used to throng under the king's windows with petitions in their hands, all loudly shouting, "Please your Majesty, consider our case; we have been far worse treated than the Arnolds." How the king relished this practical result of his interference we are not informed. Finally Frederic's successor had to pay out of his own pocket all the expenses occasioned by this freak of royal equity, and so hush up the matter.

Frederic's commercial policy opens up a topic at once more attractive and instructive. In many respects it was worthy of attention,

and not the less so because he violated, pretty consistently, all the doctrines of free-trade.

"To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in 'Political Economy'; that he had not faith in Free Trade, but the reverse; nor had ever heard of those Ultimate Evangels, unlimited competition, fair start, and perfervid race by all the world (towards '*cheap-and-nasty*,' as the likeliest winning-post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us."—(Vol. iv. p. 370.)

"They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of a Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade; they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach-horns, jews-harps, and scranell-pipes, *pro* and *contra*, on the same sublime subject: 'God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is his Prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest!'"—(Vol. vi. p. 351.)

It is no cause of reproach to Frederic that he did not understand or appreciate free-trade; but it is difficult to keep one's temper when a man like Mr. Carlyle condescends to such idle buffoonery as this. It was hard enough to get free-trade adopted; it is even now hard enough to get it carried out; and it is very intolerable that a great writer and pretentious teacher should indulge in meaningless sneers at a policy which he cannot intelligently attack. That Frederic was wrong in many of his views, as his horror at the precious metals leaving the country, his love of monopolies, his belief that manufactures would flourish at his will, that trade could be fostered by restrictive laws, will now-a-days hardly be disputed. On the other hand, he adopted a course with regard to many matters, which, though we may hastily condemn it as unsound, would seem, judged by the result, to have been eminently successful; and Mr. Carlyle would have rendered better service by helping us to a solution of these difficulties, than by his vague denunciations of the "Dismal Science," as he thinks it humorous to call Political Economy.

It is hard indeed to say whether we are more astonished by Frederic's mode of sustaining the burdens of war, or by his power of repairing the ruin which war leaves behind. Even seen, as it only now can be seen, by dim glimpses, his war budget is indeed wonderful; to extravagant British minds almost inconceivable. The pay of the Prussian soldier was small, and when peace came every unnecessary man was rigorously paid off. The economy practised in every branch of the public service was carried to the verge of meanness. The frugality practised in the Royal household was unexampled, though it were much to be desired that it should gain

* Quoted in Lord Mahon's *History of England*. Appendix, vol. iv.

imitators. Moreover, the war was to a great extent conducted on the principle of making war support war. In Saxony, an enemy's country, levies of men and contributions were made by him during all those terrible years. Still the mystery remains quite inexplicable: how did he manage to come through that fearful conflict without incurring a penny of debt? And then another curious question arises, and one of some moment when nations take to fighting, Would it not have been better if debt *had* been incurred? Would not much suffering have been avoided if more money had been forthcoming? Though the nation did eventually recover, at the time the agony was almost too great for endurance. Now, might not this agony have been greatly mitigated, might not much personal suffering have been spared, much property have been preserved, by borrowing from the resources of the future? Then, again, as to the tampering with the currency. Can it ever be good in the long-run for the financial well-being of a nation that the coinage should be debased as Frederic debased it?

Yet more astonishing than Frederic's management of the war was the way in which Prussia, under his guidance, recovered from its effects. The state of the country at the close of the Seven Years' conflict is not easy to be imagined. The population had been decreased by ten per cent.; wide tracts of country lay desolate; the villages were depopulated; the fields were uncultivated; at best, only women and children remained to follow the plough. The very seed-corn had been devoured. The towns were hardly in better plight than the country. In Berlin itself a third part of the population was supported by alms. But if the guilty ambition of Frederic had reduced his country to this point of misery, it is only fair to add that his industry and administrative capacity soon raised her out of it. In some three or four years Prussia was restored to comparative prosperity. There could hardly be a more interesting or instructive study than to inquire carefully how this was done. Readers who remember Lord Macaulay's elaborate account of the debasement of the coinage under William, and the measures taken to restore it, will understand what might have been done here. Unhappily Mr. Carlyle has no taste for such inquiries. He reiterates with vehemence that Frederic violated all the doctrines of "the dismal science," but beyond this it does not please him to go. And we are not sure that he is right even thus far. Undoubtedly Frederic did not much understand or value Political Economy, but in the matter now before us it is by no means quite clear that political economists would

have condemned all his proceedings. For example, at the close of the war he had in hand some twenty-five million thalers which he had got ready against the next campaign. These he spent himself, in the manner and at the places where necessity seemed most imperious. Now it is certainly a doctrine of Political Economy that private enterprise best develops the resources of a country. But there is not in this science more than in others any rule without exceptions; and the most rigid political economists will probably admit that crises may come in the history of a nation, when the interference of the Government may be not only harmless but salutary. Such a crisis in our own history was the Irish famine. Some writers carry this doctrine considerable lengths, maintaining, for instance, that Government may, with good effect, afford to the people facilities of locomotion, so as to enable them to take advantage of any local rise in wages. Indeed, strictly looked at, is a State system of emigration anything but carrying out this principle on a large scale? The truth is, that the doctrines of economic science cannot be unbendingly applied to extraordinary conditions of society. Prussia, at the close of the war, was in a condition altogether extraordinary. Trade was annihilated, property insecure, the law weak, and the people consequently in that state in which a tendency to hoard money, instead of profitably employing it, must have been wide-spread. It may therefore be doubted whether Frederic's "paternal," or rather steward-like, system of government was not well adapted to the exigencies of the case. The question is most interesting, but we have no space to discuss it here—the rather that it is not opened by Mr. Carlyle. Instead of dealing with it he has chosen to indulge in such "inarticulate shriekings" against Political Economy and Free-Trade as we have quoted above. By this course he has done injustice at once to his readers and himself. His readers have lost much valuable political information; and the life of Frederic has been written without any sufficient statement of Frederic's greatest and purest title to fame. For a detailed account of the means by which Frederic healed the wounds of the State, and of his administration during the last twenty-three years of peace which closed his reign, how willingly would we exchange the prolix record of the early glories of the Hohenzollerns, the irritating defences for the extravagances of Frederic William, or even the minute descriptions of Frederic's marches and countermarches among the mountains of Bohemia. That Frederic was totally mistaken in the general principles of his admini-

nistration is hardly disputable, but it by no means follows that he was mistaken in the measures he adopted under certain extraordinary circumstances; and history never could have discharged a more useful office than in pointing out the reasons of this distinction.

There can be no doubt that Frederic had at heart the well-being of his subjects. Immediately after his accession he announced his determination to "make men happy." That he sincerely laboured to carry out this determination cannot be denied. Unfortunately, like most men in all ranks and stations of life, he insisted on making others happy according to his views, not according to their own. It is a mistake not less serious than common. He believed he understood their real interests better than they did themselves; therefore they were not permitted to seek their well-being in their own way. His argument ran thus: I am wiser than my people, therefore they can only be truly happy if they obey my orders in all things; and so the whole population was drilled like so many soldiers—or almost slaves. Again, he thought it for the good of the country that his territory should be enlarged, and so the Seven Years' War was brought upon the people that Silesia might be obtained. That war cost Prussia some 200,000 men, not to speak of the sufferings of the survivors. Was the acquisition of Silesia sufficient to convert all this misery into a balance of happiness? Supposing Frederic had never gone near Silesia, but had preserved peace throughout his reign, devoted himself to developing the resources of the country, and increasing the intelligence and extending the liberties of the people, would not the Prussians have been happier then, more prosperous and higher in the scale of nations now? Mr. Carlyle, as we have seen, defends the Silesian robbery. But even he cannot defend all Frederic's civil administration; yet he is never at a loss for an excuse to save his hero. When Frederic does anything wise, no one may share the credit with him; when he does anything very unwise, some one else, if possible a Frenchman, has to bear the blame. Thus, when he introduces a system of excise for which no good word can be said, the whole responsibility is laid upon the advice of D'Alembert and Helvetius.

Frederic's character is a strange study in human nature. He was often satirized; but he never fell into the hands of a satirist who could make the most of him. To an epigrammatic writer like Pope he would have been invaluable. The inconsistencies and contrasts in his nature are grotesque and puzzling. Mr. Carlyle's indiscriminating praise gives us no aid towards solving the

riddle. This is mainly owing to his unfortunate predilection for Frederic William. He insists on defending the conduct of that drunken savage, whose best excuse, indeed, is, that he was often drunk for months together, if not quite mad; nay, in upholding him as a model father, whose judicious, if somewhat stern control was productive of the greatest benefit to his son. Now the real truth we suspect to have been that Frederic's whole nature was distorted and corrupted by the treatment of his youth. As a boy, he was "one of the prettiest, vividest little boys;" as he grew up he evinced an open, generous, and affectionate nature. But his love of literature and music, and a distaste for constant drill, excited his father's wrath. To what lengths that wrath reached,—public blows, imprisonment, murder of his son's friend, almost the murder of his son himself, is well known. No mortal could pass through such an ordeal unscathed. None but rarely beautiful natures can come out of an unhappy home otherwise than hurt and marred. Frederic's home was more than usually unhappy, and the results of this were not trifling. Want of sympathy made him reserved; cruelty made him hard-hearted; stern repression made his nature break out into low practical joking. So far as we can now judge, he was naturally the very reverse of irreligious, and indeed he early showed a disposition towards serious thought. But his father stormed at him as a Calvinist and a Predestinarian; forced him, on pain of death, to relinquish these damnable heresies; and ended, as might have been anticipated, in making him a believer in nothing. Again, paternal love sought to exert itself in arranging a marriage for the prince, and, yielding to the suggestions of courtiers in Austrian pay, paternal love forced upon Frederic a wife whom he detested, and whom he hardly ever saw; condemning him to a life of loneliness, without the affection of a woman, or the hope of posterity. Worst of all was that fear taught deceit, the only protection of the weak. From that sad day on which Katte was led to death before his eyes, Frederic shrouded himself in a "polite cloak of darkness," to use Mr. Carlyle's elegant euphemism for a system of complete hypocrisy. It is painful to read of the Crown Prince kissing his father's dirty gaiters; but he had to stoop yet lower. His proud heart must have suffered many a bitter pang before he endured to write in terms of fawning affection to such a creature as Grumkow, the most contemptible of the knot of traitors and toadies, who, under the intellectual reign of Mr. Carlyle's first hero, ruled the destinies of Prussia. That cloak of darkness, which then

seemed to stand him in good stead, was never through life thrown aside, and leaves a shadow on his fame. Altogether apart from his faithlessness to his engagements, Frederic's attempts to deceive, or, in slang phraseology, to "humbug" his adversaries, were often so barefaced as to be quite ludicrous. Thus, at the very time when his armies were occupying the whole of Silesia, except a few fortified towns, he had the effrontery to write to the Duke of Lorraine, "My heart has no share in the mischief which my hand is doing to your Court."

Curiously enough, the domestic vices generally reappear in those who have suffered from them. Frederic had many of the faults of his father, only in a less degree. But they do not seem to have been his naturally; he acquired them from the teaching of example. By nature frank, generous, affectionate; cruel usage made him deceitful, harsh, unfeeling, implacable. "He is as hard," said Voltaire of him, as Churchill said of James II., "he is as hard as that marble table." In some points he greatly improved and softened as he grew older; he became more tolerant, more patient, more moderate. It would have been an instructive study to mark how many of his greatest faults were derived from a corrupting education, and how many of these faults age and experience removed. But this would have involved the admission of imperfection in his father, and even in himself; and neither admission is Mr. Carlyle prepared to make. Instead, therefore, of such a study of character, we have indiscriminating panegyric of both, neither interesting, nor sophistical, nor just.

An extravagant affection for the lower animals has often been found in men who cared very little for their fellow-creatures. Frederic was a noted example of this; though the peculiarity is nowhere mentioned by Mr. Carlyle. He had always some half-dozen Italian greyhounds in the room with him; one the especial favourite, the rest kept to afford the favourite the pleasures of society. To one of these, called Alcmena, he was so attached, that at her death he was quite overpowered with grief, and insisted on keeping her corpse in his room long after it had become putrid. Dogs cost him less, he used to say, and were much more attached and faithful than a Marquise de Pompadour. A footman was appointed to the honour of attending on them, and a carriage was appropriated to their use, in which they went out for their airing, always occupying the hind seat. They were all buried on the terrace at Sans Souci, and in his will he left directions that he should be interred beside them.

Keen literary tastes were among the

strange elements of Frederic's character. Beyond doubt he was possessed by an earnest and pure love of literature. Few kings have ever so loved literature for its own sake; many successful authors have striven less laboriously after literary success. He lay under the disadvantage of having the command of no language; and yet his prose writings have received the commendation of Gibbon. As to his verses, the less said of them the better; save, perhaps, the one remark, that Mr. Carlyle's argument, from their frequent and extreme indecency, to their author's innocence of the actual commission of those iniquities which have been laid to his charge, is not more ingenious than true to human nature.

A curious similarity may be remarked between the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Frederic, and the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Richelieu. In both these great men there was the same love of small matters, and passion for minuteness of detail, which could not but be injurious to greater interests. In both there was the same love of literature, the same addiction to literary trifling. Both were penetrated with a profound scorn and distrust of their fellow-men; neither could resist a mocking humour which made enemies for the sake of a laugh; both derived enjoyment from humiliating and giving pain to others in the intercourse of social life.

Mr. Carlyle has avoided anything like a delineation of Frederic's character; but at the close of all he brings him strikingly before us in his greatest weakness and his greatest strength:—

"He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that the end might be a little further off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long *second-nature*; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

"A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I must recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, 'Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon':—and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it."—(Vol. vi. pp. 636-7.)

Assuredly he possessed, if ever man did, fortitude—"the virtue of adversity," the most heroic of all the virtues. The full force of his character was never shown till among the dangers and sorrows of the Seven Years' War. He bore up against overwhelming calamities, and triumphed over them, and established himself in security. Few men ever sought less their own happiness and ease, ever worked harder in their vocation. He discharged, with calm endurance, the multifarious labours of his life of self-imposed toil, uncheered by hope, urged on by no fear, but ever loyal to his sense of duty. "The night cometh when no man can work." As the night drew nigh, his weariness grew more intense, his loneliness yet deeper. One by one the companions of his prime, towards a few of whom he felt as much affection as his iron nature was capable of feeling, had fallen from his side; he had no love for any of his own family who then survived, save, perhaps, the Princess Amelia, and in her pitiable state she could only be to him an additional cause of sorrow; through life he had never sought affection, so now the solace of affection could not be his: friendless and hopeless, he met with serene courage the inevitable end. It is a picture from which we cannot withhold our reverence, but which fails to command our love. Had he been less be-praised we should have liked him better: the outrageous worship of his biographer affronts the reader, and alienates his sympathies.

The second great point of interest in this book is, as we have said, that it contains the completest exposition and illustration of Mr. Carlyle's views on government which the world has as yet received. We have dwelt

so long on the character of Frederic that we must be brief on this matter. Generally, the world knows pretty well how Mr. Carlyle would have it governed, but the *Life of Frederic* leaves no doubt on the matter. Frederic's system is unreservedly commended; England, on the other hand, has only at rare intervals in her history been governed at all. Lord Chatham was—

"The one King England has had, this King of Four Years, since the Constitutional system set in. Oliver Cromwell, yes indeed,—but he died, and there was nothing for it but to hang his body on the gallows. Dutch William, too, might have been considerable,—but he was Dutch, and to us proved to be nothing. Then again, so long as Sarah Jennings held the Queen's Majesty in bondage, some gleams of Kinghood for us under Marlborough;—after whom Noodleism and Somnambulism, zero on the back of zero, and all our Affairs, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, jumbling at random, which we call the Career of Freedom, till Pitt stretched out his hand upon them. For four years; never again, he; never again one resembling him,—nor indeed can ever be."...

"No; Nature does not produce many Pitts:—nor will any Pitt ever again apply in Parliament for a career. 'Your voices, *your* most sweet voices; ye melodious torrents of Gardarene Swine, galloping rapidly down steep places,—I, for one, know whither!' * * * —Enough."—(Vol. vi. pp. 556, 557.)

Parliament, representation, a free press, these things on which we are wont to pride ourselves, are not only useless, they are utterly destructive and damnable. Indeed, as to the latter, we are told with unusual distinctness, that it cannot "answer very long among sane human creatures; and, indeed, in nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible amazingly soon." This, however, does not arise from indifference to his country. On the contrary, it springs from a keen jealousy for her honour. Mr. Carlyle never writes with more unaffected enthusiasm than when he is describing some gallant exploit of his countrymen. Hawke destroying the French fleet amid the storms of the Bay of Biscay and the dangers of an unknown shore, the column at Fontenoy, the horsemen who followed Granby at Warburg—none of these want their sacred poet. He seems ever on the watch for some exploit of British arms, eager to celebrate it. But, as a rule, it is only the men that he can praise. The officers he finds a sorry set. If they are without fear of death, they are also without knowledge of war. Trained soldiers laugh at them as "knowing absolutely nothing whatever" of their profession; and "this goes from the ensign up to the general." In a word, they are nothing but

"conrageous poles with cocked hats," which evil, as well as all others, comes from our constitutionalism, which prevents the recognition of heroes, and denies them scope when found. The only remedy is to renounce altogether our miserable system, and to throw the government of the country unreservedly into the hands of those who are worthy. Let us be ruled by "heroes" and all will be well.

Now this high-sounding theory, whatever its merits, is by no means new. It is at least as old as Plato. Indeed it is a necessary result of speculations, which consider politics in an ethical point of view, which mix up politics with ethics. Plato's ideal statesman, as developed in the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*, is a minute and despotic teacher or trainer, fashioning all men after the pattern he thinks best. In his state only hero-philosophers are to bear sway. A chosen few have been gifted with that gold beyond price, which gives them the right to guide and govern men. On these few nature has bestowed the sad privilege of ruling, on others she imposes the obligation of obedience.* But then the difficulty is how these hero-rulers are to be secured. Plato faces the difficulty, and gives us the result in the social rules of the *Republic*. He does not shrink from putting plainly before us all the extraordinary social regulations requisite to carry out such a theory of government, the restraint and enforced uniformity to which it leads. But Mr. Carlyle does not face this difficulty at all. He preaches the duty of obedience to these rulers when they appear; he says, that because we have them not we are running down steep places like "Gadarene swine;" but he gives us no hint of how we are to get them. It is perhaps true, that of all forms of government, a wise and beneficent despotism may do most for the happiness of the people. But where are we to find this? We fear that few rulers of this stamp have ever existed, or are likely to exist among the sons of men. Certainly the examples which Mr. Carlyle has given from our own history are not calculated to recommend his theory. Cromwell, a great and sagacious prince, did all in his power that his government should not be despotic; great as were the merits of William III., a care for the interests of the people of England was at no time the leading motive of his policy; and perilous would be the fortunes of a nation which lay at the mercy of the greedy, and traitorous, and all-capable Marlborough. Pitt's daring enthusiasm saved England in a dark and troublous hour;

but Pitt's career, marred by many and grievous errors, shows nothing less than the wisdom and statesman-like sagacity which could safely be intrusted with uncontrolled power over the destinies of a nation. No second Pitt, says Mr. Carlyle in a spirit of dismal prophecy, can ever save England again. But we are not told why. Pitt rose to power under constitutionalism; and under a phase of constitutionalism far less alive to the influence of genius than that under which we now live. If Mr. Carlyle would point out the influences which in our present state of society throw obstacles in the path of genius, he would do good service; for such influences there undoubtedly are. But he does no service by simply calling his fellow-countrymen swine—whether of the Gadarene or any other breed.

Now in this difficulty as to the supply of heroes—the difficulty which Plato failed to solve, and which Mr. Carlyle has made no attempt to solve—what does it behove us to do? Are we to waste ourselves in a useless longing for them? or are we rather to entertain the belief that the true greatness of a nation consists in being able to do without them; that a people is then best governed when its institutions are such as allow of an open and easy expression of the national will,—when, in short, it can look for government, not to the accident of one man, but to the free exercise of the sense and knowledge of the intelligent community. It is the old story told in new and pompous words; the old controversy, constitutionalism against despotism, which, in times of trouble, is always brought up to puzzle the unwary. But, looking beyond plentiful though vague expressions of scorn and disgust, what definite charges does Mr. Carlyle bring against constitutional governments? So far as we can make out, one only,—that they are badly served. Our statesmen are incapable; our diplomatists are ignorant; the men who lead our armies are "barbers' poles." And this, the greatest calamity which can befall a nation, is a necessity of a constitutional government:—

"But Votes, under pain of Death Official, are necessary to your poor Walpole: and votes, I hear, are still bidden for, and bought. You may buy them by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor nation); or by preferments and appointments of the unmeritorious man—which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined), and theft most compound; theft, not of the poor Nation's money, but of its soul and body so far, and of *all* its moneys and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor Nation! Or again, you may

* *Rep.* v. 474.

buy, not of the Third Estate in such ways, but of the Fourth, or of the Fourth and Third together, in other still more felonious and deadly, though refined ways. By doing claptraps, namely; letting off Parliamentary blue-lights, to awaken the Sleeping Swineries, and charm them into diapason for you,—what a music! Or, without claptrap or previous felony of your own, you may feloniously, in the pinch of things, make truce with the evident Demagogos, and Son of Nox and of Perdition, who has got 'within those walls' of yours, and is grown important to you by the Awakened Swineries, risen into alt, that follow him. Him you may, in your dire hunger of votes, consent to comply with; his Anarchies you will pass for him into 'Laws,' as you are pleased to term them;—instead of pointing to the whipping-post, and to his wicked long ears, which are so fit to be nailed there, and of sternly recommending silence, which were the salutary thing.—Buying may be done in a great variety of ways. The question, How you buy? is not, on the moral side, an important one. Nay, as there is a beauty in going straight to the point, and by that course there is likely to be the minimum of mendacity for you, perhaps the direct money-method is a shade *less* damnable than any of the others since discovered; while, in regard to practical damage resulting, it is of childlike harmlessness in comparison! . . .

"I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars;—and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not so* (and seems to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgivable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!—" —(Vol. iii. pp. 374-5, 433.)

Doubtless there is much truth in all this. It is especially true of the lower ranks of the public service. So far as regards these, England then was, and probably now is, worse served than any country in the world. We would especially recommend Mr. Carlyle's observations on this theme to those wiseacres who think that India can be best governed by any chance son of a Director, and regard it as a frightful hardship that diplomatists should be required to know French, and that soldiers should be expected to have mastered the arduous accomplishments of writing and spelling; arguing that to insist on such advanced knowledge is absurd, because there have been eminent men who did not possess it; in other words, that because Frederic the Great never could spell, therefore every boy who can't spell will make an excellent officer.

In all professions and employments in England, rising merit is less encouraged by the Government than in any other country. This mal-administration of patronage is doubtless an evil, and it is an evil connected with our system of Parliamentary Government; yet we have our checks,—the vague check of public opinion, the more active check of her Majesty's opposition; and the latter of these is supposed to be pretty vigorous just at present.

The case against constitutionalism is not so clear as regards the higher offices. It cannot be said that here we are in any way worse than our neighbours. Mr. Carlyle often makes himself merry with our way of choosing a king to rule over us. It does sound comical enough our picking up a Hanoverian gentleman, who knew nothing about England and cared less, who could not even speak our language, and making him our chief and leader; first binding up tightly in constitutional restraints lest he might do us a mischief. But on the whole we prefer this system, with the results to which it leads, to the system of investing a dynasty of Bourbons or Hapsburgs with uncontrolled power, in the hope that by some wondrous concourse of atoms a hero may rise up among them. Again, as to our chief men under the king, we do not see that we are worse than others. Certainly, in the times Mr. Carlyle writes of, statesmen like the Pelhams and Butes, soldiers like Lord George Sackville from sulks or cowardice refusing to charge at Minden, or Howe fiddling in Philadelphia while America was slipping from the grasp of England, do not form a pleasant subject for contemplation, any more than the Aberdeen administration and Crimean War of our own day. Nay, the older time has rather the better of it, in that they had at least the satisfaction of shooting an admiral, whereas our miscarriage ended in the ingenious device of a Chelsea inquiry for white-washing everybody, and in worrying almost to death the man to whose courage we were indebted for a knowledge of our shortcomings. Still, what nation fared better in the Seven Years' War? Not France, which put Marshal Soubise at the head of her armies, and was rewarded with the rout of Rossbach. Not Austria, which sent out Prince Karl five times to lead her armies to defeat, until at last Lutzen was too much even for her patience; which threw away her only chance of victory by depriving Loudon of his command because he had taken Schweidnitz—the most brilliant exploit of the war—without the knowledge of the Aulic Council or the Empress. Nay, not even Prussia; for merit had no chance of rising in an army

officered by nobles alone. There is no harder matter than to secure that only those who are fit for high command should attain it. But in this particular neither reason nor history convinces us that constitutional governments are worse than despotic governments. We cannot see that Parliaments are more likely to be affected by favouritism, or any other corrupt influence, than kings and prostitutes. Surely George III. and Bute, with a Parliament, were better than Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour without one. Corruption, both in the shape of bribery and of the promotion of incompetence, prevailed most when Parliaments were unreformed and public opinion weak. It is now less than it was, and, if we desire it to decrease yet further, we should do well to adopt the means which proved efficacious before. We should do all in our power to strengthen public opinion, to extend education, so increasing the intelligence in the country, and to bring that intelligence to bear upon the conduct of public affairs by giving the nation a more adequate representation.

The two great political evils which beset States are anarchy on the one hand; on the other abject submission—an existence dignified by no political feeling, stirred by no interest in public affairs, without hope, without honourable ambition, unconscious at last even of its own degradation. Constitutionalism leads to neither of these; despotism must lead to one or the other.

It is when we come to look at the life of a nation that the difference between good institutions and the accident of one wise ruler comes out. The former endure, the influence of the latter soon passes away. In the pages of Mr. Carlyle England cuts a sorry figure by the side of Prussia. Under the sway of Frederic, Prussia rose like the day-star on the European world.

"There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the problem: 'We have lost Silesia!' Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth.

To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—as it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling!"—(Vol. vi. pp. 332–3.)

How has this fair promise been realized? Compare England and Prussia now. National swagger is silly and vulgar, so we shall say nothing of England save that even Mr. Carlyle can bring no more definite charge against our present condition than that we are "swine," and given up to the worship of "shoddy." But look at Prussia. It seems to us that she has retained nothing of Frederic save his rapacity and selfishness. Animated by his genius she held the third place among European States; she holds that place no longer. Immediately on his death she began to fall away. Even the excellence of his army was rested on no basis which could survive himself. Twenty years after Frederic's last drill, the army of "the sword of Europe" was annihilated in a single day, and Prussia was laid prostrate at the feet of Napoleon. Military critics predict a similar fate for her army now, in the event of its being called on for any more arduous enterprise than the bombardment of Düppel.

In her foreign relations the Prussian Court has kept in the paths in which Frederic taught her to tread. What was the idea of Frederic's wars? The unjust possession of Silesia; a low aim, not calculated to elevate the tone of the people. This love of acquisition, this spirit of unscrupulous selfishness, has animated Prussian politics ever since. The lure of Hanover led her into her selfish and suicidal neutrality in the great struggle against France. When forced into that struggle she haggled for money and territory like an old Jew. On one occasion the king refused at a critical moment to send his contingent unless the Powers should make up for him an extra subsidy of two millions. On another, the intelligent negotiations of the then Lord Malmesbury enabled that astute Court to get both money and territory at once. That eminent diplomatist signed a treaty at the Hague by which 62,000 Prussians were to join the allies in the Low Countries for the trifling consideration of £300,000 down, and £50,000 per month. England did actually pay about a million and a half, and the money, as well as the 62,000 soldiers, was employed, not in the defence of the Low Countries, but in the subjugation of Poland. In such matters Prussia contrasts unfavourably even with Austria. A certain "dignity of vice" has always characterised the proceedings of the Imperial Court. She never had much virtue, and she has had the

frankness never to assume any. Prussia is now, and has ever been, quite as selfish, far more hypocritical, and far more mean. Her conduct throughout the Schleswig-Holstein business, both towards the duchies themselves, and towards Austria, would have astonished, perhaps gratified, even Frederic. Europe, indeed, can never forget the services rendered by Prussia in the crisis of 1813. But for that small thanks are due to the Prussian Court. It was the work of the great German people rising up *pro aris et focis*, and we all know how they have been rewarded.

Through many changes, broken pledges, and violated constitutions, liberty has made little progress in Prussia. The result of this has been that she has lost, it may be never to return, her chance of the Hegemony of Germany. The Klein-deutsch, or Prussian party, were strong at the close of 1848; but the miserable weakness of Frederic William, arising solely from his dislike of freedom, refused the offered crown of the resuscitated German empire, and their prospects were ruined. The king's attempt to gain some little advantage by an alliance with Saxony and Hanover, ended in the humiliation of the Convention of Olmütz, and the overthrow of liberalism in Germany. She has never regained the position she then threw away; she never can regain it so long as she persists in her present policy. The minor States will never rally round a despotic or half-despotic power. The later history of Prussia shows, to our thinking convincingly, how little permanent benefit is bestowed upon a nation by the accident of "a hero." "Never since the death of Frederick the Great," Count Bismark is reported to have said, "has the king governed in Prussia; it is his *entourage* that governs."* And that *entourage* has governed by adhering to all Frederic's faults as a ruler, and forgetting all his virtues.

We had something more to say on the present position of Prussia; but our space is exhausted. But we have, we hope, said enough to show that Mr. Carlyle has failed in his attempt to raise up Frederic into a model of every kingly excellence; and in his more dangerous endeavour to glorify despotism at the expense of constitutional government.

He must be a confident critic who can animadvert on the works of a man of genius without any feeling of misgiving. Such feelings must be unusually frequent and strong when it is thought right to dissent from, and even to condemn, the opinions of

such a writer as Mr. Carlyle. We all owe him so much, that to do this seems not only presumptuous, but ungrateful. But it is precisely because his power is so great that his errors may not be passed over. He cannot escape on the plea of being harmless. A few years ago his influence was unbounded; and now, if less extensive, it is not less potent. To him we owe it (not to take meaner instances) that the deepest art critic England can show, and one of the greatest masters of the English language, has forsaken his true vocation, and become a fierce denouncer of imaginary evil, and a foolish prophet of woe to come. And this *Life of Frederic* is, we verily believe, more calculated to do mischief than anything Mr. Carlisle has written. It contains the fullest exposition of his views, and it carries out these views unflinchingly in practice. In composition, style, and arrangement, a falling off from his former self cannot fail to be remarked; but his humour is as rich, his power of description as brilliant as ever. It is in tone and sentiment that his deterioration is most painfully obvious. It may not greatly matter what any one may think of the man Frederic; he is beyond this world's foolish judgments. And it is no pleasure to dwell upon the faults which marred a character in so many points entitled to our respect. But while we shrink from rash condemnation or vulgar abuse of the man, we must not be blinded as to the real nature of his actions. It does matter very greatly that the verdicts of history should not be reversed, that evil should not be turned into good, at the bidding of genius; that men should not be persuaded that vigour and fortitude can compensate for rapacity and faithlessness. And it does greatly matter also that men should not be driven into vague dissatisfaction with all things round them—alike with the religion they profess and the freedom they enjoy. Mr. Carlyle's denunciations, often very commonplace in themselves, command attention from the force and originality with which they are expressed; and the contemptuous tone of his philosophy becomes popular because it appeals pleasantly to our self-conceit. But beyond this he affords no help; no troubled and truth-seeking mind will find any guidance from him. A state of cheerless mockery or passionate discontent, leavened with a flattering sense of superiority to all mankind, such would be the perfected triumph of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. He, can pull down, but he cannot build. He leads his votaries out into the wilderness, and leaves them to wander there alone. He stirs up doubt and discontent in their minds, and then abandons them to that unhalloved companionship. Hap-

* See an instructive article on "The German Diet" in the *National Review* for April, 1864.

pily we have nothing now to do with his tone on religious subjects. But he has in this work assaulted political morality, the recognised principles of Government, and the British Constitution. We refuse to cast aside any of these at his bidding; and we believe that he will render no useless service who shall, however humbly, labour to show that morality must be observed in political affairs not less than in the common business of life; that a despotic, meddling, "paternal" government represses the independent exertions of the people, and so obstructs their progress and hinders their well-being; the Constitution, in the perfecting of which so many great men have spent themselves, sparing not their goods, their comfort, or their lives—which so many generations of Englishmen have loved, and been wont to glory in—is not a thing of naught, to be despised and rejected, to be disparaged and cast aside because of some slight defects or some temporary failure; but a rich and noble inheritance,—as Comines called it centuries ago, "a holy thing;" a treasure of great price; to be revered with exceeding reverence; cherished, amended, but never slandered; in a word, that this country, so far as we can see, is not hurrying to destruction, nor, so far as we can judge, is worthy of such a doom.

ART. IV.—*The Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, President of the Royal Society, &c. With an Autobiography.* Collected and arranged by CHARLES HAWKINS, F.R.C.S. In Three Volumes. London: Longmans, 1865.

THE late Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie commenced the Hunterian Oration in 1837 by saying, "The annual oration which I have this day undertaken to deliver, was founded by the late Sir Everard Home and Dr. Baillie, for the purpose of commemorating John Hunter, and other illustrious individuals who exist no longer among us, but who, while they did exist, contributed to advance the sciences, or otherwise to adorn the character of the surgical profession." He himself is now numbered with those of whom he then spoke; and has already taken a place among them second to none, John Hunter alone excepted. Nor will his reputation suffer much by comparison even with that rare man. If he had not Hunter's brilliant genius and profound originality, if his contributions towards the advancement of the sciences of Surgery were

less pregnant and less revolutionary, it may at least be said that he did far more to adorn the character of the profession. In some respects his life and history are more worthy of study and "commemoration" than even Hunter's. Hunter was wholly an exceptional man; Brodie emphatically a representative man. He was a representative man, not in the often-used sense that he represented or embodied peculiar abstract views or theories, but in the sense that he might be taken without hesitation as the representative of the class to which he belonged. While he lived, he did on more than one occasion actually represent the profession to Government, and his name was continually used among us as the symbol of his calling. In works of fiction especially, if any name was required to be called in to attend an imaginary patient, that of Brodie was always selected; particularly in cases of the kind which he was never accustomed to treat. Now that he is dead, his character is still looked up to as realizing, with a near approach to perfection, both what the public would desire the profession to be, and what the profession would wish themselves to become. And the recent publication of his collected works, in which a most interesting but fragmentary autobiography is included, brings himself and his life vividly before us again.

BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE, the fourth of six children, was born in 1783, at Winsterslow in Wiltshire. His father, who was rector of the parish, seems to have been a man of considerable attainments and intellectual power. Unable to afford the expense of sending his children to the large public schools or the universities, and unwilling to trust them elsewhere, he determined to take upon himself the sole charge of their education. As a schoolmaster, he was a strict disciplinarian, and the studies of the young Brodies were constant and severe. With many minds a too early and unremitting application defeats its own object, but in the present instance it produced nothing but good. Sir Benjamin Brodie was wont to attribute his success in life very much to the habits of regular and arduous study in which he had been trained in his youth. The household was a very quiet one, seeing but little society, and accustomed to trust to itself for those things which give a zest and interest to life. He thus grew up a home-bred boy, shy, modest, and retiring, "thinking too much of himself in some things, too little in others," but with habits of reflection, and with an independence of character which might have been extinguished by the experience of a public school. That he should enter the medica

profession was determined, not so much by any special liking or expressed wish of his own, as by the will of his father, who was led to choose that path for one of his sons, by the fact that Dr. Baillie, Dr. Denman, and Sir Richard Croft, three distinguished medical men of the time, were connected with him by family ties. The son obediently followed the leading of his father. He scarcely even asked himself whether he should be happy in the choice or no, but accepted it as a matter of course, almost as if it had been arranged before he was born. Not only had he no bias in favour of the profession, but there had been no special direction towards that end given to his studies. He had become a good Greek and Latin scholar; knew a little French and Italian; and as much mathematics as enabled him to study the elementary parts of astronomy, mechanics, and physics.

It was in October, 1801, that he first came up to London to commence his professional studies, which at that time were very differently arranged from what they are at the present day. Nearly every General Hospital in London has now a medical school attached to it, in which lectures on the various sciences which belong to the profession are delivered, and theoretical instruction in Medicine and Surgery is given to the students who have entered to study the practice of the hospital; and the Professors attached to the school are for the most part also officially connected with the hospital. It very rarely happens that a student joins the medical school of one hospital, and pursues his practical studies in another. At the beginning of the present century, however, very little general or theoretical instruction was given in connexion with any of the hospitals. This was supplied by various Anatomical Schools, which were the property of independent individuals, in no way necessarily connected with any hospital. A student might join one of the schools for the purpose of dissecting, of learning his anatomy, and of receiving instruction in other matters, and might proceed to "walk" any one of the hospitals he pleased.* Among these schools, one of the most famous was the so-called Hunterian School of Anatomy in Great Windmill Street, which received its name from the distinguished William Hunter, who had taught here, and who had transmitted it to the equally distinguished Dr. Baillie, from whose hands it passed into those of Mr. Wil-

son. It was in this school that Brodie began the study of Anatomy. His work there was done under a strong sense of duty, and in trustful obedience to the advice which his relation Dr. Baillie had pressed upon him, to make himself master of Anatomy before he proceeded to study Disease. The first nausea of the dissecting-room was soon overcome, but no great affection for Anatomy was acquired. Moreover, he felt solitary among his fellow-students. There was no one, with the exception of Lawrence, to whom he could talk with freedom, or with any hope of response, on the matters that as yet chiefly interested him. Dugald Stewart and the problems of psychology, Homer, Virgil, and literary criticism, were all lost upon the rough untutored fellows who dissected by his side at Wilson's. A mind less evenly balanced, less subject to discipline and the duty of obedience, might easily have been led to turn away from the profession in disgust. If we may judge from some slight indications, it was not without a struggle that Brodie pursued his path. Happily, his intercourse was not confined to Mr. Wilson's pupils. His relations Denman and Baillie took much notice of him; his brother was in London studying Law; and he had joined some friends, among them Dr. Maton, in founding a sort of literary debating club, where everything was discussed except theology and politics.

A summer's holiday at home was followed by another winter at Wilson's, and in the following spring he entered St. George's Hospital, for the purpose of attending the surgical practice of Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home. During the first winter he had listened to the surgical lectures of Mr. Abernethy, and had been led, through the enthusiasm of the lecturer, to choose pure Surgery as that branch of the profession to which he should devote himself—his want of a university degree shutting him out from the career of a physician. With his entrance into the Hospital he felt that he was beginning a new life. In the study of Anatomy, as a preliminary to the medical profession, the mind is for the most part passive; it is then learning how to appreciate the accuracy, the exactitude, the iron rule of nature. There is no room for any display of logic, of imagination, of mental acuteness. The student has only to remain obedient and quiet until an image of the mysterious mechanism of the human body, in its minutest details, has been stamped upon his senses and his memory. But the moment that he crosses the threshold of the hospital all is changed. The mind is at once called into great activity; the faculty of observation, the power of inference are set at work; probabilities have to be calculated, and

* It is a matter for very grave consideration, whether many advantages connected with the old system are not now entirely lost, and whether a revival of that system, with some modifications, might not prove beneficial to the profession, and more especially to science.

the judgment has to be largely used. Brodie, whose mind had been previously interested in works of imagination and speculation, had found Anatomy rather dull work; but in the investigation of disease by the bedside, and in the appreciation of remedies and treatment, he recognised that the profession could afford him all the intellectual occupation that he desired. His lessons in the Hospital, too, threw back an interest on the dissecting-room, and he returned to Wilson's in the following winter with an awakened zeal in Anatomy, able to follow Dr. Baillie's advice from choice as well as from obedience. The spring of the following year was saddened by the death of his much-loved father, but the loss sent him back to the Hospital with a renewed determination to work. In the October of the same year he was again to be found at Wilson's, but this time assisting to teach the other students as well as improving himself. During the next summer, that of 1805, he occupied the post of house-surgeon to St. George's Hospital, a situation which vastly increased his opportunities of study. At the conclusion of his term of office in the succeeding October, Mr. Home proposed to make him his private assistant, and the offer was gladly accepted. Such a position, besides being compatible with the winter duties in Great Windmill Street, and bringing in some small emoluments, was one of great advantage to Brodie, inasmuch as it brought him into close contact with one who, whatever may have been his faults, was a good surgeon, and whose love for Comparative Anatomy, though marred by an overweening personal ambition, could not but have a very beneficial effect on a young surgeon. For two years and a half Brodie continued with Home, learning some surgery, teaching at Wilson's, and doing a good deal of work in Comparative Anatomy. During this time he was often thrown into the company of Clift, who afterwards became the Conservator of the Hunterian Museum. Home also made much of him, introducing him to Sir Joseph Banks and other distinguished men of science; and the shy, retiring young surgeon might often be found in the library of the Royal Society's President, where, on Sunday evenings, Davy, Wollaston, Young, the elder Herschel, Cavendish, and others, met to talk together about things as great as the universe, and, in spite of Peter Pindar, as small as fleas. He was, in fact, admitted a member of the aristocracy of science.

The influence of these two years and a half on the future of Brodie's life can hardly be exaggerated. In his boyhood his studies were rather literary than scientific; and, during the first two years of his residence in

London, the ignorance of his fellow-students drove him to seek for elevating intercourse in the society of men whose tastes were for the most part confined to literature. The profession he had adopted seemed to him at that time a duty rather than a pleasure—a mechanical routine to be mastered for the sake of the competency it promised, rather than one of the paths of intellectual culture. He was apt, we imagine, to rank science far below literature, and especially below philosophy, technically so called, as an intellectual pursuit or as an exercise of mental power. His experience in the Hospital, however, opened his eyes to the amount of thought involved in a successful practice of the healing art, and his happy intercourse with the bright band of distinguished men of science into whose society Home had brought him, showed him that science was well justified by her children of that day, who stood second in intellectual vigour to none of the minds of the age. From that time forward Brodie and science were inseparable. Throughout the remainder of a long life none were so ready as he to utter just praises of science; none so ready to foster all scientific efforts. Literature never ceased to be pleasing, nor philosophy enticing to him; but science, either in its pure or its applied forms, ever afterwards claimed and received his warmest affections. In 1808, while he was as yet a mere senior student, not quite twenty-five years of age, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. George's Hospital. From the day of his election, Home resigned to him much of his own duties, and the absence of the junior surgeon, Mr. Gunning, with Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula, placed in Brodie's hands the care of a large number of patients. He immediately gave himself up with vigour to his new duties. Every day he spent hours in the Hospital, taking notes and studying cases. The porters and other menial officials of the place were astonished to see him working as busily as if he were still a student, instead of treating the patients in that rapid and cursory manner which became the dignity of a surgeon. A year or two before, he had joined Mr. Wilson in delivering lectures on Surgery at the school in Great Windmill Street, and very soon found that the greater share of the work fell upon himself. So successful and popular with the students was he, that he began to take part in the anatomical lectures as well. The absence of private practice, however, left still some spare time on his hands, and that he sedulously devoted to experimental researches in Physiology. In 1809 he presented to the Royal Society an "Account of a Dissection of a

Human Fœtus, in which the Circulation of the Blood was carried on without a Heart." It was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and though he himself in after years set little or no store by it, he was on the strength of it elected a Fellow of the Society, on the 15th of February, 1810. In November, 1810, when twenty-eight years of age, he delivered a Croonian lecture, "On some Physiological Researches respecting the Influence of the Brain on the action of the Heart, and on the Generation of Animal Heat," for which a Copley medal, "the highest honour the Society has to bestow," was awarded to him. In 1811 he contributed a paper containing "Experiments and Observations on the different Modes in which Death is produced by certain Vegetable Poisons;" and, in 1812, two papers containing further experiments and observations on the same subjects, animal heat, and the action of poisons. The Copley medal was at that period not given with the same jealous care which marks its distribution at the present day, and was perhaps on some occasions granted for memoirs of decidedly inferior merit. The selection of Brodie's researches for the honour has, however, been ratified by the importance which has been attached to them ever since, and which has led to their being described in nearly all text-books of Physiology. It may be worth while to enter into them somewhat fully here.

The experiments on the different modes in which death is produced by certain poisons, were undertaken with a view to "ascertain in what manner certain substances act on the animal system so as to occasion death, independently of mechanical injury." The author's purpose was not so much a forensic as a purely physiological one. He desired not so much to assist in the solution of the various practical questions that come up in the witness-box, as, by destroying piecemeal the various members of the economy, to get, amid the unloosing of the bands of life, some insight into the laws governing the actions of animal bodies. Poisons are, indeed, in the hands of the physiologist, most valuable instruments of analysis. By them he is enabled, with some degree of success, to annihilate this or that function of the body, and to observe what takes place when the remainder are thus deprived of the help of their fellow. Hence any advance in our knowledge of their physiological properties carries with it all the benefits that result from the improvement of a scientific instrument, or of a method of observation. The action of poisons is, it is true, an exceedingly obscure matter, but it shares that feature in common with all the deeper parts of Physio-

logy. There are few physiologists of note who have not at some time or other of their lives been induced to attack these difficult problems; and if their labours have not always produced striking and important results, their researches have at least been great opportunities for enunciating and defining their views on fundamental physiological doctrines. Among such the investigations of Brodie will always hold a high rank. Since the date of his memoirs much progress has been made in the chemical and forensic aspect of these things; and, with regard to one poison which he studied, viz., urari, recent inquiry has brought to light some very important facts, having a most decided influence on the general progress of Physiology, which had escaped his notice. But as concerns the physiological action of the other poisons, it will be scarcely too much to say that our knowledge in that direction has received but few material additions since his time.

The other researches, begun with the intention of testing the truth of the views of the brilliant Bichat concerning the heart's beat being independent of the brain's action, ended in coming upon a result which at that time was judged, and rightly judged, to be of extreme importance. Various hypotheses had been put forward by the older philosophers to account for the fact that a very large number of animals, the so-called warm-blooded creatures, have a fixed, constant, individual temperature, which is, in the main, independent of any external source of warmth, being at times below, but mostly above, that of the surrounding atmosphere, and which is said to be due to Animal Heat. In the pages of the learned Haller, one may read how, it being taken for granted that the general heat of the body was merely a manifestation of the heat of the blood, some thought that a certain amount of caloric was innate in the heart, by whose efficacy the blood was continually warmed; how others, among them the great Newton, fancied that heat was generated in the heart through the influence of the same humours that drove that organ to its pulsations; how a third sect attributed it to a fermentation or effervescence in the blood; others to the movements of the body; and still others to the friction of the blood-globules as they roll along through the narrow capillaries. The same author enters into an exhaustive discussion of the merits of these various views. All such conflicting shadows of opinion* were, how-

* Exception should be made in favour of Mayow, who dug up the truth about oxidation and respiration, and then half-buried it again with rubbish.

ever, dispersed and driven wholly away by the bright light of the chemical discoveries of Black, Priestley, and Lavoisier. Under the teaching of those great men, it began to be conceded that animal heat was an effect of respiration, the result of the combustion of carbon (and hydrogen) into carbonic acid (and water) by the oxygen of the breath,—that the temperature of the body and that of a stove were identical in their causation, being both produced by the very same process. But the word “respiration” was at that time used to denote a change supposed to take place in the lungs only. By it was understood an oxidation in the lungs of the carbon of the blood by means of the oxygen of the breath. In that process the rest of the body had no share, except in so far as it furnished material for combustion, and received the benefit of the resulting warmth. The lungs were looked upon as the furnace where all the actual burning took place, the blood-vessels, as species of hot-water pipes, carrying all over the body the heat arising from the combustion in the lungs. Whatever processes were taking place in other parts of the body, brain, muscle, or viscera, might be fulfilling their functions in bringing forth other fruits of living action, as sensation, motion, secretion, etc., but they had nothing to do with the production of animal heat. The physiologists of that day were too much inclined to regard the body as a bundle of machines or organs, each organ having its own particular function and nothing else much to attend to, and all being bound together by no strong bond, save that of the so-called vital principle. Against this theory of Lavoisier, it was urged, with great force, that if their views were true, the lungs ought to be the hottest part of the body, which they certainly were not. This difficulty was, however, for a while supposed to be laid by the highly ingenious, but it must now be said barren speculations of Crawford, on the specific capacity for heat of venous and arterial blood; and although Lagrange and Hassenfratz contended that the essential part of respiration, the oxidation of carbon, took place, not in the lungs, but in the capillaries of the body at large, their views were not generally accepted for many years afterwards, until, in fact, they were supported by the observations of Magnus on the relative quantities of oxygen and carbonic acid contained in venous and arterial blood. At the time of Brodie's memoirs the theories of Black and Lavoisier reigned supreme, and it was because his results were unexpectedly in such direct contradiction to their views that they attracted so much attention.

For the purpose of showing that the heart

could continue to beat in the absence of a brain, Brodie employed artificial respiration on animals who had been decapitated, or whose brain had by other means been destroyed. By the regular action of a pair of bellows attached to a tube introduced into the windpipe, air could be driven in and out of the chest in a way exactly simulating ordinary respiration. When this was done, the heart continued to beat, the muscles of the limbs and trunk to contract when stimulated, the blood to be changed from a venous to an arterial colour in its passage through the lungs; in fact, except that there was no consciousness, no voluntary movement, and apparently no secretion, the animal machine seemed to be performing the same functions as during life. According to the theory of Black, the respiration, the change of the blood from a venous to an arterial character in the lungs, being in such a case still carried on, animal heat ought also to have been generated, and consequently the insufflated corpse ought to have maintained its natural temperature as long as artificial respiration was continued. Brodie, however, found that it gradually but persistently became cooler. Nay more, when two rabbits of the same size, breed, and colour were killed, and the one left untouched, while the other was insufflated, the latter always cooled the most rapidly, for the obvious reason that in its case, a certain amount of cool air was at frequent intervals brought into contact with the warm interior of the animal. He moreover obtained the same results when he refrained from mechanically destroying the brain, and merely suspended its action by a narcotic poison; and, with the help of Brande, demonstrated that not only did the blood appear to the eye to undergo in the lungs the usual change from the venous to the arterial condition, but also that the amount of carbonic acid given off by the animal during artificial respiration, to no extent differed from that proper to life and health. He drew from his experiments the conclusion that animal heat was in no direct way connected with respiration; that by respiration no (he afterwards changed the “no” for “little”) heat was generated, but that the sole condition and source of the elevated temperature of warm-blooded creatures was the integrity and functional activity of the brain and nervous system.

The results thus obtained by Brodie were corroborated, with unimportant modifications, by subsequent inquirers; and it may at the present day be said that ordinary artificial respiration, after the destruction of the brain, or during the suspension of its activity, is insufficient to maintain the temperature natural

to the living healthy animal body. The conclusions, however, drawn by him from these results may be looked at from two points of view. On the one hand, they may be considered as a protest against the chemical theory of Lavoisier, and they doubtless did contribute to the subsequent acceptance of the truer doctrines. On the other hand, they seem to ascribe to the brain a work hitherto unnoticed or unknown,* and indicate a disposition to rebel against the dominant scheme of independent organs and functions.

It must be confessed that the development of physiological science has taken the direction which these researches may thus be supposed to have pointed out. Not that Brodie saw by any means clearly the true meaning of his results. Had he done so, the papers of Home's young pupil would have shown, not signal ability only, but great genius. He thought he saw in them a clear contradiction of chemical theories of life, and an undoubted support of so-called vital theories; and was inclined at first to believe that the nervous system generated heat in some peculiar, mysterious way; whereas in reality they only contradicted chemical theories which were erroneous, in so far as they were narrow and limited, and opened up the way to wider and truer views of the same kind. Since his time the theory of Lavoisier has been superseded, not by doing away with it altogether, but by extending it. And as in the old-fashioned mazes he gets to the central tree the soonest who at first seems to be going directly away from it, so, in the history of physiological science, the way to a physical and chemical explanation of vital actions has been often gained by what seemed at first sight a turning the back on Chemistry and Physics altogether. Again and again the appeal to vital principles has turned out in the end to be an appeal to a wider Chemistry and truer Physics. At the present day we regard animal heat as due, not to combustion or carbon in the lungs, but to an oxidative metamorphosis of all the tissues of the body, some to a greater, and others to a less extent. The lungs are, we now think, not a furnace to which all burning is confined, but a chimney through which issues the smoke generated by a combustion which goes on everywhere, and that most fiercely in the tissue or part where life is most active. In fact, the most advanced philosophy teaches that all the measurable forces of living bodies are due to combustion, to oxidation, or at least to chemical transformation, and believes that they may, when our knowledge is wide enough, be all expressed

in terms of units of heat. To affirm that heat can be produced in the animal body without previous oxidation, without a metamorphosis of its chemical substances, or that oxidation can there take place without heat or some equivalent force being set free, is to contradict, not the physiological science only, but also the whole physical philosophy of the present day. We may admit that the brain has a great influence on animal heat, but we can do so only under the assumption that it affects either the sum-total of the bodily metamorphosis, or the manner and amount in and to which the force arising from the ordinary oxidation is either distributed and dissipated as heat, or transformed into some other mode of energy. An exact interpretation of Brodie's results demands a quantitative examination of all the circumstances of the experiments, much greater and more minute than he, with the resources then at his command, was able to give to them. That such an examination has since, as far as we know, not even been attempted, indicates that the experiments have not now the same importance that they formerly had. Like their author, their work is done; they form part of the history rather than of the working capital of science. What is really the same subject, the influence of the nervous system on chemical transformation, *i.e.*, on secretion, nutrition, etc., is now being attacked from other points with a success which, during the last few years, has been very great, and has explained much which seemed to support the erroneous part of Brodie's views. No line of research, in fact, seems to promise more fruit than that of which Sir Benjamin Brodie's inquiries may be regarded as one of the earliest efforts. If we look at them in this light, in tracing out the genesis of one small branch of that scientific thought, which waxes as the years roll on, we may recognise in them a value which increases with time, even though the particular praise which was bestowed on them at the date of their publication, and which won for him the Copley medal, may seem exaggerated, if not mistaken. In the line of English physiologists who, few and scanty as they be, have handed down the apparently vital theories of John Hunter, and little by little have interpreted them, without radical change, into the rigid physico-chemical doctrines of the present day, the name of Brodie will always occupy a high place.

Three other memoirs complete his purely physiological writings. One, "On the Influence of the Nerves of the Eighth Pair on the Secretions of the Stomach," was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814; another, "On the Influence of the Nervous System on the Action of the Muscles in gene

* Unless it be by some obscure theorizer. See the amusingly excited note in Milligan's translation of Majendie's *Physiology*, 1829, p. 578.

ral, and of the Heart in particular," was read as a Croonian lecture in 1813, but by the desire of the author was not published; a third, "On the Effects produced by the Bile in the Process of Digestion," appeared in Brande's *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in 1823. The two first are both connected with the same subject which had previously engaged his attention, the bond between the nervous system and the organic, that is, the chemical and physical processes of the animal body; and what has been said of the earlier papers applies equally to these. The matter was one of surpassing interest to Brodie. He saw in it not a mere idle question to be answered by curious men, but an image of, and in some sort a key to, that mysterious connexion between the immaterial mind and the material body, which was ever a subject of much thought to him, which comes prominently forward in his *Psychological Inquiries*, and which led him "to say to a friend, in speaking of his lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Brain, 'The complexity of the mechanism of the higher brains is enough to make one giddy to think of it.'"

Although during the whole of his life Brodie never failed to take the greatest interest in all matters relating to Physiology and Anatomy, and as an active Fellow of the Royal Society was frequently busied with new discoveries in those sciences, his own personal exertions in them may, except from 1819-23, when he held the post of Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the Royal College of Surgeons, be considered to have ended within a few years after his appointment to St. George's Hospital. In 1809 he had taken a house. In 1812 Wilson wished to make over to him the school in Great Windmill Street, in which they had conjointly delivered anatomical and surgical lectures. Acting upon Home's advice, he declined the offer, which was afterwards accepted by Charles Bell. He took, however, another house in the same street, in which he fitted up a museum, and where he continued to deliver surgical lectures until the year 1829, when he transferred them to St. George's Hospital. By far the greater part of his time was spent in the Hospital, where his studies were unremitting and laborious. His attention being drawn to diseases of the joints, the paucity of knowledge on the subject led him to make some original investigations, the results of which were communicated in 1813 to the Medical and Chirurgical Society, of which he had become a member in 1808. As an effect of these inquiries, and of the practical and scientific reputation he was acquiring, he found that patients came to consult him in increasing

numbers; and he began to feel that his physiological experiments must be laid aside, that his business in life was not pure science, but actual practice. Although his scientific epoch, if we may so call it, was a very happy, perhaps the most happy period of his life; and although in his later years he longed for some respite from patients and active duties, in order that he might return to the studies of his early days, he never regretted the choice he had made of becoming a successful surgeon rather than a distinguished physiologist. Nor has the world any reason to deplore it. It is true that England is not overburdened with working physiologists; those that deserve that name at the present day may be counted on the fingers, and many of them are harassed with other duties. She was not overburdened then, though in this respect she held at that time a rank among other nations which she holds no longer. Yet she could afford to spare Brodie. Distinguished scientific men may be got any day, may be trained at any time, if love be present, and scope (and a livelihood) be allowed, while the qualities necessary for a perfect surgeon are more rare. If a man has industry, a tolerably good head, and a humble, steadfast love of truth, he can hardly fail in producing good results in pure science when he sets himself heartily to the work; whereas great success in the practical art requires as well moral and social qualifications that are not always to be found. The one deals with nature, who demands only obedience; the other has to do with nature too, but also with men and women who need as much ruling as she needs obeying. Had Brodie devoted himself to pure Physiology he might have proved himself not merely a faithful labourer but a great discoverer, or he might have settled down into an ordinary Professor. Judging from what we know of him, it is probable that he would not have ascended to the highest heights of pure science. That absence of pronounced bias towards any particular path of knowledge, which proved of such great utility in the life he actually adopted, would not have been the best augury for his progress in pure science. For a career of that kind an enthusiasm is necessary, an enthusiasm such as that of Edward Forbes, an enthusiasm that is often all the more useful for being apparently sometimes blind and heedless. On the other hand, a strong feeling concerning "duty," which was ever uppermost in Brodie's mind, and which is the grand support of all who have to act, would have been for the most part lost in a life devoted to abstract inquiry. The man of science, as far as his researches are concerned—and if he be real, he and his researches are

one—needs no such source of strength. He has only quietly, humbly, and truthfully to push forward in the way that opens up for him the more clearly the longer he pursues it. "Duty" to such a one is superfluous, if not unintelligible. Men of pure science, again, are content often to look forward to the results of their labours as useful only in future. Sir Benjamin Brodie had that longing to see the immediate fruits of his works, which is characteristic of a practical mind. Even in his abstruser speculations, such as those which he developed in his old age, it was not so much the love of abstract truth as the hope of achieving good that stirred him. His *Psychological Inquiries* are to be regarded as not so much an effort in mental science, as a transcript from the note-book of a physician, who, calmly talking over and wisely considering the symptoms of humanity, points out what he considers the best treatment and remedies to be adopted. But if Sir Benjamin Brodie might not have become a leader in science, he did become one of the greatest of English surgeons. His success justified his choice.

It is very interesting to observe the position he took in reference to the conflicting claims of the science of life and the art of healing. There is very considerable difficulty in judging fairly of the mutual relations of these two things. Though, theoretically considered, the latter is the practical application of the former, practically speaking they stand apart from each other. A physiologist is not necessarily a good practitioner, but rather the contrary; and the converse is equally true. It is matter of uncertainty, and yet not without importance, how far the two should be combined. If we turn to the public for advice, we find them in a state of hopeless contradiction or vacillation. At one moment they shrink from everything that is not entirely practical, and make haste to shun any manifestation of science, as foreboding unwise and dangerous treatment. It is said of Sir Charles Bell that the falling off of his patients after the appearance of a scientific memoir from him, generally led him to publish a practical clinical lecture, with a hope of restoring the balance. At another time the public rush all agape after the latest scientific discovery, and hope all things of the last new physiological theory. Very often an abstruse paper has happily produced an unexpected rise in patients. Nor is the profession itself by any means unanimous on the matter. There are many, and such are generally called "highly practical," who delight in making a mock of all science, and feel a special pleasure in adopting courses for which no reason can be rendered: the Pharisees, as

it were, of Medicine, worshipping the traditions of the elders, and accepting no physiological doctrines until they have, in process of time, acquired the stamp of the sect. In the eyes of such men, Physiology, if not unclean, is at least nothing more than a mere plaything, wholly useless in everyday life. Others again, on the other hand, are perhaps too "hastily scientific," too ready to accept the flickering light of a few academical disputations as a guide through the darkness of the human body, too willing to act upon any advice that is written in letters of Chemistry or Physiology, and not in the language of common sense. To such, Chemistry, or Galvanism, or some other section of knowledge, is a shibboleth, and the recent advance of Physical Science the dawning of a millennium. A third class, forming, as we believe, the bulk of the profession, while refusing no ray of light or offer of help that comes from Physiology or Chemistry or elsewhere, temper the zeal and eagerness of science with the wisdom and caution of experience. They may be said to be practical *in re* and scientific *in modo*, inasmuch as they are distinguished, not by their wearing the externals of science, not by their resting their treatment on the result of vivisections and chemical experiments, not by their giving themselves up to any dominant scientific doctrines, but by their studying their cases and governing their practice in that truthful, unwearied, catholic spirit, and trustful obedience to nature, which is the token of all science properly so called. They feel that the bedside and laboratory are as yet too far apart for them to pass rapidly from one to the other; but they feel, too, that truth and success are to be won by the same means in both.

It need hardly be said that it was to this last class that Sir Benjamin Brodie belonged. His youthful intercourse with the muse of pure science prevented him from ever disparaging her, while his having felt, from personal knowledge, how fragmentary and uncertain, how far behind the urgent necessities of everyday life, were the doctrines of Physiology, saved him from blindly following their lead. Ever anxious to connect the phenomena of disease with those of health, ever striving to lay bare the deep-seated general laws governing both alike, he was still aware that what he knew cast but a stray light on what he had to do; that, while now and then some far off truth in Physiology lighted up the obscurity of a harassing case, it happened far more frequently that relief came both to the patient and the doctor through a quick following up of the hints that accident or acute observation

started, through treatment which science neither suggested nor could give a reason for. He saw that the honest performance of his practical duties could leave him but little leisure for scientific pursuits, that he could not be a great surgeon and a remarkable physiologist at the same time. He did not care, or rather he saw he was not the man to be, like Young, a great philosopher and a moderate practitioner. But he felt that he could carry into his active life the same spirit that had already given him so great a success in his leisure studies, and the walls of St. George's Hospital could testify to the way in which he set to work. Every day he spent hours there. He studied the cases that came under his care with as much assiduous, conscientious, painstaking accuracy as if he were preparing his notes for publication in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He felt that every patient called for as much research as any subject of his previous memoirs.

The public soon began to learn that a man of such a temper was one who could be fully trusted. The few patients quickly became many. In 1816 he married, upon an income of £1500 a year; and after the publication, in 1819, of his papers on Diseases of Joints, in the form of a book, his practice very rapidly increased. In 1823 his annual income from fees alone amounted to £6500, being about half of what is stated to be the limit which it in no year exceeded.

In the life of a busy surgeon, and especially of one enjoying unbroken success and uniform progress, there are naturally but few events of which others will care to be told. In the autobiography we meet more than once with such a remark as, "During this time my recollection furnishes me with very little that is worthy of being recorded. My mode of life was uniform enough." The chief facts of Brodie's external history may soon be enumerated. In 1817 he gained, through his straightforward conduct, the friendship of Sir William Knighton, and upon the advice of that gentleman was called in to see the wonderful sebaceous tumour on the head of King George IV., of the removal of which so ludicrous an account is given in the *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*. In 1828 he became surgeon to the King, and in 1830 he treated with great temporary success the dropsy of that monarch. In 1832 he became, upon the death of Sir Everard Home, sergent-surgeon to King William IV. In 1834 he was elevated to the rank of baronet, and thus received the highest political honour open to the profession. In 1822 the resignation of Mr. Griffiths changed his position at St. George's Hospital from that of assis-

tant-surgeon to full surgeon. In 1828 the partial retirement of Sir Astley Cooper largely increased his practice, particularly in the department of Operative Surgery. In 1830 the pressing demands of his private duties compelled him to give up his systematic course of surgical lectures at St. George's, though for some years afterwards he continued to give occasional clinical discourses. In 1834 he became, by virtue of his position as sergent-surgeon, one of the examiners at the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1837, looking forward to some leisure in the coming years, he purchased Broome Park, at Betchworth in Surrey. In 1840, "after having filled the place of assistant-surgeon for fourteen years, and that of surgeon for eighteen years," he resigned his office, at the early age of fifty-six, partly because he now began to feel the necessity of diminishing the amount of his labours, and partly from a generous wish to increase the opportunities of the active and deserving young men he saw around him. With the exception of memorable occasions such as these, his life might seem to lookers-on full of sameness; patients in the morning, patients in the afternoon, patients in the evening, and even in the night, with, at one period of his life, the frequent harassment of long provincial journeys. But, though objectively monotonous, it was subjectively of great and varied interest. Even the private patients had sometimes charms that were not limited to the fees they brought. The treatment of many cases became, of course, after a while, a mere matter of dry routine. A few questions, a rapid glance, and both the nature of the disease and the proper remedy were at once divined. Little mental exertion was required for, and therefore little pleasure derived from, instances of maladies which had been seen and studied again and again. All cases, however, were not of this description. Every day was sure to bring to his observing eye some feature of disease that awakened curiosity and stimulated the mind, something that had been looked for long, something that had not been expected at all. No day could fail to add fresh links to various chains of thought, to bring fresh proofs or new corrections of growing theories and views. Especially true was this of his hospital experience, where disease could be studied more rigidly and with greater scientific accuracy than in the private consulting-room, and where the intellectual pleasure of observing any striking symptom or result of treatment was increased by the satisfaction of explaining its importance or meaning to a group of intelligent and inquiring students. "Some of my happiest

hours," he writes, "were those during which I was occupied in the wards of St. George's Hospital, with my pupils round me, answering their inquiries, and explaining the cases to them at the bedside of the patients." Science, again, was a never-failing source of pleasure to him. He took part in all the new and stirring discoveries, and mixed with all the distinguished men of his time. And if he needed or cared for other excitements he had his share in them too. The surgeon who rises to be the leading surgeon of the day is necessarily brought into close contact with all phases of life, the highest as well as the lowest. He sees, moreover, characters at seasons when real features come to the surface, and learns secrets which are hid from all the world. He has, perhaps, on the whole, better opportunities than most men of getting behind the scenes, and seems to take some part in all the life of his time. Among that knowledge which was buried in the grave with Brodie, a great deal that appeared to him most likely worthless, would be highly prized by many a gossiping mind.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of the good effected by such a life as Brodie's. The number of valuable lives spared or lengthened, the amount of human suffering lessened by his skill, with the benefits to mankind thus indirectly wrought; all, in fact, that is implied by the well-known Homeric line which asserts that a healer is worth a hundred other men, by no means comprises all he did. His professional writings, though they were but few, were of the highest order. His book on Diseases of Joints at once took, and has since maintained the rank of a standard work. It may be said to have inaugurated a new epoch in the treatment of those maladies. And the same observation will apply to his other larger treatises, while his various short observations, occasional papers, and lectures, are a rich mine of practical ideas and suggestive hints, to which a practitioner will again and again turn when baffled in his art. But his unwritten influence was far larger than his written. With the death of such a man there is lost to the world a store of wisdom, in which it can never share. In the case of Brodie, this was perhaps larger than with most distinguished men. He himself was wont to say that nine-tenths of his knowledge would perish with him. All his life long, however, and especially during his later years, he was working upon the men of his time in a way which was but dimly visible to himself, and which cannot perhaps even as yet be fully appreciated by others. We have said that he was emphatically a representative man; he was a pattern to the pub-

lic of what the profession might and ought to be, and an example to the profession of what it might and ought to become. In both functions he did great and good service. Before his time men had been much accustomed to associate eminence in the surgical profession with individual talent marred by coarseness, abrupt humour, or personal vanity, and often united with great ignorance in matters outside the art. Brodie showed them that general culture, science, and philosophy were helpmates rather than hindrances to professional ability, and that it was best for one who aspired to be a leading surgeon, not to discard nor to affect to despise the mind and manners of a gentleman. The whole tenor of his life did much to raise the surgical art in the opinion of the world. Equally beneficial was his influence upon his brethren. The profession and the public are not always agreed as to who deserve to be considered the most eminent surgeons or physicians, but for once they heartily joined in ranking Sir Benjamin Brodie as *facile princeps*. Perhaps no one was ever so universally esteemed and looked up to by his fellows as was he. This was partly due to the great respect he in turn felt for his fellows. The large class of general practitioners, to whose care, after all, the health of the community is in the main intrusted, he always held in high estimation. He never delighted, as many in his position do, in snubbing them. On the contrary, whenever he was called in consultation to some obscure spot in the country, he used to take with him a list of questions, to be put to his humble brother, in order that he might learn something from the latter's experience, and he was wont to say that many a time the benefit which he himself in this way received was greater than that which he was able to bestow upon the patient. An acknowledged leader of the profession, such as he was, would naturally have a great power of moulding and forming the minds and characters of others, especially of those who entered the profession at the time when he was in the zenith of his fame. Every student who entered the hospitals would be sure to see in himself, with more or less distinctness, a future Brodie. And it was well for the profession that it had a man of Brodie's stamp at its head. He was, in many respects, far fitter to hold that position than his immediate predecessor, Sir Astley Cooper, whose acknowledged eminence, being beyond defence, need not fear criticism. No two men could be more unlike than were these distinguished surgeons. The only point in which they touched was the love each bore to science, and they differed even in their

attitude towards science. Brodie looked upon Anatomy chiefly as the basis of Physiology; and in Physiology he saw a means of intellectual culture, a stronghold of the healing art, and a great help towards solving the riddle of human nature. His own physiological labours were connected with important questions, the answers to which turned both the thoughts and practices of men. Sir Astley Cooper loved Anatomy partly for its own sake, just as he loved dissecting, partly on account of its direct utility in Mechanical Surgery, and partly because it was a path along which he might tread towards fame. And his own labours were prompted by one or other of these feelings. The one was in his proper sphere when in the midst of quiet discussion, the other when, with the help of students, he was dissecting an elephant under adverse circumstances.

In his professional capacity, Cooper was brilliant, somewhat off-hand and hasty perhaps, delighting in difficult and extraordinary operations, restless under the necessity of minutely and laboriously investigating an obscure case, in his glory when an unforeseen accident in the operating theatre dismayed his fellows, and called for prompt decision and immediate action. Brodie, though never failing in emergencies, disliked the glamour of operations, looked upon the knife as a reproach rather than as a credit, was cautious and wisely slow in judgment though quick in ratiocination, to the last modest and retiring, and shone most when thought and wisdom were most required. Both loved their profession, but Cooper loved fame more than the accomplishment of duties, and it may perhaps be said, loved praise more than fame. If Brodie loved anything more than his profession, it was that general pursuit of truth and performance of duty of which the surgical art was only one example; and if he had ambition, it was ambition of the purest quality, mixed with nothing that was not proper to a noble mind. In Cooper's eyes, the healing art was a sphere in which natural ability, a quick hand and eye, a tact in dealing with men and things, were sure to meet with success. Brodie saw in it a continual attempt, oftentimes unsuccessful and disappointing, to solve baffling problems, a path of duty which could only be happily trod with the help of a watchful study of nature, a faithful, childlike, humble obedience to all she taught, and a wise appreciation of all the hints she gave. The influence of Cooper's example was to make young surgeons inclined to overrate their own importance, to think much of the externals of their art, of personal address

and skill in the use of the knife, and to be calculating rather how they should deal with patients than treat diseases. Brodie taught them to look upon themselves, not as single individuals about to secure the admiration and fees of a large clientèle, but as members of a body which, by its history, its education, and its connexions with science, was called to great exertions in order to overcome or to soothe the sufferings of mankind.

And not only by virtue of his moral nature and temper was Brodie's influence over his brethren a benign one; in the more strictly intellectual features of his professional character he was equally potent for good. His method of healing, which by the force of example became the method of many others, may be briefly described as the union of skilled diagnosis with a wise and happy adaptation of ordinary remedies. By his excellence in diagnosis he helped very materially to construct the edifice of modern Medicine, and to keep his particular department of Surgery on a level with the rapidly developing one of the pure physicians. To one not conversant with the details of disease, the mere distinguishing one disease from others may seem to be only preliminary to the more difficult task of treatment; but in reality it is much more than half the struggle. The true appreciation of a malady being rightly got, the manner of curing it follows in most cases as a matter of course. For true diagnosis, the accurate sorting and setting apart the various sets of symptoms which we call diseases, must not be confounded with a mere superficial distribution of names. A name may be given without trouble, and therefore without result; but two diseases, alike in their superficial and external phenomena, but unlike in their deep-seated and fundamental qualities, cannot be distinguished until we have gone right down into the essential nature of each. Diagnosis is in fact merely the expression of Pathology, the science of disease. And it is only by knowing diseases that we can hope to cure them. It is astonishing sometimes to witness how effectual the simplest remedies and plainest directions turn out when they are suggested by an accurate knowledge of the nature of the malady,—in other words, when a correct diagnosis has been made. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a particular treatment has been remarkably successful after the failure of many others, the result has been due to the therapeutic blow having been directed, not at random, but with clear intent. A slight tap in the right place will do what no amount of beating the bush could effect. Many of the diseases which afflict us are so dreadful

because they are mere shadows. They torment us in the gloom of ignorance; when light approaches they melt away almost of themselves. And though there are many which we fail to touch, even when we seem to know most about them, we have, through diagnosis, at least the melancholy satisfaction of foreseeing all their gravity. In the art of diagnosis Sir Benjamin Brodie was a master, and great was the delight which he took in the work. His other characteristic, the wise use of remedies, almost necessarily followed from his efficiency in this. Perfection of diagnosis and multiplicity of remedies are always to be found existing in an inverse ratio to each other. He who is careless in his analysis will be profuse with his prescriptions; and he who has gone to the bottom of a malady will not have to go much further in seeking for the cure. Apart, however, from those remedies suggested by the results of diagnosis, there are also a large number of purely empirical remedies and plans of treatment, satisfactory indications for which fail either because the nature of the disease can with our present knowledge be probed to a certain depth only, or because our knowledge of the *modus operandi* of drugs and other therapeutic agents is so imperfect. The various members of the medical profession vary much in their attitude towards these sealed missives of cure. Some are eager for them, use them frequently and fearlessly, are alternately borne up by hope and cast down by disappointment in their experience of them. New remedies, always joyfully accepted by patients, are not without charms for professional men, and fashion here, as elsewhere, has a powerful sway. Other practitioners are fond of confining themselves purposely and rigidly to a very scanty list of drugs, like Brodie's old master in pharmacy, who in his "open shop" had many show bottles, but, for the most part, only four use-bottles, one for each of the quarters from which he believed the wind of disease to blow. It is a very common thing to hear men, accounted remarkably successful men, exclaim in their old age, "Give me opium, quinine, and sulphur," or, "calomel, digitalis, and antimony, and I will cure all diseases that can be cured;" and tales have been told of those who had but one prescription, which, if not regarded as a panacea, was at least offered as treatment to all sorts and conditions of men. On the other hand, there is a small class of men who state, that they conscientiously abstain from every treatment for which they cannot render a reason from beginning to end. It need scarcely be said that Brodie belonged to none of these. While accepting no treatment rashly, and

never obstinately refusing to receive assistance either from the newest elegant pharmaceutical preparation or from the latest and most ingenious mechanical contrivance, he held that many remedies, however old-fashioned, were of the greatest use when one had learnt from experience the exact time and place in which to employ them. His scientific culture was too pronounced to allow him ever to fail of reaping the first and last fruits of Physiology and Pathology, while his practical wisdom and humility kept him from ever discarding an unmistakable help because he could not write down the scientific formula of its action; and we may safely say that the great bulk of the profession is treading in the same path. It is confessedly difficult to disentangle the influence of a single man from the mixed impulses of an age; but the fact is patent, that during the past half century the progress of the healing art, and the intellectual and moral development of those that practise it, have taken place exactly in that direction towards which all Sir Benjamin Brodie's efforts turned. Everywhere, even in the humblest representative, may be seen the same drawing near to science, the same desire to rest all treatment on a rational basis, and the same consciousness of the ennobling effect of uprightly pursuing its duties. It would be absurd to say that he himself was not borne upon a wave which began elsewhere; it would be unjust to think that he was not foremost in urging the movement on.

Though naturally not of a very strong, and certainly not of a very robust constitution, he lived, notwithstanding years of laborious exertion and times of almost incessant toil, to see the fruit of his labours; to witness, beside his own personal success, that development of the sciences, and that exaltation of the character of the surgical profession, for which he had striven. Without trespassing much on a subject that has often been selected as a butt for sarcasm, we may perhaps venture to say that the length of his life was in part the result of his own care. Seeing so clearly as he did how much mental exertion depends on a comfortable physical condition of the body, he considered that carelessness in regard of his health was worse than a waste of time. In his early days he once allowed a too intense application to render him for a while unfit for his duties, but he never, we believe, repeated the mistake. As far as was in his power he so kept his body, that in his old age he was able to enjoy the honours that came upon him.

We have already mentioned, that in 1834 he received the highest political mark that can be bestowed on the medical profession.

Had there been other higher ones he would undoubtedly have had them, and as undoubtedly would not have cared much for them. He told his students more than once that they were to seek not political but scientific rank. "Our profession," said he, "is not a political one." And the words which have been chosen by Mr. Hawkins in which to give a facsimile of Sir Benjamin's handwriting, do not merely express a sentiment put in to grace an introductory lecture; like everything else that Brodie said, they simply spoke his real feelings. In telling the students what they were to look forward to, he was talking of his own desires. Looking back on his own life, he could not but recognise its great success in the wealth, professional reputation, and social rank he had attained to. One thing only was lacking to him—some external token that science as well as the world acknowledged his labours, and was proud of his worth.

His cup might be said to be full when on the 30th of November, 1858, he was elected President of the Royal Society. We may fairly believe that no event of his life ever gave him such pleasure as this. The Royal Society, the nurse of English science, though at times it has suffered from the influence of cliques, has had the good fortune never to degenerate into an Academy. This may partly be attributed to the fact that its fellowship is not restricted to cultivators of pure science, but that intellectual prowess is leavened with the leaven of high social station and of distinguished practical ability. In their President the Fellows have often wisely sought not so much rare success in one branch of science as a catholic appreciation of all kinds of knowledge. In no one could such a quality have been found to a more eminent degree than in Sir Benjamin Brodie. For three years he adorned that office as he had adorned his profession; and it was with the greatest regret that the Council, in November, 1861, unwillingly accepted his unwilling but forced resignation. An affection of the eyes, which even the skill of a Bowman was unable to arrest, was beginning to render him unfit for all active duties. The same cause compelled him to resign the Presidency of the General Medical Council, where his wisdom and experience had been of especial use. The life that had been so rich in works was beginning to fail. His general health, however, continued so far good that he was able to be in London during the winter of 1861–2, and to attend and speak at a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, when an address of condolence to the Queen on the death of the lamented Prince Consort was voted; a fit subject for his last public speech.

At the end of April he returned to Broome Park, and after a few days was seized with fever. Very soon a malignant affection of the right shoulder began to show itself. He gradually got worse, and on the 21st of October, 1862, he died. His death was such as might have been expected from his life. He, the greater part of whose days had been spent "in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death," who had ever been most earnest in the search for truth, was not likely to have been heedless of the things behind the veil, or to have been unready himself to pass beyond it.

ART. V.—1. *The Salmon*. By ALEX. RUSSEL. Edinburgh, 1864.

2. *View of the Salmon Fishery of Scotland*. By MURDO MACKENZIE, Esq. Edinburgh, 1860.

THERE is more in the title and the title-page of a book than people are apt to imagine. Many an author, who has to his complete satisfaction rounded his sentences, polished his periods, and finished the fair copy of his manuscript for the printer, will acknowledge the perplexity he has experienced in finding an appropriate name under which to introduce his work to the public. Mr. Russel has overcome this common difficulty,—if indeed he ever felt any,—and he has found for his book in one simple word—and *that* the mere name of the noble fish, on which he has given to the world perhaps as able and comprehensive a treatise as ever has been written on that or any other subject—a title plain and unpretending, qualified by no supplementary specification of his plan of action. Yet, how suggestive! how seductive!—"THE SALMON."

From whatever point of view we regard the salmon, he will be found to assert an importance and claim an interest far greater than attaches to any other of our British fishes. If we look at him artistically, for symmetry of form and gracefulness of outline, for brilliancy of hue, he is perfection. Consider him gastronomically—Is he not the king of fishes? In his season—and the brightest and most enjoyable season of the year is his—what dinner is not graced by his presence? Comely in death as he was handsome in life, how right royal he is to look at as he lies in state, unconsciously awaiting the panegyrics and laudations which are, more or less, awarded to departed notabilities—to none more worthily than to him at whose

obseques the assembled guests are about to assist! We cannot trust ourselves to dilate on so exciting a theme. Why needlessly provoke the appetite by beatific visions of dexterously divided portions of firm, rich, pink flake, with its creamy curd, and the more luscious cut from the under part of the fish, neatly, temptingly disposed side by side on our plate, over which the crisp, fresh-sliced cucumber sheds a rich aroma! If we do make mention of another condiment, too often recklessly, ignorantly, taken with salmon, it is simply to record the novel and sensible proceeding of a learned German professor of our acquaintance, who, after doing ample justice to his solid fish, called for the lobster-sauce, and helping himself to half a tureen, made a second fish course of it, and pronounced it excellent.

Take the salmon commercially. Its acknowledged value is attested by the enormous amount of legislative enactments passed from very early periods of our history down to the present day, to regulate the fisheries and to insure its preservation. These laws, we may suppose, were originally framed, in respect of the salmon being a staple article of food, and grants were made by the Crown of fisheries in sea and estuary and river with the design of insuring a regular supply of what was in early times a necessary—not a luxury: for before the means of ready transport were thought of, the salmon was as recognised an article of diet to those within reach of the precious commodity as beef or mutton is now.

The excellence and the value of the salmon standing thus confessed, we would fain know something of its habits and manner of life, of its instincts and peculiar organization. We stumble on the very threshold of our inquiry. The salmon is a mysterious fish even to those who have made it a study. Its rapid growth, the metamorphoses it undergoes before it arrives at maturity—from parr to smolt—from smolt to grilse—from grilse to the perfect fish; its annual migration to the sea—its return to the river in which it was bred, to deposit its spawn on the gravelly beds up the stream; its amphibious nature, which renders it necessary that it should be now a denizen of the salt, now of the fresh water—sea and river each claiming it as its own; its strength of purpose and perseverance in overcoming the natural obstacles in the way of its journey—all is mystery.

Charles St. John, while residing beside the estuary of the Findhorn, did not fail to observe the habits of the salmon—

“During the spring and summer, it is an amusing sight to watch the salmon making their

way up the river. Every high tide brings up a number of these fish, whose sole object seems to be to ascend the stream. At the shallow fords, where the river, spreading over a wide surface, has but a small depth of water, they are frequently obliged to swim, or rather wade (if such an expression may be used), for perhaps twenty yards of water of two inches in depth, which leaves more than half the fish exposed to view. On they go, however, scrambling up the fords, and making the water fly right and left, like ducks at play. When the fish are numerous, I sometimes see a dozen at once. . . .

“The jumping of salmon up a fall is a curious and beautiful sight, and the height they leap, and the perseverance they show in returning again and again to the charge, after making vain efforts to surmount the fall, are quite wonderful. Often on a summer evening, when the river is full of fish, all eager to make their way up, have I watched them for hours together, as they spring in rapid succession, looking like pieces of silver as they dashed up the falls with rapid leaps. The fish appear to bend their head to their tail, and then to fling themselves forward and upwards, much as a bit of whalebone whose two ends are pinched together springs forward on being released. I have often watched them leaping, and this has always seemed the way in which they accomplish their extraordinary task.”

We claim a peculiar right to quote Mr. St. John's words on this subject, for being in Sutherland with him many years ago—the year may be recognised from the circumstance of the late Duke having, in consequence of the decline of the fish, wisely proclaimed a jubilee for the salmon—we sat with our lamented friend on the rocks above the falls of the Shin, on a lovely afternoon in the late spring, to watch the fish going up, speculating on the chances of this or that fish succeeding in making his landing good on the narrow ledge of rock at the top of the fall, over which the stream was rushing with great violence—the fish, now struggling, with half his body in mid air hanging over the pool below—now gaining a little, now losing ground—and finally, making a vigorous effort, was either lost to our sight, or, spent with his exertions, fell heavily back to the foot of the fall, to recover his strength and “get his wind” for another leap. We counted nearly a hundred fish that made their way to the upper level, some of which we put at twenty pounds' weight.

Now, a word of the salmon as a *game* fish—an object of sport. Half a century ago, rod-fishing for salmon was but little practised—more perhaps in England than in Scotland. The upper proprietors of rivers were content to supply their tables by netting; spearing or leistering* was also resorted to; and as

* Leistering has been long practised in Norway,

this mode of capturing salmon demanded considerable skill and dexterity, the art was not unfrequently cultivated by gentlemen for their amusement, but was more successfully carried on upon a larger scale by unauthorised persons, in season and out of season, as much for sport as profit. The rod-fishings, until within the last forty years, were of so little moment that the Salmon Acts contained no clause whatever to regulate them—the object of these laws was the fixing the fence or close times, and the making certain provisions for facilitating the journey of the fish from the sea to its spawning beds in the river. The harvest of the salmon river was at the river's mouth, and the interests of the proprietors of the lower waters were alone deemed worthy of legislative care.

But the time arrived when our fish was no longer to be put in the same category with vulgar cod and herring, when his value was not to be gauged by the price he might fetch per pound in the market as mere provender. He was now to take rank with the noble hart of the forest—to be honoured, as that sainted animal the fox is by the huntsman. He was to inaugurate a new sport, to create a new order of sportsmen, who should preserve and watch over him as jealously as he might the wild bird of the heather, or the more gentle pheasant of the woodland covert. Through him was to be set in movement a new industry, giving employment to hundreds of new hands; the most costly appliances were invented for taking him scientifically, artistically. The rarest and most beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe were made subservient to the sport. Fabrics of steel of the finest temper—of gold and silver—silken skeins of richest dye,—were all put in requisition to make fitting offerings to him. Bright eyes and fair hands help to trim the lure that tempts the poor fish to his fate!

We turn to Mr. Russel's book for an eloquent defence of rod-fishing for salmon:—

"But *is* the salmon good for sport? There actually are people that will ask such a question, though to all but the grossly ignorant it seems to verge on the insane, if not on the profane. Perhaps there may be some who, being assured that the salmon is good for sport, are capable of asking next, what is *sport* good for? But to this extreme class we merely reply, that it is good for health and for amusement—at least as good for these purposes as much of the walking and riding that is done under the sun, and greatly better than most of the eating, drinking, and dancing that is done under the chandelier. We may consent to admit—for it is nothing to

the purpose—that salmon angling is actually one of the most costly, and is apparently—that is, to the eye of all but the person suffering—one of the dearest and most desperate of recreations. The expense and the labour are great; the material recompense inappreciable, and often quite invisible. The average cost of a salmon taken on the rod fisheries of the Tweed (and Tweed is not an extreme case), was lately calculated as varying between £3 and £5, counting nothing for time and for travelling expenses,—the latter item, it must be understood, being proportionately very heavy, because a salmon fisher cannot, like a grouse shooter, remain at his station for weeks together, but is restricted to only two or three days after each flood. Yet the money is cheerfully paid, and the disappointments no less cheerfully endured. Salmon-fishing is indeed a passion, perhaps unaccountable as to its origin, but certainly irrepressible in an ever-increasing proportion of the people; while in individuals the appetite, once implanted, almost invariably grows rapidly till the end, on the very little indeed that it now-a-days has to feed upon. It is strange to think of the exceeding desperateness of the chances of success which suffice to tempt men away from their business and their families to some of our salmon-streams; yet those who have most often felt and seen the hopelessness of the undertaking, are just those who are most eager to try it again. Look at that otherwise sensible and respectable person, standing midway in the gelid Tweed (it is early spring, or latest autumn, the only seasons when there is much chance), his shoulders aching, his teeth chattering, his coat-tails afloat, his basket empty. A few hours ago, probably, he left a comfortable home, pressing business, waiting clients, and a dinner engagement. On arriving at his 'water,' the keeper, as the tone of keepers now is, despondingly informed him that there is 'nae head (shoal) o' fish,' although, at the utmost, 'there may be a happenin' beast,' or, as we have heard it expressed, with that tendency to a mixture of Latinisms with the Border *patois*, which is to be ascribed, we suppose, to the influence of the parochial schools, 'There's aiblins a transient brute.' But in his eagerness and ignorance he knows better than the keeper; and there he is at it still, in his seventh hour. The wind is in his eye, the water is in his boots, but Hope, the charmer, lingers in his heart."

Who that has been bitten with the mania for salmon-fishing—its fascination is little less than mania—will not acknowledge the truth of this picture; will not regard it almost as a photograph of himself, and a *reflet* of his own feelings?

"It has been maintained," Mr. Russel goes on to say, "though not perhaps in cool print, by men of sense and sobriety—men not ignorant of any of the delights to which flesh has served itself heir—that the thrill of joy, fear, and surprise (now-a-days surprise is the predominating emotion) induced by the first *tug* of a salmon, is the most exquisite sensation of

and under nearly the same name. There is a parish in one of the best fishing districts called Lyster.

which this mortal frame is susceptible,—whether he come as the summer grilse, with a flash and a splash; or like a new run but more sober-minded adult, with a dignified and determined dive; or like a brown-coated old inhabitant, with a long pull and a strong pull, low down in the depths."

The most prejudiced unbeliever cannot choose but admit that there must exist some extraordinary charm in a pursuit which takes such a strong hold on the affections of its followers—which can lead them, men of whose sanity there can be no question, to undergo willingly all and more than Mr. Russel so graphically paints. In what consists this charm? Let us—not invidiously—compare salmon-fishing with the two sports of the field that have equally keen and enthusiastic admirers. Taking fox-hunting first: we will suppose the case of a good horseman, with a perfect horse under him; he jogs on quietly to the meet, full of pleasant anticipations of sport; he exchanges greetings with his friends and neighbours at the covert-side; it is a good scenting day, and the ground is in capital order; he comes in for "a good thing;" his horse carries him well; he is well forward at the kill; he has enjoyed his gallop thoroughly. As to the hunting—of which he sees little, and cares perhaps less—that is managed by the huntsman, who, too impatient to let the hounds work out the scent, usually *lifts* them when in difficulties, in order to insure a fast run. Hunting, real hunting, went out with the slow hound of bygone days; it is now but steeple-chasing under another name, and, but for the stirring music of the hounds, a drag does almost as well. After all, it is the horse that has done the work.

Is it not somewhat the same in deer-stalking? We will assume that our sportsman is a strong walker, hardy and lasting, and take it for granted he is a good shot with the rifle—in these days who is not? Under the guidance of his stalker or forester, he enjoys a glorious travel over moor and mountain, refreshed perhaps occasionally with an extempore bath in a cool burn, and is at length, by the skilful strategy of his attendant, brought up to his stag. The "bonnie beast" is there within eighty or a hundred yards of the boulder behind which master and man are almost breathlessly crouching; the tips of his antlers, barely showing above the heather, would scarcely indicate his presence, if it were not for an attendant hind or two who are keeping ward and watch over their sultan. After a long and tedious interval of pleasurable suspension—the rifle, may be, resting the while on the rock, and covering the lair of the unconscious hart—the alarm

is given by the hinds, and the noble animal lazily rises, looks round him, stretches himself leisurely, and presents a broadside to the line of fire. Echo has hardly finished giving back the sharp crack of the rifle, when the ready hunting-knife has finished the work. It may be a good head; so much the better—we will suppose it to be perfect—but *there* is an end of the stalk. For how much of his success has our sportsman been dependent upon his forester?

But let us not speak grudgingly of the sport of deer-stalking for the exceptional man who can enjoy it by his own energy. We have access to a journal of one such—a man who has stalked and shot more deer than most in Scotland, and who thinks no more of the public when he is writing his memorandum of his day's sport, than when he is creeping to his stag. We will indulge our readers with a peep at the notes of one day's sport. The date is the 19th September:—

"I started at ten, and looked the whole Glut Forest to the head—*blank*; lunched at 1.30 in the Glut water half-a-mile above Glenmore (lunch, the heel of a loaf and some weak brandy and water, followed by the never-failing dessert, *a pipe*); we then crossed the flow in for the head of Glenbaun, and on to the Cromalt burns, which we looked and double looked but in vain—then had another nip of B. and W., and another pipe, and a long look at the country in general, and Orkney in particular, where we could distinctly see the waves breaking upon Hoy (it was very clear), then up and off home, *via* Glenbaun, Liavid, etc.; when we got near Liavid burn (downwind, could not help it) we noticed two or three ravens working pretty high up the burn [since I found the dead hind last Wednesday through the assistance of the ravens, I have a sort of respect for them; in fact, they seem to follow me, and to-day I may say they found for me a living stag], at same moment got a very fresh track going up the burn; next moment saw a whole flight of ravens get up off something, so I went up the burn to see, still getting the fresh track. Robert at once said, 'A deer has just got our wind, sir, and gone up the burn and put up the ravens' (and he was right), so I went cautiously up the burn, looking very sharp. Presently we came to an old dead sheep; I said, 'This is all, Bob.' 'No, sir,' said he, 'go on, I am sure a deer is on before us,' so we went on about 200 yards, when Robert, who was close to me, touched me and pointed silently, and, by Jove! there were a pair of horns lying in some deep heather, about 80 or 90 yards from me! I down at once and proceeded to creep in, knowing very well his head would be sure to be looking down the burn. After creeping a while, I raised myself a little, to get his horns again, to make sure of my cover; and as I was creeping on very gently (for now I was only about fifty or sixty yards from him), from some cause or other which I

can't make out, up he got and cantered up the burn 'end on,' and up got I, cocked, and shot him dead (at any rate, he came down on his nose, and could not rise) with the first barrel; then in I ran, but he was so violent, kicking and tearing, that I did not care to go near him. He then struggled till he fell over a bank into the burn, and I let him have his own way for a minute; then when he was lying a little quiet, I saw the main jugular throbbing, so I made a rapid plunge at it with my knife, and ran out of the way; however, the deed was done, and he fairly pumped the blood out of his body, and made the little burn run red, till at last nature had to give way, and he died, but not before he had wriggled and struggled about twenty yards down the channel of the burn from the place where he first fell. We then gree-loached him, and covered him up in a bunk with heather, and went home, arriving at seven p.m., very delighted and very hungry, so I enjoyed my dinner, consisting of soup made from his predecessor (the stag of last Wednesday), etc., etc. Now for the cause of all this struggling and kicking and subsequent death: the little leaden messenger had gone right along his back, cutting the hair in a line exactly parallel to, and about one inch from the black line of his back, and then through the neck, touching, but not breaking the bone. Perhaps a learned physician would call it *an abrasion, and subsequent concussion of the cervical vertebra of the spine.*"

To fox-hunting, as well as to salmon-fishing, a spice of danger adds zest to the thing. The fox-hunter may chance to be conveyed to the nearest farm-house upon a hurdle or a gate; the fisher may be nearly drowned by his own boots, and be landed by his own clip in a strong stream or an eddying pool. The utmost mishap that can befall the deer-stalker is a fit of rheumatism occasioned by the frequent alternations of heat and cold and wet to which he is necessarily subjected, and this, it must be admitted, is by no means a comfortable risk to run. Neither of these contingencies, we imagine, enters very largely into the estimate of the pleasures to be derived from the respective pursuits, so we will put them out of the question, and will endeavour to show cause why salmon-fishing may justly claim precedence over other sporting pursuits—why it is more powerful in its attractions, and more grateful to the self-love of its followers.

And first, then, a fisher is thrown mainly upon his own resources—that is, always supposing him to be intimately acquainted with his river; that he has fished it in every state; in high water, still coloured and fining from the last spate, the stream yet full and strong and rapid; at low water, bright and clear and gentle in its flow, when the boulders, over which but a few days since the stream was dashing furiously, show their rounded faces high and dry above water; that he has

noted carefully, by some well-known mark on rock or bank, the height of the water, knowing that an apparently trifling difference in its level will cause the fish to shift their lay, to move upwards to the neck of the stream, or to fall back to the tail of the run,—that he has studied, in a word, the anatomy of his river. We need not say much of his method of handling the rod; the throwing a good line—straight to the point and light—is a necessary accomplishment—it ought to be a matter of course; but it no more follows that the man who is an adept at casting, could kill a fish when he has hooked him, than that the Eton boy, who can flick a fly off the stable-door with his elder brother's four-in-hand whip, would be able to drive a team in a crowded thoroughfare.

Suppose our ideal fisher to know exactly where to look for his fish. Let us suppose him, after a vast expenditure of patience and perseverance and hard work, to have succeeded in hooking it. It is now, at the first mad rush of the fish, when the reel is grinding delicious music, that the real qualities of the man are brought to the fore—skill combined with coolness and judgment; dashing readiness with patience; force tempered with gentleness; now humouring the wild impetuosity of the fish, keeping the while a steady strain upon him. If our readers desire a specimen of the qualities brought out in this sport—the dexterity, the decision, the patience, the fertility of resource—we would pray his attention to the narrative, not written for the public, of one who is no mean master of the art, and who has the rarer quality of painting his scene in natural colours to the life:—

"Do you remember saying a salmon was as good as lost if he went over the Ess on the Findhorn at Relugas?" writes Sir A. Cumming to St. John. "A strong and active fish played me a trick last week, and contradicted your idea, by taking me down from Rannoch over the Fall as far as the Pool above the Divie junction. The night had been stormy, with heavy rain, and although I expected 'she' would 'grow' in the course of the day, I thought that by an early start I might get a few hours' fishing before the water came down, especially as fish very often take greedily *just before* a grow. I was at the river by four a.m., and commenced at Rannoch (Randolph's Leap). I found the water much as I left 'her' the night before, small and clear, the only chance of fish being just in the white broken water at the throats of streams, or in the deep holes amongst the rocks. Rannoch is fishable only from one small ledge or bench, about two feet square and 25 feet above the level of the water, to which bench you must scramble down the face of the rock, and from this spot you fish the whole pool, beginning with the line as the fly comes off the

bar of the reel, and letting out yard by yard till the fly is working in the 'spoots' or narrow rapids, 80 to 90 feet down the stream. If you hook him you must play and kill him in the pool, *if possible*, your gillie clipping him on a small bed of gravel down below your feet, it being impossible to follow him if he takes down the water, from the small two-feet square ledge, without first ascending to the footpath, and re-descending to the bed of the river; 'this you cannot manage with a fish on, owing to trees and projecting rocks. The pool is fished from the right bank.

"Well, I rose him at my feet almost at the first throw, to a small fly about half an inch long; he came deep and shy three times, and refused to take it or any other. I guessed him at about 17 lbs. Leaving him to his own reflections after making an appointment with him for a later hour, I tried the pool's above, hurrying along to the best spots in anticipation of the water rising. I worked till eight o'clock, keeping on the same fly described before. I had more than average sport, killing four good new run fish, viz., one of 12 lbs., one 10 lbs., and two of 9 lbs. At eight, the water beginning to grow, I reeled up, and rushed down to Rannoch to show my early friend another fly; but the water having fairly commenced to grow, I put on a fly above two inches long, and the tippet being triple gut, I, by an interposition of Providence, put on a triple casting line. Having cautiously descended to my stand, I showed it to him at once; he made small bones of it this time, and rushing up like a bull-dog, or like one of your lovely Peregrines, took the fly greedily. I just let him feel I was at the other end of the gear, and knew instinctively that the good steel was well into something firm. At first he seemed not quite to realize the situation, and after a few sulky and dangerous shakes of the head took to sailing steadily up and down the pool, once or twice approaching the rapids below, but turning again by gentle persuasion; these tactics he continued for nearly an hour, my man waiting for him on the gravel below, and out of my sight. By this time the effects of the last night's rain became fully apparent, the still, dark pool below my feet had turned into a seething pot, without a quiet corner for the fish to rest in, and the water had risen nearly twenty-four inches above its size when I hooked him. The *upshot* was, he *shot down* the narrows, and went rolling heels over head down the foaming 'Meux and Co.'s Entire' (this being the usual colour of our summer floods). To stop him was impossible; I held on above the rapid till I thought my good Forrest rod would have gone at the hand, and certainly the fine single gut I had on earlier would have parted with half the strain.*

* *Memo., en parenthèse*—I once asked several old sportsmen what weight was on the line at the very heaviest strain you could put on with rod in hand, as when holding on like grim death to an insubordinate fish, the end of the line being attached to the hook of a spring balance—i.e., what weight the balance would register. One man guessed 35 lbs., another, laughing at him, said he would bet

"All I could do was to give him what line he required until he found a resting-place behind some rock; this he did after rattling off fifty yards of line. Waiting some minutes till he seemed quiet, I threw off some ten yards more line, and turning the top of the rod up stream, I darted it down to my man on the gravel below, having cautioned him not to alarm the fish by letting the line get taut. To scramble up the rocks, and down again to the gravel bed, to resume possession of my rod, was two or three minutes' work, and just as I seized hold of it, the fish having ventured from his shelter, was, in spite of his efforts, hurried down at racing pace, taking more line than I liked, while I followed, crawling and leaping along some impossible-looking country, such as I would not have faced in cold blood.

"By this time he had nearly reached the Ess or fall, and all seemed lost. I do not think he really intended going over; for when he felt himself within the influence of the strong smooth water, he tried his best to return, but in vain; over he went like a shot, and long ere I could get round some high rocks and down to the lower part of the fall, I had 80 or 90 yards of line out, and to follow him further on this side of the water was not possible, owing to the steep rock rising beside the stream. To add to the embarrassment of my position, I found, on raising the point of my rod, that in going over the fall the fish had passed beneath some arch deep under water, thus making my case appear very hopeless. But determined not to give it up yet, I sent my man up to the house of Relugas, where he found an old three-pronged dung fork and a garden line, with which we managed to construct a grapnel; and at the second throw in, I got hold of the line below the sunken arch; then fastening it to my right hand, I made my man throw the whole line off the reel and through the rings, and having drawn the remainder of the line through the sunken arch, and clear of the impediment, I formed a coil, and with my left hand pitched the end of it up to him, where he passed it through the rings again from the top of the rod, fixed it to the axle of the reel, and handed me down the rod to where I stood. From the long line out, and the heavy water, I could not tell whether the fish was on or not, but the line looked greatly chafed all along.

"I now tried the only plan to end the business; leaving my man holding the rod, I went to a bridge some distance up the river, and having crossed to the other side and come down opposite him, he pitched the rod over to me; I felt that, if he was still on, I was sure of him, and reeling steadily up the 80 yards which were out, I followed down to the big round pool below, where, to my surprise, I became aware that he was still on. He made but a feeble resistance, and after a fight of two hours and forty minutes, we got the clip into as gallant a fish as ever left the sea—weight, 19½ lbs., and

20 lbs. to be nearer the mark; none guessed less than 15 lbs.! The fact is, you cannot, with the best and strongest tackle, draw out more than 3½ or 4 lbs.

new run. The last hour-and-a-half was in a roaring white flood. The fly was, as you may imagine, well 'chawed up.'*

In the second chapter, on the Natural History of the Salmon, Mr. Russel enters fully into the vexed question of the migration of the parr to the sea, and its return to the fresh water as grilse. So long ago as 1849, we chanced to be in Sutherland, and took the opportunity of an introduction to Mr. Young of Invershin to pay him a visit, in order to hear from himself an account of the experiments he had made, and was still engaged in making, on the habits of the Salmon. Strong in his *first year's* theory, he showed us his preparations in spirits of the different stages of growth of the fish from the ova to the perfect parr, both without and with its silvery dress for commencing its journey to the sea, and he certainly succeeded in convincing us, by arguments the most conclusive, as we thought, that *his* theory was the right one. It came to pass, singularly enough, that while we were the guest of the well-known sportsman and naturalist, the late Mr. Charles St. John, not many days afterwards, Mr. Shaw, the champion of the other theory, paid him a visit, and *he* straightway made it equally clear to us that *his* evidences for the *second year's* migration were to the full as strong as those of his rival experimentalist were for the first year's. It was not, we believe, till some years later that the *half and half* theory was broached—that half the parr make their descent the first year, and half the second. Hear Mr. Russel on the result:—

"Although, on the whole, the evidence must, we think, be held as thus establishing that one half the fish descend at one year, and the other half at two years of age, still, if this compromise is not accepted, and a decision one way or the other is insisted upon, then it must be held that by far the weightiest and best-tested evidence is in favour of two years."

But there remains yet another difficulty to be got over before we get to the perfect salmon. It is a question "whether the young of the salmon, after descending as a smolt, ascends that same season or the next," and Mr. Russel takes occasion to regret the looseness of the experiments that have been made to ascertain this point; the more so, as, better and more carefully conducted, they might have tended to the solution of the former question, the age at which the parr descends.

We have not space to follow our author in his reasoning, nor to reproduce the facts and figures he brings forward on both sides; but we cannot but admire his impartial and lucid summing up of the evidence. It leaves

us very much in the glorious state of uncertainty in which a jury may be supposed to be, after the judge has read over his notes, collated the various and conflicting depositions of the witnesses, and has bid them (the benighted jurymen) consider their verdict.

Here again, Mr. Russel quaintly observes, "we are brought up with a jerk, so to speak, by the new and startling question, *Is* the grilse a grown or transmuted salmon smolt, or, in other words, *is* the grilse an adolescent salmon? Here is a man," he says, "a man of Ross, who actually hesitated to declare his belief in the popular and accepted fact of a grilse being a young salmon;" and beginning in a strain of good-humoured banter, he proceeds with hard facts and figures to demolish Mr. Mackenzie's bold theory, in which achievement the reader will be disposed to think him perfectly successful. "However," he continues, as he takes breath after his long argument,

"there is considerable difficulty in the way of obtaining conclusive evidence from experiments made on the fish after it has assumed its migratory habits, and can no longer be kept under inspection and protection. . . . Some of these experiments, nevertheless, even by the great extent to which they have failed regarding their special purposes, have served to admonish us of another fact, of which we were scarcely in search,—the fact that there is an enormous destruction of salmon life taking place elsewhere than in the rivers and by the inventions of man."

This brings us to the consideration of the third section of the book before us, which treats of the Decay of salmon. Assuming the fact of the general diminution in the produce, Mr. Russel observes that

"there have been some serious mistakes in estimating the amount as well as the period of decline. It has been a good deal forgotten that the excessive plenty of olden times, besides being somewhat more matter of tradition than of evidence, was rather a partial or local than a general or national plenty. . . . That salmon have greatly diminished, are even still diminishing, and ought to be increased, are all truths; what is here sought to be guarded against is merely the deduction that that diminution is to be measured either by the decrease in the yield of some of what used to be the most productive fisheries, or by the facts that formerly salmon were in some places a cheap and abundant commodity, and now are everywhere a costly luxury."

No doubt the modern facilities of transport have opened new markets for fish that formerly were *par force* consumed in the neighbourhood of the fishery, and must have been there almost a drug. Steam and rail have in fact rendered the salmon an universal fish, attainable in the most remote parts of

* *Memoir of St. John.*

Great Britain, and by so doing have made that a question of national importance, which was essentially of local interest only; still, however, the supply not being equal to the demand, it remains a costly luxury in the distant quarters in which it is purchasable, while it is put altogether out of the reach of those to whom formerly it was a cheap and abundant commodity as food.

We cannot, however, follow Mr. Russel in his other proposition, for the decrease in the yield of rivers is general, not partial. If it could be shown that any one river—say in Scotland—produced at the present day as great an amount of fish as it did fifty years ago, while another exhibited a great falling off in its produce, it would be only fair to set one against the other, and strike an average to come at the actual increase or diminution as compared with former yields. But if, as we believe, and as Mr. Russel's statistics seem to show, the decline of the fish is common to every river in the United Kingdom, we think we should be safe in taking almost any one of them as a sample river to exhibit the lamentable loss the country has sustained.

It is easy to understand how, in comparatively small rivers like our own, a fish that, not only in the different stages of its development, but in its mature state, must of necessity travel out and home by the same road, must pass through the same toll-bars, and run the gauntlet of all the murderous devices and appliances the ingenuity of man can invent to intercept it on its journey—not to mention the perils of the sea, and the natural enemies it must needs encounter in the prosecution of the Grand Tour in the deep which mysterious instinct bids it annually perform—has but a slender chance of attaining longevity. It is indeed almost matter of astonishment that it should not be cut off altogether,—that its race should not become extinct; and the more so, since the same causes have operated to a most extraordinary degree in bringing about a scarcity of salmon in the mighty waters of the Western World, compared to which our proudest streams are but as rivulets,—“in regions where the fish is, or was, incomparably more abundant, and the means and inducements to capture incomparably smaller, than at almost any time, and in any district, in the United Kingdom.” The following statement would appear incredible if it were not borne out by facts. Mr. Russel says—

“Some of the American rivers, whose salmon supplied food only to a few hundreds of wandering Indians, are reported by recent travellers to have been depopulated, and the supply to have been brought far below the demand, merely by the disregard of seasons, though

very slight care and a little well-timed abstinence would have continued and increased a natural supply capable of meeting ten times the demand. There are few regions in the world that had more salmon, and that even yet have fewer men, than Labrador and the northern shores of the lower St. Lawrence; yet even there it is complained, in most of the recent works regarding British North America, and also in various documents issued by the Canadian Government, that abundance has by neglect and abuse been turned to scarcity. . . . When we see the results even on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, running through comparative deserts, we need not wonder at the evil results of much greater means of destruction employed on a much more exhaustible field.”

It would be beyond our limits to set forth in array evidence to prove what must be generally admitted, that salmon “from the earliest historical period down to less than a century ago, abounded to excess in the neighbourhood of English and Irish, still more of Scotch rivers, accessible to migratory fish.” Mr. Russel has diligently looked up and set in order all the old authorities that bear upon the subject; and all concur in their testimony of the abundance of the fish. For want of regular statistics, which in the olden time existed not, he has drawn upon the journals and letters of early travellers in Scotland, and from these he gives many quaint and curious extracts; nor does he omit to make mention of the old legend about the stipulation of apprentices and servants not to eat salmon more than a certain number of days in the week—a legend which seems to belong to no one district. The Royal Commissioners of Inquiry into the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales met the story everywhere, but its evidence nowhere. “We endeavoured,” they say in their Report, “to obtain a sight of one of these instruments, but without success, though we met with persons who stated that they had seen them; and the universal prevalence of the tradition seems to justify belief in it.” Tradition has handed down to us many stories much more improbable, which are received by common consent, and we are quite willing to accept this one as evidence. But, as we think, no proof is needed of former abundance: of present scarcity there can exist no doubt whatever.

Our author has confined himself almost entirely to Scotch rivers; but, *mutato nomine*, the same deplorable tale may be told of the decay of salmon in English rivers. The English Commissioners of Inquiry, we are told, state that the evidence as to those rivers of England and Wales where the fish had not been quite extinguished, showed a decline ranging from nine-tenths to ninety-nine hundredths, within the memory of living wit-

nesses. Let us take the instance of a river, small indeed, but which was in days of yore one of the best salmon streams in England,—the Christchurch Avon, whose fish formerly commanded a fancy price in London. There is yet a man living who can remember a hundred salmon being taken in the nets at one haul at Claypool, near the junction of the Stour with the Avon. For many years—certainly until the present laws came into operation—that number would fully have represented the amount of fish taken in any one season.

We are now brought to a consideration of the causes of the decline of the fish, of which, says Mr. Russel, one of the chief and irremovable is the increase of land drainage:—

“Salmon do not incline to enter, nor even though they may have entered, to ascend a river, either when it is in high flood, ‘roaring from bank to brae,’ or when it is dwindled and limpid, but when it is between these two conditions, subsiding, and in some degree clarifying. Now the effect of increased drainage—by which we refer, not so much to the drains of the arable districts as to the open ‘sheep-drains’ of the pastoral districts at the water sources—is to bring down the water more quickly, and in greater volume, and then to carry it seaward with greater rapidity; thus making addition to the two extreme conditions of water, in which fish do not incline to travel. . . . One consequence of this is, that the fish are kept longer hanging about the mouths of rivers, where, besides the numbers taken in the stake and bag nets, they fall a prey to their natural marine enemies. . . . And the changes caused by drainage must tend to an increase in the destruction of the ova—the greater suddenness and violence of the flood washing the spawn away while in process of deposition, or even after its being covered.”

There is yet, we think, another natural cause for the rapid flow of flood-water to the sea,—the clearance of forest, and the breaking up the ground for arable and pastoral purposes; altogether independently of artificial draining. We are led to this conclusion by drawing a parallel with the rivers in Switzerland, where it is notorious the inundations have of late years been much more calamitous than formerly.

We fell in one day with the *curé* of a village in the Canton of Friburg, who, like ourselves, had walked down to the banks of the Sarine, then in full flood, and roaring like a cataract, to look at the river, which threatened, as he informed us, to carry away some day his church and the cluster of cottages nestling near it. In answer to a question we propounded, how it came to pass that people could have been incantious enough to build churches and raise dwelling-houses

within the danger of any extraordinary rise of the river, he stopped suddenly before one of the biggest trees in the pine wood, through which our path lay, and, pointing to one of its lower boughs, which, heavily weighted with moisture from the recent rain, was bent to the ground, said:—

“You would hardly be able to estimate the amount of water hanging on that single bough. Imagine, then, those bare hillsides clothed with larch and fir, more luxuriant in foliage, and of more giant growth than these in the plain; and conceive, if you can, the mass of fluid arrested before it reaches the earth, held in suspense, to trickle gently down, to percolate the earth, to fill the springs, before it arrives at the great drain of our valley. A thoughtless and improvident waste of the forests has had much to do with this, although other causes, natural but inexplicable, have helped to bring about the clearance of the wood” (*d’nument* was his word) “above a certain level on which it formerly grew. The rain now sweeps in a sheet of water down the mountain slopes to swell the river at once; it has lost all respect for its former bounds, and carries desolation in its mad career, running off as rapidly as it had grown.”

May not this apply equally to the Tweed? We say the Tweed, because we think the character of that river more changed than that of any other; but it must hold good more or less with most of the rivers in Scotland, for it is well known that within the last century vast tracts of woodland have been cleared, and the ground laid down in arable or pasture.

Another mischief to be dealt with is the obstruction and pollution of rivers, incident to the rise of population and industry on their banks; the poisoning of waters by mine works; the emptying of noxious refuse from factories; conversion of rivers into sewers for the drainage of towns. Of this we have all heard and read of late, *usque ad nauseam*. The baneful and unsavoury subject is now, however, in process of *ventilation*, and it is to be hoped that stringent measures will be generally adopted to cure an evil, the result of which is not the diminution, but the extinction of fish.

The question of *close-time*, or, as it is more generally called in England, the *fence-months*, naturally presents a great difficulty to any uniform legislation respecting it.

“The application,” says Mr. Russel, “of the same rules regarding seasons in rivers differing very widely from each other in their natural circumstances, and in the habits of their fish, was a most pernicious mistake. As a Highland laird very aptly expressed it, thirty years ago, to a Parliamentary Committee, ‘To prohibit early rivers from beginning (the fishing) till

late ones are ready, is as sensible a plan as it would be to prohibit the farmers in England from cutting their crops till the harvest was ready in the Highlands. . . . At the same time, there are some considerable practical difficulties in the way of having a close-time varied for various rivers; and the main fact that great evil has been caused by too long and too late fishing, and that there has been a want of variety as to legal seasons, have been to some extent acknowledged by the recent Acts, which shorten the fishing season as a whole, and give the Commissioners very considerable power as to varying the period for opening or closing."

With regard to the fishing by *net and coble*, we assume that the grants conferring the right can be legally established. It is not to be wondered at that man's ingenuity should have been taxed to render the engines of capture as deadly as possible; we would go the length even—always supposing the right proved—of designating it fair fishing, *if* it can be proved at the same time that, when the original grants were made, the donors contemplated the mischievous perfection to which the art of fishing could be carried; that its results would be to give to some few favoured individuals the right to gather at the river's mouth the harvest which was sown in the upper part of the water; in other words, to appropriate to themselves at the least nine-tenths of the fish that were born and bred in the river above, thus rendering the fishery, or, let us say, the *fishing*, comparatively valueless to scores of proprietors along its banks. "They are grants from the Crown!" it is argued; "vested interests are not to be lightly regarded!" We may observe in passing, that whenever we hear the plea of *vested interests* urged, we have little difficulty in foreseeing what is coming; in the majority of cases it is employed to cover some act of injustice, or some unworthy motive. "But it is the law," returns the advocate, "and the law must be respected!" To which it may be replied, "It is one thing to keep the law, another to respect it."

But have these privileges been abused? And if abused, is there no legitimate mode of correcting the abuse? It seems to be too lightly conceded, or taken for granted, that here can be no assailable point in the triple armour of the monopolists of the fisheries. We are willing to admit that the modern salmon legislation is good as far as it goes, and well calculated to bring about the especial objects, to protect the peculiar interests to which all its enactments have been directed; but it is not heretical to assert that any law whatever which operates to the especial benefit of one class, and to the detriment of another, when, moreover, the latter

has undeniably an equally powerful claim for protection, is an unjust law. Let it be glozed over as it may, however ingeniously, salmon legislation, both ancient and modern, has been one-sided and partial. Every law has been framed for the sole behoof of the proprietors of the fisheries at the mouths of rivers; and if a selfish clause or two,—selfish in respect of the direct interest the lower proprietors have in protecting the breeding of the fish,—have doled out a niggardly boon to those on the upper waters, in the shape of a twenty-four or thirty-six hours' run of the fish in the week, it has been grudgingly bestowed, and is miserably insignificant to what they may fairly claim.

It is altogether lost sight of, that in this interval between six on the Saturday evening and six on the Monday morning, so *generously* allowed, the river may be in such a state as to prevent the fish entering; it may be heavy spate; it may be thin water; and this may and does occur frequently in the fishing season. "So much the better for us!" say the owners of cruives and net-fisheries below. "There is not a clean fish in the river!" groans the disappointed angler, who has been impatiently looking forward to a day's fishing above.

Little need be said of the concession made to the rod-fisher of an extension of open-time, of allowing him a few weeks' more chance of killing a fish after the net and cruive-fisheries are closed. One ought to be grateful for small benefits; but as fair rod-fishing for salmon never did and never will do much harm to a river, we think there is no great claim to gratitude to be asserted by those who exercise the *prepotenza* of the fisheries. This concession, moreover, trifling as it is, really operates greatly to the advantage of the lower proprietors, in giving an inducement to protect the fish in spawning-time, to which—we speak advisedly of the Spey—the upper proprietors were formerly utterly indifferent.

Mr. Russel runs a tilt, as might be anticipated, against the fixed or standing nets, "for here," he says, "we come to the chief culprit, and have got evidence against him both curious and conclusive:"—

"Fishing by stake or bag nets (the former being a species of net hung on stakes driven into the beach, with cells or traps a little beyond low water, and the latter being a species kept stationary by anchorage, and ordinarily reaching some hundreds of feet beyond low water) is an invention only about thirty or forty years old, as regards at least the places in Scotland where it is now practised; while, as regards England and Ireland, it is of still more recent date. It is not only novel; it may be

said to exist only through the omission or ignorance of the Legislature. The chief aim of legislation on the subject, both in England and Scotland, from *Magna Charta* downwards, has been to prevent the raising of 'standing gear' in 'the run of the fish;' but this prohibition did not extend to the sea-coast, partly, perhaps, because that was not then known to be 'the run of the fish,' and partly because no sort of engine had at that time been invented capable of standing and acting effectually in the open sea. It has since, however, been discovered—and most diligently has the discovery been put to use—that the sea-coast is almost as much the course of the fish as is the channel of the river or estuary. The salmon returning to the fresh water does not lie off in mid-ocean, and then, as with a needle and compass, steer right into the river's mouth. It feels, or as Sir Humphry Davy expressed to the Committee of 1824, *scent*s its way along the shore for many miles."

These engines were soon generally adopted by any one possessing a stretch of sea-beach, to the rapid and continuous loss of the river fisheries. To illustrate this, Mr. Russel gives a tabular statement of the returns of "two fisheries, forming in value half the whole Tay," for three decades, one before their erection, one during their existence, and one after they were suppressed. These are conclusive enough, but he says,—

"In addition, we may mention that the number of boxes (each box containing 100 pounds of fish) shipped from the river fisheries of the Tay in 1812, the last year of the stake-nets, was 1175; in 1819, after they had been completely removed, 5694."

Our "culprit" stands convicted, on his own showing, of delinquencies committed by himself; he is caught "red hand;" but we have no means of knowing the number of pilgrims he has caused to diverge from their road to incur other dangers scarcely less sure and fatal. "These engines," said the English Commissioners of Inquiry, "are baneful to the fisheries, not only on account of the number of fish which they destroy, but also because they scare and drive them away to sea, when they come in shoals seeking the rivers, thereby exposing them to be injured or destroyed in a variety of ways."

"The fact here set forth," Mr. Russel remarks, "is recognised in all the old legislation, which prohibits fixtures in the rivers and estuaries, on account not so much of their success in capturing, as of their effect in deterring and frightening; any 'white object,' though incapable of anything but scaring, being prohibited equally with engines of capture."

We are at issue with Mr. Russel about the "white object" being incapable of anything

but scaring." We are much more inclined to fancy it was used rather as a *lure* for fish—and was on that account declared illegal—unless, indeed, the Norwegian salmon has peculiar idiosyncrasies. An old Norway fisher, in giving us his experiences of the fishing and fisheries in that country, writes:—"Sometimes the face of a smooth rock on the side of a fiord is painted white; the salmon rush at it, taking it to be a fall of water, and a man, perched on a wooden stage erected above, is waiting for them with a net."*

One of the worst enemies of the salmon, however, the seal, is at the same time the terror of the salmon-fishers on the coast,

"who wage a constant war upon them for the great damage they do to their stake-nets, which are constantly torn and injured by these powerful animals. Nor is the loss they occasion to the salmon-fishers confined to the fish which they actually consume, or to the nets that they destroy, for a seal, hunting along the coast in the neighbourhood of the stake nets, keeps the salmon in a constantly disturbed state, and drives the shoals of fish into the deep water, where they are secure from the nets."†

Poor, persecuted salmon! Your two direct enemies are quarrelling over your destruction, while Acts of Parliament are making, Commissioners are inquiring, and Local Boards are sitting in council for your preservation.

Salmon legislation comes next in natural succession to Mr. Russel's consideration, and he has, by his method of treating the subject, contrived to give a popular interest to the chapter, dry and uninviting as its heading argues it to be. One cannot fail to be struck with his preamble, that

"for more than six hundred years the preservation and increase of salmon has been the subject of legislation in all the three kingdoms; and from the first, as now, the leading principle of legislation has been to prevent the fisheries being worked in excess of the natural powers of reproduction. From of old, too, as now, that principle has been applied mainly to two points—to prevent the fisheries being worked for a season either too long or mistimed, and to prevent any of them being worked unfairly or too severely in respect to machinery, as by engines more effective in capture than the engines ordinarily in use, or operating to obstruct and deter as well as to capture. In other words, the fixing of the proper duration and dates of close-time, and the regulation or prohibition of obstructive, destructive, and *especially fixed engines*, were the objects aimed at six centuries ago, and are objects not quite attained yet."

* See also Lloyd, *Scandinavia*, vol. i. p. 86; 1854.

† St. John's *Wild Sports*, p. 224.

Passing over the ancient legislation, some of it very amusing, which Mr. Russel quotes from the statutes of both kingdoms, let us see what later legislators have done to bring about the objects which centuries of law-making had only been able partially to effect.

Lord Westbury, in a judicial decision, seems to have summed up most clearly "the leading principles and objects which the Legislature had had in view in all the Statutes, which might be held as mainly declaratory of the common law." "The first was the object of securing to the salmon a free access from the lower to the upper fresh waters of the rivers, which are the natural spawning-grounds of the fish; the second was to secure the means of return to the young salmon or smolt down to the sea; the third was the prohibiting the taking of unclean fish during certain periods of the year when it was out of season as an article of food."

How are we to interpret the expression, "securing free access?" The words have a broad signification. Clearly they are condemnatory of all fixed engines, and by implication would be equally so of over-fishing with the net, for such is the perfection at which net-fishing has arrived—so rapid the succession of the nets, and so skilful the fisherman—that it is wonderful if a fish can pass them. Mr. Russel, however, very justly says: "It would have been better that Lord Westbury had stated separately and emphatically another object, which, at the utmost, he only includes as part of one of the three objects he selects for specification,—the forbidding any fishery owner increasing, through ingenious appliances or otherwise, the efficiency of his instruments to the injury of his neighbours or the general interest."

Many abortive attempts were made to legislate and adjust the differences between two parties, whose interests, if fairly considered, are identical. The battle raged fiercely between the proprietors of the upper and those of the lower fisheries,—between right and might. It is impossible to read Mr. Russel's statement of the case without a feeling of indignation:—

"The upper proprietors, as Sir Walter Scott expressed it, were made mere 'clocking-hens for the lower heritors,' and took an absolute disgust at the process of incubation. Their grounds were turned into mere lying-in hospitals and nurseries; they scarcely ever saw salmon but as infants, as mothers in a delicate condition, and as invalids only 'as well as could be expected.' They were to nurse them when they were young, and to heal them when they were sick; and the people below were to kill

and sell them when they had attained health, size, and weight. The upper proprietors were to take care of them for two years without killing them, and the lower proprietors who could take no care of them, were to kill them before they had been two days, or perhaps two minutes, within their realms.

"If landed proprietors used game as fishing proprietors are apt to use salmon, 'shooting down the hens,' and not letting one head escape which by any means, fair or foul, they could possibly destroy, nobody could doubt the sure and early result. And yet, to make even this a parallel to the case of salmon, we must suppose that, in addition to his own reckless slaughter, a proprietor had no ground on which birds would breed, and nevertheless so acted as to make enemies of those on whose grounds they did breed, and who had the eggs and the young at their mercy."

All honour to the Duke of Roxburghe, who, foremost in the fight, wielded his *bill*, and succeeded in "turning the tide of battle."

"If the time was come," says Mr. Russel (for a change in the existing system), "the man had come too. That man was the Duke of Roxburghe, who was strongest and foremost, especially as to finding the sinews of war, in leading a series of successful assaults upon the old and decaying system, in the cause, not, truly speaking, of upper proprietors against lower, but of preservation and increase against waste and decay. Without seeking *éclat*, or claiming merit, or even getting much assistance, the Duke gave to this good work years of trouble and thousands of pounds; to him the owners of salmon-fisheries, low and high, owe more than they know of, and certainly very much more than they have acknowledged."

The Tweed bills of 1857 and 1859 paved the way to more complete and general legislation; certain mischievous engines, called "stell-nets," on the lower water, and the no less murderous cairn-nets on the upper, were got rid of; the close-time was lengthened, and the rod-fishing had a great extent of grace accorded to it; the killing foul fish at *any* time was prohibited; spearing or "leistering"—"burning the water," as it is sometimes called—was declared illegal; the meshes of nets were restricted as to size (one and three-quarters of an inch from knot to knot); the closeness, both as to distance and time, with which ordinary or wear-shot nets may be worked, fixed; obstructions caused by dykes or dams were *attempted* to be removed, etc. etc.

In 1861, the Lord Advocate, "being strongly opposed and weakly befriended," failed in passing a bill which would have struck at the root of a great evil. It provided for the abolition of all fixed engines. In the following year he succeeded in pass-

ing the bill which forms in the main the existing law for all rivers north of Tweed. In it he omitted altogether the question of fixed engines, leaving it in a better position to be dealt with separately hereafter. The annual close-time was fixed at 168 days; the weekly close-time at 36 hours—from six on Saturday night to six on Monday morning. Rod-fishing was to end on the last day of October, unless the proprietors desired an earlier closing; fishing with lights was prohibited, as well as the sale and use of salmon roe.

The English Act of 1861 makes sundry and necessary provisions for the removal of obstructions, and for the prevention of pollution of rivers:—The annual close-time, from 1st September to 1st February, being 153 days. Two extra months, till 1st November, are given for rod-fishing. The weekly close-time is from twelve at noon on Saturday to six on Monday morning (six hours more than given by the new Scotch law). The minimum size of the meshes of nets is fixed at two inches from knot to knot. All fixed engines are pronounced illegal, wherever placed, with the exception of “fishing weirs and fishing mill-dams,” and of “any ancient right or mode of fishing as lawfully exercised at time of the passing of this Act, by any person, in virtue of any grant or charter, or immemorial usage.”

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Russel's book, a bill brought in by Mr. Baring and Sir George Grey, “to amend the Salmon Fishery Act in England (1861),” passed into law (1864). This contains many valuable clauses, the first of which relates to the establishment of a Board of Conservators in each district, their qualification, and powers to appoint water-bailiffs to act under them; to issue licenses provided by the Act; to purchase any legal rights to weirs; authority is given to the water-bailiffs to inspect all weirs, dams, and fixed engines, to examine and seize all illegal nets and other instruments for fishing. Licenses for rod-fishing, available only for the season, and good everywhere south of Tweed, are fixed at £1; those for weirs, etc., to be determined by the Conservators. The proceeds of such licenses to be applied to defraying the expenses of carrying into effect in each district the said Acts.

“This method of raising funds,” says Mr. Eden, the Inspector of Fisheries, in a letter to the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Severn Association,* “by taxing all engines

used in the capture of fish, is on the principle that every one who was to benefit by the protection of the fishery should contribute towards that protection. This was as fair a system as could be devised, and, moreover, it had the advantage of being well tried in Ireland ever since 1849. The present state of the fisheries in that country was only so good as it was in consequence of that Act. In Ireland ample funds for the protection of the fisheries had been raised. For the Shannon—a river similar in size to the Severn—£1300 odds had been obtained last year, and £1400 odds this year. . . . The 11th section of the English Act prohibited the use of all fixed engines, but allowed all ancient *rights* enjoyed at the time of passing the Act. . . . In Ireland, where they had found one legal weir there were fifty illegal ones, and the removal of the latter had occasioned a great public benefit, as also to the owners of the fisheries.”

The main provisions of the Irish law (1862–1863) are the fixing 168 days for the close-time, and permitting angling from the 1st February to 1st November. The question of fixed nets is scarcely set at rest. Bag-nets are, however, prohibited in any river, as so defined, with the exception of cases in which the right of salmon fishing in the whole of a river or its tributaries belongs to one proprietor. No *new* fixed nets can be erected anywhere. No cruipe or trap can be used within fifty yards of a mill-dam, unless the mill-dam has a pass approved by the Commissioners. Every cruipe must have an open passage for the fish. This free gap, or, as it is commonly called in the country, the “Queen's Gap,” must be in the deepest part of the stream, in a line parallel with the direction of the stream at the weir, its bottom level with the natural bed of the stream above and below the gap; its width in its narrowest part must not be less than one-tenth part of the width of the stream; it need not be, however, made wider than fifty feet, or narrower than three. No person to be entitled to compensation by reason of the enforcing of any free gap in any weir. The Act (1863) contains also a scale of licenses for engines: bag-nets, £1; stake-nets (Scotch), £30; rod, £1. It gives also most extensive powers to the Commissioners.

A late English Act (1865), among other good provisions, establishes licenses: rod, £1; *otter, lath, or jack!* £3; *cross-line*, £2.

of its old reputation as a salmon stream. The Chairman of the Central Committee says, in a letter to us:—“Hitherto we have effected some little good with very small funds; but all the credit is due to Mr. George, our secretary, who really is an invaluable man, and salmon enthusiasts all over England owe him a debt of gratitude for the very lucid and forcible suggestions he has made from time to time to the Fishery Commissioners, many of which have been embodied in the new Act.”

* To the Severn Fisheries Association, now in the twenty-third year of its existence, is due the credit of restoring to their noble river something

From this summary of the laws of the three countries, we gather that, by taking what is best from each of them to form one whole, a better general law might be produced common to Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Russel opens his fifth chapter, on "Future Salmon Legislation," with a most appropriate injunction to the public and the Legislature, regarding the question of fixture fisheries on the coasts of Scotland :—

"Clear your mind of cant!" "The public mind," he says, "which of course the legislative mind reflects, has become infected with the idea that these engines are a 'property' which it would be robbery to take away; but the fact, easy of demonstration, is, that the so-called property is in truth stolen goods, or rather the means of stealing goods that had for centuries been the lawful property of others. . . . In Scotland all property in salmon-fisheries is constituted by, or derived from Crown grants. Now the sum of the whole matter, as to fixed grants, is condensed in this little fact, that the Crown never made a grant of salmon-fisheries with the intention or under the slightest suspicion that the fishing was to be performed by fixed nets. All the charters for sea-coast fisheries were granted, and all those fisheries worked long before those engines were resorted to or thought of. It is therefore not an inference but a simple matter of fact, that, if the owners of sea-coast fisheries were now compelled to recur to the machinery which they used at first, and which is the *only kind permitted to their neighbours*, still they would have left to them all that was ever intended they should have, and all that they ever had, till within these few years, they, at their own hands, seized what had from ancient times belonged to others. The question is not whether the sea-shore proprietors holding fishing charters" (an end ought to be made at once of such as do not) "shall retain their right of salmon-fishing, but whether they, and they alone, shall be allowed to fish by any and every means they can devise; more especially, whether they are to be allowed to use a species of engines not contemplated when they acquired their right of fishing, not used by them till a very recent period, and strictly prohibited to all their neighbours. It is not a question of taking away any 'right,' but of applying the same regulation to the same right at one spot as is applied to it at another round the corner. It is not a question of taking away any portion of any kind of 'property,' but of bringing all portions of the same kind of property under the same law."

We agree that fixed engines on the sea-coast and estuaries are simply usurpations, defensible on no plea save the miserable one of prescription :—

"You tell a pe'igree
Of threescore and two years—a silly time,
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth."

What is the intent of all salmon legislation?

It is not to serve the interests of this or that individual, but to restore as nearly as possible to its former plenty a valuable commodity which has been suffered by wasteful extravagance, by selfish greed, and by unrestrained abuse, to become a "costly luxury" instead of a staple of food. Of food! and in these ominous days, threatened as we are by a still further dearth of one of our most precious products, with the prices of meat at an unprecedented height, we hold that the most stringent measures ought to be adopted, the utmost powers of the law be put in force, to turn to the best account the ready means we have of increasing our store of provisions. Is a question raised about the absolute value of the salmon as food? Are there persons who look upon salmon legislation as a mere fight between the rod-fisher and the fish purveyor? Let us go back to a page in the early part of Mr. Russel's book :—

"From the reports of the Irish Commissioners we learn that, in 1862, apparently an ordinary year, three Irish railways conveyed 400 tons, or about 900,000 lbs. of salmon, being equal in weight and treble in value to 15,000 sheep, or 20,000 mixed sheep and lambs. In Scotland the Tay alone furnishes about 800,000 lbs. . . . The weight of salmon produced by the Spey is equal to the weight of mutton annually yielded to the butcher by each of several of the smaller counties."

The mischief caused by the stake and bag-nets to the legitimate net-fishing admits of no doubt. They are baneful in their effects in a national point of view, as tending to the decrease of the salmon, not only by preventing the "free access of fish to the rivers," but by the incalculable waste they occasion by scaring them out to sea. The "beggarmy-neighbour" game that is played by their owners is senseless as it is unprofitable,—a species of gambling by which all lose. In England they have been condemned; in Ireland they are in process of extinction. In Scotland alone it is hesitated to acknowledge the principle of all law, which is asserted in its sister countries, that the "public good is paramount."

We cannot agree with Mr. Russel that the proprietors of these illegal fisheries have a claim to be dealt with tenderly by the law, that it should "do its spooking gently;" nor would it, we think, be dignified to "treat them as belligerents," and terrify them into terms. It may almost be taken for granted that they are doomed, that it is only a question of time. The case, again, of the pollution of rivers is at the present day acknowledged to be a *national question*, in a sanitary sense, irrespective of the injurious effect it produces on the lives of the poor fish. They

will, however, come in for their measure of relief in the large and comprehensive legislation which an evil of such vital importance must eventually provoke.

There remains yet to be dealt with an abuse which has been overlooked or lightly regarded in the several acts mentioned above, which form the salmon law of the land. There is certainly a discretionary power given to the special Commissioners,* but the magnitude of the abuse demands special legislation—special clauses in acts to meet it; we allude to the over-fishing by the recognised legitimate means of net and eoble, and to the suicidal faculty that is permitted and invariably exercised by the owners of these engines, of killing the fish *before it has arrived at a state of maturity*.

It has not been sufficiently considered in any legislative enactments that the taste, the rage for salmon angling, has added a new commercial value to the property along the river bank. The rod-fishing in a river is now a most valuable possession, even narrowed as it is by the rapacity of the owners of the lower fisheries, and it might be rendered tenfold more valuable by fair and equitable laws. We leave out of our calculation the increased inducement it might hold out to fishers to visit remote districts, and to spread much money on their course; the employment it would afford to so many more of the people as attendants or gillies; the additional impulse it would give to a trade which has already grown within a few years to an extraordinary extent, and given employment to hundreds of hands in the manufacture of fishing implements. Still less would we insist on the common benefit that would be conferred by facilitating the means of enjoying a healthful and manly sport. We merely say that property which involves such conse-

quences is justly entitled to protection. Mr. Russel suggests a remedy:—

"The present system is a *scramble*; each man having a few yards of river bends his efforts to catch as many fish as he can; and the grand object of all the innumerable and complicated laws on the subject is to prevent his efforts from being too effective. This is a system of very natural growth, but it has now grown to be a great and unnecessary evil and anachronism. The proportionate value of every man's rights in any river is now accurately ascertained; why should not all the owners on any given river form themselves, as it were, into a joint-stock company, this man having a fourth share, and that a fortieth, and then proceed to fish the river in the way best for all of them, considered as one interest, and divide the money proceeds among the shareholders according to the number and proportion of their shares? More specifically, our radical reform is this—to erect and work in each river at such place, or several places, as might be most suitable, some engines which shall, during periods properly regulated and restricted, take possibly every fish which ascends to them, or allow all to pass, dividing the expense and the produce among the proprietors of the fisheries in the proportion which the present value of the fishery of each bears to the present value of the whole."

The project is one well worthy of being entertained by our law-givers. The pleasant consummation might be brought about by an Act of Parliament appointing special Commissioners, with powers to investigate and settle the claims, and to apportion the shares; to legislate for the cruive, or trap or instrument for waylaying the fish; to control its action, its seasons, its too great efficiency; to organize a strong and effective staff of water-bailiffs along the river from the uppermost spawning beds to the mouth; to constitute a board of management, subject to their inspection, for finance and business detail.

And not the least of the advantages to be derived from such a method of conducting the fisheries would be the easy means afforded by it of correcting an abuse which has always appeared to us most monstrous and most patent, but which has been altogether overlooked or disregarded hitherto—the wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of the adolescent salmon. While the whole object of salmon legislation has been to protect the fish and to increase its value as food—as property—the system of destroying it in its second stage, before it has arrived at maturity, has never been attacked. It is positively astounding to see in the tabular returns quoted by Mr. Russel the proportion of grilse killed to that of salmon. The most rigorous provisions are made in the

* In Ireland we find the Commissioners exercising the authority delegated to them in a way calculated to work an immense benefit. The following is an instance of the extension of the weekly close-time being summarily ordered. "*Bandon, County Cork*.—It having been proved that net-fishing is carried on in the tidal and fresh-water portions of the Bandon river to such an extent as to be highly injurious to the fisheries of the river, Notice is hereby given, that we propose to make Bye-laws to the following effect, viz.:—The use of nets of any description for the capture of salmon or trout in the tidal portion of the river is prohibited between six of the clock on Friday morning and six on the succeeding Saturday morning. And the use at any time of nets of any description whatever for the capture of salmon or trout is prohibited in the fresh-water portion of the said river." The Commissioners intimate they will be prepared to receive protests in writing, from any persons who have objections to make, up to the 1st August. The notice is signed by the Commissioners, and dated July 12, 1865.

several Acts, for the protection even of the roe of the fish, and immunity is extended to the infant parr. And if to the parr, why not to the grilse? The same reason holds good; in neither case has the fish arrived at maturity. Let us take at hazard, from Mr. Russel, one return of the annual produce of the Tweed Fisheries (1856, the last issued), we here find the number of salmon 4,885, of grilse 33,992,—nearly six-sevenths of the fish killed were fish that had not bred! A system such as this is clearly as detrimental to the increase of the salmon as its policy is short-sighted, and its results injurious to the owners of fisheries. We should be glad to see in the next Salmon Act a clause or two prohibiting the taking (except with the rod) or selling any grilse under four pounds weight.* In giving the privilege to rod fishers, it will be seen that they must use it for sport, not profit. It is a small boon. Fair fishing with the rod never yet hurt a salmon-river, and the number of grilse killed by the angler would be insignificant.

We have not space to follow Mr. Russel in his exposition of the "non-legislative remedies,—better nursing and cheaper fishing,"—which are treated of in the last section of his book. He insists on the importance of Pisciculture, which is now so successfully carried out at Stormontfield, and sets forth the advantage that would accrue from the adoption of his co-operative scheme.

"One effect of such a reform," he says in the concluding paragraph, "would be a great saving of expense in wages and materials, which at present seem to amount, on the chief fisheries, to nearly three-fourths of the total value of the produce; and a still grander result would be the putting an end to wasteful strife, opening up a free field for amicable co-operation, and making simple a hundred questions which are now complex, by transforming, at one stroke, the contending parties from competitors to partners. In a word, it would introduce into the piscatorial realms the three great, well-known, and much-coveted benefits of Peace, Reform, and Retrenchment."

Mr. Russel has done good service in pleading the cause of the ill-used, persecuted salmon, and putting forth its pretensions to be esteemed and protected as food, as property, as sport, advocating alike the claims of the public generally, of the proprietors of fish-

ries, and last, not least, of anglers. But he has done more than that. By the clear, historical survey he has given of old and new salmon-legislation, by chronicling the different provisions of the several Acts that have been passed from early ages down to the present day, and more especially by collating, as it were, the laws as recently enacted for the three countries, he has rendered easy a task which seems to have perplexed and baffled all our legislators hitherto, however much they agreed in its importance, that of framing on good, sound principles one complete Act for the preservation and protection of the salmon. That achieved, it would be difficult, we think, to show cause why such an Act should not be common to the United Kingdom.

The extracts we have given will enable our readers to judge with what skill Mr. Russel has *served up* his salmon. The workman is always at his work; never turns aside to dally with any other attraction. His style is unaffected, unstudied—not spoilt by the ever-recurring Shaksperian quotations and allusions which tell to the initiated. He is clear, vigorous, hard-hitting, but never losing temper—full of spirit and life.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Lady Audley's Secret*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1862.
 2. *Aurora Floyd*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 3. *Eleanor's Victory*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 4. *John Marchmont's Legacy*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 5. *Henry Dunbar*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1864.
 6. *The Doctor's Wife*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1864.
 7. *Only a Clod*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1865.

If the test of genius were success, we should rank Miss Braddon very high in the list of our great novelists. The fertility of her invention is as unprecedented as the extent of her popularity. Month after month she produces instalments of new novels which attract countless readers, and are praised by not a few competent critics. Three years ago her name was unknown to the reading public. Now it is nearly as familiar to every novel-reader as that of Bulwer Lytton or Charles Dickens.

Miss Braddon cannot reasonably complain

* To those who do not know the accuracy with which an experienced fisherman can estimate, almost to a fraction, the weight of a fish at first sight, it may appear hard that the law should compel him to return a grilse to the water without first having put it into the scales. They may be assured he will incur no risk of getting into trouble.

that, in her case, striving merit has been suffered to fret and pine unheeded. Almost as soon as *Lady Audley's Secret* appeared, it was landed by distinguished critics, and eagerly purchased and read by an enthusiastic section of the public. Daily newspapers which habitually neglected, or carped at works that fell short of a very high standard of excellence, became conspicuous for the exceptional compliments they paid to this authoress. Even a weekly journal which is noted for lavishing stinging sarcasms on the female novelists in whose works High Church principles are unsupported or scoffed at, has bestowed ungrudging praise on the writings of Miss Braddon. As novel after novel issued from the press, the laudatory epithets were, when possible, more copiously showered upon her. Her triumph has been nearly complete. By the unthinking crowd she is regarded as a woman of genius. The magazine to which she contributes is almost certain to have a large circulation, and to enrich its fortunate proprietors. She has bewitched so many persons, that those who have the misfortune to be blind to her charms have had small chance of being listened to when pronouncing an adverse judgment.

Her position in the world of letters can be almost paralleled by that which one of her personages held in the world of art. In *Eleanor's Victory*, Launcelot Darrell becomes an artist, after being balked of a property which he had hoped to inherit. He paints a picture called "The Earl's Death." It is emphatically described as a "sensation" picture. Miss Braddon goes on to say that "although the picture was ugly, there was a strange, weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked it, and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season; one faction declaring that the Lucifer-match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the earl the most lovely of womankind, till the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions; and thus everybody was satisfied." Now, there is a "faction" which does not think her "sensation novels" the most admirable product of this generation, and considers that, judged by a purely literary standard, they are unworthy of unqualified commendation. To that "faction" we belong. We shall purposely avoid applying a moral test to these productions; for those who apply it are generally prone to condemn that which they cannot praise, chiefly because others think it admirable. On this principle bear-baiting was denounced by the Puritans; smoking is called a vice by the members of the Anti-Tobacco Society; and drinking a glass of

beer is considered scandalous by the supporters of the Permissive Bill. A novel which deserves censure from a literary point of view cannot merit high eulogy solely on account of its morality. That which is bad in taste is usually bad in morals: it is sufficient, then, as it is fair, to apply the test we propose to the works of Miss Braddon.

As yet they have never been criticised otherwise than singly. Thus the leading peculiarities which characterize all of them have not been pointed out. Unless we regard them collectively we shall be unable to form a comprehensive opinion regarding them. It is as unjust to determine the merits of the author of several works on the strength of one only, as it is to decide on the quality of a book after perusing a single page. Putting aside the earlier and more crude works of this authoress, and taking those only which have rendered her so notorious, we shall analyse each of them in turn. It may be that an account of the different plots will not be unwelcome to some readers, and may convey information to those who have neither time nor inclination to peruse all the shilling monthly magazines, or the novels reprinted from them.

The scene of *Lady Audley's Secret* is Audley Court, a "very old and very irregular and rambling mansion," situated in Essex. We are assured that "in such a house there were secret chambers." Equally natural is it that there should be a lime-tree walk, "a chosen place for secret meetings and for stolen interviews." Trees overshadowed this walk so as to form a "dark arcade," at the end of which stood the rusty wheel of an old well. Upon everything about the house peace is said to have laid her "soothing hand;" "ay, even upon the stagnant well, which, cool and sheltered as all else in the old place, hid itself away in a shrubbery behind the gardens, with an idle handle that was never turned, and a lazy rope so rotten that the pail had broken away from it, and had fallen into the water." The foregoing passage forms, as it were, the key-note to the work. From the outset everything is mysterious. It is certainly puzzling how a well could hide itself, and a rope be lazy and rotten!

Sir Michael Audley is the proprietor of the rambling mansion and dismal walk, the rusty wheel and lazy rope. Although a widower, the father of a charming daughter aged eighteen, yet it was not till "the sober age of fifty-five" that he fell ill of "the terrible fever called love," having "never loved before." The lady who attracted him was Lucy Graham, governess in the family of a

village doctor. She was supposed to be twenty years of age, and is said to have been "blessed with that magic power of fascination by which a woman can charm with a word, or intoxicate with a smile." Sir Michael "could no more resist the tender fascination of those soft and melting blue eyes, the graceful beauty of that slender throat and drooping head, with its wealth of showering flaxen curls, the low music of that gentle voice, the perfect harmony which pervaded every charm, and made all doubly charming in this woman, than he could resist his destiny. Destiny! why, she was his destiny!" It was not beauty which alone attracted Sir Michael: he loved without being able to help it. He but fulfilled his destiny. Miss Braddon teaches us to say, with the followers of the Prophet, "It is fate." She has to explain, however, wherefore, if it were Sir Michael's destiny to fall in love, it was necessary to depict Lucy Graham as having been so very fascinating. Does she consider destiny to wait upon good looks?

Before passing on we must notice the heroine's hair. All Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines are specially remarkable in this respect. Lucy Graham had "the most wonderful curls in the world—soft and feathery, always floating away from her face, and making a pale halo round her head when the sunlight shone through them." "No one but a pre-Raphaelite would have painted, hair by hair, those feathery masses of ringlets, with every glimmer of gold, and every shadow of pale brown." At page 237 of the same volume we read of "her yellow curls glistening with the perfumed waters in which she had bathed;" and at page 251 that "my lady's yellow curls flashed hither and thither like wandering gleams of sunshine." This is quite in the style of the advertising female who professes to have the power of making any lady "beautiful for ever."

Robert Audley, the nephew of Sir Michael, is one of the prominent actors in this story, and he is in every way so unlike other men of his class, that we shall give a full account of him. He is a barrister by profession, and briefless by choice. Having an income of four hundred pounds, he is able to live without toil or trouble. His favourite amusements are smoking German pipes and reading French novels. It was his custom, when the weather was very hot, and he was very tired, to stroll into the Temple Gardens, where, "lying in some shady spot, pale and cool, with his shirt-collar turned down, and a blue silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck, [he] would tell grave benchers that he had knocked himself up with over-work. The sly old benchers laughed at the pleasing fiction." That Ro-

bert Audley should have chambers in Fig-Tree Court, should live there on his income, and spend his time in smoking German pipes and reading Balzac's novels, is very likely; but that he should meet "sly old benchers" in the Temple Gardens, who took any interest in his welfare, is as incredible as that a private soldier strolling through Hyde Park on a summer's evening should be accosted in familiar terms by the Duke of Cambridge. It seems difficult to conceive anything more ridiculous than the foregoing passage; yet Miss Braddon has shown that she can surpass it; for at page 116 of the second volume we read that "elderly benchers indulged in facetious observations upon the young man's pale face and moody manner. They suggested the probability of some unhappy attachment, some feminine ill-usage, as the secret cause of the change. They told him to be of good cheer, and invited him to supper-parties, at which 'lovely woman, with all her faults, God bless her,' was drunk by gentlemen who shed tears as they proposed the toast, and were maudlin and unhappy in their cups towards the close of the entertainment." When Miss Braddon was writing fancy sketches like this, the wonder is that she should have not been a little more bold. Why did she not add that the judges graced the supper-parties with their presence, and enlivened them with curious stories and comic songs? In order to complete the portrait of this very extraordinary young barrister, we must add that he is characterized as being "a fellow who turns his collars down, and eats bread and marmalade." It is true that a rival says this of him; but Miss Braddon would not have put such a charge into the rival's mouth if she had not thought it a grave one. Once she makes him describe himself to Lady Audley in these terms:—"You have no sentimental nonsense, no silly infatuation, borrowed from Balzac and Dumas *filis* to fear from me. The benchers of the Inner Temple will tell you that Robert Audley is troubled with none of the epidemics whose outward signs are turn-down collars and Byronic neckties." One other specimen of Robert Audley's conversation will conclusively prove that in everything he differs from ordinary male mortals. He is telling a friend about Lady Audley, and thus describes her:—"She's the prettiest little creature you ever saw in your life; George, . . . such blue eyes, such ringlets, such a ravishing smile, such a fairy-like bonnet, all of a tremble with heartsease and dewy spangles, shining out of a cloud of gauze!" This is nearly as amusing nonsense as the stories about the "sly old benchers."

Another person who figures in this novel is George Talboys. He deserted his wife

went to Australia, lived there for three years and a half, then returned to England with £20,000, and learned that his wife had died shortly before his return, leaving an infant son under the care of her father. George Talboys is the attached friend of Robert Audley. They go together to the village of Audley, where they spend some time, and visit Audley Court during the absence of Sir Michael and his wife. Alicia, who remains behind, receives her cousin and his friend. They express a desire to see a portrait of the lady of the house. It is in her bedroom, the door of which is locked. However, they succeed in their object, entering the room through a secret passage. The portrait must have been an extraordinary work of art; certainly, the language in which it is described is an extraordinary specimen of writing. In the portrait, Lady Audley "had something of the aspect of a beautiful fiend. Her crimson dress, exaggerated like all the rest in this strange picture, hung about her in folds that looked like flames; her fair head peeping out of the lurid mass of colour as out of a raging furnace. Indeed, the crimson dress, the sunshine on the face, the red gold gleaming in the yellow hair, the ripe scarlet of the pouting lips, the glowing colours of each accessory of the minutely-painted background, all combined to render the first effect of the painting by no means an agreeable one." We should think neither the first nor the last impression could be other than painful. It perplexes us to know what Lady Audley was really like when we read a passage like the foregoing, a few pages after having read one like the following:—"The innocence and candour of an infant beamed in Lady Audley's fair face, and shone out of her large liquid blue eyes. The rosy lips, the delicate nose, the profusion of fair ringlets, all contributed to preserve to her beauty the character of extreme youth and freshness." As might be anticipated, the effect of the portrait on the two friends was very startling. George Talboys was struck dumb; Robert Audley spoke of it "with an air of terror perfectly sincere." They returned to their inn. A storm of thunder and lightning commenced and raged violently, the effect of which on George Talboys was to make him still more moody, whereas Robert Audley "calmly retired to rest, serenely indifferent to the thunder, which seemed to shake him in his bed, and the lightning playing fitfully round the razors in his open dressing-case." The latter clause merits special notice. We have heard of many curious freaks committed by lightning, but that it should play round razors without injuring, or even exciting a spectator, is a phenomenon of which we never heard before, and shall

never read of again except in a "sensation novel."

Next morning the pair went out to fish. Robert Audley fell asleep on the bank of the stream. When he awoke, his friend had disappeared. Unable to learn any tidings of him, he concluded that he had been murdered, and that Lady Audley was guilty of his death. He begins to collect proofs. Piece by piece he links together the chain which connects Lady Audley with the crime. So industrious, wary, and expert does he become, as to force the authoress to say that "though solemn benchers laughed at him, and rising barristers shrugged their shoulders under rustling silk gowns when people spoke of Robert Audley, I doubt if, had he ever taken the trouble to get a brief, he might not have rather surprised the magnates who underrated his abilities." Yet this energetic young man is depicted as little better than a fool. Four chapters after the passage about the solemn benchers and rising barristers, we read that, being on a visit to Audley Court during the winter,—“he had even gone so far as to put on, with great labour, a pair of skates, with a view to taking a turn on the frozen surface of the fish-pond, and had fallen ignominiously at the first attempt, lying placidly extended on the flat of his back until such time as the bystanders should think fit to pick him up.” When not lying on the ice “placidly extended on the flat of his back,” or doing something equally unnatural and ridiculous, he manifested his good breeding by smoking cigars in Lady Audley’s boudoir. Truly, Miss Braddon has very strange notions about the manners and customs of young and inexperienced barristers.

The result of Robert Audley’s researches was to confirm him in his belief, and also to change his nature. A more marvellous instance of conversion we never met with. It shows that Miss Braddon’s views are decidedly original as to the effect which the unravelling of a mystery has on the mind of a young barrister who is addicted to reading Balzac’s novels and smoking meerschaum pipes. These are her own words:—"The one purpose which had slowly grown up in his careless nature, until it had become powerful enough to work a change in that very nature, made him what he had never been before—a Christian."

After his conversion, Robert Audley succeeds in attaining his object. He winds a chain of damning facts round Lady Audley. She makes a desperate attempt to free herself, by procuring his death, setting fire to an alehouse in which he is passing the night. He escapes and accuses her of being a murderer. Eventually she admits the truth of

the charge, as well as the fact that in marrying Sir Michael she committed bigamy, seeing that her husband was alive. This was George Talboys, whom she had pushed down the old well. The matter is hushed up, and instead of being tried for murder she is sent to a private madhouse in Belgium, where she languishes and dies. It afterwards appears that she was innocent of the crime of murder, for George Talboys got out of the well and went to America. He opportunely revisits England, to the great joy of his friend. It is not said that Robert Audley ever repented of having been the means of causing his aunt to end her days prematurely in a madhouse, charged with a crime of which she was innocent. On the contrary, there is the usual amount of marrying and giving in marriage. Babies are born in due time, and every one rejoices. The authoress concludes by hoping that "no one will take any objection to my story because the end of it leaves the good people all happy and at peace."

For a reason very different from that anticipated by the authoress do we object to this story. The short extracts we have given serve to show that the personages are not like living beings. They prove also how thoroughly ignorant Miss Braddon is of the ways of the world and the motive springs of the heart. With the exception of Phœbe Marks, the lady's-maid, not a single personage has any resemblance to the people we meet with in the flesh.

Lady Audley is at once the heroine and the monstrosity of the novel. In drawing her, the authoress may have intended to portray a female Mephistopheles; but, if so, she should have known that a woman cannot fill such a part. The nerves with which Lady Audley could meet unmoved the friend of the man she had murdered, are the nerves of a Lady Macbeth who is half unsexed, and not those of the timid, gentle, innocent creature Lady Audley is represented as being. Whenever she is meditating the commission of something inexpressibly horrible, she is described as being unusually charming. Her manner and her appearance are always in contrast with her conduct. All this is very exciting; but it is also very unnatural. The artistic faults of this novel are as grave as the ethical ones. Combined, they render it one of the most noxious books of modern times. And, in consequence of faults like these, we cannot admit the plea that the story is well told, that the plot is very cleverly planned, that the work is one which, once begun, cannot be relinquished before the close. This plea might be urged in favour of the vilest tales. It is not enough that any work should interest, it must be

capable of being perused without the reflecting reader being induced to lament the time he has lost over its pages. No discriminating reader ever laid down these volumes without regretting that he had taken them up, and that their authoress should have so misemployed her undoubted talents as to produce them.

The difference between it and *Aurora Floyd*, Miss Braddon's next novel, is chiefly a difference in names and accessories. Archibald Floyd is another Sir Michael Audley. Like the latter, the former, when advanced in years, marries a beautiful but penniless woman. Mr. Floyd's wife "was a tall young woman, of about thirty, with a dark complexion, and great flashing black eyes that lit up a face which might otherwise have been unnoticeable, into the splendour of absolute beauty." This lady did no wrong beyond giving birth to a daughter who commits bigamy, and is suspected of being a murderess. Almost at the outset, we are warned against disbelieving anything in this novel. The trick is a hackneyed one. What is notable in this case is the manner in which Miss Braddon introduces her statement. Having to tell us that the lady was not discontented, and loved her husband, she does it in this wise: "If this were a very romantic story, it would be perhaps only proper for Eliza Floyd to pine in her gilded bower, and misapply her energies in weeping for some abandoned lover, deserted in an evil hour of ambitious madness. But as my story is a true one, not only true in a general sense, but strictly true as to the leading facts which I am about to relate, and as I could point out, in a certain county far northward of the lovely Kentish woods, the very house in which the events I shall describe took place, I am bound also to be truthful here, and to set down as a fact that the love which Eliza Floyd bore for her husband was as pure and sincere an affection as ever man need hope to win from the generous heart of a good woman." In addition to considering this as a very round-about way of stating a very simple fact, we regard it as one of those blunders which a true artist would never commit.

Before examining into the details of this novel, we shall indicate the nature of the plot. Aurora, the heroine and daughter of the wealthy banker Mr. Floyd, is first engaged to Talbot Bulstrode, then to John Mellish, whom she marries. Mr. Mellish has a groom, James Conyers, who had formerly been in the employment of Mr. Floyd. With him, Aurora, while still a girl, had fallen in love. He had enticed her away from a French boarding-school, and induced her to marry him. This was her secret, and because

she would not reveal it to Talbot Bulstrode, he had broken off the engagement. Before marrying for the second time, she learned, on good authority, that her first husband was dead. When he re-appears as her second husband's servant, she tries to bribe him to leave the country. Terms are arranged between them. She has an interview, and pays him the required sum. A few minutes afterwards he is shot through the heart. Aurora is suspected of having committed murder as well as bigamy. Like Lady Audley, she has been guilty of one crime only. This being satisfactorily proved, she is remarried, and her trials are over. Curiously enough, Aurora has no child by either husband till after the clearing up of the mystery which surrounds her. On the last page but one of the third volume, is the announcement of the birth of a "black-eyed" boy.

The distinctive characteristics of Aurora are her eyes and hair. The former are "like the stars of heaven;" the latter is blue-black. We are told that, "like most young ladies with black eyes and blue-black hair, Miss Floyd was a good hater." This is rather puzzling, seeing that Lady Audley was represented as an excellent hater, although her eyes were blue and her hair red. There must have been something terrible in Aurora's eyes, for on one occasion she is represented as looking at a man "with her eyes flashing forked lightnings of womanly fury." Of course, the possession of such eyes and hair is made the theme of many impassioned paragraphs. The following is a specimen:—"The thick plaits of her black hair made a great diadem upon her low forehead and crowned her as an Eastern empress; an empress with a doubtful nose, it is true, but an empress who reigned by right divine of her eyes and hair. For do not these wonderful black eyes, which perhaps shine upon us only once in a lifetime, in themselves constitute a royalty?" In another chapter she is depicted "with her coronet of plaits dyed black against the purple air," and again with "her long purple-black hair all tumbled and tossed about the pillows." Be it observed that her hair changes its colour according to circumstances. At one time it is simple black, at another blue-black, then dead-black, and lastly purple-black. The last change occurs in the tenth chapter of the first volume. In the second volume the epithets are repeated without much variation. There Aurora is spoken of as "that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen with the flashing eyes and serpentine coils of purple-black hair." She is also represented lying on a sofa, "wrapped in a loose white dressing-gown, her masses of ebon hair unveiled and falling about her

shoulders in serpentine tresses, that looked like shining blue-black snakes released from poor Medusa's head to make their escape amid the folds of her garments. . . . One small hand lay under her head, twisted in the tangled masses of her glorious hair." In this same volume Miss Braddon observes, that "some women never outlive that school-girl infatuation for straight noses and dark hair." Remembering what she has written about Lady Audley's golden locks, we must admit that Miss Braddon is not given to admire any particular hue, and that she evidently loves hair for its own sake, provided that it be abundant.

From a lady novelist we naturally expect to have portraits of women which shall not be wholly untrue to nature. We have seen that Lady Audley is quite as fantastic a sketch as that of any of the male characters. The following example will prove that Aurora Floyd is equally wanting in the traits which constitute a true woman. A half-witted servant having kicked a lame dog of which she was very fond,

"Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steeve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared aghast at his assailant. Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him, her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion.

"The man crouched beneath the grasp of the imperio creature.

"Let me go!" he gasped, in his inward whisper, which had a hissing sound in his agitation; 'let me go, or you'll be sorry; let me go!'

"How dared you!" cried Aurora, 'how dared you hurt him? My poor dog! My poor, lame, feeble dog! How dared you do it? You cowardly dastard! you—'

"She disengaged her right hand from his collar, and rained a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip; a mere toy, with emeralds set in its golden head, but stinging like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand.

"How dared you!" she repeated again and again, her cheeks changing from white to scarlet in the effort to hold the man with one hand. Her tangled hair had fallen to her waist by this time, and the whip was broken in half-a-dozen places."—(Vol. i. pp. 273, 274.)

When Aurora's husband suddenly found his wife thus employed, we are told that he "turned white with horror at beholding the beautiful fury." If he had been a genuine man, and not the puppet of a female novelist,

he would have turned away with loathing from the sight. An authoress who could make one of her sex play the chief part in such a scene, is evidently acquainted with a very low type of female character, or else incapable of depicting that which she knows to be true. We are certain that, except in this novel, no lady possessing the education and occupying the position of Aurora Floyd could have acted as she is represented to have done.

The same impression of unreality is produced by the other characters. There is Lucy Floyd, who "was very pretty, certainly, with pink cheeks, a white nose, and rose-coloured nostrils," and who gloried in what at one time is styled golden hair, at another "amber tresses." She is a pretty doll. So silly is she that in the matter of dress she is quite ignorant of what will suit her. Indeed, Aurora is obliged to reprove her in this strain: "Why, you silly Lucy, don't you know that yours is the beauty which really does not want adornment? A few pearls or forget-me-not blossoms, or a crown of water-lilies, and a cloud of white areophane, would make you look a sylphide; but I dare say you would like to wear amber-satin and cabbage-roses."

The gentlemen are, if possible, still less attractive and life-like than the ladies. There is a Talbot Bulstrode who combines in his own person more contradictions than any other man who ever figured in a novel. At thirty-two he had "run through all the wealth of life's excitements and amusements." Yet he was too proud to be either vicious or foolish. Although a "captain of Her Majesty's 11th Hussars," yet he "was fond of scientific studies, and he neither smoked, drank, nor gambled." Once only he went to the Derby, and then he turned away at the exciting moment of the great race. It is said that "those who spoke of him summed him up by saying that he wasn't a bit like an officer." As represented by this authoress, he does not resemble a rational being.

After having depicted the wicked Lady Audley and the tempestuous Aurora Floyd, Miss Braddon celebrated the victory of a heroine who is at once unnatural and namby-pamby. In one respect, *Eleanor's Victory* differs essentially from the other works of this prolific authoress. *Lady Audley* contains one secret only: this one contains three. Eleanor has a secret, so has Gilbert Monckton, a staid solicitor, and Launcelot Darrell, a contemptible scapegrace. Thus there is abundance of "sensation" in this novel also. Soon after beginning it, we are excited. Towards the commencement of the first volume, George Vane, a ruined and irre-

claimable spendthrift, commits suicide. The loss, at play, of a sum of money he can ill spare, is the incentive to do this. His daughter Eleanor, aged fifteen, thereupon swears to be revenged upon the man who had won her father's money, and thus hastened his death. This takes place in Paris. She then returns to London, and after eighteen months have elapsed, becomes the companion of Laura Mason, who lives with a widow named Darrell, and is the ward of Gilbert Monckton. Some time afterwards the widow's son, Launcelot, returns from India. He falls in love with, and proposes, but without success, to Eleanor. Meantime she discovers that he had not gone to India: she suspects that he might have been in Paris at the date of her father's death, and that he is the person on whom she had sworn to wreak her vengeance. Simply in order to further her plan, she accepts the proffered hand of Gilbert Monckton. The guilty Launcelot is in expectation of succeeding to the property of Maurice de Crespigny. Shortly before the old gentleman's death, he learns that the property is bequeathed to another. Thereupon he gets a forged will prepared and substituted for the real one, according to which the property went to Eleanor. She, however, cares more about revenge than money. Suspecting foul play, she watches, and detects Launcelot in the act of substituting the forged will for the genuine one. For a time she fails in bringing this home to him, but does so ultimately, and then, at the request of his mother, refrains from making his guilt public. Launcelot becomes an artist, and rises to fame. The moral of the story seems to be, that to cheat an old man at cards and to forge a will are no impediments to attaining distinction in the world, and, indeed, are rather venial offences. Let the authoress speak for herself on this momentous point: "And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage-play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife." When this novel appeared, it was highly praised. The severest critics saw nothing to object to in it. In the most censorious of the journals the following words were written: "This appears to us to be the best of Miss Braddon's novels, for it is a sensation novel without any glaring impropriety in it, with several characters cleverly drawn, and with a plot that does the authoress great credit." From the outline we have given of the plot, our readers will be able to estimate the justness of these remarks. They

will probably agree with us in thinking, that if there be no "glaring impropriety" in this novel, then all novels may be absolved from censure on the ground of immorality.

Several of the personages are less objectionable than the story. If we except her conduct as an avenger, the heroine is an interesting person. When describing her appearance, Miss Braddon gives us her theory about a face. It will be seen that, much as she values hair, there are other things she admires more. After saying that Eleanor's eyes were "grey, large, and dark," she proceeds thus:—"I would rather not catalogue her features too minutely; for though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft golden brown, bright and rippling like a sun-lit river." Elsewhere it is said that her "glorious hair was suffered to fall from under the bonnet, and stream about her shoulders like golden rain." Again, she is depicted "with her white bonnet, and nimbus of glittering hair." The following remark is fresher, though by no means in better taste, being a capital example of "sensation" writing:—"Eleanor stood with 'her long auburn hair streaming over her shoulders, with the low light of the setting sun shining upon the waving tresses until they glittered like molten gold.'" Before quitting the subject of hair for the present, we must note by far the most remarkable of the many variegated tints with which Miss Braddon colours the hair of her heroines and heroes. She makes one of her personages, called Laura Mason, "a little romantic girl with primrose-coloured ringlets."

The most curious incident a novelist ever imagined occurs in these volumes. Gilbert Mouckton, Eleanor's husband, becomes jealous of her, without being able to verify his suspicions about her infidelity. He discovers, however, that although she may not love another, yet she does not love him. Thereupon he deserts her, and writes a letter, from a distant town, proposing a separation. She, in her turn, runs away from the house her husband has forsaken, changes her name, and engages herself as companion to a lady. Her husband soon repents him of his conduct. When he wishes to make amends he cannot find his wife. Through an accident, the couple, who had run away in opposite directions from the same house, meet again and become reconciled.

John Marchmont's Legacy may be summarily characterized as a tale of destiny. "The awful hand of Destiny" menaces us in the first chapter, and in the sixth the authoress asks—"Has the solemn hand of Destiny

set that shadowy brand upon the face of this child?" Indeed, Miss Braddon reiterates shallow phrases about "Fate" or "Destiny," as if she thought that, by so doing, her readers would be reconciled to the improbabilities with which she surfeits them.

There are three heroes in this novel, of whom John Marchmont is the least conspicuous, although his position is not the least enviable. When we first make his acquaintance, he is acting as a supernumerary for a shilling nightly at Drury Lane. Brighter days are in store for him. Owing to the unlooked-for deaths of several relations, he succeeds to the estate of Marchmont Towers, and to the enjoyment of an income of eleven thousand pounds. But his wealth profits him little, for he is in the last stage of consumption. He is a widower, and his daughter Mary, who is but a child, will eventually become mistress of Marchmont Towers. Should she die without issue, her cousin, Paul Marchmont, will succeed. A year before his death her father marries Olivia Arundel, a lady of strong religious views, and who entertains an unquenchable love for her cousin Edward. The marriage is a matter of convenience for both parties. John Marchmont thinks that Olivia will make a good guardian for his daughter after his decease, while Olivia is tempted by the dignity she will attain to. After her husband's death, Olivia acts the double part of exacting guardian and harsh stepmother to Mary. She is harassed by the knowledge that the latter is loved by Captain Edward Arundel. Mary, unable to bear her stepmother's treatment, flies from Marchmont Towers, and is married to her lover. Being obliged to leave her alone for a short time, he is laid up for some weeks on account of a railway accident. Paul Marchmont and Olivia plot together to make away with Mary. The former does this that he may succeed to the estate, the latter that she may punish him who was insensible to her charms. Captain Arundel recovers, but cannot learn where his wife is, or whether she is alive. He is told that she suddenly left Marchmont Towers one night, and is supposed to have drowned herself. Meantime she is kept prisoner in a boat-house, where she remains some years, and gives birth to a son. As years pass away Captain Arundel ceases to think that his wife is alive, and becomes engaged to another lady. On the wedding-day Olivia repents and tells him where his wife is concealed. Paul Marchmont commits suicide. Olivia becomes mad. The wife who has been restored to Captain Arundel soon dies. After a few years he finds final consolation in marrying her with whom the marriage had been so dramatically

hindered. It will be seen that the plot is nearly as involved as the incidents are starting.

With Olivia, Miss Braddon has taken great pains. She is the daughter of the Rector of Swampington. Before marriage she did her duty, and disliked it. As a reward, the bishop used to compliment her on her devotion. Censorious old ladies unhesitatingly lauded her wondrous self-denial, and her assiduity in ministering to the wants of the poor and the ailing. All this gave her no relief; for, like Miss Braddon's heroines, she was oppressed by a sad secret—"She was weary of life." Less is said about her secret than is said about her hair, which, of course, is unlike that of any one else. "It had not that purple lustre, nor yet that wandering glimmer of red gold, which gives peculiar beauty to some raven tresses. Olivia's hair was long and luxuriant; but it was of that dead, inky blackness which is all shadow. It was dark, fathomless, inscrutable, like herself." What terrible hair!

As far as we can gather, the only reason why Olivia was so madly in love with her cousin was that his locks were red, and hers black. The first time he is referred to, it is said that he had "a nimbus of golden hair" shining about his forehead. In this respect he is not singular; for, as may be remembered, Eleanor Vane had a "nimbus of glittering hair." "That wandering glimmer of red gold" which was wanting in Olivia's hair was conspicuous in that of Captain Arundel; and we are assured that "the glitter of reddish gold in his hair, and the light in his fearless blue eyes" contributed to render him attractive. When married to the girl Olivia detests, he is said to have had "chestnut curls." Circumstances alter hair as well as cases. Even Captain Arundel is made to talk nonsense on this subject. This example is interesting as being an additional one of the kind of talk in which Miss Braddon thinks that gentlemen indulge. He is made to say that he liked certain "girls in blue, with the crinkly auburn hair,—there's a touch of red in it in the light,—and the dimples." So absorbing and important is the great hair question in the estimation of this authoress, that when questioning herself as to why she loves her cousin, she first asks—"Is it because he has light-blue eyes and chestnut hair with wandering gleams of light in it?"

The character of Olivia is as extraordinary as her appearance. What she really was is thus summed up: "Did she sacrifice much, this woman, whose spirit was a raging fire, who had the ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a

Lady Macbeth?" How she acted is shown in one passage, which is notable as being among the passages of the genuine sensational style. She had witnessed love-making between Mary and Captain Arundel. So strange does she look that Mary asks her what is wrong. "Olivia Marchmont grasped the trembling hands uplifted entreatingly to her, and held them in her own,—held them as if in a vice. She stood thus, with her step-daughter pinioned in her grasp, and her eyes fixed upon the girl's face. Two streams of lurid light seemed to emanate from those dilated grey eyes; two spots of crimson blazed in the widow's hollow cheeks." The latter portion is inimitable. We doubt if, even at the Surrey Theatre, anything like it was ever delivered. After reading that Olivia's hair "was dark, fathomless, inscrutable," and that, when excited, "two streams of lurid light emanated from her eyes," and "two spots of crimson blazed" in her hollow cheeks, we are inclined to think she is but a creature of Miss Braddon's imagination, and that such a personage is as unreal as a hobgoblin.

Paul Marchmont, the villain, is hardly so overpowering as his accomplice. Of course he is notable for his hair, which is said to have given "a peculiarity to a personal appearance that might otherwise have been in no way out of the common. This hair, fine, silky, and luxuriant, was *white*, although its owner could not have been more than thirty-seven years of age." He is but a sorry scoundrel. After being publicly horsewhipped he meekly forgives his chastiser. The loss of honour is as nothing compared with the possession of Marchmont Towers. Had he been drawn after the life, he would have been endowed with some redeeming qualities. When a man acts as a villain, he does not, as Miss Braddon seems to think, cease to be a man. Even had Paul Marchmont been what we are told he was, he would not have committed suicide; but have sneaked away with whatever property he could steal. This authoress adds another to the many proofs she furnishes us with of her entire ignorance of human nature and mental processes, by making Paul Marchmont commit suicide after the manner of Sardanapalus.

Henry Dunbar contains another tale of guilt and crime. The hero is a brutal murderer. With an ingenuity which we must acknowledge without admiring, Miss Braddon has here devised an entirely new sort of murder. The victim is the head of an East Indian banking firm. He had been obliged to leave the army and his country in early life, on account of its being discovered that he had forged a name to a bill, or rather that he had induced another to do the deed by which he

was to benefit. Thirty-five years elapse, and he returns home to occupy the post of head partner in the London house. His former accomplice, Joseph Wilmot, who had been scurvily treated, as he thought, contrives to meet Mr. Dunbar at Southampton, there murders his old employer, assumes his name, and becomes possessed of his wealth. The puzzle consists in Mr. Dunbar being suspected of having murdered his servant, the real murderer being regarded as the victim. In the end the truth is discovered; but the murderer escapes from justice, dying respected and penitent in an obscure village at the sea-coast.

It would hardly have occurred to any other than a "sensation" novelist to make a story like this the subject of a work in three volumes. Few other novelists could have invented anything so diabolical as the murder, or have depicted with seeming complacency the after-life of the criminal. The impression made is, that the murderer was a clever man, and was very hardly used. In her preface, Miss Braddon tells us that "the story of *Henry Dunbar* pretends to be nothing more than a story, the revelation of which is calculated to weaken the interest of the general reader, for whose amusement the tale is written." The most astonishing thing about this is, that Miss Braddon should seriously consider a tale of crime as fitted for the "amusement" of anybody. Her notion of what "the general reader" is may be the correct one. We earnestly trust, however, that he does not possess the morbid tastes of Miss Braddon, and is a less contemptible personage than she considers him to be.

Here, again, we find nothing remarkable about the personages excepting their hair. If the following be true, then many disreputable-looking characters have it in their power to become gentlemen in appearance at a very small cost. After Joseph Wilmot had his beard shaven off, his moustache trimmed, and his hair cut, "he was no longer a vagabond. He was a respectable, handsome-looking gentleman, advanced in middle age; not altogether unaristocratic-looking. The very expression of his face was altered. The defiant sneer was changed into a haughty smile; the sullen scowl was now a thoughtful frown." After this it sounds tame to hear it said about Laura Dunbar: "How beautiful she looked, with the folds of her dress trailing over the dewy grass, and a flickering halo of sunlight tremulous upon her diadem of golden hair." Miss Wilmot, the murderer's daughter, possesses, however, the most wonderful locks of any of the personages described by Miss Braddon. For them she cannot find a colour. We suppose they

must have resembled those of Tittlebat Titmouse after the application of the mixture which made his hair all the colours of the rainbow. Miss Wilmot's "was of a colour which a duchess might have envied, and an empress tried to imitate with subtle dyes compounded by court chemists." Is any particular colour of hair the right one for a duchess to have? If so, we suppose it must match with strawberry leaves.

Towards the end of *The Doctor's Wife*, the authoress says: "This is *not* a sensation novel. I write here what I know to be the truth." Something of the same thing was stated by her at the commencement of *Aurora Floyd*, and indeed novelists are allowed to make such statements for the sake of effect, without its being expected that they should be literally correct. In the case of *The Doctor's Wife*, Miss Braddon very nearly wrote what was literally true. Had the plot been very slightly altered, and certain passages omitted, this novel would not have contained any one burning for revenge, or thirsting for blood. There are fewer artistic faults in it than in any of the works we have discussed. It proves how very nearly Miss Braddon has missed being a novelist whom we might respect and praise without reserve. But it also proves how she is a slave, as it were, to the style which she created. "Sensation" is her Frankenstein.

Isabel Sleaford, who has read novels and poems till they become incorporated with all her thoughts, marries George Gilbert, a country surgeon, and a strict matter-of-fact man. It is one of those unions about which Sir Edward Lytton loves to write—the union of the Real with the Ideal. Such an union is quite certain to produce misery. In this novel the wife is the sufferer. "She is vexed to find the hard realities of life so inferior to the life which is represented in fiction. When suffering from the painful effects of disenchantment, she makes the acquaintance of Roland Landsell, a gentleman who has a splendid property, and who writes poems in the style of Byron, when Byron was a cynic. Mrs. Gilbert makes of this rich but wretched gentleman the hero of her heart. She reads his poems with rapture. She listens to his opinions with respect, mingled with awe. In his house she finds the fruition of her dreams of luxury. The result may be foreseen. But the consequences are not what we should anticipate. No marriage vows are broken. Though overtures are made, yet no offence is committed. At the crisis of the story, Mrs. Gilbert's lover is murdered by her father, and her husband is carried off by fever.

Such is the plot. A rapid sketch of the

story will show how gratuitously the "sensation" element has been introduced into these volumes.

George Gilbert pays a visit to Sigismund Smith, who makes a living by writing sensation novels, which are published in penny numbers. By him the country surgeon is introduced to the Sleaford family. It is not known in what manner Mr. Sleaford earns money; but he is supposed to be a member of the legal profession. The truth is that he is the chief of a gang of forgers. Being detected and put on his trial, he is sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Chief among the witnesses whose evidence led to the conviction of the culprits was Roland Landsell. With him Sleaford was furious, because he considered it unfair that one whom he styled "a languid swell" should act as an amateur detective.

The Sleaford household was broken up in consequence of the misfortune which had happened to its head. Isabel went out as a governess in the house of a Mr. Raymond. There it was that she was wooed and won by George Gilbert. Through Mr. Raymond they made the acquaintance of Roland Landsell. Everything goes smoothly enough till Mrs. Gilbert's father, having got a ticket-of-leave, proceeds to solicit money from her. She visits him clandestinely, not wishing it to be known that she was his daughter. Her conduct being bruited about the neighbourhood, Roland Landsell goes to watch the pair. He waits till they part, then assaults her father, is recognised by him, has his skull shattered, and afterwards dies. The murderer escapes, makes his way to America, where, we are told, that "for him too a Nemesis waits, lurking darkly in some hidden turning of the sinuous way along which a scoundrel walks."

Although Mrs. Gilbert loses a husband and lover almost simultaneously, yet she has the satisfaction of obtaining a large fortune, Roland Landsell having made a will bequeathing all his property to her, at a time when he expected she would forsake her husband and live in adultery with him. On the whole, the wicked people have the happier fate in this novel.

As the eyes or hair are such very important items in Miss Braddon's catalogue of curiosities, we must not omit to notice those of the personages who fill the leading parts. Mrs. Gilbert has "yellow-black eyes;" those of her lover are stranger still, being of "a nondescript colour." "Sometimes you looked at the eyes, and they seemed to you a dark bluish-grey; sometimes they were hazel; sometimes you were half-beguiled into fancying them black." In perfect accordance with the peculiar philosophy of this author-

ess, she makes Roland Landsell give vent to the following novel remark: "With red hair and freckles, Mrs. Gilbert might go to perdition, unwept and unhindered." We are led to infer that she was saved by having been born with yellow-black eyes and a straight nose.

We now come to the last of Miss Braddon's published novels. It will not long bring up the rear, for another one is about to be given to the public, and a new one is in course of preparation. Whether or not others are added to the list, it will serve our purpose to examine those she has produced. A novelist who gives upwards of twenty volumes to the world may add others to the heap, but will hardly alter the opinion we shall form respecting their literary merits. The new ones may be very good, but cannot be as original as the old. *Only a Clod* is a proof of this. The stamp of the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret* is visible in every page. Style, tone, and method of construction are all old; the names and a few of the epithets alone are different. By some it is regarded with a rapture akin to fanaticism. One eminent critic has designated it as "the most remarkable of the very remarkable books written by Miss Braddon." According to another, "it must surely be pronounced an eminent success."

The truth is, that it contains fewer incidents and a little less crime than the other productions of this authoress. There is not one foul murder in any of the volumes. A man tries to seduce a wife from her allegiance to her husband; but he fails, and dies of *delirium tremens*. His brother is on the point of committing bigamy when an accident occurs to hinder him. A tale of seduction to which we are treated turns out to be a mistake, the seducer having unwittingly married the woman whose ruin he had planned. Compared with Miss Braddon's other novels, this one is almost a moral treatise.

Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, is a private soldier, who comes unexpectedly into a property yielding him upwards of thirty thousand a year. He marries Maude Hillary, who had been engaged to Ensign Lowther, whose servant he had formerly been. Mr. Harcourt Lowther becomes the intimate associate of the rich man. He initiates him into the mysteries of Bohemian life, doing this with the view either of ruining his health, or at least of detaching him from his wife. The authoress exhibits great familiarity with the customs of the least reputable district of London. She tells us Francis Tredethlyn "found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in electro-plate." There, he was carried "to worship at numerous temples, whose dis-

tinguishing features were the flare of gas-lamps, and the popping of champagne corks, branded with the obscurest names in the catalogue of wine-growers, and paid for at the highest rate known in the London market." We are assured, however, that he entered those curious temples as a spectator only; that his "worst sin was the perpetual 'standing' of spurious sparkling wines, and the waste of a good deal of money lost at unlimited loo, or blind hookey, as the case might be." Many other particulars are given of what he saw and felt. To us it is a mystery far more perplexing than anything in these novels, how a lady should be able to describe with such minuteness what she designates as "remote and unapproachable regions, whose very names were only to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vougeot at a bachelor's!"

Harcourt Lowther is unexpectedly baffled in his project. Having discovered that Francis Tredethlyn was in the habit of visiting a lady at Petersham, he contrives that Mrs. Lowther shall witness an interview between the two. When next she meets her husband, she tells him that they are to remain strangers to each other, and that his presence inspires her "with disgust and abhorrence." The lady in question turns out to be Mr. Tredethlyn's cousin, whom he had long been in quest of, and who had been married to, and then deserted by, Mr. Lowther's elder brother. This, of course, is not explained at the proper time to Mrs. Tredethlyn. In place of giving a clear statement of the affair, her husband determines first to upbraid his pretended friend, and then to fly from his home. It is a peculiarity of Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines that they are always ready to abandon wife, children, and home, and proceed at a moment's notice either to Australia or America. He takes his revenge on Harcourt Lowther by exposing his conduct in the presence of a host of friends. Then occurs the following scene, which resembles that extracted from *Aurora Floyd*, and also one which we did not extract from *John Marchmont's Legacy*. It is remarkable as evincing what Miss Braddon considers to be the way in which gentlemen would act when in a state of passion. Mr. Tredethlyn having finished speaking,

"there was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat; and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling each other in a fierce struggle. It was very long since that gentleman had been weak enough to get in a passion. . . . Mr. Lowther lost his head all

in a moment, and abandoned himself to a sudden access of rage, that reduced him to the level of a wounded tiger. . . . It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredethlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately-built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully.

"We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my county," Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster-shells."

This feat accomplished, Mr. Tredethlyn sets off with the intention of starting for South America. No sooner has he departed than his wife longs for his return. Tidings arrive that the vessel in which he is supposed to have sailed has been destroyed by fire, and that all on board have perished. His widow is inconsolable for her loss. When in this state, Mr. Lowther has an interview, and proposes for her hand; which, we suppose, is the right thing for a "delicately-built Sybarite" to do under the circumstances. His overture is scornfully repulsed. He is ordered to leave the house. Before obeying, he stands for a few moments looking at Mrs. Tredethlyn:—"A strange compound of passionate admiration and vengeful fury flamed in his eyes." After taking his departure, he wanders "to some dismal waste-ground in the neighbourhood of Battersea. . . . There he laid himself down amongst the rubbish of a deserted brickfield, and cried like a child." For Harcourt Lowther a heavier punishment is in store than that of being hurled among broken bottles and lobster-shells, or ignominiously turned out of the house of which he was scheming to become master. While endeavouring to make a drunkard of Francis Tredethlyn, he acquired the habit of drinking to excess. At last, he dies of *delirium tremens* at a German watering-place.

As may be easily divined, Francis Tredethlyn did not sail in the ship which was lost. He had taken his passage, but did not get on board in time. Everything is explained between him and his wife; and they are reunited, to live, as is the manner of such persons at the end of a novel, an unclouded life. In due time after the reconciliation, children are born to them. It is very noteworthy that, in all Miss Braddon's novels, a child never appears till it is wanted. Need we add that poor curates and their wives never figure among her heroes and heroines!

Having now passed in review the long roll

of Miss Braddon's personages, what report can we make, what judgment must we pronounce? Have we discovered among them one who thoroughly amuses or interests us; one whom we might be tempted to take as a model, or compelled to admire as the impersonation of anything noble in demeanour and loveable in mind? Is there a single page in her writings from which we have derived any gratification or learned anything new? Have we found her to be a creator of new types, a copyist of living personages, or a creator of unnatural monstrosities?

Applying to her productions the test which we named at the outset, we find that she excels where to excel is no merit, failing utterly in those respects wherein to fail means mediocrity. Of pathos and humour, happy touches and telling sayings, words which depict while they explain, thoughts at once original and impressive, we can discover no traces in her pages. What is conspicuous above all things is the skill with which she groups her materials, and the manner in which she deals with revolting topics, so as to hinder the startled reader from tossing her volume away in sheer disgust. She can tell a story so as to make us curious about the end. Does the power of doing this alone stamp her as a great novelist?

Sydney Smith would have replied, Assuredly it does. When reviewing Mr. Lister's undeservedly forgotten novel, *Granby*, he wrote these words: "The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it must do that or it does nothing."

Now, the reviewers who have landed Miss Braddon's novels, apply to them only the test employed by Sydney Smith. They tell us that the plots will hardly bear criticism, that the tone is unhealthy, that the views of life are false and mischievous; but they recommend them to us notwithstanding, merely on the ground that each can be read from the first to the last page without our attention ever flagging, or our interest being abated. They are recommended, moreover, as good stimulants in these days of toil and worry, and as well fitted for relieving overtaxed brains by diverting our thoughts from the absorbing occupations of daily life.

Others, again, take different ground. According to them the "sensation tale" is no novelty. They boldly avow that all great novels are as sensational as those of Miss

Braddon. If called upon they would cite as examples some of the best works of Scott, and a few of the works of Bulwer Lytton and George Eliot. *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Eugene Aram*, *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, are unquestionably novels wherein there are incidents as highly coloured as in *Lady Audley's Secret* or *Henry Dunbar*. The difference, however, is far greater than the resemblance. These works are truthful taken as wholes, and even the startling occurrences are not at variance with experience and probability. According to Miss Braddon, crime is not an accident, but it is the business of life. She would lead us to conclude that the chief end of man is to commit a murder, and his highest merit to escape punishment; that women are born to attempt to commit murders, and to succeed in committing bigamy. If she teaches us anything new, it is that we should sympathize with murderers and reverence detectives. Her principles appear to us to resemble very strikingly those by which the Thugs used to regulate their lives.

The charge is a hard one; but of its justice we are firmly convinced. The extracts we have given suffice to prove that it is deserved. Let her personages cease to be potential or actual criminals, and they will stand forth as lay figures distinguishable for nothing except the shape of their noses and the colour of their eyes and hair. They excite our interest only so long as they are blameworthy. Her good people are insufferably stupid. Sir Michael Audley, John Mellish, George Gilbert, Francis Tredethlyn suffer for the sins of others, and seem to suffer deservedly. We can hardly sympathize with fools when their own folly is the cause of their misfortunes. Miss Braddon renders all those who are not wicked so utterly ridiculous, that we are tempted to infer she designed to show how mistaken a thing is probity or goodness.

Tested, then, by a purely literary standard, these works must be designated as the least valuable among works of fiction. They glitter on the surface, but the substance is base metal. Hence it is that the impartial critic is compelled, as it were, to unite with the moralist in regarding them as mischievous in their tendency, and as one of the abominations of the age. Into uncontaminated minds they will instil false views of human conduct. Such notions are more easily imposed on the unwary than eradicated from the minds which have cherished them. Miss Braddon makes one of her personages tell another that life is a very different thing in reality than in three-volume novels. She has manifested this in her own works. But the fact of this difference is a conclusive proof of their inferiority. A novel is a picture of

life, and as such ought to be faithful. The fault of these novels is that they contain pictures of daily life, wherein there are scenes so grossly untrue to nature, that we can hardly pardon the authoress if she drew them in ignorance, and cannot condemn her too strongly if, knowing their falseness, she introduced them for the sake of effect. The Archbishop of York did not overstate the case when, speaking as a moralist, he said at the Huddersfield Church Institute, in November last, that "sensational stories were tales which aimed at this effect simply—of exciting in the mind some deep feeling of overwrought interest by the means of some terrible passion or crime. They want to persuade people that in almost every one of the well-ordered houses of their neighbours there was a skeleton shut up in some cupboard; that their comfortable and easy-looking neighbour had in his breast a secret story which he was always going about trying to conceal; that there was something about a real will registered in Doctors' Commons, and a false will that at some proper moment should tumble out of some broken bureau, and bring about the *dénouement* which the author wished to achieve." Though the foregoing remarks have a general application, yet they apply with crushing force to the present case. It need only be added, as advice to those who either possess or delight to buy such books, that the proper shelf on which to place them is that whereon stands *The Newgate Calendar*.

We should act unfairly if we left on our readers' minds the impression that we do not regard Miss Braddon as an authoress of originality and merit. In her own branch of literature, we hold that she is without a living rival. The notoriety she has acquired is her due reward for having woven tales which are as fascinating to ill-regulated minds as police reports and divorce cases. Her achievements may not command our respect; but they are very notable, and almost unexampled. Others before her have written stories of blood and lust, of atrocious crimes and hardened criminals, and these have excited the interest of a very wide circle of readers. But the class that welcomed them was the lowest in the social scale, as well as in mental capacity. To Miss Braddon belongs the credit of having penned similar stories in easy and correct English, and published them in three volumes in place of issuing them in penny numbers. She may boast, without fear of contradiction, of having temporarily succeeded in making the literature of the Kitchen the favourite reading of the Drawing-room.

ART. VII.—*Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Foot-marks, and Chips, with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad.* By a TRAVELLER.

"THE aim of this book is to show that where light shines, there also force radiates. . . . That is the sum of the whole; but to reach that point is a long stage in an endless journey." To reach the end of this stage, our traveller has made many a journey, sometimes long, but never a weary one; and the result, as recorded in *Frost and Fire*, is a book which many will delight in reading. The method employed by the author is in every sense eminently healthy. He has not been content, while reading books bearing on his subject, merely to glance here and to cast an eye there, after the fashion of some who play at geology or other branches of science, and, deluding themselves with the idea that they are doing practical work, rush into print with scraps of ill-digested knowledge. True, he calls his book a "rough work, done with sorry tools," but this saying thoughtful readers will readily dissent from, for the main tools that wrought the work were a vigorous mind working in a vigorous body, which for twenty years or thereabout has wandered over the world alive to all sorts of impressions derived directly from nature about the subjects he best loves. So clear-sighted, indeed, are his descriptions, that it is not too much to say that great part of the book belongs to that class of works of which Darwin's *Journal of a Naturalist* is the highest type. Pleasant records of journeys and personal adventure are scattered through two beautiful volumes, as if to prove to his readers that the author has a right to say what he says in the more scientific parts of the book,—a right founded on long experience, which we soon discover has been well employed, even when we dissent from some of the conclusions of the author.

"The following pages," says Mr. Campbell, "are meant for readers who take pleasure in natural science without being philosophers. They are records of things seen or learned, and of thoughts which sprang up while scenes were fresh, or knowledge freshly gained; they are written by one who has no claim to scientific knowledge, and they are printed for people like himself. A traveller's book is not for learned professors, but for that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves—who think of something besides daily bread, or daily turtle and champagne, how to get ease and plenty, and how to get rid of time.

"The aim of this book then is to seek natural forces; the plan of it is a train of

thoughts carried from effects back to causes, as far as slender knowledge and capacity will go."

Some of the learned professors will, we fear, object to their exclusion from "that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves;" for vagrancy is a habit that has long been native to many eminent professors and their congeners, men like Agassiz, Darwin, Wallace, Murchison, Lyell, Forbes, Tyndall, Dr. Thompson, Logan, Jukes, Hooker, the late Dr. Falconer, Escher von der Linth, Desor, and a host of others, who find their own country, and even their own continent, too small to yield data for the solution of the physical and biological problems that they set themselves to unravel. Three things, says Lyell, are indispensable to the geologist, the first of which is travel, the second travel, and the third still travel. A geologist is nothing if not a vagabond. A critical palæontologist or a mineralogist may stay at home if he can find his specimens there, but a physical geologist must wander, because he *must* see many lands; and the spirit of vagabond adventure and love of hardship is, or has been, as strong in many geologists, biologists, and physical philosophers, as it is in the most devoted sportsman that ever shouldered a gun or cast a fly. It is this that makes some of their books so inexpressibly delightful, and it is this union of clear scientific observation with the best kind of vagabondage, that will make Mr. Campbell's book so charming to a wide circle of readers, whether they belong to the class of strictly scientific men, or to the general public, who patronize Mudie. Therefore we cannot admit that the author of *Frost and Fire* "has no claim to scientific knowledge." Whether or not we agree with him in all his views, every qualified person must allow that his book is the work of a strictly scientific mind cultivated by skilled observation and long reflection, and to this is added a power of exposition by pencil and pen, so perfect that even if you think him to be wrong he almost persuades you he is right.

Before discussing any of the more important views held by Mr. Campbell on ice-work, we will endeavour to give a general idea of the scope and style of the work. "The book treats of forms"—of the forms of the land over large tracts of the earth's surface, of the engines that produced these forms, the forces that drive them, and of the tools that the engines wield. In a curious table of contents the sum of the whole is given arranged in a diagrammatic form. The main *subject* there is seen to be that section of geology, known as "denudation," or the waste and destruction of rocky masses

that form continents and islands, and the *engines* employed in this work are classified,—as time and frost, rivers, land and sea ice, to which we may add the chemical action of carbonated waters, which, were it part of his object, Mr. Campbell could readily prove has produced in limestone countries denudations only second to those that have been brought about by the power of rivers and of ice. The tools that these engines employ, he says, are and have been local glaciers on a modern scale, old local glaciers on a grander scale, some of which are now geologically historical, Arctic currents bearing icebergs, now existing, or that formerly existed, in an old Baltic current equivalent to that which flows along the shores of Greenland, stones and wood borne down by rivers and torrents, and ice-floats; while the signs and other relics that they leave, and have left, are frost marks and weathering, glacial striations, river and sea terraces, and those rounded forms of rock and hill that may be best expressed by the expression that the surface of the land has been *moulded by ice*.

PART II., in like manner, expounds the theory of deposition of strata, the *forces* that bring it about, and by which it is modified—time, temperature, and light; the *engines* that work it,—air and water; the *tools* that produce its details,—winds and waters; and the *marks* that it leaves,—water-marks, beaches, stream-marks, bedding, rain-marks, fossils, etc.; while PART III. is devoted to the upheaval of the crust of the earth, which thus provides sub-aërial material for these engines to work upon.

The preliminary chapters of PART I., from I. to VIII., deal first with a notice of the great "*cinder heap*" called Iceland; next the difficulties encountered by the geologist who merely sits at home and reasons; the forms of bodies that enter into the constitution of the earth; air, its movements and the laws that regulate them, and the corresponding laws that regulate the movements of currents of water. The plan is good. The laws are expounded, seemingly complex, but in reality simple in their origin, that produce those movements in air and water, the effects of which are seen in denudations of the earth's crust now and in all known time past, resulting in deposition, which could not go on for ever were it not that upheaval, being more or less constant, the material above the sea-level is provided, for the winds, the rains, and the rivers, for glaciers and sea-waves, to play upon, waste, and re-arrange, while vast icebergs, grating along the coasts, plough up sediments beneath the sea-level, and grind the solid rocks on which these sediments lie. So obvious are these effects, that long ago,

about the time of the great civil war, the old naturalist Ray dared to say, that but for some compensating process (now called upheaval), the whole upper world must, in the long-run, be worn away and sink beneath the waves.

At first sight it might appear as if this programme could be of little interest to any except purely scientific readers; but let any one so minded dip into the book, and he will find that the details of personal experience by which Mr. Campbell acquired his knowledge will force him to read on, and perhaps to acquire an interest in subjects that otherwise he might think lay quite outside his line of thought and action. Wherever the author goes he finds matter for amusement, for keen observation, and often for deep reflection, and many a hint is thrown out on subjects not essential to the volumes, that unintentionally mark the well-accomplished mind.

The chapters are often commendably short. Chapter I., of little more than two pages in length, gives, as we have already stated, a preliminary sketch of that great heap of slags and cinders called Iceland, where the "twin giants, Fire and Frost," "are working within such narrow bounds, that their work can be seen as a whole;" and in Chapters II. and III. the difficulties that beset the mere home-geologist are well set forth. He is forced to take so much on trust, that though "he may understand the teaching of practised men, and believe what he is told," yet "he cannot be familiar with the irresistible power of natural forces, whose power he has only seen upon some pigmy scale."

"No home-bred Englishman has ever seen any power in action which seems strong enough for the work described as denudation. . . Rivulets cut deep furrows in smooth hill-sides; . . but the shape of some great glen,"—and this we may doubt,— "bears no resemblance to that of the small transverse furrows which rivulets make, or to the winding river-bed at the bottom of the glen."

Again, it is well known that the hills and valleys, and even the plains of vast tracts of the Northern and Southern hemispheres, have been moulded by ice so thoroughly, that the eye of the experienced glacialist at once recognises the familiar forms even in regions new to him, and when "it is said that ice and cold water ground down the hills and scooped out the glens," though a home-bred geologist "may believe it all vaguely, he cannot realize it if there is nothing like a glacier within his experience." Likewise he states, and this will also find dissentients, that there are valleys which neither glaciers nor rain-fall and rivers could make. Certainly there are ice-relics that were never made by land glaciers,

and it is hard at first to believe that the "earth-fast stone," which the teacher declares to be "a wandering block," was in very truth brought on an ice-raft from a parent mountain hundreds of miles away, while possibly the rounded hill-side on which it lies was grooved and scratched by the very iceberg from whence the boulder dropped. But when a man has seen a volcano, great glaciers, and icebergs all at work; when he thinks of the meaning of soundings and dredgings, of discoloured sea-water, and of the myriads of sea-creatures that are buried in its sediments; when he knows by experience what great rivers are, and reflects on all the rivers, great and small, that are for ever hurrying "the dust of continents to be" to the ocean; then, by slow degrees, his eyes open to the vastness of geological time; he realizes the fact that the larger part of continents are sea sediments of many ages, solidified and heaved into the air, but only for a time, for "the hills are shadows" themselves, and under the wear and tear of rending frosts, of glaciers and running water, of sea-waves and of chemical solutions, they are for ever being lowered and changing their forms, and in boulders, gravel, sand, mud, and invisible solutions,

"They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they change themselves and go."

These are some of the lessons which the author of *Frost and Fire* travelled so much to learn, for "demolition and reconstruction by natural forces are not all within daily experience at home," and having seen and learned these and many other lessons in natural science, he applies them, in Chapters IV. to VIII., to natural objects and home experiments within the reach of almost any one who chooses to open his eyes and think.

The reader will best understand his method if we give a sketch of some of the matter contained in the chapters mentioned above, mingling it here and there with remarks of our own. First the author deals with forms, and invents signs and formulæ to express them. He then shows the importance of the subject to students of nature, in so far that having once mastered the essential meaning of the forms of clouds, river-deltas, craters, fossils, loose stones, etc., he can at once predicate the causes that brought them about, whether they be found on the surface of the earth, or, some of them, in planets like the moon and Mars, the former of which is so near that, with the help of a telescope, we can partly analyse the structure of its surface.

"No delta (Δ) is seen in the moon; no

forks and meanderings" of rivers on its surface. "There are no clouds there from which rain can fall," but craters being produced on the earth, "it is fair to suppose that these lunar shapes, these \bigcirc craters also resulted from a combined action of heat, cold, and weight, which did their work, and have now ceased to work on that surface, though still active here." There is no pretence of originality in these terse expositions, but the clearness of the language in which he explains the causes of the forms of clouds, storms, etc., and the pleasant manner, for example, in which he reasons on the conclusions that may be drawn from finding a bit of a broken bottle on the sea-shore rolled into a pebble, brings the subjects of which he treats before the reader in a manner so vivid that even old speculators often sympathize with the thought, like children to whom it might be new. "An ice-ground stone differs from one that is simply water-worn. There are many degrees of wearing, and many varieties of gravel and rolled stones; and a skilled eye can distinguish them." True as this is, and simple as it seems to all the more advanced school of physical geologists, it is astonishing how largely the geological world is still leavened with men who have not realized it. Many first-class geologists familiarly know the smooth, flattened forms and scratches of average glacier stones, but when similar forms and striations are placed before them in stones of Permian age, they dispute or deny the identity of the causes that must have produced them. Gastaldi of Turin, who, reasoning on these things, has demonstrated the existence of glaciers and icebergs during the Miocene epoch in what is now Northern Italy, has received but little honour for the discovery in his own country, and not much more abroad. Here it is, though he does not allude to such cases, that Mr. Campbell's remarks on the forms of stones come well into play. Timid or over-cautious philosophers could not trust themselves to read the meaning of forms and marks in Permian and Miocene conglomerates, when these went against preconceived notions of the gradual cooling of the earth's crust down to a recent period of geological history, or any other vague hypothesis of climate.

We must not neglect to draw attention to the beautiful illustrations of meteorological phenomena, and of currents in water, that occupy Chapters vi. to viii. The prevalent south-west direction of British and Continental winds is illustrated pictorially by "the strange old trees that stretch out their twisted, tangled, moss-grown, fern-clad arms towards the north-east, and bend their heavy trunks in the same direction, as if seeking for shelter.

Trees are vanes, and no other wind-gauge is wanted to show that the atmosphere has a habit of rushing past the British Isles from west to east on its way north. If the true bearings of exposed trees were taken and mapped, a wind chart might be added to the physical atlas." In like manner the draughts of air in a room are illustrated by a beautiful diagram, showing the curved motions of the air by help of fumes, and an elastic balloon filled with light gas; and the subject is admirably applied to the ventilation of various kinds of mines, in which Mr. Campbell has had some experience. We wish we could extract largely on this point for the benefit of the Mining Commission. After various remarks on the ventilation of coal-pits, the writer says:—

"In deep cold metal mines, where a few narrow pits all'open about the same level, stagnation is the rule. So long as air inside the stone bottle with the slender necks is colder than air outside, it is heavier. There is no natural power applied to lift it, and it cannot flow out for want of fall. Like water collected in an old working, the cold, heavy mine air is a foul deep stagnant pool, which evaporates a little, overflows now and then, and swings about in its rocky bed; but it never changes like water in a river pool, because there is no stream flowing through it. Such a mine is a contrast to one through which air moves constantly.

"On a fine, warm, bright, sunny day, with the sweet breath of fields and heather hills in his nostrils, a pedestrian in search of information comes to a trap-door and a hole like a draw-well. Odours of bilge-water and rotten eggs, mildew and worse things, rise when the trap is lifted, and they contrast abominably with the delicate perfume of beans and hedges. The pool moves when it is stirred; but when left to its own devices, the most delicate tests often fail to show any movement at a pit-mouth. Cobwebs, paper, silk, soap-bubbles, and smoke, which show movement in the stillest room, all indicate repose at the neck of the bottle, for the unsavoury air stagnates in the cold dumb well which holds it.

"If the average temperature inside be 60° , and outside 61° , there is nothing to lift the lowest stratum.

"There is no rattle, no din, no movement here. A dull, sleepy, creaking sound comes faintly in from a big water-wheel, which is slowly turning and pumping water from a neighbouring hole. The only cheery sound about the place is the rattle of hammers and stones, where boys and girls and strong-armed women are smashing and washing ore in sunlight and fresh air. Like bees they sing as they work cheerily. Their cheeks are ruddy, and their bright eyes dance with fun; but down in the dark well is sickness, silence, and gloom.

"A distant sound is heard below; the yellow glimmer of a candle shines out of the black earth; hard breathing approaches, and the regular beat of thick-soled boots on iron staves

comes slowly ticking up the pit, like the beating of a great clock. A mud-coloured man appears at last, and he stares amazed at the stranger perched at the mouth of his den; seated on a sollar, and watching cobwebs with a pipe in his cheek. The miner may be blue, or yellow, green, brown, orange, or almost red, but he is sure to be gaunt and pale-faced. His hair and brow are wet with toil; his eyes blink like those of an owl in daylight; he wheezes, and he looks fairly blown. With scarce a word of greeting, he stares and passes on to the changing house; and the cobweb which he disturbed settles like a pendulum at Zero once more."

The movements of currents of water dependent on heat and cold are equally well shown by a diagram of a glass tank with a lump of rough ice floating at one end, and a black stone placed at the other exposed to the sun. "When the water has settled, pour milk gently on the ice," and at first "the white milk sinks in the clear water, and spreads upon the bottom of the tank;" but as the sun warms the stone, and the stone warms the water, while at the other end above the melting ice cools it, "temperature is unevenly distributed, so weights are uneven, the machine turns round," and by help of the milky cloudiness you can study the movements of currents in the water. But the tank not being full, "gives a section of air as well as water," and this miniature atmosphere (covered with a sheet of glass) is worked by the same forces that move the water. Smoke, supplied from a piece of tinder, shows miniature storms in the air, "and the systems revolve in the same direction, because the moving forces are the same," and all the phenomena of clouds are produced in this little chamber. This is but a miniature representation of what is always going on on a vaster scale in the ocean and the atmosphere between the tropics and the poles, and these are the forces by which the great agents are set to work that sculpture all the rocky irregularities that produce the tangible features of the solid earth. Heat raises moisture by evaporation; the absence of heat in various degrees increases its weight and it falls; gravity draws it to lower levels, whether in the form of ice-streams or water-streams; gravity also causes rocks to tumble; and friction of ice and fluid water, aided by the solid matter they bear along, moulds all that portion of the earth that rises above the level of the sea. And the sea itself acts as a fellow-worker with these agents, not only in distributing sediment, not only, as Playfair says, by "the powerful artillery of the waves," destroying coasts, but also by floating from the north and south masses of ice which grind along the sea-bottoms and coasts, and

modify by abrasion the shapes of their surfaces. Waste is however compensated at the surface by expansion consequent on internal heat, by means of which upheaval of land is always taking place in some way, volcanic or otherwise.

A curious speculation arises from such considerations, especially if we do not look on them precisely from Mr. Campbell's point of view, viz., that of mere expansion and waste. Assume that the earth has cooled from a melted state, and that water at length was enabled to rest upon its surface, which it entirely covered. Because of radiation, cooling and contraction took place. The crust fracturing in lines, and the mass of the crust gravitating towards the centre, crumpled strata forming mountain ranges were forced into the air, and this process, because of cooling, was repeated again and again. The result would seem to be that the more the land rose the deeper the ocean would become—a result inferred by Dana in his theory of the origin of continents.* But all the atmospheric agents, and the sea-waves working on coasts, are for ever wasting the land, and striving to reduce it below the level of the sea in the form of new sediments; and when radiation has proceeded far enough, contraction of the earth's crust would cease, for the whole globe may become solid. If, under these hypothetical circumstances, atmospheric agents still work as they do now, every continent and island must inevitably be carried, grain by grain, and stone by stone, into the sea, and the whole land will disappear beneath the waves.

If, on the other hand, after a certain amount of cooling had taken place, heat in the interior of the earth should be generated unequally by the pressure of gravitation, then it is not easy to see why upheaval of land should not be continued for indefinite periods by expansion from below. The feeble conducting power of rocks bears upon this point. These, however, in the present state of our knowledge, are vague speculations; they may or they may not have any value, and at all events they have little to do with the theories of our author. The subject of denudation leads us to one of Mr. Campbell's main topics, treated of in Chapters ix. to xlv., and entering on this question we cannot do better than quote some of those vivid passages of travel, that show how heartily he threw himself into all the accidents and humours of his position. We will, however, leave the Alpine scenes untouched, most readers having had enough of such descriptions through the efforts of mem-

* Dana's *Manual of Geology*.

bers of the Alpine Club. Among the Alps he studied the effects produced by land ice, but his larger and more important experience lay in Norway, Sweden, and North America, where the universal effects of ice-work force themselves everywhere on the educated eye, even more strongly than in Switzerland.

In 1857 he started from Fjærland Fjord in Norway, to see a small conical glacier near Bergen, which "is constantly changing from dome to cone and from cone to dome," and "it teaches more about glaciers than any specimen known to the writer." After much tramping and rowing, his men took him to a house where he "got some potatoes, and fladt brød and cold water," and then he turned into a hay-loft.

"I thought I was to have a quiet night, and began to change my stockings in the dark on the hay-floor, when I heard a lot of voices chattering close to me.

"Have I company?" said I.

"O yes, we are three," said a girl's voice from amongst the hay.

"And do you not sleep in the house?" quoth I.

"No, we always sleep in the hay in summer," said another female treble, "because of the fleas." Plea ant look-out for me! There was no help for it. It was raining cats and dogs outside, so I put on a water-proof for a night-gown, and tumbled in amongst the family; and presently I heard them groaning and kicking and catching fleas all round me. I had something to do in the same line myself before long; but I had walked twenty miles over the fjeld with my gun and a heavy knapsack; and in spite of fleas and family I was soon fast asleep."

When he awoke at dawn he found he "had been sleeping in a regular nest of them, big and little. Their lairs were all about in the hay, and Martha, dimly visible, was still fast asleep, with a sheepskin rolled about her. She may have been about ten years old.

"Another girl now came out and raked Martha out of the hay with a rake; and having seen that operation performed, I too went into the house, took some cold potatoes, and colder water, for breakfast, and started at 5.30." The traveller then walked sixteen stiff miles, partly with a girl "so exceedingly ugly, that I longed to take her portrait," for not only had she "an enormously swelled face," but the colour and texture of her hair was "like the tail of a roan horse," and he asked her for a lock of it. By and bye he crossed a fjord with a lame man

"to a place where the priest sleeps when he comes to preach, and where a lot of painters had lived for some time this summer. There was not a living soul about the place when we

arrived, so I got in through a window and took possession of the priest's room. As it grew dark, people came tumbling in from the woods where they had been working, and we had a party round the fire at one of the houses. I could not understand half they said, for I had now got into a fresh dialect; but I fancied my hostess was a witch or a doctress, for men purchased mysterious oil from a bottle, which was carefully weighed; and one pretty girl had a long earnest conversation about some one who had been sick, and who was now 'frisk.' There was an air of mystery about my hostess, in addition to the general odour of cormorants that pervaded her dwelling. Presently the door opened, and the husband, with a wet bag and a creel of live fish, tumbled in; and there we all sat with our faces lighted up by the wood fire, chattering like a flock of gulls; while a little girl, who woke up at the noise, kept screaming like a young cormorant from its nest, 'Moor, gie me fisk.' When supper was ready we supped, and I turned into the hay-loft as usual, but this time I was alone."

Next morning he rowed up the fjord to take a lesson from the glacier. The whole detail is admirably described, the steep protruding glacier below him sliding down the valley, high cliffs on its sides, and above these "the glittering blue ice hung in the most fantastic peaks and spires. Each time the hot sun shone upon this broken edge, from behind drifting clouds, great wedges of ice came thundering down the rocks, broken to powder, and formed a fresh layer on a white cone" (the lower glacier). Then he shows how this "ice-cone was melting, spreading, slipping, grinding, groaning, and polishing rocks, as other ice-cones have done for ages at some former period over the whole of Scandinavia, as glaciers are now spreading and sliding on high plateaux above the Sogne Fjord, in Iceland, and in Switzerland." . . . "About 400 yards off" from the end of the glacier "there was a field of ripe corn, and a very hot sun, which caused all the movement in air and water, and all the polishing on these rocks."

Similar glaciers are not uncommon in Switzerland, and one well-known instance occurs on the route from Meyringen to the Grindelwald,—the Swartzwald glacier, which itself is a flattened cone, fed by avalanches that fall from the higher icy regions. The base melts, and throughout the year the waste of ice changed into running water is replaced by fresh supplies of broken ice that fall from the Alps above. In the Norwegian case the re-formed glacier is close to the sea-level; in Switzerland it is thousands of feet higher. In either case, as the author shows of the Norwegian instance, the lower glacier may dwindle away, or grow and join the upper glacier, according as future cli-

mates may become milder or more cool. At present, pressure caused by increase of matter falling on the apex of the flattened cone maintains the outward flow of these secondary glaciers, "and the same laws govern the movements of large heaps that fall from the sky, and spread their bases over large tracts of country." The last remark is important, for by increase of snow in a wide region that is almost a perfect plain (if such a case exist), lateral motion of the mass will be produced by pressure alone.

"The next ice-tool," says Mr. Campbell, in Chapter xv., is the "River-glacier." The great snowy dome of Mont Blanc is an example, and from the upper feeding-ground of snow glaciers diverge, and pass down the valleys "like flowing rivers."

Justedal's glaciers, in the Bergen district, are not much known, and in 1857 a trip was made to visit them, and Mr. Campbell justly congratulates himself that his beautiful drawing of the Bondhuus lake and glacier in its main features resembles that made by the Principal of St. Andrews in 1851. Any one familiar with glaciers will at once recognise the perfect truthfulness of this drawing, and of that of the "Justedal's Is Bræ." The smoothly-flowing, sweeping curves of the latter, as the ice draining from the upper snow-plateau rebounds from side to side of the winding valley, is admirably given, and even the veined structure of the ice on the left, due to pressure, is rendered with perfect truth. The steep cataract-like slide of the Bondhuus glacier is equally well expressed; while in both, the largely mammillated structure of the old ice-ground rocks, stretching high above the glaciers, or below their ends, the boulders and the perched blocks are all so truthfully rendered, that they may well inspire others with a friendly envy, whose eyes can appreciate, but whose hands can only depict in dreary diagrams all the phenomena of the well-beloved regions of ice. To epitomize all this would be going over familiar ground, for the external phenomena of glaciers are everywhere the same. We must also leave scientific details till we come to the traveller's larger ice-theories, and in the meanwhile will indulge in another extract from his journal, of a trip to visit the Justedal's glaciers, simply and graphically written, and full of pleasant humour:—

In September 1857.—"Landed at Roneidet about 3; and after getting food from its hospitable inhabitants, set off at 4 with a boy, and a horse to carry my goods up the Justedal.

"The track follows the river, winding up a deep narrow gorge between enormous rocky hills. Here and there is a stony plain, the debris of a glacier, overgrown with trees; but

distant views there were none. I had to walk hard to save daylight. At the end of twelve long miles by pedometer, I found myself at a farm, and as I walked up I heard a fiddle. I thought that promised fun, so walked in and asked for quarters. I found four or five tall strapping young fellows—the best grown men I have seen in Norway—and a girl to match, sitting about a long table listening to the music, while the girl brushed her long frowsy locks with a carding comb. There was a general promise of fleas about the place, but I tucked my trousers into my socks, according to the old plan first learned in Greece, and sat me down with the family. It was dark outside, but a bright fire and a single candle lit up the wild unkempt heads nodding to the music.

"I asked for old Norse ditties, and got several. Presently a vast supper of porridge was produced, and the fiddle paused, while I smoked my pipe.

"Supper over, the fiddle began again. Presently one of the young giants in leather breeches sprang on the floor, seized the giantess who made the porridge, and began a polska. He trotted round the room, holding her hand, while she toddled after him. Presently the girl was spun round and round like a teetotum, showing such powerful understanding that I marvelled; and then she was seized round the waist, and they both twirled together. Then they ambled about as before, then they had another fit of spinning till they were tired; and then another giant took the floor alone, and performed the Halling dance.

"It was an odd performance, more like tumbling than anything else, and when it was over they inquired if I could do anything.

"The music was something like reel time, so I took the floor, and performed sundry reel steps, amidst the most flattering exclamations—'That karl can use his feet.' 'It is not the first time thou hast danced.' 'That was supple,' and so on.

"So encouraged I performed 'Jacky-Tar,' blushed modestly, and retired to bed. I had my doubts of the couch, for it was in the family store-room, where winter garments were hung, so turned in all standing, and tried to sleep; but it was quite hopeless. There was a regular hailstorm of starving fleas pattering down upon my face from the winter clothing, creeping about my feet, and getting through my armour everywhere. I stood it for some time, but at last I jumped up, gathered my wraps, and marched out of doors. I believe they would have picked my bones before morning if I had stayed in the bed. I found a barn, open at both ends, with some straw, and there camped. Presently the moon rose over a lofty hill, and I began to rejoice in the agreeable change, and to enjoy the view; but for me there was no rest that night. I had a whole colony with me, and they were industrious fleas. I got up twice, stripped, and shook my clothes; but it was all in vain. No sooner laid down than they began to dance polskas, hallings, and reels, up and down my arms and legs. At last I fell asleep in spite of them.

"Thursday, Sept. 3d.—I was hardly asleep

when an old fellow awoke me. I was sleeping across the barn door, and he wanted to begin his work, as it was daybreak. I was too sleepy to stir, so he rummaged about amongst the straw and departed; but he was soon back again with my host, exclaiming, that this 'fre-mande karl' was a "frisk person," because he was sleeping out, but that he must go away from there. They stirred me up, and showed me to a hay-shed, so I took my plaid once more and flitted.

"There was a grand lot of dry hay, and I was about to throw myself upon it, when I perceived a dog curled up in a nest; the next step was almost into the mouth of my boy, who was sound asleep, and covered with hay; the next I found a vacant corner for myself, and took it, when, to my wonder, up sprang the dancing giantess, over whom I must have walked. She shook her long elf locks, gaped horribly, and departed; and I went really to sleep at last.

"At 7 I was stirred up once more, fed on potatoes and cold water, and departed. As soon as I got to a river I bathed, and routed the hostile army."

We like a man who takes comfortably to potatoes and water for breakfast when he can get nothing better; and further on we might possibly appreciate his inability to manage "greasy porridge," while we clearly sympathize with his love of sitting "on the highest rock he could find for an hour, gazing and dreaming as one must dream when so placed. I can neither explain nor express the pleasure which it gives me to sit thus perched on a rocky point, high above the visible world, and glower and dream alone; but here I had my fill of mountains and solitude." The pleasure is none the less that it cannot be easily expressed. David sitting perhaps no higher than his house-top, knew the feeling when, looking at the distant mountains, he longed for the wings of a dove.

On his way down from the rock, Mr. Campbell shot four ptarmigan, "to the intense joy of Thugu, the boy, who kept exclaiming, 'Ney! ney! he shoots in the air! Ney! ney! ney!'" I was not sorry, for I thought of dinner;" and when he got back to his hostess, having eaten but little food for some days, "I was not going to trust my spoil to the old woman to ruin; so I took my birds to a log, plucked a couple, cut them up, washed them, and set them to boil with a lot of potatoes in a large black pot. The result, eaten in the dark, was a feast such as aldermen never taste, and cannot imagine; and the pipe and the sound sleep in the hay that followed were as good in their own way as the feast."

To the northern folk themselves, the living glaciers and the old ice-worn fjords are mysterious. The same feeling, generated by loneliness, exists in the muirs and dreamy

sea-lochs of Scotland, and on the wide heaths of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, the blood of whose inhabitants is derived from Northern races. From the flat plains of England all popular mystery has long since departed. "A boatman," says Mr. Campbell, "declared that his mother, when a girl, had seen a flock of mysterious cows near the Folge Fond at Yiggra Stola. They vanished, and they were 'Huldra Beasto.'" On the south side of the Hardanger Fjord, under the snows of the Folge Fond, "according to peasants, are seven parishes, which were overwhelmed for their wickedness. The church-bells may still be heard ringing on certain holy days." It is curious how universal traditions of this kind are respecting the burial of towns and cities, generally under lakes. It is well known to Welshmen that a great sea-dyke once stretched from St. David's Head in Pembrokeshire to the west point of Lley in Caernarvonshire, which forms the north horn of Cardigan Bay. The son of Seithyn, Seithynyn, King of Dyfed, who was much given to carousing, neglected the dyke, and one night, while he was feasting, it gave way, and the Cantref-gwaelod,—the Lowland Hundred, with sixteen fortified towns and all its villages, was buried under the waters of what is now Cardigan Bay. Many years ago the writer of these remarks was informed by a lady at Fishguard that she knew an old lady who, sitting on a calm Sunday on Penslade, and looking at the sea, saw, as in a vision, all the Cantref-gwaelod, with its towns and villages, rise out of the sea, while the church-bells rang, and then she knew the tradition to be true. Fishermen still sometimes see parts of the walls of the towns in quiet days, when the sea is clear, and profane geologists declare them to be trap-dykes, or massive jointed reefs of Cambrian grit.*

The journeys, from the journals of which the foregoing extracts are made, took place in Southern Norway, and the lesson learned from these excursions is, "that a local land-ice system consists of a number of revolving water-systems, which rise up from warm regions, move in the air, fall on cold solid rock, glide and flow from it; carving hollows on hill-sides, and leaving tracks everywhere on the downward path which leads water down to the sea from a block of high land." Again, "The whole is a local system, whose source is in the clouds (or rather in the sea which feeds the clouds), and whose base rests on a rock-plateau, which is wearing away to the amount of the mud car-

* Let those who care to know more of this subject consult the *Traditions concerning the Submersion of Ancient Cities*, by the Bishop of St. David's, published, I believe, in 1858.

ried to the sea by rivers." With such facts before them in many mountain regions, it is curious to find that some distinguished modern geologists scarcely recognise glaciers as great denuding agents at all. They look on them as accidental adjuncts of high mountain ranges that have done but little in the way of wasting and moulding the earth's surface, just as others, who are familiar enough with running water, are unable to realize the scooping out of great systems of valleys by that busy agent, aided by landslips from hill-sides, great and small, that in a geological sense are of frequent occurrence. Mountain glaciers and mountain torrents and rivers act alike in this respect. Both deepen their beds. On or into both, earth and rocks are always falling. The glacier bears downwards on its surface most of this matter that does not find its way to the bottom through crevasses and *moulins*, and the river carries it away, and rolls and grinds it into powder. And in many a deep valley, on the sides of which the horizontally-bedded rocks rarely show any fractures or faults, the practised eye readily infers that the form of the ground proves the excavation of valleys by streams; and, as Mr. Darwin remarks, the wonder is, listening through the night to the never-ceasing rattle of descending stones on the Andes, that the mountains stand so long under this incessant and irresistible power.

The local glaciers of part of Norway are in the same latitudes as the Farö Isles and Northern Scotland; and it has long been known that this Norwegian area "was formerly covered by one large local system which still hovers over it;" for all the mountain sides, now bare of ice, are, as in the Alps, ice-worn and smoothed, and every fjord from end to end shows the signs of the grinding of vast glaciers that once filled what are now sea-valleys, compared with which the Norway glaciers of to-day are merely of pigmy size. "If there be a star of ice-marks on the oval block which forms Southern Norway, there ought to be a herring-bone pattern on the long ridge which stretches" from the North Cape through the mass of the peninsula; and Mr. Campbell gives the results of his experience in the middle and more northern regions, mixed with curiously interesting descriptions of men and animals, so well told, that all classes of readers excepting the extra high and dry scientific school, must take pleasure in them. Two or three more of these descriptions we must quote before turning to the main theory of the glacial period.

In September, 1850, finding there was nothing to eat at Finstuga but potatoes and cold water, he drove on, and on the journey

at Arvet, among other things, saw a pretty little woman who "had a large leathern knapsack on her back. . . . Presently she turned her head, and addressed the contents with 'Er du waukin du?' Down came the bundle, and out of it came a rosy-cheeked baby with large blue eyes, dressed in full Dahl costume." He then drove to Skattungebyn, "because it was 'a poor place in the mountains,'" and on the way was joined by two carriages "filled with swells who had been to a wedding," and the whole parish turned out to see them.

"It was worth a journey to Sweden only to see that gathering. The old fellows with their clean white breeches and their yellow aprons crowded about us: their long hair and red caps, blue stockings and birch-bark shoes, were perfect: very pretty fair blue-eyed girls and bright-eyed boys, each a picture, climbed up the railings and peered over the heads of the old men; and the landlord, himself a study, trotted about with his merry face, shaking hands with everybody in turn, and talking the most incomprehensible of Dahlska. The priest told me that it was very rare for a traveller to come that road at all.

"The swells being gone, I ordered some porridge, and took possession of the room, intending to be quiet, but I had reckoned without my host. First one old picture, and then another, walked in, and after saluting me, gravely seated itself; and so they filled the room to my delight.

"We were soon as thick as thieves, and I had to answer a string of questions.

"Were we Christians in England? Had we schools? Had we Bibles?

"For answer I produced mine, and for many minutes there were loud exclamations of wonder at the beauty of the book, and the unintelligible language. Then we had to read a bit to hear what it was like, and then an old fellow read the same bit in Swedish to compare the two. Next they set to play on a queer square instrument with one string which lay on the table, but as no one was good at it a girl was summoned. She was neat and trim as a Sunday maiden could be, fresh and rosy; her jacket was of sheepskin, beautifully dressed, with fringes of white curly wool round the wrists and skirts; her petticoat was blue, and like a crimped collar; her stockings were red, and her shoes of the true Dahl pattern—the upper leather embroidered, and with a large flap like a Highland brogue; the sole of birch bark, two inches thick, with a small square peg in the middle of the foot instead of a heel. With her psalmodicon on a rough deal table, with a single candle shining on her earnest face, with old long-haired wrinkled faces and twinkling eyes all about her, and a background of brown wood, she looked like a Dutch picture come to life. The lassie had a sweet voice and sang well.

"At last my party broke up, and wishing me a hearty good-night all round, they thanked me for my 'agreeable company' with great politeness, and left me to repose in sheepskin sheets."

In 1849, on the 14th of July, he "found Robert Chambers" at Kaafjord measuring the heights of old sea-terraces, the results of which are recorded in Mr. Chambers's well-known book on *Ancient Sea Margins*; and these raised sea-marks play an important part in Mr. Campbell's views of the cause of a glacial climate in the northern regions of Europe, bearing as they do on its past submergence. It must have been delightful to see Mr. Chambers playing "Scotch tunes on a flute to the deer, and the seals, and the Lapps, in the quiet and still twilight of a Northern night," and dreaming "of the wonder which the melodies rouse."

On the 31st of August in the same year, with a comrade he set off from Alten to walk over the mountains to Sweden.

"We were a curious lot certainly.

"First marched Abraham, a little, wiry, wrinkled, sandy-haired man, with a scrubby beard, dressed in a reindeer cap, turned up with blue. His body was draped in a mangy reindeer pesk; a thing like a shirt, made fast about the waist with a girdle, from which dangled a knife. His legs were clad in a pair of yellow comagas, stuffed with grass; and on his back he bore about thirty pounds of smoked salmon. The tails of the fish wagged and flapped like a couple of fins, one on each side, as he trudged steadily on, with a short black wooden pipe in his cheek.

"He was the picture of a savage. His father was a Quain and his mother a Lapp; he gets drunk when he can, and knows the country by day or night, in summer or winter, for hundreds of miles, whether he is drunk or sober. He leaned far forward, trod on his heels, and shuffled over the ground at a very deceptive pace.

"Then came a horse with a couple of Quain panniers, swathing a lot of deerskins for beds, a prog-basket, a bottle-holder, and my rod, which stuck out over the beast's head like a bowsprit.

"Then came my comrade, T., in a razeed brigand's hat, shading a pair of blacking-brush moustaches and an unshorn chin, his shoulders covered with the tails of an old mackintosh sewn into a cape, and the rest of his rig seedy but civilized.

"Then came a second horse with a light load, intended as a resource in case any one broke down.

"Then came Ula, with one eye out, but the other as sharp as his nose and his temper. His dress was a black leathern cap with a peak, grey woollen jacket, waistcoat, and loose leggings, over which came a pair of the everlasting long comagas.

"Then came the third horse, and then a traveller in an old kilt jacket, an old pair of rent trousers, a hat stuck round with feathers and flies, and a gun for pot-shooting.

"T.'s dog, Fan, wriggled her stump of a tail, and ran backwards and forwards, stopping every now and then to fight a lemen or smell

out a mouse; and there was a procession worthy of the backwoods."

Once fairly out on the misty fjeld—

"There were grey mist, grey moss, grey stones, and grey rocks, all of one pattern, with here and there a bit of soft marsh, covered with dwarf mountain rhododendron, dwarf birch, shrubs, and multiber. Occasionally a golden plover flew screaming into the mist as we approached his domains, and now and then enormous white owls appeared like mountain ghosts, screeched at us, and vanished.

"Once the mist lifted and showed us a glimpse of the distant country; and a more dreary, desolate, cheerless waste would be hard to find.* There were lakes and stones, rock and deer moss, as far as the eye could reach, without a hill, almost without a marked feature to impress it on the memory; and yet I see it now as I saw it then.—A grey sea of rounded rocks; a flock of wild geese sailing overhead below the mist; and a large white owl, as big as an eagle, perched like a milestone upon a great block in the foreground; horses and men, looking damp and shiny, and clouds of smoke rising from hides, jackets, and newly-lit pipes."

On this day's march they came "upon a colony of fjeld-rev—mountain-foxes. They had drilled a sand-hill as full of holes as a rabbit-warren. Our first notice of their presence was a sharp angry yelp from a little fellow perched as sentinel on the top; he was answered from all sides, and in a moment they had all scampered home and were, out of sight. . . . They seemed about the size of small terriers, and looked grey in the dusk."

"Povender getting low" by the 2d September, they were forced to carry guns for pot-shooting, for T. also seems to be a sportsman who loves a hunt in more ways than one. Lakes innumerable met them at every turn,—a characteristic feature in all Northern ice-worn scenery, both European and American. "We lunched in the rain on the shore of a lake under an extempore tent made of luggage and plaids, birch-trees and fishing-rods;" and reaching Mars Elv by 5.30 the men wanted to camp, but T. insisted on pushing on to Bingasjerve; and as our traveller stood nenter, "at last T. carried his point." The result was that a horse sprained his fetlock in fording the river; the men had to re-stuff their boots with dry grass; they lost an hour, and "were drenched like drowned rats." But they plodded on, the "men growling all the time," in the dark, among tumbled rocks, precipices, and in a wood of birches on a steep hill-side, "where the poor

* "It is exactly like the high country near Reykjavik, except that the stones are volcanic in Iceland."

horses went tumbling about like drunken men;" into a lake, into a river, into a dense drenching thicket of willow, at last with one final tumble of the lame horse, they reached Bingasjerve. "But instead of 'a roaring fire and a welcome' there was no one here, so we marched in and took possession of everything we wanted. First we made a fire, then a stew; and we rolled ourselves upon the floor at one in the morning.

"I don't know that I was ever more knocked up; and I was somewhat wroth with my chum for saying that it was all the fault of Abo. I held my tongue till I had smoked a pipe, and then the wrath went off with the smoke; and we slept side by side in peace and harmony."

The horse was so lame that the party had to stop all next day in and about a house where nets, poles, boat, deerskins, teapot, "Finsk Bible on a shelf with a page turned down; in short, the whole tenement as the tenant left it in spring, and as he hoped to find it in autumn. It speaks well for the wandering Lapps, and for the solitude of the place." Solitary indeed; for except their party "and the mosquitoes, there was not a living creature seen all day;" and they seem only to have had one reiper, shot the day before, to stew and devour; but next day, on the march, meeting every now and then with coveys of these birds, they made up for yesterday's short commons by stewing three for lunch and dinner. By and by, from the top of a hill they saw their destination, Kautokeino, in the distance; and everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, "the same rolling sea of grey moss-clad rocks, birches, lakes, bogs, and stones." The book abounds with similar descriptions of scenery, all given in a few words, so well chosen, that any one who knows the agents by which the land has been modelled, at once recognises the north, and the action of vanished ice, even though, in dropping on a chance passage, he might not be aware at first to what region of the world the description referred.

After the passage of one of the bad bogs noted above, "the horses began to flag; their master growled; and then we came to a birch wood and a river."

"Kautokeino had been seen, so T. wanted to go on. Ula wanted to stop, so did Abo; it was a fine night, and I had no wish for another scramble in the dark, so I voted, and turned the scale. The place seemed made for a camp, so I declared my intention of stopping there with the horses. T. would go on to the houses with Abo, but Abo was of a different opinion. He explained that the ford was up to his breast, and that he could not swim; and, by the time the river had been examined and the argument

finished, we had a fire lighted and a shelter made. It looked snug, so T. joined our party. A deerskin on the ground, a gaff-stick for a ridge-pole, and a plaid, made a tent; a roaring fire and a brew of coffee, and a reiper roasted in his feathers, a jorum of hot punch and a long jaw, kept us well employed till past eleven; and then we drew on our sleeping boots, put on great-coats, crept into our nests, and slept like tops. Once I awoke, being too hot, and found that Abo had piled up a bonfire. He was grinning at me through the smoke. We grinned mutually for some time, then I took an observation of my comrade's long legs, which projected from his shelter in a highly picturesque fashion; and then I rolled over again and slept till seven. I would not give such travelling for the best down bed in Windsor," — says the young writer, then, we presume, not many years escaped from Eton.

"Our way now lay through a wood of well-grown birches growing upon sand-hills. There were paths and tracks, and here and there patches of bare sand, where we could see the tracks of men, and dogs, and cows. Here, too, we found the track of the army of lemens which we had met on the fjeld. They seemed to have marched in a compact body, following the beaten path where there was one, and taking the best road everywhere. Here and there lay the body of a defunct straggler to prove that the tracks were really what they seemed; but there was not a live lemen to be seen anywhere. What odd little brutes these are! They march, as if by agreement, from some unknown eastern point, and invade Norway like a swarm of locusts. They swim rivers, climb hills, burrow holes everywhere, and gnaw and nibble everything till they reach the sea. Even then they strike out westward, for the islands get full of them. At last they disappear as mysteriously as they came. No one knows whence they come or where they go; but every two or three years they arrive in shoals as I saw them, and after a time they vanish. They abound in North America.

"The first lemen I ever saw was at Bosekaap, in 1849. Late one evening, when night was beginning to show, my host and I were smoking about the doors, while a dog was running about near the house. Suddenly we heard a scimmage near an outhouse, the barking of the dog, and the sharp angry chattering note of some other creature. My host exclaimed, 'The lemens are come,' ran off to the scene of action, and came back panting with a yellow animal like a marmot, but no bigger than a small rat. From that day whenever we went into the woods we found lemers, and smaller black creatures like short-tailed mice. They swim rivers, and trout eat them, for I have several times cut freshly-swallowed lemens and mice out of trout which took my flies in the Alten."

At Kautokeino they were entertained by Mr. Ront, who "had set up for himself here as handlesmand." Mrs. Ront came from Tromsø, and "spoke of her former dwelling

and her friends as a London lady might if fate had married her to a wild Highlander. . . . For dinner there were roast wild goose, jam, French beans, and a bottomless meat-pie, wine and liquor, rum; and silver spoons and forks to eat with. The lady handed her dishes, and ate as if by sufferance; "a custom we have seen in a modified form in other parts of Europe. "Dinner over, we all bowed and said 'Tak for mad.' The host said, 'Thanks for your agreeable company;' and then we put the chairs against the wall, shook hands, and fell to work upon pipes and palaver."

During the repast a lean hungry tribe of dogs were working outside at his "prog-basket." "They opened it; stole a goose; upset the pepper; and were deep in a jar of butter when they were discovered and driven away."

Soon after their departure—

"Ula informed me that he had lost the brandy-keg. Now, this had been newly-filled, and our friends were noted toppers; so I suspected roguery. 'You go back and find it,' said I, 'and I will go on with Abo.'

"But," said Ula, 'I don't know the way.'

"Then go to Kautokeino, and get a guide."

"But I have no money," quoth Ula.

"Then I will lend you some, and take it off your pay."

"Will you wait a moment," said Ula, 'and I will go back? it can't be far;' and so we waited.

"Those who hide can find; and, in a few minutes, Ula came shouting with the keg under his arm."

Having forded the Alten, and found the hut in the dark, the master and his wife "turned out all standing" to welcome their guests; and the rousing of the family next morning is described in the following graphic morsel:—

"September 6th.—Rose from my lair at six, stepped over Ula, and went out to reconnoitre. It looked bad, so returned to my deerskin. Presently the family began their toilette.

"First the master kicked off the deerskins, and turned his legs out of his box, then he scratched his head and lit a pipe, and scratched again all over and round about, and then the operation was ended, for he rose and went out.

"Then Ula got off the floor and scratched himself, and he was ready.

"Then Abo and his two bed-fellows tumbled out somehow, and yawned, and stretched, and scratched themselves all over; then they slipped their deerskin shirts over their heads, and stuck knives into their girdles, and looked as fresh as if they had washed.

"Then all hands began stuffing comagas with grass, and I thought it time to move. In a few minutes we too had shaken ourselves, and rolled up our beds, and were busy about our breakfast.

"My little neighbour, the child, was now pulled out by an old woman, and the little wretch looked so pretty with its bright eyes and its miniature fur dress, that I gave it a lump of sugar, and sketched it while T. boiled the kettle."

After a long day's march they got into fresh quarters. In the morning a family toilette was performed something like the preceding, "and when breakfast was over we offered them a dram, which they refused."

"Meantime the old man" (the host) "had set to reading aloud from the big Bible; and for the first time I heard Finsk well. It was a sonorous, grand language, full of broad vowels and soft consonants, every second word a dactyl. I could almost fancy it ancient Greek, with its diphthongs.

"No one seemed to attend, or to stop from working. The reading over, I sketched Abo, while Ula and the fat damsel began again. I fancied I could gather the drift of this palaver; and I was right. On arriving, I had served out a dram, and in the morning I had offered another; and now it appeared that the household were teetotallers, and grievously shocked."

They had for some time crossed the watershed, and when they reached the river Muonio, opposite Karasoando, "Tall, well-grown, long-haired men, dressed in grey woollen jackets, loose leggings, and comagas," ferried them over to Sweden from Russia. In sixty hours they had walked about two hundred English miles, and so ended this part of their journey.

We have indulged in these quotations to show the admirable stuff of which the book is made, for the benefit of those readers who may not be so much attracted by scientific descriptions and discussions, though these also are done in a manner so masterly that they cannot fail to draw universal attention. Mr. Campbell's "eye for a country," as geologists say, is perfect, and any one who has travelled widely with his eyes open will fully realize the physical character of the north of Scandinavia from the following brief descriptions:—

"The journey may be done by an easier route. Boats can be poled up the Alten to the falls, and dragged for a short distance; then, by 'sticking' up past Kautokeino and Mortana, a chain of lakes with a few portages leads all the way to the Muonio river by water.

"A similar route leads up the Tana to a chain of lakes which communicate with the head waters of the Kemi river. It is therefore possible to travel in a boat nearly all the way from the North Sea, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Bothnia, by several routes.

"In 1851, I conversed with a man who had actually travelled from sea to sea with a boat, which he and his comrades dragged over one low neck of land, about an English mile wide.

"All the portages are over low necks of land, which separate adjoining lakes, and there is no high ground all the way."

"The winter tracks follow lakes and rivers, for flat ice makes a good road."

It reads like a description of parts of Canada, Labrador, or the far North-west, and the similarity of strings of lakes, rivers, and portages, is due to the same geological causes. The rocky formations are in great part the same, and both have been *dressed* in the same way during a "glacial period."

The temptation to quote from Mr. Campbell's pages is almost irresistible, and we wish that space would allow of full notes on the descent of the Muonio river on the frontiers of Russia and Sweden, of the fierce rapids, of the sturdy steersmen plying their spade-handled paddles, one of whom "chewed his quid, and guided the boat with the skill of a London cabman in a crowd." In the turmoil of rocks and water "our pilot only grasped his paddle the tighter, and set his teeth, and off we went . . . the high bow slapping hard into the waves; but skill and coolness were at the helm. . . . The old boat writhed and cracked from stem to stern, and pitched headlong into the waves, till I thought she must part or founder. . . . I know nothing grander than such a torrent, unless it be the rolling Atlantic, and nothing gives me such an idea of irresistible force as Atlantic waves after a storm."

We commend to all readers the delightful description of a farm in Russian Lapland (vol. i. p. 292), the women and girls hanging up sheaves of corn, the rough sledge drawn by a young bull, the men of wildest and dirtiest exterior, the short and brawny bandy-legged smith, with his bare arms folded on his breast, his flaming red hair, standing "out on end like the sun's rays on a sign-post," and the unexpected fat reindeer stag which trotting in unawares set all hands chattering and handling their knives.

"I shall not easily forget that group. The red smith holding the deer's horn and a long knife, the white bull and the yellow corn, some black dogs, a lot of girls with keen eyes glancing down from the rock, and the dark forest and blue sky behind." He saw and described it with the eye of an artist, and the reader is not likely to forget it either.

A fortnight later and they found their way to Copenhagen. During much of the way Mr. Campbell was trying to make what he had seen agree with the work of glaciers in Switzerland, and he could not reconcile them; but, though puzzled, by the time they reached Haparanda, near the Gulf of Bothnia, he had "formed an idea that the Gulf itself was the bed of an old glacier." This idea, which we shall by and bye return to, he has since renounced, and partly with good reason, for the ice-valleys of the Alps in modern times show

nothing of Continental ice on a scale like the universal glacier of North Greenland, and such, to say the least, any glacier must have been that, covering Norway and Sweden, filled the Gulf of Bothnia on its course to the Baltic. Neither does the moraine-matter of the great undulating low-country of Switzerland and of the north of Italy at all resemble that of the broad-sloping water-shed, from 1400 to 2000 feet high, that divides the North Sea from the Gulf of Bothnia. It is true that in the great moraine of the Dora Baltea, near Ivrea, which forms a circuit of fifty miles or thereabout, the moraine-rubbish is sometimes stratified, and the same kind of stratification is apparent in the moraines left by the great old glacier of the Rhine that covered what is now the Lake of Constance, and in those of the Reuss (Lucerne) of Thun, and of the Rhone on their southern retreat from the Jura. This partial stratification of great Alpine moraines is easily accounted for when we consider that the petty moraines of existing Swiss glaciers are often dotted by, or dam up, pools of water on a small scale, which re-arrange the rough sediments in strata, and these are often buried again under later piles of moraine-rubbish. On the vast moraines of the so-called "glacial period," the same phenomena were in progress on a larger scale; and besides, the great bodies of water that flowed from the gigantic glaciers of the time, must often have re-arranged the moraine-matter in a manner of which in Switzerland we have no modern example. But all this is very different in aspect from the sands and boulders of the wide country that forms the surface between the North Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia. But for the absence of minute details, such as might be gathered in a survey extending over many years, Mr. Campbell's notes read like Nordenskiöld's description of the striated rocks, the lakes, and the Osars of Finland.

Among the many delightful sketches in Chapter xx., there is one that will be read with great attention by those who interest themselves in the habits of the prehistoric dwellers of France, Belgium, Denmark, Britain, and elsewhere, who lived in caves and huts, were hunters by land or sea, in some cases before the tribes of the north knew much of domesticated animals. This passage refers to a short residence among the Lapps in 1850, when Mr. Campbell pitched his tent among them, and loved to watch their habits. "The presence of reindeer seems to indicate a mean temperature of not more than 34° or 36° Fahr., and when reindeer were plentiful in central France, that region probably, instead of a mean temperature of 55°, must have had a climate the average warmth

of which was not higher than 34° or 36°, for that temperature limits the growth of plants fit for reindeer pasture, so that Lapp camps are seldom found above that line." As far south as Bergen, where tame reindeer are kept, "they never come down to the sea or to rich grass pasture, but seem to prefer cold, and moss which grows in cold regions. If the French deer were of the same nature, their existence proves a cold climate in France. There were plenty of them [in France], for they were eaten in large numbers. They could not flourish without plenty of moss. Moss does not grow abundantly without cold;" and in the following sketch we seem to have the old manners and habits of these early inhabitants of Europe, modified by the neighbourhood of civilisation, but otherwise continued by direct transmission down to our own day. Men and animals have both retreated north, the latter probably from choice, the former perhaps by compulsion.

"By the time we got up to the kotas, we had passed through some sharp showers. The Lapps had now arrived, and a tent was pitched beside the conical hut. In the kota I found a dirty old woman and a lot of dirty children sitting round a fire made in the middle of a ring of stones, and looking very picturesque in the half light that streamed down through the chimney. There was a heap of gear and human creatures, iron pots and wooden bowls, dogs and deerskins, piled in admirable confusion; and the mother was engaged in a hunt amongst the tangled locks of the youngest of her brood. Not liking this neighbourhood, went out and made my own shelter, and got on a greatacoat, for it was cold and misty and comfortless after the warm glen. Tried the tent, and found a very fine-looking Lapp woman sitting on a heap of deerskins, serving out coffee and reindeer cream to the clocker with a quaint silver spoon. She had silver bracelets and a couple of silver rings; and altogether, with her black hair and dark brown eyes glancing in the firelight, she looked eastern and magnificent. Set to work with the paint-box instantly, but she would not sit still for a moment, and it was almost dark. Gave it up, and went out amongst the deer, which had gathered round the camp to be milked. There were about six hundred in the herd, and some old stags were quite magnificent. One had fourteen points on one brow antler, and about forty in all. He looked quite colossal in the evening mist. A small imp of a boy, about three feet high, and a child just able to toddle, were wandering about amongst the deer. The boy was amusing himself by catching the largest stags with a lasso, to pull the loose velvet from their antlers. He never missed his throw, and when he had the noose round the beast's neck, it was grand to see him set his heels on the ground, and haul himself in, hand over hand, till got the noose round the stag's nose. Then he had him safe and quiet, with the nose and neck tied together,

and then they posed for a picture of savage life. The small imp was practising on the calves and hinds, and screaming at them in emulation of the bigger brother. He kept kicking the big stags which lay on the ground with the most perfect familiarity."

"The rain came through the tent, and in the hut it was impossible even to sit on the ground without bending forward. The children would look over my shoulder, to my terror, so sketching was not easy. There were five dogs, three children, the old woman, Marcus, and myself; and all day long, the handsome lady from next door, and her husband, and a couple of quaint mangy-looking old fellows, kept popping in to see how the stranger got on. The kota itself was a cone of birch sticks and green turf, about seven feet high; and twelve or fourteen in diameter. It was close quarters, but the scene was worth the discomfort. No one seemed to care a rap for rain, or fear colds, more than the deer. Breakfast consisted of milk and cheese and boiled fish; and whenever any dish had been used the old dame carefully wiped it out with her crooked forefinger, and then licked the finger and every attainable place in the dish itself. It was wonderful to see her dexterity, and to hear her talk while she polished the dish. When one of the children spilt some milk on its deerskin dress, it was all gathered and licked up with the same tongue which found time to scold the offender.

"*Dinner was reindeer's flesh boiled. The children cracked the bones on the stones after they had polished the outside; and they sucked up the marrow; then the dogs, who had not dared to steal, were called in their turn, and got the scraps. Wooden bowls were set apart for the dogs.*"

After a pretty long experience of Lapps, Mr. Campbell decides that they are not hospitable. "No Lapp has ever offered me so much as a scrap of food, or a drop of milk; but every Lapp I know was ready to sell anything, and greedy for silver, which is hoarded and hidden underground." A good deal of it must be lost in this way, to be recovered long hence, like the old torques and brooches of the Celt, while the "polished" bones split for marrow, and afterwards thrown to the dogs, remind the reader of the old populations round whose squalid huts rose the *kjökken-müddings* of Denmark.

It is now time more definitely to touch upon Mr. Campbell's opinions of what were and are the causes of "glacial periods" in different parts of the northern hemisphere, forming episodes in what geologists call the Post-Pliocene epoch. How to obtain cold so extreme as to have produced immense glaciers, fleets of icebergs, and sheets of coast ice, in regions where these agents are either altogether unknown or only (by comparison) feebly developed, is the question; and the author of *Frost and Fire* decides in favour of geographical changes in the distribution

of land and sea, having been sufficient, by help of old ocean currents, to account for all the marks and signs of ancient ice that have yet been observed both in Europe and North America. This he does without adopting the extreme case hypothetically brought forward by Lyell, that if all the land of the world were gathered round the poles, the world would be extremely cold, whereas if almost all the land were collected round the equator, the average temperature of the surface of the earth would be seriously raised. Wisely, he either ignores or rejects most of the old theories, parts of which still now and then crop out, and help to support some novel theory of the "glacial period." Few geologists or physical philosophers adopt any of these, especially since some of them, on seemingly good grounds, have begun to insist that "glacial periods" are recurrent, and that ice-borne boulder-stones occur in other formations besides the "Till," and range far back in Tertiary, and even in Palæozoic time. If this be true, the doctrine that internal heat ever seriously affected external climate in any part of known geological time falls to the ground, even were there no other reasons to prove it, connected with life and the absence of extreme alteration by heat of the lower beds of thick stratified formations.* The supposition of Poisson, that our system has in former times passed through hotter and colder regions of space, fares no better, for *space* has no temperature to measure, and as we derive no sensible heat now from any of the stars except our own sun, it is impossible to believe that we could do so without approaching so near to some other source of heat that all the arrangements of our solar system would be deranged. Neither will astronomers allow that cold and hot climates can be produced by the shifting of the earth's axis of rotation, owing to the formation of groups or chains of mountains in regions removed from the equator, and the theory that the phenomena of the glacial period were caused by "a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present,"† does not gain ground among geologists, who cannot reconcile it with what they consider to be positive geological facts that point in an opposite direction.

All the world interested in these matters knows that after Agassiz had spent years in examining the structure, movements, and geological effects produced by Swiss glaciers,

he not only confirmed the old opinion of Venetz, that they once were of prodigiously larger dimensions than at present, but also, travelling over great part of the British Islands and other regions of Northern Europe, he announced that the mountains of the Highlands, Wales, Ireland, etc., had all maintained their glaciers, and further, that such local systems of snow-drainage were not sufficient to account for all the observed phenomena of a more general glaciation. The polishing and grooving of rocks, and also the characters of great part of the boulder-clay, were such that, in his opinion, they pointed to something more universal. By these investigations he founded the first enlarged idea of what geologists now call the "glacial period," declaring that great part of the land of both the Northern and Southern hemispheres had been covered with coatings of glacier-ice, thickest by far towards the poles, which spread southward from the North Pole, and northward from the South, grinding and grooving the rocks over which the sheets passed. In Europe, while still working south, or later, as it declined in size by change of climate, this great glacier system gradually deposited those masses of clay and "wandering stones" now known to Scotch geologists as the till, or boulder-clay. A few men like Buckland boldly followed Agassiz in this grand conception, but the greater number of the first geologists in Britain and on the Continent of Europe shrunk from what seemed to them a mere wild speculation. Swiss, French, Italian, English, and German geologists even denied the great original spreading of Alpine glaciers northward to the flank of the Jura, and southward far into the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy; and to his latest days the illustrious Von Buch would not allow that the glaciers of Switzerland had ever been, so to speak, a single *me-tre* larger than at present. Men of eminence are even now living on the flanks of the Alps, and in England, who entertain a kind of invincible repugnance to the idea, and who can scarcely account for the steady growth of an opinion younger than theirs, which they can scarcely resist, but which seems to them little short of a species of insanity, when applied to the glaciation by terrestrial ice of Continental areas, far larger than the regions bordering the Alps. In Britain, some geologists could not for a long time even see the evidence of minor glaciers in the Highlands of Scotland, Cumberland, Wales, and Ireland; and their Continental comrades were equally sceptical about the occurrence of bypast glaciers in the Vosges, the Black Forest, and other mountain clusters on the Continent of Europe. If they

* *Journal of the Geological Society*, 1855, p. 203.

† Ably argued by Professor Frankland. Higher temperature, he says, produced increased evaporation, condensation, and precipitation; while the cloudy atmosphere prevented the sun's rays from melting in summer what fell in winter.

could not see this, now evident to so many, far less likely were they to allow the possibility of the greater generalization of Agassiz, that glacier-ice once covered almost universally a vast portion of the Northern hemisphere. The subject was ridiculed, and in the main it has only been by slow degrees, first that local glaciers, originating in the snow-drainage of minor clusters of mountains, have been allowed, and, secondly, that a younger generation have adopted the larger theory of Agassiz in whole or with various modifications. Mr. Campbell, however, still rejects it; while Agassiz, having worked at the glacier and iceberg phenomena of North America, adheres to his theory, and indeed only sees in these phenomena additional reasons for sticking to his old faith.

After a great deal of this kind of opposition in Britain and elsewhere, one of the phases through which the "glacial theory" passed, was the admission that what is now called ice-borne drift, was not deposited by tumultuous currents of water caused by the sudden upheaval of hypothetical land in the north, but that over Britain, and the north of Europe generally, all the *upper shell-bearing boulder beds* were drifted on coast ice, and on icebergs that broke from glaciers which descended to the sea from the mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and the adjoining counties, Wales, and chiefly from the great Scandinavian chain. This was a great point gained, being founded on facts collected all over the north of Europe. The same kind of argument equally applies to North America.

Reasoning on facts connected with the erratic boulder drift, Mr. Campbell rejects the great sheet of northern glacier ice inferred by Agassiz, and attempts to prove that, exclusive of the effects produced by special glaciers in ranges and clusters of mountains, all the ice-ground surfaces of the lower grounds of Europe and America, and of much of the mountains, may be satisfactorily explained by the theory, that just as there is a "glacial period" in Greenland now, marked by a nearly universal glacier there, and just as there is a "drift" glacial period in the Western Atlantic, marked by the rubbish that drops from southward-floating icebergs; so in Europe, now so mild because of the Gulf Stream, there was a time when, by partial submergence, similar conditions prevailed. Then a great current from the North Sea swept round the shores of Norway down to the Gulf of Bothnia, and through the Baltic; the sea was frozen in winter east and west, all round the Scandinavian shores; and vast bodies of floating ice and icebergs grinding along the coast cooled the sea, con-

densed fogs, which intercepted the heat of the sun, and produced on the half-submerged land of Scandinavia, and even of Britain, a climate and glaciers like those of the Greenland of to-day, only smaller, because of the minor area of land to be drained of snow. Greenland, he says, is undergoing a "glacial period" now, and on this point all men are agreed who think upon the subject, though some may also suspect that formerly it was still more deeply buried under snow and ice. Scandinavia, Britain, and the rest of Europe, as far south as the plains of Lombardy, underwent a "glacial period" like that of the modern Greenland in times geologically not long bypast. The great moraines of Piedmont and Lombardy are now covered by orchards and vineyards, and the thirsty traveller ploughs ankle-deep through the dusty roads; where glaciers once filled the valleys in Wales, snow rarely lies deep for a fortnight; in Scandinavia glaciers are chiefly confined to the high fjelds; and even at the North Cape the heat of summer in the sun is disagreeably oppressive; and in all but the southern parts of Scandinavia, this seawarded area lies in latitudes the same as those of the southern half of Greenland, which, except on the coasts of the south, is covered with a universal sheet of glacier-ice. The conditions, therefore, says Mr. Campbell, prevail now in and round Greenland that once prevailed on and round Scandinavia. Cold ice-bearing currents from the pole surround the former land and cool it, and glacier-ice covers it. Cold ice-bearing currents bear bergs far to the south, along the shores of North America and deposit *drift*, and the glaciers of Greenland and the icebergs of the West Atlantic produce effects in all respects comparable to those of the so-called "glacial period" of old times in the interior of the continents of Europe and America. What Greenland is now, Scandinavia, half submerged, was once. Arctic currents, bearing icebergs and stones, once overspread a vast part of the continent of North America (and on any hypothesis this is true); and Arctic currents bearing ice-rafts along the shores of Scandinavia, and farther south, ground and scratched the hills and plains of Britain and Northern Europe, till, melting, they finally dropped the last relics of northern moraines in more southern seas. The partial submergence of Northern Europe during a "glacial period" is certain. More than two-thirds of Britain is more or less covered with "northern drifts," here and there mixed with broken sea-shells, and its southern limit extends from the Rhine north of Bonn, all across Europe to the confines of the northern half of the Ural Mountains. The same is

the case in North America, where stratified drifts and erratic boulders, sometimes shell-bearing, strew the surface as far south as latitudes 38° and 40° . This has long been known, and Mr. Campbell, for his own satisfaction, has proved it in North America. Besides this, he insists specially on the old marine shell-bearing terraces that, tier above tier, mark the seaward slopes of the Scandinavian peninsula to a height of 600 feet above the sea; and reasoning from his own and other observations on the subject, he applies the argument in such a way, that sandy flats on the watershed between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Arctic Sea are also presumed to be of marine origin. It is thus inferred that boulders and terraces at exceedingly high levels, there and elsewhere in Scandinavia, evince submergence of the land to a far greater depth than 600 feet though shells have not yet been found in them, just in the same way that it was long believed, after the publication of Mr. Darwin's Memoir, that the parallel roads of Glen Roy are ancient sea-margins. Agassiz, at an earlier period, asserted that these parallel roads were terraces made by old lakes dammed up by a glacier which cut across the mouth of the valley, something like that which, in a small way, dams up the Lac de Combal on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, or of the little Merjelen Sec, on the flank of the great Aletsch glacier. The actual amount of the extreme submergence of any part of Scandinavia is nowhere precisely stated, but that it was separated from the mainland is asserted (and we believe it), the total submergence being considered perhaps to have exceeded 2500 feet.

The evidence of sea-shells in drift on Moel Tryfan in Caernarvonshire proves that Wales has been submerged nearly 1400 feet, and later proofs, almost as clear, show that it must have sunk during a "glacial period" 2000 or 2300 feet. Boulder beds with sea-shells are common all down the eastern coast of England, and in the west, in Lancashire, they have been found in cliffs by the sea-shore, and up to a height of 1200 feet. The writer of these remarks knows some of these facts from personal examination of the ground both in Europe and America, and however the explanation of the whole may be read, there is at all events a great amount of floating knowledge current on the subject of a "glacial period" common to Europe and America, or of "glacial periods" endured by these continents in different portions of that section of geological time, of which the present phase is but a part.

But underneath the "drift," which was a result of glaciation of some sort or other, the rocks are generally found to be rounded

(*moutonnée*), ice-polished, and striated, and the point in debate between the disciples of Agassiz and those who think like Mr. Campbell, is, whether or not these ice-worn surfaces were chiefly produced by a general sheet of glacier-ice, covering great part of the known northern continents and islands, or by the southward passage of fleets of icebergs grinding over sea-bottoms and along coasts when the countries were half submerged. Neither side denies that great part of the regions supposed to have been so powerfully moulded by icebergs, at some time or other maintained their glaciers, nor yet that during part of the glacial period they were more or less deeply submerged; but those who deny the theory of Agassiz assert that floating ice produced the chief part of the continental signs of a "glacial period," or of "glacial periods;" while the followers of Agassiz, allowing the agency of icebergs, consider that they were inadequate to produce the greater effects that have been attributed to them.

The grinding and denuding power of these floating ice-islands must be tremendous. The ice-raft launched from the great glaciers of Greenland described by Lord Dufferin and Mr. Lamont, "sets off," says Mr. Campbell, "at a rapid pace, with its awning of grey cloud spread, and the next thing it does is to cool the air, sea, and climate. . . . The pace of an Alpine glacier, according to Forbes and the best authorities, is four feet in twenty-four hours at the utmost," and "incidentally, Lamont gives the pace of the ice-float . . . at five miles an hour (from Spitzbergen), from north-east to south-west. "So a maximum velocity of two inches an hour (in a glacier) grows to 316,800 per hour." Amongst the Thousand Isles the rate of the Arctic current is estimated by Lamont at seven or eight miles an hour. "So the power of a glacier on shore is nothing to the power of the same glacier afloat," and "no one seems to have considered the system as one great denuding engine."

The depth of an iceberg in the sea depends on the mass and shape of the ice, and on the quantity of moraine matter with which it may chance to be loaded. "Small icebergs about Spitzbergen are sometimes 1000 yards in circumference and 200 feet in thickness," or at least 180 feet under water, and on the coasts of Greenland bergs are of prodigiously greater size; and if Kane's inference be correct, that one of the glaciers he saw was 3000 feet thick, there may be floating bergs of all sizes ploughing along sea-bottoms at depths up to more than 2500 feet, with or against the wind, wherever the deep-sea currents may carry them. It is a strange sight. The only large iceberg we

ever chanced to see seemed like a white and blue island, as large as the Bass Rock, steadily making its way against the wind, but there was nothing else in sight by which to estimate its actual size. Quoting from Scoresby, "a body of more than 10,000 millions of tons in weight meeting with resistance when in motion, produces consequences which it is scarcely possible to conceive," and when, instead of one such body, there are broad streams of ice-fields and bergs year by year, and century after century, grinding their way south, there "is surely an engine strong enough to work denudation on a large scale." The lower points and surfaces of bergs sometimes set with stones, must cut great trenches through soft sediments, shove forwards and contort the beds, and smoothe and grave the rocks with long grooves and striations, like those produced by glaciers on land. When melting, and especially when aground, the stony and muddy débris that falls from them will arrange itself in mounds, a circumstance that easily accounts for the irregularity of surface of many upheaved glacial sea-drifts, holding lakes, pools, and peat-mosses (once lakes), like those among the Kaims of Castle Kennedy in Wigtonshire, and of Carnwath, or like others in the lowlands of Fife, and various other places in Scotland, but especially in Finland, where, according to Nordenskiöld, the whole country is covered with lakes dammed up by Osars, in Scotland known as Kaims, and in Ireland as Eskers. These curious heaps and long mounds occur in England at least as far south as the Tyne and North Lancashire, but we are not aware that they have yet been observed farther south, or round the borders of Wales.

Though much has been written by different authors about the transporting power of icebergs, and the scattering of boulders and finer sediments by their agency, no one has heretofore attempted to work out the theory of berg-action as a denuding power, in the way that it has been done in *Frost and Fire*; and one point of great value in the book is, that it so ably opposes the strong reaction which has lately risen against the power of bergs to produce any serious effect on the shape of the solid rocks of a submerged country, for some writers seem to attribute the mammillated moulding of rocks entirely to great land glaciers. But making every allowance for the prodigious and long-continued energy of huge grounding islands of fast-floating ice—a subject long ago mooted by Mr. Darwin—the question still remains, was it capable of producing every effect attributed to it by Mr. Campbell, taking into account all the conditions of extent and shape of the lands over which ice-action has been

observed? We think not, and believe, after considerable experience of the question, that land ice has done the greater share of the moulding work, while it is only by a union of the two—land glaciers and floating ice, that the whole of the phenomena can be clearly explained.

On this point, however, we must be brief for want of space. It is an undoubted fact that in North America, from the North Sea to latitudes 38° and 40° , rock-surfaces have been largely moulded by ice. It is seen high on the exposed parts of the Lawrentian mountains; it has been observed nearly to the summit of the Katskills; and in the plains, wherever the drift is removed, striations are evident, often, but not always, running from N.E. to S.W. The Green Mountains, for example, near Canaan, trend a little north of east in a set of parallel ridges, alternating with deep valleys; and the striations on the *roches moutonnées* run northwesterly across the tops of the ridges, down into the valleys, and up and over the opposite hills; yet the run of the hills and valleys is in a direction that, had the ice-marks been caused by icebergs driven by a northern current, we should expect to find striations on the hill-sides following the course of the valleys. The valley of the Hudson and its continuation through Lake Champlain is certainly lined on the bottom with marine deposits. Mr. Campbell describes striations running *along*, not down, the flanks of the hill at a height of 1935 feet above the sea, in a direction 40° N. of E., and he quotes Ramsay as having made similar observations on the same ground in 1857. At a height of 2850 feet, the same writer also noticed no traces of local glaciers, and he inferred at that time (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1859) that these horizontal striations were caused by icebergs drifting down the great valley of the Hudson, and grating as they passed along the slopes of the escarpment of the Katskill mountains in a sea about 3000 feet deep. From his subsequent writings, however, on glacial matters connected with the physical geology and geography of America, Great Britain, and other parts of Europe, it may be doubted if he would still adhere to the views expressed in 1859 respecting the ice-grooves on the Katskill mountains, especially when taken in connexion with the published writings of Professor Dana, Sir William Logan, and Professor H. Youle Hind. If the hollows holding the myriad lakes of North America that are true rock-basins, were actually, as has been attempted to be proved, ground out by land glacier-ice, then when a person has ceased to fear the magnitude of Agassiz's theory, he will not even shrink

from the consequences of inferring a glacier older than the marine drift big enough to produce horizontal striations high on the sides of the Katskill escarpment, especially when backed by the authority of an observer so able and so cautious as Professor Dana. But it may well be that striations were formed by both causes.

In his *Manual of Geology, with special reference to American Geological History* (a work that ought to be in the hand of every student of geology, old or young), Dana does not hesitate to adopt the idea of continental ice as the greatest scale, attributing the probable cause of the "glacial period" to general elevation of the land of the area, for "an elevation of 5000 feet is as probable as a subsidence of 5000 feet," and such subsidences have been of frequent occurrence in the history of the earth. But if the cold were so great in the far north, "there would have been a universal barrier in the universal ice and snow of the universal glacier. But on the south the ice would have had a limit, caused by the climate, motion would have been mainly southward, and the requisite leading slopes for the flow of the ice are found in two cases, in New England and eastern New York, along the Connecticut valley, east of the summit of the Green Mountains, and along the Hudson river valley, west of the summit." Such glaciers would have passed over the minor summits, scoring them on the way, and the Green Mountains would have given that more eastern direction to the striæ (noticed above) observed about the higher summits, because the general slope is eastward, while below the more elevated points, the southern inclination of the great valley itself *would have directed the movement of the extended glacier*. When, years ago, we saw the striations on the Green Mountains, we were sadly puzzled to account for the striations running transverse to the trend of the ranges, not only on their tops, but also on their sides. In vain we tried to account for them on the theory of local glaciers, and against the grain we attributed them to drifting icebergs; but now, on high authority, quoted above, it is stated that they may be accounted for on the hypothesis of a great glacier that overrode all minor obstructions. Sir William Logan, also, in his late report on the geology of Canada, does not hesitate to assert, not only that glacier-ice often seems to have passed over hills, but also that the striations running in at one end of lakes, and rising out at the other, point to the entire filling of these hollows with moving ice; and we infer from his remarks that he agrees with the hypothesis that these hollows were scooped out by the agency of land glaciers. If all

these markings on hill and hollow were made by icebergs, the great difficulty seems to be, how such floating bodies, under the influence of northern currents, could have produced even tolerably straight striations over irregular ground, formed of hills that often lay across the presumed tracks of the icebergs, and through deep lakes which are only basin-valleys filled with water; whereas, since we know that in the Alps, glacier-ice has gone over good-sized barriers, like the Kirchet near Meyringen, and across the hilly undulations of what are called the plains of Switzerland, then unmodified by the present system of rivers,—believing this, we say that both the puzzling and the simple striations of the North American continent seem most easily explained by the theory of continental ice.

In like manner, Professor Hind, in a "Preliminary Report" on the geology of New Brunswick, states that the whole country is covered with striations, generally, but not always, running $\text{N. } 10^{\circ} \text{ W.}$, in one case, "on the summit of the Blue Mountains, 1650 feet above the sea." . . . "In Prince William we can also," he says, "see the work the glacier has accomplished in excavating Lake George," and he boldly attributes the formation of great escarpments to the same cause; the whole showing "that the action of the ice slowly moving over it must have continued for an exceedingly long period of time." But though "the direction of the moving mass of ice was generally due north and south, as the glaciers approached the sea they accommodated themselves to the sinuosities of the valleys through which they made their escape, and produced striations in different directions. At a greater elevation and more inland, what were on the seashore mere ice-streams would be in the interior a uniform or broad glacial mass." The whole, he infers, "would involve a glacial mass certainly not less than 2000 feet in thickness," and quoting Agassiz, he says, "the thickness of the sheet cannot have been much less than 6000 feet," and, "in short, the ice of the great glacial period in America moved over the continent in one continuous sheet, overriding nearly all the inequalities of the surface."

Such are the conclusions drawn by several competent observers in North America, and we give them that readers may see both sides of the question.

Mr. Campbell's conclusions with regard to the power of icebergs in moulding the surface of the country on this side the Atlantic, are of the same nature with those which he supposes produced like effects in North America; but, as already stated, he believes that Europe had a distinct glacial period of

its own. We wish that space would allow us to give an epitome of his account of the intense glaciation of Scandinavia during that period, caused by the great northern Baltic current, of the launching of fleets of bergs from the slips direct for the eastern coasts of Scotland and England, then more than half submerged, and of his argument to show that the surface of the Highlands and the Lowlands, the north of England and Wales, were to a great degree modelled by floating ice, then and subsequently modified by local systems of glaciers. Whether we agree with all his views or not, no one can read his descriptions without pleasure and instruction, so vivid is the style and so perfect his power of clear exposition.

We must, however, refer to one point to which Mr. Campbell also calls attention, namely, the ice-worn character of fjords. It has been noticed by several writers, and first, we believe, by Professor Dana, that fjords are characteristic of all regions in which great glaciation has occurred. The coasts of Norway and of Scotland prove this, and the same is the case west of the Rocky Mountains, and on parts of the eastern coast of North America. Tierra del Fuego and the shores of a large part of South America west of the Andes, are similarly indented. These fjords are simply valleys through which large glaciers flowed when the land was higher than now, and Loch Lomond and others of the fresh water lochs in Scotland were fjords at certain periods of their history, since raised above the level of the sea. Their sides and the mountains bounding them to the very tops are often seen to have been moulded by ice, and they are rarely deepest towards their mouths. Raise the land and sea-bottom but a little, and they would often become lakes. Valleys and lake-hollows like them are common all over the Highlands of Scotland. Lake Champlain in North America is a case in point, and if Lombardy and Piedmont were submerged, which they never were during any part of the "glacial period," the great Italian lakes would be turned into fjords. We believe it to be impossible to account for the unnumbered lakes of the Highlands of Scotland, and far more for those of North America, by mere oscillations of level and *axial movements*, and it seems to us not more easy to account for them by the casual scooping power of grating ice-bergs. A great iceberg that might grind its way across the lip of a submerged deep rock-bound basin could scarcely touch the deeper bottom on the floor at all, till it reached the opposite bank; and if a hilly country were sinking beneath the sea, and emerging during a glacial period, though we can understand

how all its surface might be glaciated by land and sea ice during the process, thus producing both mammillations and terraces, it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, the striations would have a tendency (with variation) to follow a general northerly and southerly direction. If, for example, reported observations of striations are good, the great glacier-sheet that descended southwards from the Grampian Mountains flowed right across the lower undulations of the old red sandstone, and up and across the Ochil Hills, and it is not till we reach the lowlands of Fife and the Firth of Forth, that, joining the ice that flowed eastward through that great valley, the striation of the country took an eastward direction. The same kind of reasoning applies to the valley of the Clyde, and it seems to some good observers, therefore, that though bergs and flow-ice had their sway during a partial submergence of Britain, the main moulding of the surface was produced by sheets of land-ice similar to that which now covers Greenland or Victoria land, sea-ice being, they say, incompetent to produce these special effects, however great may be its power.

If Britain were submerged 1000 or 2000 feet, the mountains of the Highlands, the north of England, and of Wales, would form groups of islands, and in among the intricate mazes of the straits, sea-ice and bergs of moderate size might certainly float about and grind the rocks in all directions. Striations would then be formed along the coasts, which would more or less agree with the run of the valleys, especially during certain stages of submergence. Two things, however, are to be noted:—

First, In the wider countries round mountain regions the striations, as already stated, often run right across the country up hill and across dale, as if the mass of ice had been so great that it disregarded the minor obstructions of moderate-sized hills, and treated them as mere *roches moutonnées*; just as in Switzerland, and even in Wales, it has been said that when the large valleys were at their fullest, the ice overrode the minor spurs that bound tributary valleys. Few things are more striking than to stand on the top of Ingleburgh, in Yorkshire, or the high hills above Dent, and the beautiful valley of the Lune, and to scan, as it seems to us, not only the mammillated glaciation of the country up to the very tops of the hills, but also the manner in which the vast ice-sheet, at some part of its history, wound deep among all the labyrinthine valleys of the country, and yet, turning aside in its higher strata to find an unobstructed course, wrapped round the upper slopes, and along and over the hill-

sides in directions at all sorts of angles to the ice-currents that flowed deeper in the valleys, the whole, however, finding its way towards the low ground farther south.

Secondly, In the more mountainous regions of Britain that have been half submerged, the glaciers that again filled many of the valleys after emergence, partly, and we think often very largely, destroyed and modified the earlier markings, whether made by icebergs or by older and larger glaciers, and it thus becomes difficult to determine the precise origin of special ice-marks, otherwise than that they were made by ice. In many cases, however, as in parts of Ireland, in the plains, there is a confusion of striation, most easily accounted for by icebergs, while in other regions there is no such confusion, the marks corresponding best to those we know to have been produced by glacier-ice, even though they may be covered with marine drift; and there is nothing forced in this opinion, for if Greenland were now to be submerged slowly, the same effects would follow.

All the regions described by Mr. Campbell, excepting Scandinavia, we have had some personal experience of, and, we think, on the whole, that all the conditions of the case are best satisfied by a broad union of the two hypotheses, combined with that of a general cooling of the Northern hemisphere of the time. After much observation and varied reading, we feel convinced that the old glacier regions of the Alps, the Jura, the Black Forest, and the Vosges, were not depressed nearly so low as to be washed by the sea during any portion of this late European glacial epoch, whether or not distinct in time from that of America. If Switzerland were submerged, so that the blocks far above the Pierre-a-bot floated to the Jura on marine ice, as Mr. Campbell supposes, then marine "drift" ought to lie on the hills that flank the Rhine, far down to meet the drift of the plains north of Bonn and Cologne. After traversing the whole of that region with a special eye to the subject, we have failed to detect any drift. Neither is any known in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy. Farther north in Europe, beyond the Thüringerwald, marine ice-drift is plentiful enough.

It is conceivable, however, on Mr. Campbell's hypothesis, that the great old glaciers of these regions may have been due to the refrigeration of the centre of Europe by the influence of the Baltic current flowing from the icy regions of the North Sea and Scandinavia, but for various reasons, we think, the refrigeration of the north of Europe was due to causes of a more general kind, probably not yet fully understood.

In many passages of his book, Mr. Campbell satisfactorily shows, that since the so-called close of the glacial period of Europe, running water has not done much in the way of excavating valleys in Norway and elsewhere. This is perfectly true regarding the great features of the country. On either side of mountain-streams that now flow through old glacier valleys, ice-polished surfaces of rocks descend right down to the margins of the brooks and rivers, or to the edges of the gorges that rivers have cut for themselves. But it is equally clear that there must have been leading slopes through which the newly-formed glaciers flowed when a "glacial period" commenced, and the difficulty of the case is to find out how deeply and widely the valleys were excavated before that period began. The glacier of the Dora Baltea, for example, was of enormous size when it deposited its moraine more than 1600 feet high on either side of and far below Ivrea. The ice, at all events, was more than 1600 feet thick, and towards the latter days of the glacier the valley was as deep as it is now. The question then arises, and has been broached by Dr. Tyndall, Did these glaciers excavate the valleys down which they flowed? That they moulded them is allowed by all, excepting the dying school, who look upon mountains and valleys as chiefly owing to fracture and disturbance, and not to wear and waste of rocky masses due to all kinds of atmospheric disintegration, after the manner long ago so perfectly illustrated by Hutton. Now there are regions on the Continent of Europe, and even in Britain, of which no one has asserted that during the glacial period they were covered by glaciers. Take for example the great tablelands on either side of the Rhine and Moselle, where "drift" or glacial débris is utterly unknown. Those who like the idea of sudden and strong physical force better than that of *time*, or who are unaccustomed to think of hills and valleys and slopes on a true scale of angles, may continue to maintain that the courses of these streams, and the unnumbered valleys that run into them, all lie in lines of fracture. But in modern phrase, the contorted and half-metamorphosed strata of the Moselle, have been planed across by old marine denudation, and in this old plain the valleys were and are being excavated, at least ever since the close of Miocene times, in this manner. When the land fairly emerged, a downward flow in a given direction originated, dependent on slight undulations of surface. The river began to cut its course, bending hither and thither. On the convex sides of the curves of the water, the more rapid rushes cut away the ground and com-

menced cliffs, and just in proportion as the river cut its way in any given direction *into* the hill, so it deepened its bed, and thus in time, on the side towards which the water flowed, a high steep slope or cliff was formed; whereas, on the other side,—the re-entering angle,—a long gentle slope passes down to the margin of the river. The water is therefore deep on its convex side and shallow on the opposite bank, and where the water is deep the cliff is high, and *vice versa*, and this sort of process, having gone on in that and other regions from time immemorial, even (almost) in a geological sense, and being modified by the cutting through of necks of land in the curves of the rivers, in course of time valleys are widened by the action of weather and running water alone. In more mountainous regions this is less marked, but even there, given sufficient time, even without snow and ice, valleys must in the long run deepen and widen. The stream flows on and deepens its course; because of this deepening tributaries are formed, secondary tributary rivulets and brooks are again formed to these, the banks of all are cut away, the intervening ridges themselves in time disappear, and this may be the case whether the agent be ice or water. Let a "glacial period" come on and overflow the country with ice, and let it continue long enough, then all the minor details of mere watery action will be obliterated, and an extreme lover of ice might very well attribute the entire excavation to the long-continued passage of glaciers.

In our own country, in the Weald, there is a broad valley forty miles across, and many minor ones, entirely due to denudation, by water as far as we know; and in the district of the High Peak in Derbyshire, and the neighbouring parts on the north, where there are no signs of glaciers, the formation of valleys in the flat-lying carboniferous shales and sandstones, helped by numerous landslips, miles in length, seem to be due chiefly to the agency of running water. Whether or not this was the case, running water apparently may be amply sufficient for the purpose.

The questions raised in the part of these volumes bearing on frost, are so many that it would be difficult in an ordinary review to touch on half of them, and therefore we must hasten to the question as to whether or not the glacial periods of Europe and America were distinct in time.

Putting aside mere moraines made by minor glaciers in regions where they are no longer found, superficial glacial deposits in the main consist of three kinds, both in Europe and America:—Oldest, but often absent, there is apt to be an unstratified boulder clay; later,

in Britain, are rudely stratified boulder-beds, containing Arctic shells, and various minor subformations not at present important to us. The same succession has been more vaguely described in America, and above these are the shell-banks of Quebec, the Leda clays of Montreal, described by Dr. Dawson, and the laminated clays of the Hudson, and Lake Champlain. These last, in which the whales and seals cited by Mr. Campbell were buried, are not ice-borne boulder-clays, but finely-laminated clays, without stones, like those on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany. The rocky floor on which true glacial beds rest has almost everywhere been intensely ice-worn, and the circumstances therefore entirely resemble those with which we are familiar over that part of Europe that has been worked upon by land-ice, and then submerged during our "glacial period."

Believing as we do, that the lower unstratified boulder clays of America are often, as with us, relics of old moraine on a great scale, we do not think that all the chief phenomena of glaciation of that continent, as described by Logan, Dana, and Hind, can be accounted for by any theory by which icebergs are required to have done the main work of moulding the surface of the country. But agreement in detail will not prove synchronism in the glacial periods of the two continents, and, indeed, in the present state of knowledge, however much we suspect it to be true, it is impossible to prove, on ordinary geological grounds, that the glacial period of Europe is of the same date with the submergence of great part of North America, while it is equally impossible to show that a glacial period in North America co-existed, or did not co-exist, with Mr. Campbell's Baltic current.

Looked at on a large scale, the following are some of the main facts. Glacial phenomena are traceable across North America to Behring's Straits. In Siberia, according to Tchihatcheff, marine glacial beds occur, passing from the plains up the valleys of the Altai, but destitute of boulders; and this can be easily accounted for by the probable absence of land between the shores of Siberia and the pole. Not far west of the northern Ural, strata full of "wandering stones" are common, and these continue all across Europe and into the sea beyond. We do not think that the cold of all these vast regions can be accounted for by a Baltic current, or by any other set of mere geographical changes. Further, the amount of submergence indicated by Mr. Campbell, we believe did not everywhere take place. We venture to dispute Dr. Hitchcock's statement that marine terraces exist on Snowdon, at 3000 feet above the sea, and we dare to assert that, in 1847,

on the same mountain, at the same height, Mr. Baumgarten found Lower Silurian, and not Arctic species. No continental, and few English geologists, now believe in the floating from the Alps of the erratics on the Jura by marine ice-rafts, and no marine boulder-bearing strata approach the Alps and the Jura of later than Miocene date. There are no post-tertiary beds corresponding to our "drift" in their neighbourhood, either north or south of the Alps and Jura. We also know the country round the source of the Danube, 2850 feet above the sea, having visited it in search of drift, and found none. We scarcely dare to speculate on what would take place by enlarging Behring's Straits, and lowering the Himalayas 10,000 feet. It is dangerous ground till something definite is known on the subject. During the "glacial period" the Himalayas may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been higher instead of lower, for it is a long way from thence to the plains of Siberia. To sum up, glaciers on a great scale have been proved in Britain and Ireland, Scandinavia, the Black Forest and the Vosges, the Jura, the Alps, and Carpathians, the Pyrenees and the south of Spain, the Caucasus and Lebanon, etc.; and, if reports be true, there are glacial markings high in the passes of Horeb and Sinai, while moraines partly circle their feet. In some of these regions glacier ice has disappeared; in the others, the glaciers have shrunk to pigmy size compared with their former dimensions. There can be little doubt that many other mountain regions in Europe and Asia, and perhaps even in Africa, would tell the same tale, if trustworthy accounts of them could be got.

It seems to us, then, that though variations of level had a great deal to do with the question, geographical changes, involving modifications of sea-currents, are insufficient to account for all the phenomena, and we still think that there was a general "glacial period" for the Northern hemisphere, during which the northern halves of Europe and America were, to a vast extent, overridden by glaciers, which moulded the land, and flowed over minor obstructions, great to us, but small when compared with the mass of ice. Then, but especially later, when climate began to ameliorate, under-currents of ice accommodated themselves to the sinuosities of the valleys, even while the upper currents tended towards the direction of the major drainage, thus moulding the whole of a great glacier country, and yet producing seemingly divergent striations, as we now find them in a fragmentary state. While this was going on, submergence took place in Europe. Then the great Baltic current, so admirably illustrated by Campbell, had its sway; boulders

were floated on ice-rafts over the sunken land; and sea-shells of Arctic type were mixed with the débris; and when the land again arose, a milder phase of the glacial period still continuing, smaller glaciers ploughed out the "drift" from many of the valleys, and left their moraines as they crept up higher and higher into the upper glens during a gradual change of climate. It has been stated that the same course of events may be traced in America, but it does not therefore follow that America and Europe were submerged at the same time, even though they both contemporaneously endured a glacial period. There is certainly much to be said on "the geographical" side of the question; but the other explanation, now by no means new, seems to us to meet the whole case in the best manner that existing data will allow.

A new phase of the subject is even now opening on us, if Mr. James Croll's theory,* which attracts so much attention, should prove to be correct. In this remarkable memoir he has attempted to show that "the physical cause of the change of climate during *glacial epochs*" is due to "the position of the earth in relation to the sun, which must, to a very large extent, influence the earth's climate." This position, depending on the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and on the inclination of its axis, is shown to produce, of necessity, great alternating changes of temperature in the Northern and Southern hemispheres. According to it, our glacial period is far gone, while the south still suffers from one which is probably increasing in intensity, while ours diminishes. This evidently bears upon a much larger question, namely, the recurrence of glacial periods in geological time, a question now rising into prominence, and long ago, we believe, surmised by Agassiz, from considerations connected with the prevalence and poverty of life characteristic of formations of different ages. Of later date, proofs have been advanced by Ramsay to show that icebergs scattered boulder débris over parts of Europe during the Permian epoch; and in the north of Italy the same kind of evidence has been satisfactorily adduced by Gastaldi with respect to the older Miocene strata. It has lately been announced in the *Reader*, that the same kind of evidence bears on the Old red sandstone boulder-beds of the north of England, and, if true, there can be no doubt that it equally applies to the Old red conglomerates of much of Scotland. Other formations will certainly some day be recognised as showing signs of ice-drifts from Silu-

* *Philosophical Magazine*, August, 1864.

rian times upward. If recurrent glacial periods can be shown to depend on a great astronomical law, we will then begin at length fairly to understand the subject.

Here, however, we must rest, heartily commending Mr. Campbell's volumes to every one interested in the subject we have chiefly dwelt upon. Whether we agree with him or

not in all his inferences, we learn more from him of the power of ice than we do from any other work that has been recently published on the subject. For the present we must leave the remainder of his work, even though it contains matter on volcanoes and other points of equal interest to that which we have more specially examined.

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ART. I.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MORE than enough has perhaps been said in disparagement of the eighteenth century. It is not therefore to speak more evil of that much abused time, but merely to note an obvious fact, if we say that its main tendency was towards the outward and the finite. Just freed from the last ties of feudalism, escaped too from long religious conflicts which had resulted in war and revolution, the feelings of the British people took a new direction: the nation's energies were wholly turned to the pacific working out of its material and industrial resources. Let us leave those deep, interminable questions, which lead only to confusion, and let us stick to plain, obvious facts, which cannot mislead, and which yield such comfortable results. This was the genius and temper of the generation that followed the glorious Revolution. Nor was there wanting a man to give definite shape and expression to this tendency of the national mind. Locke, a shrewd and practical man, who knew the world, furnished his countrymen with a way of thinking singularly in keeping with their then temper; a philosophy which, discarding abstruse ideas, fashioned thought mainly out of the senses; an ethics founded on the selfish instincts of pleasure and pain; and a political theory which, instead of the theocratic dreams of the Puritans, or the divine right of the High-Churchmen, or the historic traditions of feudalism, grounded government on the more prosaic but not less unreal phantasy of an original contract. This whole philosophy, however inconsistent with what is noblest in British history, was so congenial a growth of the British soil, that no other has ever struck so deep a root, or spread so wide and endur-

ing an influence. But this process, introduced by Locke for the purpose of moderating the pretensions of human thought, came to be gloried in by his followers as its highest achievement. The half century after Locke was no doubt full of mental activity in certain directions. It saw Physical Science attain its highest triumph in the Newtonian discoveries; History studied after a certain manner by votaries more numerous than ever before; and the new science of Political Economy created. But while these fields were thronged with busy inquirers, and though Natural Theology was much argued and discussed, yet from the spiritual side of all questions, from the deep things of the soul, from men's living relations to the eternal world, educated thought seemed to turn instinctively away. The guilds of the learned, as by tacit consent, either eschewed these subjects altogether, or, if they were constrained to enter on them, they had laid down for themselves certain conventional limits, beyond which they did not venture. On the other side of these lay mystery, enthusiasm, fanaticism—spectres abhorred of the wise and prudent. How entirely the mechanical philosophy had saturated the age, may be seen from the fact that Wesley, the leader of the great spiritual counter-movement of last century, the preacher of divine realities to a generation fast bound in sense, yet in the opening of his sermon on faith indorses the sensational theory, and declares that to man in his natural condition sense is the only inlet of knowledge.

The same spirit which pervaded the philosophy and theology of that era is apparent not less in its poetry and literature. Limitation of range, with a certain perfectness of form, contentment with the surface-view of

things, absence of high imagination, repression of the deeper feelings, man looked at mainly on his conventional side, careful descriptions of manners, but no open vision,—these are the prevailing characteristics. Doubtless the higher truth was not even then left without its witnesses, Butler and Berkeley in speculation, Burns and Cowper in poetry, Burke in political philosophy,—these were either the criers in the wilderness against the idols of their times, or the prophets of the new truth that was being born. Men's thoughts cannot deal earnestly with many things at once; and each age has its own work assigned it; and the work of the eighteenth century was mainly one of the utilitarian understanding, one of active but narrow intelligence, divorced from imagination, from deep feeling, from reverence, from spiritual insight. And when this one-sided work was done, the result was isolation, individualism, self-will; the universal in thought lost sight of, the universal in ethics denied; everywhere, in speculation as in practice, the private will dominant, the Universal Will forgotten. To exult over the ignorant past, to glory in the wonderful present, to have got rid of all prejudices, to have no strong beliefs except in material progress, to be tolerant of all things but fanaticism, this was its highest boast. And though this self-complacent wisdom received some rude shocks in the crash of revolution with which its peculiar era closed, and though the soul and spirit that are in man, long unheeded, then once more awoke and made themselves heard, that one-sided and soulless intelligence, if weakened, was not destroyed. It was carried over into this century in the brisk but barren criticism of the early *Edinburgh Review*. And at this very moment there are symptoms enough on every side that the same spirit, after having received a temporary repulse, is again more than usually alive.

The same manner of thought which we have attempted to describe as it existed in our own country, dominated in others during the same period. So well is it known in Germany that they have a name for it, which we want. They call it by a term which means the Illumination or Enlightenment, and they have marked the notes by which it is known. Some who are deep in German lore tell us that Europe has produced but one power really counteractive of this Illumination, or tyranny of the mere understanding, and that is, the philosophy of Kant and Hegel. And they affect no small scorn for any attempt at reaction, which has originated elsewhere. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, there did arise nearer home men who felt the defect in the thought of the pre-

ceding age, and did much to supply it; who strove to base philosophy on principles of universal reason; and who, into thought and sentiment dwarfed and starved by the effects of Enlightenment, poured the inspiration of soul and spirit. The men who mainly did this in England were Wordsworth and Coleridge. These are the native champions of spiritual truth against the mechanical philosophy of the Illumination. Of the former of the two we took occasion to speak not long since in this *Review*. In something of the same way we propose to place now before our readers some account of the friend of Wordsworth, whom his name naturally recalls, a man not less original nor remarkable than he—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. And yet, though the two were friends, and shared together many mental sympathies, between the lives and characters of the philosophic poet and the poetic philosopher there was more of contrast than of likeness. The one, robust and whole in body as in mind, resolute in will, and single in purpose, knowing little of books and of other men's thoughts, and caring less for them, set himself, with his own unaided resources, to work out the great original vein of poetry that was within him, and stooped not, nor turned aside, till he had fulfilled his task, had enriched English literature with a new poetry of the deepest and purest ore, and thereby made the world for ever his debtor. The other, master of an ampler and more varied, though not richer field, of quicker sympathies, less self-sustained, but touching life and thought at more numerous points, eager to know all that other men had thought and known, and working as well on a basis of wide erudition as on his own internal resources, but with a body that did him grievous wrong, and frustrated, not obeyed, his better aspirations, and a will faltering and irresolute to follow out the behests of his surpassing intellect, he but drove in a shaft here and there into the vast mine of thought that was in him, and died leaving samples rather of what he might have done, than a full and rounded achievement,—yet samples so rich, so varied, so suggestive, that to thousands they have been the quickeners of new intellectual life, and that to this day they stand unequalled by anything his country has since produced. In one point, however, the friends are alike. They both turned aside from professional aims, devoted themselves to pure thought, set themselves to counter-work the mechanical and utilitarian bias of their time, and became the great spiritualizers of the thought of their countrymen, the fountains from which has flowed most of what is high and unworldly and elevating in the thinking and speculation of the succeeding age.

It is indeed strange, that of Coleridge's philosophy, once so much talked of, and really so important in its influence, no comprehensive account has been ever attempted. The only attempt in this direction that we know of, is that made six years after Coleridge's death, and now more than twenty years ago, by one who has since become the chief expounder of that philosophy which Coleridge laboured all his life to refute. In his well-known essay, Mr. Mill, while fully acknowledging that no other Englishman, save only his own teacher Bentham, had left so deep an impress on his age, yet turns aside from making a full survey of Coleridge's whole range of thought, precluded, as he confesses, by his own radical opposition to Coleridge's fundamental principles. After setting forth clearly the antagonistic schools of thought which, since the dawn of philosophy, have divided opinion as to the origin of knowledge, and after declaring his own firm adhesion to the sensational school, and his consequent inability to sympathize with Coleridge's metaphysical views, he passes from this part of the subject, and devotes the rest of his essay mainly to the consideration of Coleridge as a political philosopher. This, however, is but one, and that by no means the chief department of thought, to which Coleridge devoted himself. Had Mr. Mill felt disposed to give to the other and more important of Coleridge's speculations,—his views on metaphysics, on morals, and on religion,—as well as to his criticisms and his poetry, the same masterly treatment which he has given to his politics, any further attempt in that direction might have been spared. But it is characteristic of Mr. Mill, that, though gifted with a power which no other writer of his school possesses, of entering into lines of thought, and of apparently sympathizing with modes of feeling, most alien to his own, he still, after the widest sweep of appreciation, returns at last to the ground from which he started, and there entrenches himself within his original tenets as firmly as if he had never caught a glimpse of other and higher truths, with which his own principles are inconsistent.

Before we enter on the intellectual result of Coleridge's labours, and inquire what new elements he has added to British thought, it may be well to pause for a moment, and review briefly the well-known circumstances of his life. This will not only add a human interest to the more abstract thoughts which follow, but may perhaps help to make them better understood. And if, in contrast with the life of Wordsworth, and with its own splendid promise, the life of Coleridge is disappointing even to sadness, it has not the less for that a mournful interest; while the

union of transcendent genius with infirmity of will and irregular impulses, the failure and the penitential regret, lend to his story a humanizing, even a tragic, pathos, which touches our common nature more closely than any gifts of genius.

The vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, was the birthplace and early home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. As in Wordsworth, we said that his whole character was in keeping with his native Cumberland—the robust northern yeoman, only touched with genius—so the character of Coleridge, as far as it had any local hue, seems more native to South England. Is it fanciful to imagine that there was something in that character which accords well with the soft mild air, and the dreamy loveliness that rests on the blue combs and sea-coves of South Devon? He was born on the 21st of October, 1772, the youngest child of ten by his father's second marriage with Anne Bowdon, said to have been a woman of strong practical sense, thrifty, industrious, very ambitious for her sons, but herself without any "tincture of letters." Plainly not from her, but wholly from his father, did Samuel Taylor take his temperament. The Rev. John Coleridge, sometime head-master of the Free Grammar School, afterwards vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary's, is described as, for his age, a great scholar, studious, immersed in books, altogether unknowing and regardless of the world and its ways, simple in nature and primitive in manners, heedless of passing events, and usually known as "the absent man." In a Latin grammar which he wrote for his pupils, he changed the case which Julius Cæsar named, from the ablative to the Quale-quare-quidditive, just as his son might have done had he ever taken to writing grammars. He wrote dissertations on portions of the Old Testament, showing the same sort of disencumberedness which his son afterwards did on a larger scale. In his sermons, he used to quote the very words of the Hebrew Scriptures, till the country people used to exclaim admiringly, "How fine he was! He gave us the very words the Spirit spoke in." Of his absent fits and his other eccentricities many stories were long preserved in his own neighbourhood, which Coleridge used to tell to his friends at Highgate, till the tears ran down his face at the remembrance. Among other well-known stories, it is told that once when he had to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, his wife, on opening the portmanteau, was surprised to find no shirts there. On asking

him to account for this, she found that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day, but each above the other. And there were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back. With all these eccentricities, he was a good and unworldly Christian pastor, much beloved and respected by his own people. Though Coleridge was only seven years old when his father was taken away by a sudden death, he remembered him to the last with deep reverence and love. "O that I might so pass away, if, like him, I were an Israelite without guile! The image of my father—my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father—is a religion to me."

During his childhood, he tells us, he never took part in the plays and games of his brothers, but sought refuge by his mother's side to read his little books and listen to the talk of his elders. If he played at all it was at cutting down nettles with a stick, and fancying them the seven champions of Christendom. He had, he says, the simplicity and docility of a child, but he never thought or spoke as a child.

But his childhood, such as it was, did not long last. At the age of nine he was removed to a school in the heart of London, Christ's Hospital, "an institution," says Charles Lamb, "to keep those who yet hold up their heads in the world from sinking." The presentation to this charity school, no doubt a great thing for the youngest of so many sons, was obtained through the influence of Judge Buller, formerly one of his father's pupils. "O what a change," writes Coleridge in after years, "from home to this city school: depressed, moping, friendless, a poor orphan, half-starved!" Of this school Charles Lamb, the school companion, and through life the firm friend of Coleridge, has left two descriptions in his delightful Essays. Everything in the world has, they say, two sides; certainly Christ's Hospital must have had. One cannot imagine any two things more unlike than the picture which Lamb draws of the school in his first essay and that in the second. The first sets forth the look which the school wore to Lamb himself, a London boy, with his family close at hand, ready to welcome him at all hours, and ready to send him daily supplies of additional food, and with influential friends among the trustees, who, if he had wrongs, would soon see them righted. The second shows the step-dame side it turned on Coleridge, an orphan from the country, with no friends at hand, moping, half-starved, "for in those days the food of the Blue-coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them." Any one who cares to see these things

sketched off as no other could sketch them, may turn to Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*. "To this late hour of my life," he represents Coleridge as saying, "I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return, but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day leaves; when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying; the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return towards nightfall to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired." In one of these bathing excursions Coleridge swam the New River in his clothes, and let them dry in the fields on his back. This laid the first seeds of those rheumatic pains and that prolonged bodily suffering which never afterwards left him, and which did so much to frustrate the rich promise of his youth.

In the lower school at Christ's the time was spent in idleness, and little was learnt. But even then Coleridge was a devourer of books, and this appetite was fed by a strange accident, which, though often told, must here be repeated once again. One day as the lower schoolboy walked down the Strand, going with his arms as if in the act of swimming, he touched the pocket of a passer-by. "What, so young and so wicked!" exclaimed the stranger, at the same time seizing the boy for a pickpocket. "I am not a pickpocket; I only thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." The capturer, who must have been a man of some feeling, was so struck with the answer, and with the intelligence as well as simplicity of the boy, that instead of handing him over to the police, he subscribed to a library, that thence Coleridge might in future get his fill of books. In a short time he read right through the catalogue and exhausted the library. While Coleridge was thus idling his time in the lower school, Middleton, an elder boy, afterwards writer on the Greek article and Bishop of Calcutta, found him one day sitting in a corner and reading Virgil by himself, not as a lesson, but for pleasure. Middleton re-

ported this to Dr. Bowyer, then head-master of the school, who, on questioning the master of the lower school about Coleridge, was told that he was a dull scholar, could never repeat a single rule of syntax, but was always ready to give one of his own. Henceforth Coleridge was under the head-master's eye, and soon passed into the upper school to be under his immediate care. Dr. Bowyer was one of the stern old disciplinarians of those days, who had boundless faith in the lash. Coleridge was one of those precocious boys who might easily have been converted into a prodigy, had that been the fashion at the time. But, "thank Heaven," he said, "I was flogged instead of flattered." He was so ordinary looking a boy, with his great black head, that Bowyer, when he had flogged him, generally ended with an extra cut, "For you are such an ugly fellow." When he was fifteen, Coleridge, in order to get rid of school, wished to be apprenticed to a shoemaker and his wife, who had been kind to him. On the day when some of the boys were to be apprenticed to trades, Crispin appeared and sued for Coleridge. The head-master, on hearing the proposal, and Coleridge's assent, hurled the tradesman from the room with such violence, that had this last been litigiously inclined, he might have sued the doctor for assault. And so Coleridge used to joke, "I lost the opportunity of making safeguards for the *understandings* of those who will never thank me for what I am trying to do in exercising their reason."

While Coleridge was at school, one of his brothers was attending the London Hospital, and from his frequent visits there the Blue-coat boy imbibed a love of surgery and doctoring, and was for a time set on making this his profession. He devoured English, Latin, and Greek books of medicine voraciously, and had by heart a whole Latin medical dictionary. But this dream gave way, or led on to a rage for metaphysics, which set him on a course of abstruse reading, and finally landed him in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, after perusing which, he sported infidel. When this new turn reached Bowyer's ears, he sent for Coleridge. "So, sirrah! you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you." So saying, the doctor administered the severest, and, as Coleridge used to say, the only just flogging he ever received.

Of this stern scholastic Lamb has left the following portrait:—

"He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to

the school when he made his morning appearance in his 'Passy,' or passionate wig. Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner recess or library, and with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Ods my life, sirrah (his favourite adjuration), I have a great mind to whip you," then with as retracting an impulse fling back into his lair, and then, after a cooling relapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, 'and I *will*, too.' In his gentler moods he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping a boy and reading the *Debates* at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between." . . . "Perhaps," adds Lamb, "we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of Coleridge (the joke was no doubt Lamb's own) when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed, "Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'"

How much of all this may be Lamb's love of fun one cannot say. Coleridge always spoke of Dr. Bowyer with grateful affection. In his literary life he speaks of having enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though severe master; one who taught him to prefer Demosthenes to Cicero, Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ovid; who accustomed his pupils to compare Lucretius, Terence, and the purer poems of Catullus, not only with "the Roman poets of the silver, but even with those of the Augustan era, and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction." This doctrine was wholesome though rare in those days, not so common even now, so much so that some have supposed that in these and other lessons with which Coleridge credited Dr. Bowyer, he was but reflecting back on his master from his own after thoughts.

While Coleridge was being thus wholesomely drilled in the great ancient models, his own poetic power began to put forth some buds. Up to the age of fifteen, his school verses were not beyond the mark of a clever schoolboy. At sixteen, however, the genius cropped out. The first ray of it appears in a short allegory, written at the latter age, and entitled "Real and Imaginary Time." The opening lines are—

"On the wide level of a mountain's head,
I knew not where; but 'twas some faery place."

In that short piece, short and slight as it is,

there is a real touch of his after spirit and melody.

During those years when he was in the upper school, metaphysics and controversial theology struggled for some time with poetry for the mastery; but at last, under the combined influence of a first love and of Bowles' poems, he was led clear of the bewildering maze, and poetry for some years was paramount. It may seem strange now that Bowles' sonnets and early poems, which Coleridge then met with for the first time, should have produced on him so keen an impression of novelty. But so it often happens that what was, on its first appearance, quite original, looked back upon in after years, when it has been absorbed into the general taste, seems to lose more than half its freshness. There can be no doubt of the powerful effect that Bowles had on Coleridge's dawning powers; that he opened the young poet's eyes to what was false and meretricious in the courtly school from Pope to Darwin, and made him feel that here, for the first time in contemporary poetry, natural thought was combined with natural diction—heart reconciled with head. To those who care for these things, it would be worth while to turn to the first chapter of Coleridge's *Literary Life*, and see there the first fermenting of his poetic taste and principles. But during those last school years, while his mind was thus expanding, and while his existence was a more tolerable, in some respects even a happy one, he was suffering much in that body, in which throughout life he had to endure so much. Full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, inherent it may be in his constitution, but doubtless not lessened by those swimnings over the New River in his clothes. But, above these sufferings, which were afterwards so heavily to weigh him down, Coleridge, during his early years, had a buoyancy of heart which enabled him to rise, and to hide them from ordinary observers. Having dwelt thus long on Coleridge's school-days, because they are very fully recorded, and contain as in miniature both the strength and the weakness of the full-grown man, we may close them with Lamb's description of Coleridge as he appeared in retrospect of Lamb's school companions:—

"Come back to my memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech

and the garb of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of *Iamblichus* or *Plotinus*; for even then thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts; or reciting *Homer* in his Greek, or *Pindar*; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

It is hardly possible to conceive two school times more unlike than this of Coleridge at Christ's, pent into the heart of London city, and that of Wordsworth at Hawkshead, free of Esthwaite Mere, and all the surrounding solitudes. And yet each, as well in habits and teaching as in outward scenery and circumstance, answers strangely to the characters and after lives of the two friends.

Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in February 1791, just a month after Wordsworth had quitted the University. On neither of the poets did their University life leave much impression. For neither was that the place and the hour. Coleridge for a time, under the influence of his elder friend Middleton, was industrious, read hard, and obtained the prize for the Greek Sapphic ode. It was on some subject about slavery, and was better in its thoughts than its Greek. Afterwards he tried for the Craven Scholarship, in which contest his rivals were Keate, afterwards head-master of Eton, Bethell, who became an M.P. for Yorkshire, and Butler, the future head of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield, who won the scholarship. Out of sixteen or seventeen competitors, Coleridge was selected along with these three; but he was not the style of man to come out great in University competitions. He had not that exactness and readiness which are needed for these trials; and he wanted entirely the competitive ardour which is with many so powerful an incentive. After this there is no more notice of regular work. His heart was elsewhere—in poetry, with Bowles for guide; in philosophy, with Hartley, who had belonged to his own college, for master; and in politics, which then filled all ardent young minds even to passionate intoxication. For the French Revolution was then in its first frenzy, promising liberty, virtue, regeneration to the old and outworn world. Into that vortex of boundless hope and wild delirium what high-minded youth could keep from plunging? Not Coleridge. "In the general conflagration," he writes, "my feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled. I should have been ashamed rather than proud of myself if they had." Pamphlets were pouring from the press on the great subjects then filling all men's minds; and whenever one appeared

from the pen of Burke or other man of power, Coleridge, who had read it in the morning, repeated it every word to his friends gathered round their small supper-tables. Presently one Friend, a fellow of Jesus College, being accused of sedition, of defamation of the Church of England, and of holding Unitarian doctrines, was tried by the authorities, condemned, and banished the University. Coleridge sided zealously with Friend, not only from the sympathy which generous youth always feels for the persecuted, but also because he had himself adopted those Unitarian and other principles for which Friend was ejected. Hence would come a growing disaffection, which must have been weakening his attachment to his University, when other circumstances arose, which, in his second year of residence, brought his Cambridge career to a sudden close. The loss of his trusty friend and guide Middleton, who, failing in his final examination, quitted the University without obtaining a fellowship; and the pressure of some college debts, less than £100, incurred through his own inexperience, drove Coleridge into despondency. He went to London, and wandered hopelessly about the streets, and at night sat down on the steps of a house in Chancery Lane, where, being soon surrounded by swarms of beggars, real or feigned, he emptied to them the little money that remained in his pockets. In the morning, seeing an advertisement—"Wanted Recruits for the 15th Light Dragoons," he said to himself, "Well, I have hated all my life soldiers and horses; the sooner I cure myself of that the better." He enlisted as Private Comberbach, a name, the truth of which he himself was wont to say, his horse must have fully appreciated. A rare sight it must have been to see Coleridge perched on some hard-set, rough-trotting trooper, and undergoing his first lessons in the riding-school, with the riding-master shouting out to the rest of the awkward squad, "Take care of that Comberbach; he'll ride over you." For the grooming of his horse and other mechanical duties Coleridge was dependent on the kindness of his comrades, with whom he was a great favourite. Their services he repaid by writing all their letters to their wives and sweethearts. At last the following sentence written up in the stable under his saddle, "*Eheu, quam infortuni, miserrimum est fuisse felicem*," revealed his real condition to a captain who had Latin enough to translate the words, and heart enough to feel them. About the same time an old Cambridge acquaintance, passing through Reading on his way to join his regiment, met Coleridge in the street in dra-

goon dress, stopped him when he would have passed, and informed his friends. After about four months' service he was bought off, returned to Cambridge, stayed there but a short time, and finally left in June 1794 without taking a degree.

Then followed what may be called his Bristol period, including his first friendship with Southey, their dream of emigration, their marriage, Coleridge's first attempts at authorship, and his many ineffectual plans for settling what he used to call the Bread and Cheese Question. On leaving Cambridge he went to Oxford, and there met with Southey, still an under-graduate at Balliol, whose friendship, quickly formed, became one of the main hinges on which Coleridge's after life turned. Their tastes and opinions on religion and politics were then at one, though their characters were widely different. Southey, with far less genius than Coleridge, possessed that firmness of will, that definite aim and practical wisdom, the want of which were the bane of Coleridge's life. Southey's high and pure disposition and consistent conduct, combined with much mental power and literary acquirement, awakened in Coleridge an admiring sense of the duty and dignity of making actions accord with principles, both in word and deed. In after years Southey was to Coleridge a faithful monitor in word, and a friend firm and self-denying in deed. Morally, we must say that he rose as much above Coleridge, as in genius he fell below him. But at their first meeting, pure and high-minded as Southey was, he had not so fixed his views, or so systematically ordered his life, as he soon after did. He too had been stirred at heart, as Coleridge and Wordsworth also were, by the moral earthquake of the French Revolution. Enthusiastically democratic in politics and Unitarian in religion, he at once responded to the day-dream of Pantisocracy, which Coleridge opened to him at Oxford. This was a plan of founding a community in America, where a band of brothers, cultivated and pure-minded, were to have all things in common, and selfishness was to be unknown. The common land was to be tilled by the common toil of the men; the wives, for all were to be married, were to perform all household duties, and abundant leisure was to remain over for social intercourse, or to pursue literature, or in more pensive moods

"Soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind

Muse on the sore ills they had left behind."

The banks of the Susquehanna were to be this earthly paradise, chosen more for the melody of the name than for any ascertained

advantages. Indeed, they hardly seem to have known exactly where it was. Southey soon left Balliol, and the two friends went to Bristol, Southey's native town, there to prepare for carrying out the Pantisocratic dream. Such visions have been not only dreamed since then, but carried out by enthusiastic youths, and the result leaves no reason to regret that Coleridge's and Southey's project never got further than being a dream. Want of money was, as usual, the immediate cause of failure; everything else had been provided for, but when it came to the point it was found that neither the two leaders, nor any of the other friends who had embarked in the scheme, had money enough to pay their passage to America. Southey was the first to see how matters stood and to recant. At this Coleridge was greatly disgusted, and gave vent to his disappointment in vehement language. The scheme was abandoned early in 1795, and the two young poets, having been for some time in love with two sisters of a Bristol family, were married, Coleridge in October of that year to Sarah Fricker, and Southey six weeks later to her sister Edith.

Marriage, of course, brought the money question home to Coleridge more closely than Pantisocracy had done. And the three or four following years were occupied with attempts to solve it. But his ability was not of the money-making order, nor did his habits, natural or acquired, give even such ability as he had a fair chance in the toil for bread. First he tried lecturing to the Bristol folks on the political subjects of the time, and on religious questions. But either the lectures did not pay, or Coleridge did not stick to them steadily, so they were soon given up, and afterwards published as *Conciones ad populum*, Coleridge's first prose work. Attacking with equal vehemence Pitt, the great minister of the day, and his opponents, the English Jacobins, Coleridge showed in this his earliest, as in his latest works, that he was not an animal that could be warranted to run quietly in the harness of any party, and that those who looked to him to do this work were sure of an upset. Coleridge's next enterprise was the publication of a weekly miscellany; its contents were to range over nearly the same subjects as those now discussed in the best weeklies, and its aim was to be, as announced in the motto, that "all may know the truth, and that the truth may make us free." But powerful as he would have been as a contributor, Coleridge was not the man to conduct such an undertaking, least of all to do so single-handed. The most notable thing about *The Watchman* was the tour he made through the Midland county towns with a flaming

prospectus, "Knowledge is power," to cry the political atmosphere. One of the most amusing descriptions Coleridge ever wrote is that of his encounter with the Birmingham tallow chandler, with hair like candle-wicks, and face pinguinatescent, for it was a melting day with him. After Coleridge had harangued the man of dips for half an hour, and run through every note in the whole gamut of eloquence, now reasoning, now declaiming, now indignant, now pathetic, on the state of the world as it is compared with what it should be; at the first pause in the harangue the tallow-chandler interposed:—

"And what might the cost be?" "Only *Four Pence* (O the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that *Four Pence*!) only four-pence, sir, each number." "That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year; and how much did you say there was to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir! large octavo, closely printed." "Thirty and two pages? Bless me, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth, and all that sort of things, but as to this (no offence, I hope, sir) I must beg to be excused."

But notwithstanding this repulse Coleridge returned to Bristol triumphant, with above a thousand subscribers' names, and having left on the minds of all who heard his wonderful conversation an impression that survived long after *The Watchman* with all it contained was forgotten. The first number of *The Watchman* appeared on the 1st of March, the tenth and last on the 13th of May, 1796. From various causes, delay in publishing beyond the fixed day, offence given to the religious subscribers by an essay against fast-days, to his democratic patrons by inveighing against Jacobinism and French philosophy, to the Tories by abuse of Pitt, to the Whigs by not more heartily backing Fox, the subscription list rapidly thinned, and he was glad to close the concern at a dead loss of money to himself, not to mention his wasted labour. Though this failure was to him, a very serious matter, he could still laugh heartily at the ludicrous side of it. He tells how one morning when he had risen earlier than usual, he found the servant girl lighting the fire with an extravagant quantity of paper. On his remonstrating against the waste, "La, sir!" replied poor Nanny, "why, it's only *The Watchman*."

The third of the Bristol enterprises was the publication of his *Juvenile Poems*, in the April of 1796, while *The Watchman* was still struggling for existence. For the copyright of these he received thirty guineas, from Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, who

to his own great credit undertook to publish the earliest works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth, at a time when those higher in the trade would have nothing to say to them. If Cottle long afterwards, when their names had waxed great, published a somewhat gossiping book of reminiscences, and gave to the public many petty details which a wiser man would have withheld, it should always be remembered to his honour, that he showed true kindness and liberality towards these men, especially towards Coleridge, when he greatly needed it, and that he had a genuine admiration of their genius for its own sake, quite apart from its marketable value. No doubt, if any one wishes to see the seamy side of genius he will find it in the letters and anecdotes of Coleridge preserved in Cottle's book. But though these details, petty and painful as they are, in any complete estimate of Coleridge's character are not to be disregarded, in this brief notice we gladly pass them by.

Other plans for a livelihood were ventilated during this Bristol sojourn, such as writing for the *Morning Chronicle* and taking private pupils, but as these came to nought, we need only notice one other line in which Coleridge's energies found at this time occasional vent, which he once, at least, thought of taking up as a profession. We have seen that before leaving Cambridge he had become an Unitarian, and so he continued till about the time of his visit to Germany. While he was in Bristol he was engaged from time to time to preach in the Unitarian chapels in the neighbourhood. The subjects which he there discussed seem to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the reports of his success vary. Nothing can be more dreary, if it were not grotesque, than Cottle's description of his *début* as a preacher in an Unitarian chapel in Bath. On the appointed Sunday morning, Coleridge, Cottle, and party drove from Bristol to Bath in a post-chaise. Coleridge mounted the pulpit in blue coat and white waistcoat, and for the morning service, choosing a text from Isaiah, treated his audience to a lecture against the Corn Laws; and, in the afternoon, he gave them another on the Hair-Powder Tax. The congregation at the latter service consisted of seventeen, of whom several walked out of the chapel during the service. The party returned to Bristol disheartened, Coleridge from a sense of failure, the others with a dissatisfying sense of a Sunday wasted. Compare this with Hazlitt's account of his appearance some time afterwards before a Birmingham congregation:—

"It was in January 1798 that I rose one

morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as that cold, raw, comfortless one. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge arose and gave out his text, 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sound had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock as though he should never be old; and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our own loved poet sung.'

"And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes."

Which of the two was right in his estimate of Coleridge's preaching, Cottle or Hazlitt? Or were both right, and is the difference to be accounted for by Coleridge, like most men of genius, having his days when he was now above himself and now fell below? With one more passage from Hazlitt, descriptive of his talk at that time, we may close his Bristol life:—

"He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. There is only one thing he might have learned from me in return, but *that* he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort; but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like a pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought.

His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending. And shall I who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! That spell is broke; that time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more: but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound."

It is pitiful to turn from such high-flown descriptions to the glimpses of poverty and painful domestic cares which his letters of this date exhibit. Over these we would gladly draw the veil. Whoso wishes to linger on them may turn him to Cottle. There are many more incidents of this time which we can but name: his residence for some months in a rose-bound cottage in the neighbouring village of Clevedon; the birth of his first son, whom he named Hartley, for love of the philosopher; his complete reconciliation with Southey on his return from Portugal. One little entry, in a letter of November, 1796, is sadly memorable as the first appearance of

"The little rift within the lute,
Which soon will make the music mute."

He complains of a violent neuralgic pain in the face, which for the time was like to overpower him. "But," he writes, "I took between sixty and seventy drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus." That sop was soon to become the worse Cerberus of the two.

It was early in 1797 that Coleridge moved with his family from Bristol, and pitched his tent in the village of Nether Stowey, under the green hills of Quantock. One of the kindest and most hospitable of his friends, Mr. Poole, had a place hard by; and Coleridge having in June made a visit to Wordsworth at Racedown, persuaded this young poet, and his scarcely less original sister, to adjourn thence to the neighbouring mansion of Alfoxden. With such friends for daily intercourse, with the most delightful country for walks on every side, and with apparently fewer embarrassments, Coleridge here enjoyed the most genial and happy years that were ever granted him in his changeful existence. "Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys, with small brooks running down them, through green meadows to the sea. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with ferns and bilberries or oak woods. Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." Over these green hills of Quantock the two young poets wandered for hours to-

gether, rapt in fervid talk; Coleridge, no doubt, the chief speaker, Wordsworth not the less suggestive. Never before or since have these downs heard such high converse. "His society I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." So wrote Coleridge in after years. By this time Wordsworth had given himself wholly to poetry as his work for life. Alfoxden saw the birth of many of the happiest, most characteristic of his shorter poems. Coleridge had some years before this, when he first fell in with Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, found even in these the opening of a new vein. He himself, too, had from time to time turned aside from more perplexing studies, and found poetry to be its own exceeding great reward. But in this Nether Stowey time Coleridge came all at once to his poetic manhood. Whether it was the freedom from the material ills of life which he found in the aid and kindly shelter of Mr. Poole, or the secluded beauty of the Quantock, or the converse with Wordsworth, or all combined, that stirred him, there cannot be any doubt that this was, as it has been called, his *annus mirabilis*, his poetic prime. This was the year of *Genevieve*, *The Dark Ladie*, *Kubla Khan*, *France*, the lines to Wordsworth on first hearing *The Prelude* read aloud, the *Ancient Mariner*, and the first part of *Christabel*, not to mention many other poems of less mark. The occasion which called forth the two latter poems, to form part of a joint volume with Wordsworth, has been elsewhere noticed. But if Coleridge could only have maintained the high strain he then struck, with half the persistency of his brother poet, posterity may perhaps have reason to regret that he should ever have turned to other subjects. During all his time at Nether Stowey he kept up a fire of small letters to Cottle in Bristol, at one time about poems or other literary projects, at another asking Cottle to find him a servant-maid, "simple of heart, physiognomically handsome, and scientific in vaccinulgence?" When they had composed poems enough to form one or more joint volumes, Cottle is summoned from Bristol to visit them. Cottle drove Wordsworth thence to Alfoxden in his gig, picking up Coleridge at Nether Stowey. They had brought the viands for their dinner with them in the gig: a loaf, a stout piece of cheese, and a bottle of brandy. As they neared their landing place, a beggar, whom they helped with some pence, returned their kindness by helping himself to the cheese from the back of the gig. Arrived at the place, Coleridge unyoked the horse, dashed down the gig shafts with a jerk, which rolled the brandy bottle

from the seat, and broke it to pieces before their eyes. Then Cottle set to unharnessing the horse, but could not get off the collar. Wordsworth next essayed it, with no better success. At last Coleridge came to the charge, and worked away with such violence that he nearly threw the poor horse's head off his neck. He too was forced to desist, with a protest that "the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on." While the two poets and their publisher were standing thus nonplussed, the servant-girl happened to pass through the stable yard, and seeing their perplexity, exclaimed, "La! master, you don't go about the work the right way, you should do it like this." So saying, she turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in a trice. Then came the dinner, "a superb brown loaf, a dish of lettuces, and, instead of the brandy, a jug of pure water." The bargain was struck, and Cottle undertook the publication of the first edition of the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, which appeared about Midsummer 1798. About the same time the two Messrs. Wedgewood settled on Coleridge £150 a year for life, which made him think no more of Unitarian chapels, and enabled him to undertake, what he had for some time longed for, a continental tour. In September of that year the two poets bade farewell, Wordsworth, with his sister, to Alfoxden, Coleridge to Nether Stowey, and together set sail for Hamburg.

So ended the Nether Stowey time, to Coleridge the brief blink of a poetic morning which had no noon; to Wordsworth but the fresh dawn of a day which completely fulfilled itself.

Landed at Hamburg, Wordsworth was interpreter, as he had French, Coleridge nothing but English and Latin. After having an interview with the aged poet Klopstock, the two young poets parted company, Wordsworth, with his sister, settling at Goslar, there to compose, by the German firestoves, the poems on *Matthew, Nutting, Ruth, The Poet's Epitaph*, and others, in his happiest vein; while Coleridge made for Ratzeburg, where he lived for four months in a pastor's family, to learn the language, and then passed on to Göttingen to attend lectures, and consort with German students and professors. Among the lectures were those of Blumenbach on Natural History, while Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student who had himself taken them down. Wordsworth kept sending Coleridge the poems he was throwing off during this prolific winter, and Coleridge replied in letters full of hope that their future homes might be in the same neighbourhood: "Whenever I spring forward into

the future with noble affections, I always alight by your side." His whole time in Germany, he seems to have overflowed with exuberant spirits and manifold life. "Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in storing my head with the notions of others. I made the best use of my time and means, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with such unmingled satisfaction." He had passed within a zone of thought new to himself, and up to that time quite unknown in England; one of the great intellectual movements such as occur but rarely, and at long intervals, in the world's history. The philosophic genius of Germany, which awoke in Kant during the latter part of last century, is an impulse the most original, the most far reaching, and the most profound, which Europe has of late years seen. It has given birth to linguistic science, has re-cast metaphysics, and has penetrated history, poetry, and theology. For good or for evil, it must be owned that, under the shadow of this great movement, the world is now living, and is likely to live more or less for some time to come. Perhaps we should not call it German philosophy, for philosophy is but one side of a great power which is swaying not only the world's thought, but those feelings which are the parents of its thoughts, as well as of its actions and events. If asked to give in a sentence the spirit of this great movement, most men in this country would feel constrained to answer, as the great German sage is reported to have answered Cousin, "These things do not sum themselves up in single sentences." If any one still insists, we would refer him to some adroit French critic who will formulate the whole thing for him in a word, or at most a phrase. Into this great atmosphere, however we define it, then seething and fermenting, it was that Coleridge passed. Most of his fourteen months were, no doubt, given to acquiring the language, but he could not mingle with those professors and students without catching some tincture of that way of thought which was then busy in all brains. It was not, however, till after his return to England that he studied Kant and other German philosophers. His name will ever be historically associated with the first introduction of these new thoughts to the English mind, which having been for more than a century deluged to repletion with Lockianism, was now sadly in need of some other aliment. Some have reviled Coleridge because he did not know the whole cycles of thought so fully as they suppose that they themselves do. As if anything, especially German philosophy so all-embracing as these, can be taken in completely all at once; as if

the first delver in any mine ever yet extracted the entire ore. But to such impugners it were enough to say, we shall listen with more patience to your accusations, when you have done one-half as much to bring home the results of German thought to the educated British mind, as Coleridge by his writings has done.

The first fruits, however, of his newly acquired German were poetic, not philosophic. Arriving in London in November, 1799, he set to work to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and accomplished in three weeks what many competent judges regard as, notwithstanding some inaccuracies, the best translation of any poem into the English language. It is a free translation, with here and there some lines of Coleridge's own added where the meaning seemed to him to require it. At the time, the translation fell almost dead from the press, but since that day it has come to be prized as it deserves.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge joined Wordsworth on a tour among the Lakes, that tour on which the latter fixed on the Town End of Grasmere for his future home. This was Coleridge's first entry into a really mountainous country. Rydal and Grasmere, he says, gave him the deepest delight; Hawes Water kept his eyes dim with tears. During the last days of the year, Wordsworth, with his sister, walked over the Yorkshire fells, and settled in their new home. Coleridge had to return to London, and labour till near the close of 1802, writing for the *Morning Post*. About Coleridge's contributions to that paper, there has been maintained, since his death, a debate which hardly concerns us here. Enough to say that having originally agreed with Fox in opposing the French war of 1800, and having at that time written violently against Pitt in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, he was gradually separated from the leader of the opposition by the independent view he took against Napoleon, as the character of the military despot gradually unfolded itself. Coleridge passed over to the Tories, as he himself says,

"only in the sense in which all patriots did so at that time, by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon. Anti-ministerial they styled their policy, but it was really anti-national. It was exclusively in relation to the great feud with Napoleon that I adhered to the Tories. But because this feud was so capital, so earth-shaking, that it occupied all hearts, and all the councils of Europe, suffering no other question almost to live in the neighbourhood, hence it happened that he who joined the Tories in this was regarded as their ally in everything. Domestic politics were then in fact forgotten."

But though he thus was constrained to come round to Pitt's foreign policy, he never, that we know, recanted the invectives with which he assailed that minister in 1800. There is still extant, among "The Essays on his Own Times," a well-known character of Pitt from the pen of Coleridge, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. Coleridge, in general fair-minded and far-seeing, had one or two strange and unaccountable antipathies to persons, which Wilson mentions, and this against Pitt was perhaps the strongest and the blindest. On the day that the character of Pitt appeared, the character of Buonaparte was promised for "to-morrow," but that to-morrow never arrived. What that portrait would have been may perhaps be gathered from a paragraph on the same subject, contained in Appendix B. to the *First Lay Sermon*. The will, dissserved from moral feeling and religion,

"becomes Satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others; the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation or sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure; in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed. . . . This is the character which Milton has so philosophically, as well as sublimely, embodied in the Satan of his *Paradise Lost*:—Hope in which there is no cheerfulness; steadfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward restlessness and immovable activity; violence with guile; temerity with cunning; and, as the result of all, interminableness of object with perfect indifference of means—these are the marks that have characterized the masters of mischief, the libicides, and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Buonaparte. . . . By want of insight into the possibility of such a character, whole nations have been so far duped as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molochs of human nature, who are indebted for the larger portion of their meteoric success to their total want of principle, and who surpass the generality of their fellow-creatures in one act of courage only, that of daring to say with their whole heart, 'Evil, be thou my good!' All system is so far power; and a systematic criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches villany within villany, and barricades crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision, that he will have no other obstacles but those of force and brute matter."

It must have been early in 1801 that Coleridge turned his back on London for a time, and on the *Morning Post*, and migrated with his family to the Lakes, and settled at Greta Hall, the landlord of which was a Mr.

Jackson, the "Master" of Wordsworth's poem of the *Waggoner*; for from this house, destined to become Southey's permanent earthly home, as early as April of that year, Coleridge thus writes describing his new home to Southey, then in Portugal:—

"In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore in full view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings."

There Southey soon joined Coleridge, and the two kindred families shared Greta Hall together, a common home with two doors.

Coleridge was now at the full manhood of his powers, he was about thirty, and the time was come when the marvellous promise of his youth ought to have had its fulfilment. He was surrounded with a country which, if any could, might have inspired him, with friends beside him who loved, and were ready in any way to aid him. But the next fifteen years, the prime strength of his life, when his friends looked for fruit, and he himself felt that it was due, were all but unproductive. The *Ode to Dejection*, written at the beginning of the Lake time, and *Youth and Age*, written just before its close, with two or three more short pieces, are all his poetry of this period, and they fitly represent the sinking of heart and hope which were now too habitual with him. What was the cause of all this failure? Bodily disease, no doubt, in some measure, and the languor of disease depressing a will by nature weakly irresolute. But more than these, there was a worm at the root, that was sapping his powers, and giving fatal effect to his natural infirmities. This process had already set in, but it was some years yet before the result was fully manifest. During these first years at the Lakes, though Greta was his home, Coleridge, according to De Quincey, was more often to be found at Grasmere. This retirement, for such it then was, had for him three attractions, a loveliness more complete than that of Derwentwater, an interesting and pastoral people, not to be found at Keswick, and, above all, the society of Wordsworth. It was about this time that there arose the name of the Lake School, a mere figment of the *Edinburgh Review*, which it invented to express its dislike to three original writers, all unlike each other, but who agreed in nothing so much as in their opposition to the hard and narrow spirit which

was the leading inspiration of the *Edinburgh*. How unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge really were, in their way of thinking and working, may be now clearly seen by comparing the works they have left behind. And as for Southey and Wordsworth, they had nothing at all in common, and were not even on friendly terms till more than ten years after the Lake School was first talked of. Likely enough Coleridge found Wordsworth more original and suggestive than Southey. The singleness and wholeness of moral purpose which inspired the lives of both his friends, must have been to Coleridge a continual rebuke; and Southey, perhaps, if we may argue from his letters, on the strength of his near relationship, and his greater opportunities of seeing the domestic unhappiness caused by Coleridge's neglects, may have added to the silent reproof of his example, admonitions more openly expressed. In August, 1803, Wordsworth and his sister visited Coleridge at Keswick, and took him with them on that first tour in Scotland of which Wordsworth, and his sister too, have left such imperishable memorials. Most of the way they walked, from Dumfries up Nithsdale, over Crawfordmuir by the Falls of Clyde, and so on to Loch Lomond. Coleridge, never in good health, being at this time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, left his two companions somewhere about Loch Lomond to return home. But either at this, or some other time not specially recorded, he must have got farther north, for we find him, in his second *Lay Sermon*, speaking of his solitary walk from Loch Lomond to Inverness, and describing the impression made upon him by the sight of the recently unpeopled country, and by the recital he heard from an old Highland widow near Fort Augustus of the wrongs she and her kinsfolk and her neighbours had suffered in those sad clearances. But if Scotland woke in him no poetry on this his first, and perhaps only visit, and if Scotchmen have had some severe things said of them by him, they can afford to pardon them. The land is none the less beautiful for not having been sung by him; and if from the people he could have learned some of that shrewdness of which they have enough and to spare, his life would have been other and more successful than it was.

If the Lake country had suited Coleridge's constitution, and if he had turned to advantage the scenery and society it afforded, in no part of England, it might seem, could he have found a fitter home. But the dampness of the climate brought out so severely the rheumatism from which he had suffered since boyhood, that he was forced to seek a refuge

from it on the shores of the Mediterranean, —a doubtful measure, it is said, for one in his state of nerves. Arriving at Malta in April 1804, he soon became known to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, and during a change of secretaries Coleridge served for a time as a temporary secretary. The official task-work, and not less the official parade, which he was expected but never attempted to maintain, were highly distasteful to him, and he gladly resigned, as soon as the new secretary could relieve him. He made, however, the friendship of the Governor, whose character he has painted glowingly in *The Friend*. Whether Sir Alexander Ball merited this high encomium we cannot say, but Professor Wilson mentions that Coleridge's craze for the three B.'s, Ball, Bell, and Bowyer, was a standing joke among his friends. The change he sought at Malta he did not find. The change at first seemed beneficial, but soon came the reaction, with his limbs "like lifeless tools, violent internal pains, labouring and oppressed breathing." For relief from these he had recourse to the sedative, which he had begun to use so far back as 1796, and the habit became now fairly confirmed. Leaving Malta in September 1805, he came to Rome, and there spent some time in seeing what every traveller sees, but what Coleridge would see with other eyes and keener insight than most men. Full observations on these things he noted down for after use. There, too, he made the acquaintance of the German poet Tieck, of an American painter, Alston, and of Humboldt, the brother of the great traveller. Gilman informs us that Coleridge was told by Humboldt that his name was on the list of the proscribed at Paris, owing to an article which he (Coleridge) had written against Buonaparte in the *Morning Post*; that the arrest had already been sent to Rome, but that one morning Coleridge was waited on by a noble Benedictine, sent to him by the kindness of the Pope, bearing a passport signed by the Pope, and telling him that a carriage was ready to bear him at once to Leghorn. Coleridge took the hint; at Leghorn embarked on board of an American vessel sailing for England; was chased by a French ship; and was, during the chase, forced by the captain to throw overboard all his papers, and among them his notes and observations made in Rome. So writes Coleridge's biographer. Wilson laughs at the thought of the Imperial eagle stooping to pursue such small game as Coleridge. And certainly it does seem hardly credible that Buonaparte should have so noted the secrets of the London newspaper press, or taken such pains to get his hands on one stray member of that corps. De

Quincey, however, argues from Buonaparte's character and habits that the thing was by no means improbable.

It is hardly worth while to attempt to trace all the changes of his life for the next ten years after his return from Malta. Sometimes at Keswick, where his family still lived; sometimes with Wordsworth at the town-end of Grasmere; sometimes in London, living in the office of the *Courier*, and writing for its pages; sometimes lecturing at the Royal Institute, often, according to De Quincey, disappointing his audience by non-appearance; anon an inmate in Wordsworth's new home at Allan Bank, while *The Excursion* was being composed; then taking final farewell of the Lakes in 1810, travelling with Basil Montagu to London, and leaving his family at Keswick, for some years, under care of Southey; domiciled now with Basil Montagu, now with a Mr. Morgan at Hammer-smith, or Calne, now with other friends in or not far from London: so passed those homeless, unsatisfactory years of his middle manhood. No doubt, there were bright spots here and there, when his marvellous powers found vent in lecturing on some congenial subject, or flowed forth in that stream of thought and speech which was his native element. During these wanderings he met now and then with the wits of the time, either in rivalry not of his own seeking, or in friendly intercourse. Scott has recorded a rencontre he had with Coleridge at a dinner party, when some London *littérateurs* sought to lower Scott by exalting Coleridge. Coleridge had been called on to recite some of his own unpublished poems, and had done so. Scott, called on to contribute his share, refused, on the plea that he had none to produce, but offered to recite some clever lines which he had lately read in a newspaper. The lines were the unfortunate *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, of which Coleridge was the then unacknowledged author. It is amusing to see the two sides of the story; the easy, off-hand humour with which Scott tells it in a letter, or in his journal; and the laborious self-defence with which Coleridge ushers in the lines in his published poems. More friendly was his intercourse with Lord Byron, who, while he was lessee of a London theatre, had brought forward Coleridge's *Remorse*, and had taken much interest in its success. This brought the two poets frequently into company, and in April 1816, Coleridge thus speaks of Byron's appearance:—"If you had seen Lord Byron you could scarcely disbelieve him. So beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw; his teeth so many stationary smiles; his eyes the open portals of the sun—things of light, and made for light;

and his forehead, so ample, and yet so flexible, passing from marble smoothness into a hundred wreaths and lines and dimples, correspondent to the feelings and sentiments he is uttering." But lecturing, or conversation, or intercourse with brother poets, even taken at their best, are no sufficient account of the prime years of such genius as Coleridge was intrusted with.

The record of his writings, from 1801 till 1816, contains only one work of real importance. This was *The Friend*, a periodical of weekly essays, intended to help to the formation of opinions on moral, political, and artistic subjects, grounded upon true and permanent principles. Undertaken with the countenance of, and with some slight aid from Wordsworth, it began to be published in June 1809, and ceased in March 1810, because it did not pay the cost of publishing, which Coleridge had imprudently taken on himself. The original work having been much enlarged and recast, was published again in its present three-volume form in 1818. Even as it now stands, the groundswell after the great French Revolution tempest can be distinctly felt. It is full of the political problems cast up by the troubled waters of the then recent years, and of the attempt to discriminate between the first truths of morality and maxims of political expediency, and to ground each on their own proper basis. No one can read this work without feeling the force of Southey's remark: "The vice of *The Friend* is its roundaboutness." But whoever will be content to bear with this and to read right on, will find all through fruit more than worth the labour, with essays here and there which are nearly perfect both in matter and in form. But its defects, such as they are, must have told fatally against its success when it appeared in its early periodical shape. It was Coleridge's misfortune in this, as in so many of his works, to have to try to combine two things, hard, if not impossible to reconcile,—immediate popularity, and the profit accruing therefrom, with the attempt to dig deep, and to implant new truths which can only be taken in by an effort of painful thought, such as readers of periodicals will seldom give. Few writers have attained present popularity and enduring power, and least of all could Coleridge do so. *The Friend* contains in its present, and probably it did in its first shape, clear indications of the change that Coleridge's mind had gone through in philosophy, as well as in his religious belief. But of this we shall have to speak again. This middle portion of Coleridge's life may, perhaps, be not inaptly closed by the description of his appearance and manner, as these were

when De Quincey first saw him in 1807:—

"I had received directions for finding out the house where Coleridge was visiting; and in riding down a main street of Bridgewater, I noticed a gateway corresponding to the description given me. Under this was standing and gazing about him a man whom I will describe. In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowns the height); his person was tall and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light that I recognised my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more, and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie, for I had dismounted and advanced close to him before he had apparently become conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice, announcing my own name, first awoke him; he started, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation. There was no '*mauvaise honte*' in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked, that it might be called gracious. The hospitable family with whom he was domiciliated all testified for Coleridge deep affection and esteem; sentiments in which the whole town of Bridgewater seemed to share. . . .

"Coleridge led me to the drawing-room, rung the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. . . . That point being settled, Coleridge, like some great Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illuminated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical, that it was possible to conceive. . . . Coleridge to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, viz., when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking as grammar from his language."

Admirable as in the main the essay is from which this sketch is taken, it contains some serious blemishes. De Quincey dwells on some alleged faults of Coleridge with a loving minuteness which the pure love of truth can hardly account for; and with regard to the great and all-absorbing fault, the habit of opium-taking, his statements are directly opposed to those made by Coleridge himself, and by those of his biographers who had the best means of knowing the truth. He says that Coleridge first took to opium, "not as a relief from bodily pains or nervous irritations, for his constitution was naturally strong and excellent, but as a source of luxurious sensations." Here De Quincey falls into two errors. First, Coleridge's constitution was not really strong. Though full of life and energy, his body was also full of disease, which gradually poisoned the springs of life. All his letters bear witness to this, by the many complaints of ill-health which they contain, before he ever touched opium. Again, as we have already seen, what he sought in opium was not pleasurable sensations, but freedom from pain,—an antidote to the nervous agitations under which he suffered. But whatever may have been the beginning of the habit, the result of continued indulgence in it was equally disastrous. We have given the letter which marks his first recourse to the fatal drug in 1796. As his ailments increased, so did his use of it. At Malta, opium-taking became a confirmed habit with him, and from that time for ten years it quite overmastered him. In 1807, the year when De Quincey first met him, he writes of himself as "rolling rudderless," with an increasing and overwhelming sense of wretchedness. The craving went on growing, and his consumption of the drug had reached a quite appalling height, when, in 1814, Cottle having met Coleridge, and seen what a wreck he had become, discovered the fatal cause, and took courage to remonstrate by letter. Coleridge makes no concealment, pleads guilty to the evil habit, and confesses that he is utterly miserable. Sadder letters were perhaps never written than those cries out of the depths of that agony. He tells Cottle that he had learned what "sin is against an imperishable being, such as is the soul of man; that he had had more than one glimpse of the outer darkness and the worm that dieth not; that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were at that moment offered to his choice, he would prefer the former." More pitiful still is that letter to his friend Wade:—"In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors injustice; and unna-

tural cruelty to my poor children. . . . After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example." It is painful to dwell on these things, nor should they have been reproduced here, had it not been that, as they have been long since made fully known, it might seem that we had given a too partial picture of the man had we avoided altogether this its darkest side.

Strange and sad as it is to think that one so gifted should have fallen so low, it is hardly less strange that from that degradation he should ever have been enabled to rise. The crisis seems to have come about the time when those letters passed between Cottle and him in 1814. For some time there followed a struggle against the tyrant vice, by various means, but all seemingly ineffectual. At last he voluntarily arranged to board himself with the family of Mr. Gilman, a physician, who lived at Highgate in a retired house, in an airy situation, surrounded by a large garden. It was in April, 1816, that he first entered this house at Highgate, which continued to be his home for eighteen years till his death. The letter in which he opens his grief to Mr. Gilman, and commends himself to his care, is very striking, showing at once his strong desire to overcome the inveterate habit, and his feeling of inability to do so, unless he were placed under a watchful eye and external restraint. In this home he learned to abandon opium, and here, though weighed down by ever increasing bodily infirmity, and often by great mental depression, he found on the whole "the best quiet to his course allowed." That the vice was overcome might be inferred from the very fact that his life was so prolonged. And though statements to the contrary have been made from quarters whence they might least have been expected, yet we know from the most trustworthy authorities now living, that there was no ground for these statements, and that the friends of Coleridge who had best access to the truth, believed that at Highgate he obtained that self-mastery which he sought. No doubt, the habit left a bane behind it, a body shattered, and a mind shorn of much of its power for continuous effort, ever-recurring seasons of despondency, and visitings of self-reproach for so much of life wasted, so great powers given, and so little done. Still, under all these drawbacks, he laboured earnestly to redeem what of life remained; and most of what is satisfactory to remember of his life belongs to these last eighteen years. It was a time of gathering up of the fragments that remained—of

saving splinters washed ashore from a mighty wreck. But to this time, such as it is, we are indebted for most of that by which Coleridge is now known to men, and by which, if at all, he has benefited his kind. During these years the great religious change that had long been going on was completed and confirmed. As far back as 1800 his adherence to the Hartleian philosophy and his belief in Unitarian theology had been shaken. By 1805 he was in some manner a believer in the Trinity, and had entered on a closer study of Scripture, especially of St. Paul and St. John. There were in him, as De Quincey observed, the capacity of love and faith, of self-distrust, humility, and child-like docility, waiting but for time and sorrow to bring them out. Such a discipline the long ineffectual struggle with his infirmity supplied. The sense of moral weakness and of sin, working inward contrition, made him seek for a more practical, upholding faith, than his early years had known. And so he learned that while the consistency of Christianity with right reason and the historic evidence of miracles are the outworks, yet that the vital centre of faith lies in the believer's feeling of his great need, and the experience that the redemption which is in Christ is what he needs; that it is the "sorrow rising from beneath and the consolation meeting it from above," the actual trial of the faith in Christ, which is its ultimate and most satisfying evidence. With him, too, as with so many before, it was *credidi, ideoque intellexi*. The Highgate time was also the period of his most prolonged and undisturbed study. Among much other reading, the old English divines were diligently perused and commented on; and his criticisms and reflections on them fill nearly the whole of the third and fourth volumes of his *Literary Remains*. A discriminating, often a severe critic of these writers, he was still a warm admirer, in this a striking contrast to Arnold, who certainly unduly depreciated them.

Almost the whole of his prose works were the product of this time. First the *Two Lay Sermons*, published in 1816 and 1817. Then the *Biographia Literaria*, published in 1817, though in part composed some years before. In 1818 followed the recast and greatly enlarged edition of *The Friend*; and in 1825 he gave to the world the most mature of all his works, the *Aids to Reflection*. Incorporated especially with the earlier part of this work, are selections from the writings of Archbishop Leighton, of which he has said that to him they seemed "next to the inspired Scriptures, yea, as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air." The main substance of the work, however,

contains his own thoughts on the grounds of morality and religion, and of the relation of these to each other, along with his own views on some of the main doctrines of the faith. The last work that appeared during his lifetime was that on *Church and State*, published in 1830. After his death appeared his posthumous works, viz., the four volumes of *Literary Remains*, and the small volume on the inspiration of Scripture, entitled *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*.

It is by these works alone, incomplete as many of them are, that posterity can judge of him. But the impression of pre-eminent genius which he left on his contemporaries was due not so much to his writings as to his wonderful talk. Printed books have made us undervalue this gift, or at best regard it more as a thing of display than as a genuine thought-communicating power. But as an organ of teaching truth, speech is older than books, and for this end Plato, among others, preferred the living voice to dead letters. Measured by this standard, Coleridge had no equal in his own, and few in any age. How his gift of discourse in his younger days arrested Hazlitt and De Quincey, we have already seen; and in his declining years at Highgate, when bodily ailments allowed, and during the pauses of study and writing, fuller and more continuous than ever the marvellous monologue went on. Some faint echoes of what then fell from him have been caught up and preserved in the well-known *Table Talk*, by his nephew and son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who in his preface has finely described the impression produced by his uncle's conversation on congenial listeners. To that retirement at Highgate flocked, as on a pilgrimage, most of what was brilliant in intellect or ardent in youthful genius at that day. Edward Irving, Julius Hare, Sterling, and many more who might be named, were among his frequent and most devoted listeners. Most came to wonder, and hear, and learn. But some came and went to shrug their shoulders, and pronounce it unintelligible; or in after years to scoff, as Mr. Carlyle. Likely enough this latter came craving a solution of some pressing doubt or bewildering enigma; and to receive instead a prolonged and circuitous disquisition must to his then mood of mind have been tantalizing enough. But was it well done, O great Thomas! for this, years afterwards, to jeer at the old man's enfeebled gait, and caricature the tones of his voice?

In the summer of 1833 Coleridge was seen for the last time in public, at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. Next year, on the 25th of July, he died in

Mr. Gilman's house in The Grove, Highgate, which had been so long his home, and was laid hard by in his last resting-place within the old churchyard by the roadside.

Twelve days before his death, not knowing it to be so near, he wrote to his godchild this remarkable letter,* which, gathering up the sum of his whole life's experience, reads like his unconscious epitaph on himself:—

"MY DEAR GODCHILD.— . . . Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write; but I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who, by his only begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy), has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the Lord our Righteousness,—I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and mind.

" . . . I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with the experience which more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction) that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing, and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and infirmities; and for the last three or four years have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sickbed, hopeless of a recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal; and I, thus on the very brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He hath promised, and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the Evil One.

"Oh, my dear godchild! eminently blessed are those who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ.

"Oh, preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

* This letter was written on the 13th, and he died on the 25th day of July.

And now, perhaps, we cannot more fitly close this sketch than in those affectionate words of his nephew, the faithful defender of the memory of his great uncle:—

"Coleridge! blessings on his gentle memory! Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would beat calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. He suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, and his genius, and his sufferings."

If we have traced in any measure aright the course of Coleridge's life, no more is needed to show what were his failings and his errors. It more concerns us to ask what permanent fruit of all that he thought, and did, and suffered under the sun, there still remains, now that he has lain more than thirty years in his grave. To answer this fully is impossible in the case of any man, much more in the case of one who has been a great thinker rather than a great doer; for many of his best ideas will have so melted into the general atmosphere of thought, that it will be hard to separate them from the complex whole, and trace them back to their original source. But the abler men of his own generation were not slow to confess how much they owed to him. In poetry, Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself as indebted to him for the opening keynote of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In the metre, sentiment, and drapery of that first canto, it is not difficult to trace the influence of *Christabel*, then unpublished, but well known. Wordsworth, aloof from his contemporaries, and self-sufficing as he was, felt Coleridge to be his equal—"the only wonderful man I have ever known." Arnold, at a later day, called him the greatest intellect that England had produced within his memory, and shared with, perhaps learned from, him, some of his leading thoughts, as that the identification of the church with the clergy was "the first and fundamental apostasy." Dr. Newman pointed to Coleridge's works long ago as a proof that the minds of men in England were then yearning for something higher and deeper than what had satisfied the last age. Julius Hare speaks of him as "the great religious philosopher, to whom the mind of our generation in England owes more than to any other man." Mr. Maurice has everywhere spoken with deeper reverence of him than of any other teacher of these later times. Mr. Mill has said that "no one has contributed more to shape the opinions among

younger men, who can be said to have any opinions at all." These words were written five-and-twenty years ago. Whether he still exercises anything of the same influence over younger men seems more than doubtful. Very possibly Mr. Mill himself, and others of that way of thinking, may have superseded him. Yet though his name may have grown less, his works remain, and may be tested even by another generation that knew not Coleridge, by the thoughts which they contain.

These works are most of them more or less fragmentary, and this forms one difficulty in rightly estimating them. Another, and perhaps greater, lies in the width, we had almost said the universality, of their range. Most original thinkers have devoted themselves to but a few lines of inquiry. Coleridge's thought may be almost said to have been as wide as life. To apply to himself the word which he first coined, or rather translated, from some obscure Byzantian, to express Shakspeare's quality, he was a "myriad-minded man." He touched being at almost every point, and wherever he touched it, he opened up some shafts of truth hitherto unperceived. He who would fully estimate Coleridge's contributions to thought would have to consider him as a poet, a critic, a political philosopher, a moralist, and a theologian. But without hazarding anything like so large an attempt, a few brief remarks may be offered on what he has done in some of these so widely different paths.

It was as a poet that Coleridge was first known, and the wish has many times been expressed that he had continued to be so, and never tried philosophy. No doubt he had imagination enough, as some one has said, to have furnished an outfit for a thousand poets, and it may be that *Christabel* will be read longer than any prose work he has written. But this belongs both to the substance and the form of all poetry that is perfect after its kind. Gray's *Elegy* will probably survive longer, and will certainly be more widely read, than the best philosophic pieces of Hume, Berkeley, or Butler. This, however, does not prove that these thinkers have not done more for human thought than that most graceful of poets. Again, it may be that imagination such as Coleridge's may be as legitimately employed in interpenetrating and quickening the reason, and revivifying domains of philosophy, which are apt to grow narrow or dead through prosaic formalism, as in purely poetic creation. Moreover, there were perhaps in Coleridge some special powers of fine analysis and introverted speculation, which seem to have predestined him for other work than poetry; just as there

were some special wants, arising either from natural temperament or early education, which marred or impoverished his full poetic equipment. He had never lived much in the open air; he had no large storehouse of facts or images, either drawn from observation of outward nature, or from more than common acquaintance with any modes of human life or sides of human character, such as Wordsworth and Scott in different ways had. It was not the nature of his mind to dwell lovingly on concrete things, but rather, by its strong generalizing bias, to be borne off continually into the abstract. Therefore we cannot think that Coleridge would have done more, either for the delight or the benefit of mankind, if he had stuck wholly to poetry, or that he did otherwise than fulfil his destiny by giving way to his philosophic instinct.

His daughter has said that he had four poetic epochs, representing, more or less, boyhood, early manhood, middle, and declining life. To trace these carefully is not for this place. The juvenile poems, those of the first epoch, though showing here and there hints of the coming power, contain, as a whole, nothing which would make them live, were it not for what came afterwards. He himself has said that these poems are disfigured by too great exuberance of double epithets, and by general turgidity. These mark, perhaps, the tumult of his thick-thronging thoughts, struggling to utter themselves with force and freshness, yet not quite disengaged from the old commonplaces of poetic diction, from "eve's dusky ear," and from those frigid personifications of abstract qualities in which the former age delighted. Of these early poems, one of the most interesting is that on the death of Chatterton, in which, though the form somewhat recalls the odes of Collins and Gray, his native self ever here and there breaks through. Some of them are pensive with his early sorrow, others fierce and turbid with his revolutionary fervours. The longest and most important, styled *Religious Musings*, which Bowles ranked so high, might easily, notwithstanding some fine thoughts, suggest one of his rhapsodies in a Unitarian chapel cut into blank verse. The religious sentiments it contains are frigid and bombastic; the politics denunciatory of existing things, of

"Warriors, lords, and priests, all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life."

They contain, however, some true thoughts, well put, though tinged with his Revolution dreams, on the good and evil that have sprung out of the institution of property, and a fine apostrophe to all the sin-defiled and

sorrow-laden ones, whose day of deliverance yet waits.

It had been well if the poems of the second period, which were mostly written during the Bristol and Nether Stowey periods, and now make up the chief part of the *Sibylline Leaves*, had been arranged in the order in which they were composed. This would have thrown much light on them, arising as they do out of either the events of the time or of Coleridge's personal circumstances. Compared with those of the former period, the stream flows more even and unbroken. The crude philosophy has all but disappeared, the blank verse is now more fused and melodious, the rhythm of thought more mellow, the religious sentiment, where it does appear, no longer reasoning, but meditative, is more chastened and deep. These poems, it must have been, which were to De Quincey "the ray of a new morning, a revealing of untrodden worlds, till then unsuspected amongst men." Such Wilson found them, and so in a measure they have been to many since. But in re-reading them, after an interval of years, this is somehow felt less vividly. Is it that time has weakened the relish for poetry, or that the new fragrance they once gave forth has so filled the poetic atmosphere that it makes itself now less distinctly felt? Whichever way it be, these accidents of personal feeling do not affect their real worth. Of two fine poems written at Clevedon, the one on the "Eolian Harp," contains a passage that may be compared with a well-known, some might call it, a Pantheistic, one in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The other, "Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement," breathes a beautiful, though too brief, spirit of happiness and content. In the same gentle vein are the "Lines to his Brother George," and "Frost at Midnight," in which the blank verse is finely fused and nearly perfect. But higher and of wider compass are the three political poems, the ode on "The Departing Year," written at the close of 1796, "France," an ode, written in February, 1797, and "Tears in Solitude," in 1798. The last of these opens and closes with some of his best blank verses, full of lambent light and his own exquisite music, though the middle is troubled with somewhat intemperate politics, pamphleteeringly expressed. The ode on "France," when his fond hopes of the Revolution ended in disappointment, is a strain of noblest poetry. It opens with a call on the clouds, the waves, the sun, the sky, all that is freest in nature, to bear witness

"With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty."

And closes with these grand lines :—

"O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor
ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.
Alike from all, how'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscene slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, the playmate of
the waves!
And there, I felt thee! on that sea-cliff's
verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes! while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and
air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!"

Equal, perhaps, to any of the above, are the lines he addressed to Wordsworth, after hearing that poet read aloud the first draft of "The Prelude :"—

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted! . . .
And when, O friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength,
Thy long-sustained song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close,
I sat, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer."

Of the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, the two prime creations of the Nether Stowey period, and indeed of all Coleridge's poetry, nothing need here be said. Time has now stamped these as after their kind unsurpassed by any creation of his own generation, or perhaps of any generation of England's poetry. The view with which these two masterpieces were begun, as the two brother poets walked on Quantock, has been detailed elsewhere. Coleridge was to choose supernatural or romantic characters, and clothe them from his own imagination with a human interest and a semblance of truth. It would be hard to analyse the strange witchery that is in both, especially in *Christabel*: the language, so simple and natural, yet so aerially musical, the rhythm so original, yet so fitted to the story, and the glamour over all, a glamour so peculiar to the poet's self. The first part

belongs to Quantock, the second was composed several years later at the Lakes, yet still the tale is but half told. Would it have gained or lost in power had it been completed?

His third poetic epoch includes his whole sojourn at the Lakes, and the fourth the rest of his life. The poems of these two periods are few altogether, and what there are, more meditative than formerly, sometimes even hopelessly dejected. "Youth and Age," written just before leaving the Lakes, with a strangely aged tone for a man of only seven or eight and thirty, has a quaint beauty; to adapt its own words, it is like sadness, that "tells the jest without the smile." There are some of this time, however, in another strain, as the beautiful lines called "The Knight's Tomb," and "Recollections of Love." After the Lake time, there was still less poetry; only when, as in the "Visionary Hope" and the "Pains of Sleep," the frequent despondency or severe suffering which weighed down his later years sought relief in brief verse. Yet belonging to the third or fourth periods, there are short gnomic lines, in which, if the visionary have disappeared, the wisdom wrought by time and meditation is excellently condensed. Such are these:—

"Frail creatures are we all; to be the best
Is but the fewest faults to have;
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave."

Or the Complaint and Reply:—

"How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honours or wealth with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPLY.

"For shame, dear friend! forego this canting strain;
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain?
Wealth, titles, salary, a gilded chain;
Or throne of corses which his sword had slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—Three treasures, life and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

If from his own poetry we pass to his judgments on the poetry of others, we shall see an exemplification of the adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Here for once were ful-

filled the necessary conditions of a critic or judge, in the highest sense; that is, a man possessing in himself abundantly the originative poetic faculty which he is to judge of in others, combined with that power of sober generalization, and delicate, patient analysis, which, if poets possess, they generally find it irksome to exercise. This is but another way of saying, that before a man can pass worthy judgment on a thing, he must know that thing at first, and not at second hand. The other kind of critic is he who, though with little or none of the poetic gift in himself, has yet, from a careful study of the great master-models of the art, deduced certain canons by which to judge of poetry universally. But a critic of this kind, as the world has many a time seen, whenever he is called upon to estimate some new and original work of art, like to which the past supplies no models, is wholly at fault. His canons no longer serve him, and the native sympathetic insight he has not. To judge aright in such a case takes another order of critic; one who knows after another and more immediate manner of knowing; one who does not judge merely by what the past has done, but who, by the poet's heart within him, is made quick to welcome whatever new thing, however seemingly irregular, a young poet may create. Such a critic was Coleridge. An imagination richer and more penetrative than that of most poets of his time; a power of philosophic reflection and of subtle discrimination, almost over-active; a sympathy and insight of marvellous universality; and a learning "laden with the spoils of all times"—these things made him the greatest—we had almost said, the only truly philosophic—critic England had yet seen.

Of his critical power, the two most eminent examples are his chapters on Wordsworth's poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*, and his notes on Shakspeare in the *Literary Remains*. If one wished to learn what genuine criticism should be, where else in our country's literature would he find so worthy a model as in that dissertation on Wordsworth? An excellent authority has lately said that the business of "criticism, is to know the best thing that is known or thought in the world, and to make this known to others." In these chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge has done something more than this. In opposition to the blind and utterly worthless criticism which Jeffrey represented, he thought out for himself, and laid down the principles on which Wordsworth or any poet such as he should be judged, and showed these principles to be grounded, not on the caprices of the hour, but on the essential and permanent elements which human nature contains. He

gave definitions of poetry in its essential nature, and showed, in opposition to Wordsworth's preface, wherein poetry really differs from prose. We wish we could stay to quote his description of the poet and his work, in their ideal perfection. Then how truly and with what fine analysis he discriminates between the language of prose and of metre! How good is his account of the origin of metre! "This I would trace to the balance in the mind, effected by that spontaneous effort which strives to hold in check the workings of passion." There is more to be learned about poetry from a few pages of that dissertation, confined though it is to a specific kind of poetry, than from all the reviews that have been written in English on poets and their works from Addison to the present hour. Nor is the result of the whole a mere defence or indiscriminating eulogy on Wordsworth, rudely as that poet was then assailed by those who were also Coleridge's own revilers. From several of Wordsworth's theories about poetry he dissents entirely, especially from the whole of his remarks on the sameness of the language of prose and verse. At times, too, he finds fault with his practice, and lays his hand on faulty passages and defective poems, in which he traces the influence of false theory; while the true merits of these poems he places not on mere blind preference or individual taste, but on a solid foundation of principles. These principles few or none at that time acknowledged, but they have since won the assent of all competent judges. Canons of judgment they are, not mechanical but living. They do not furnish the reader with a set of rules which he can take up and apply ready-made. But they require, before they can be used aright, to be assimilated by thought—made our own inwardly. They open the eye to see, generate the power of seeing for one's-self, call forth from within a living standard of judgment, which is based on truth and nature.

Again, turn to his criticisms on Shakspeare and the Drama. They are but brief notes, scattered leaves, written by himself or taken down by others, from lectures, given mainly in London. His lectures were in general wholly oral, and were best when delivered with no scrap of paper before him. But short as these notes are, they mark, and helped to cause, a revolution in men's ways of thinking about Shakspeare. First he taught, and himself exemplified, that he who would understand Shakspeare must not, Dr. Johnson-wise, seat himself on the critical throne, and thence deliver verdict, as on an inferior, or at best a mere equal; but that he has need to come before all things with reverence, as for the poet of all poets, and that,

wanting this, he wants one of the senses the "language of which he is to employ." Again, Coleridge was the first who clearly saw through and boldly denounced the nonsense that had been talked about Shakspeare's irregularity and extravagance. Before his time it had been customary to speak of Shakspeare as of some great abnormal creature, some fine but rude barbarian, full of all sorts of blemishes and artistic solecisms, which were to be tolerated for the sake of the beauties which counterbalanced them. In the face of all this, he ventured to ask, "Are then the plays of Shakspeare works of rude uncultivated genius, in which the splendour of the parts compensates for the barbarous shapelessness and irregularity of the whole? Or is the form equally admirable with the matter, and the judgment of the poet not less deserving our admiration than his genius?" The answer which he gave to his own question, and which he enforced with manifold argument, is in effect that the judgment of Shakspeare is as great as his genius; "nay, that his genius reveals itself in his judgment as in its most exalted form." In arguing against those who at that time "were still trammelled with the notion of the Greek unities, and who thought that apologies were due for Shakspeare's neglect of them, he showed how the form of Shakspeare's dramas was suited to the substance, not less than the form of the Greek dramas to theirs. He pointed out the contrast between mechanic form superinduced from without, and organic form growing from within; that if Shakspeare or any modern were to hold by the Greek dramatic unities, he would be imposing on his creations a dead form from without, instead of letting them shape themselves from within, and clothe themselves with a natural and living form, as the tree clothes itself with its bark. Another point which Coleridge insists on in these lectures and throughout his works, a point often unheeded, sometimes directly denied, is the close connexion between just taste and pure morality, because true taste springs out of the ground of the moral nature of man. We cannot now follow him into detail, and show the new light which he has thrown on Shakspeare's separate plays, and on his leading characters. We can but remark in passing, that Hamlet was the character in the exposition of which Coleridge first proved his Shaksperian insight. In the *Table Talk* he says, "In fact, I have a snack of Hamlet in myself." If any one wishes to see what a really masterly elucidation of a subtle character is, let him turn to the remarks on Hamlet in the second volume of the *Literary Remains*. We had intended to quote it here

entire, but space forbids. This and other of Coleridge's Shaksperian criticisms have been claimed for Schlegel. But most of these had, we believe, been given to the world in lectures before Schlegel's book appeared; and as to this exposition of Hamlet, Hazlitt bears witness that he had heard it from Coleridge before his visit to Germany in 1798. That view of Hamlet has long since become almost a commonplace in literature, but the idea of it was first conceived and expressed by Coleridge. Some of the other criticisms may be more subtle than many may care to follow. But any one who shall master these notes on Shakspeare, taken as a whole, will find in them more fine analysis of the hidden things of the heart, more truthful insight into the workings of passion, than are to be found in whole treatises of psychology.

Any survey of Coleridge's speculations will be incomplete if it did not include some account of his political philosophy, which holds so prominent a place among them. Not that he ever was a party politician,—his whole nature was averse to this,—but his mind was too universal in its range, his sympathy with all human interests too strong, to have allowed him to pass by these questions. But happily, the thorough and comprehensive discussion of this department of Coleridge's thought, which occupies the greater part of Mr. Mill's celebrated essay, relieves us from the necessity of entering on that subject here. There is, however, one important point to which that distinguished writer fails to advert. He speaks of Coleridge as an original thinker, but "within the bounds of traditional opinions," and as looking at received beliefs from within. But it must surely have been known to Mr. Mill that Coleridge, during his youth and early manhood, stood as entirely outside of established opinions, and looked at existing institutions as purely from without as it was possible to do. No extremest young radical of the present hour, when intellectual radicalism has once again become a fashion, can question received beliefs more freely, or assail the established order more fearlessly, than Coleridge in his fervent youth did. The convictions on politics and religion, therefore, in which he ultimately rested, are entitled to the weight, whatever it be, of having been formed by one who all his life long sought truth from every quarter, not from within traditionary beliefs only, but for many years from without also; and who, when his thought had gone full circle, became conservative, if that word is to be applied to him, not from self-interest or expediency, or from weariness of thinking, but after ample

experience and mature reflection. With this one remark on his political side we pass on.

Criticism, such as we have described above, presupposes profound and comprehensive thought on questions not lying within, but based on wider principles beyond, itself. His critical studies, if nothing else, would have driven Coleridge back on metaphysics. But it was the same with whatever subject he took up, whether art or politics, or morals or theology. Everywhere he strove to reach a bottoming,—to grasp the living idea which gave birth to the system or institution, and kept it alive. Even in those of his works, as the *Literary Life*, *The Friend*, and the *Lay Sermons*, which most enter into practical details, the granite every here and there crops out, the underlying philosophy appears. But that searching for fundamental principles, which seems to have been in him from the first an intellectual necessity, was increased by that morbidly introverted turn of mind which, at some stages of his life, had nearly overbalanced him. In an often-quoted passage from the *Ode to Dejection*, written at Keswick in 1802, he laments the decay within himself of the shaping imagination, and says, that

... "By abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man;
This was my sole resource, my only plan,
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

This passage opens a far glimpse into his mental history. It shows how metaphysics, for which he had from the first an innate propension, became from circumstances almost an unhealthy craving. What then was his ultimate metaphysical philosophy? This is not set forth systematically in any of his works, but we must gather it, as best we can, from disquisitions scattered through them all. And here we must be allowed to call to mind a few elementary matters, which, however trite to students of philosophy, are necessary to be borne in mind for the clear understanding of Coleridge's position.

Every one knows that from the dawn of thought down to the present hour, the question as to the origin of knowledge has been the Sphinx's riddle to philosophers. This strange thing named thought, what is it? This wondrous fabric we call knowledge, whence comes it? It is a web woven out of something, but is it wholly or chiefly woven from outward materials, or mainly wrought by self-evolving powers from within? Or, if due to the combined action of these, what part does each contribute? How much is due to the raw material, how much to the weaver who fashions it? These questions, even if they be insoluble, will never cease to

provoke the scrutiny of every new generation of thoughtful men. There always have been a set of thinkers who have regarded outward things as the fixed reality, which impresses representations of itself on mind as on a passive recipient. There have always existed also another set, who have held the mind to be a free creative energy, evolving from itself the laws of its own thinking, and stamping on outward things the forms which are inherent in its own constitution. The one have held that outward things are genetic of knowledge, and that what are called laws of thought are wholly imposed on the mind by qualities which belong essentially to outward things. The others have maintained that it is the mind which is genetic, and that it in reality makes what it sees. This great question, as Mr. Mill has well said, "would not so long have remained a question, if the more obvious arguments on either side had been unanswerable." There must, however, be a point of view, if we could reach it, from which these opposing tendencies of thought shall be seen to combine into one harmonious whole. But the man who shall achieve this final synthesis, and the age which shall witness it, are probably still far distant. Philosophic thought in Britain has in the main leaned towards the external side, towards that extreme which makes the mind out of the senses, and maintains experience to be the ultimate ground of all belief. This way of thinking, so congenial to the prevailing English temper of mind, dates from at least as far back as Hobbes, but was first fairly established, almost like a part of the British Constitution, by the famous essay of Locke. In his polemic against innate ideas he asserted two sources of all knowledge. "Our observation," he says, "employed either about external sensible, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with materials of thinking." The latter of these two sources, here somewhat vaguely announced, was never very strongly insisted on by Locke himself, and was by his followers speedily discarded. This development of Locke's system is seen most clearly in Hume, who divided all the mind's furniture into impressions or lively perceptions, as when we see, hear, hate, desire, will; and ideas or faint perceptions, which are copies of our sensible or lively impressions. So that with him all the materials of thought are derived from outward sense, or inward sentiment or emotion.

Contemporary with Hume, and like him a follower of Locke, Hartley appeared at Cambridge, and carried out the same views to still more definite issues. He gathered up

and systematized the materialistic views which were at that time floating about his university. Being, like Locke, a physician, he imported into his system a much larger amount of his professional knowledge, and sought to explain the movements of thought by elaborate physiological theories. He held that vibrations in the white medullary substance of the brain are the immediate causes of sensation, and that these first vibrations give birth to vibrations or miniatures of themselves, which are conceptions, or the simple ideas of sensible things. In another point he differed from Locke, in that, discarding Reflection, he brought more prominently forward Association, as the great weaving power of the mental fabric, which compounds all our ideas, and gives birth to all our faculties. Such theories as these were the chief philosophical aliment to be found in England when Coleridge was a young man. At Cambridge, having entered Hartley's college, where the name of that philosopher was still held in honour, Coleridge became his ardent disciple. In the *Religious Musings*, after Milton and Newton, he speaks of Hartley as

"He of mortal kind
Wisest; the first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres to the sentient brain."

Materialistic though his system was, Hartley was himself a believer in Christianity, and a religious man. His philosophical system came to be in high favour with Priestley and the Unitarians towards the end of last century; so that when Coleridge became a Hartleian, he adopted Necessitarian views of the will, and Unitarian tenets in religion. A Materialist, a Necessitarian, a Unitarian, such was Coleridge during his Cambridge and Bristol sojourn. But it was not possible that he should be permanently holden of these things. There were ideal lights and moral yearnings within him which would burst these bonds. The piece of divinity that was in him would not always do homage to Materialism.

Before he visited Germany he had begun to awake out of his Hartleianism. It had occurred to him that all association—Hartley's great instrument—"presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated." In short, association cannot account for its own laws. All that association does is to use these laws, or latent *à priori* forms, to wit, contiguity of time and place, resemblance, contrast, so as to bring particular things under them. When two things have been thus brought together under one law—say contiguity in time—they may get so connected in thought that it be-

comes difficult to conceive them apart. But it never can be impossible so to conceive them; that is, to separate them in thought. Further, he began to see that the hypothesis of all knowledge, being derived from sense, does not get rid of the need of a living intellectual mechanism, which makes these copies from sensible impressions. His own illustration is, the existence of an original picture, say Raphael's Transfiguration, does not account for the existence of a copy of it; but rather the copyist must have put forth the same powers, and gone through the same process, as the first painter did when he made the original picture. Or take that instance, which is a kind of standing Houghmout to sensational and idealistic combatants,—we mean causality, or the belief that every event must have a cause. Sensationalists, from Hume to Mr. Mill, have laboured to derive this, the grand principle of all inductive reasoning, from invariable experience. Mr. Mill's theory, the latest and most accredited from that side, thus explains it. He says that we arrive, by simple enumeration of individual instances, first at one and then at another particular uniformity, till we have collected a large number of such uniformities, or groups of cases in which the law of causation holds good. From this collection of the more obvious particular uniformities, in all of which the law of causation holds, we generalize the universal law of causation, or the belief that all things whatever have a cause; and then we proceed to apply this law so generalized as an inductive instrument to discover those other particular laws which go to make up itself, but which have hitherto eluded our investigation. Thus, according to this philosophy, we arrive at the universal law by generalizing from many laws of inferior generality. But as these last do not rest on rigid induction, but only on simple enumeration of instances, the universal law cannot lay claim to any greater cogency than the inferior laws on which it rests. One authenticated instance in which the law of causality does not hold may upset our belief in the universal validity of that law; and that there may be worlds in which it is so upset—in which events succeed each other at random, and by no fixed law—Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving. But this is really a *reductio ad absurdum*. This world of causeless disorder, which Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving, is simply inconceivable by any intelligence. If such a world were proved to exist, we should be compelled to believe that for this absence of order there is a cause, or group of causes; just as we know there is a cause, or group of causes, for the presence of that order which we know

to exist as far as our knowledge extends. This necessity to think a cause for every existence or event, a necessity which we cannot get rid of, forms the essential peculiarity of the notion of causality; marking it out as a necessary form of thought, born from within, and not gathered from experience. That which is created by experience is strengthened by the same. But this belief that every event must have a cause, is one which, as soon as we have clearly comprehended the terms, we feel to be inevitable. Experience, no doubt, first brings this cognition out into distinct consciousness; but as soon as we reflect on it, we discover that it must have been present as a constituent element of that very experience. Of causality, then, as of time and space, it may be said, to adopt the language of an able young metaphysician, "themselves cognitions generalized from experience, and, in that point of view, later than experience; they are discovered to have been also elements of those very cognitions of experience from which they have been generalized, present in them as constituent elements, undistinguished before analysis. . . They are elements of any and every particular experience, entering into every one of them as its necessary form." Or, as Coleridge put it, "Though first revealed to us by experience, they must yet have pre-existed in order to make experience itself possible; even as the eye must exist previously to any particular act of seeing, though by sight only can we know that we have eyes." And again, "How can we make bricks without straw, or build without cement? We learn things, indeed, by occasion of experience; but the very facts so learned force us inward on the antecedents that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible."

These and suchlike thoughts were sure to arise in a mind naturally so open to the idealistic side of thought as that of Coleridge, and to shake to pieces the materialistic fabric in which he had for a time ensconced himself. And not merely intellectual misgivings would work this way, but the soul's deeper cravings. Driven by hunger of heart, he wandered from the school of Locke and Hartley, successively on through those of Berkeley, Leibnitz, and, we believe, Spinoza, and finding in them no abiding place, began to despair of philosophy. To this crisis of his history probably apply these words:—

"I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fountal truths of natural religion and the books of revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my 'ark touched on an Ararat and rested.'"

About this time he fell in with the works of the German and other mystics—Tauler, Böhmen, George Fox, and William Law, and in them he found the same kind of help which Luther had found in Tauler :—

“The writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They helped to keep alive the heart within the head; gave me an indistinct yet stirring and working presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not as yet penetrated, if they were to afford my soul food or shelter. If they were a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet were they a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief.”

It was in the company of these men that he first got clear of the trammels of the mere understanding, and learned that there is higher truth than that faculty can compass and circumscribe. The learned seemed to him for several generations to have walked entirely by the light of this mere understanding, and to have confined their investigations strictly within certain conventional limits, beyond which lay all that is most interesting and vital to man. To enthusiasts, illiterate and simple men of heart, they left it to penetrate towards the inmost centre, “the indwelling and living ground of all things.” And then he came to this conviction, which he never afterwards abandoned, that if the intellect will not acknowledge a higher and deeper ground than it contains within itself, if, making itself the centre of its system, it seeks to square all things by its own laws, it must, if it follows out fearlessly its own reasoning, land in Pantheism or some form of blank unbelief. While his mind was seething with these thoughts it was that he first studied the works of Kant, and these, he says, took possession of him as with a giant’s hand. Henceforth his metaphysical creed was moulded mainly by the Kantian principles. This is not the place to attempt to enter on the slightest exposition of these. But, to speak popularly, it may be said that the gist of Kant’s system is not to make the mind out of the senses, as Hume had done, but the senses out of the mind. As Locke and Hume had started from without, so he started from within, making the one fixed truth, the only ground of reality, to consist, not in that which the senses furnish, but in that which the understanding supplies to make sensible knowledge possible. His prime question was, How is experience possible? And this possi-

bility he found in the *à priori* forms of the sensory time and space, and in the *à priori* forms or categories of the understanding, which by their activity bind together into one the multifarious and otherwise unintelligized intimations of sense. It is sense that supplies the understanding with the raw material; this the understanding passes through its machinery, and, by virtue of its inherent concept-forms, reduces it to order, makes it conceivable and intelligible. But the understanding is limited in its operation to phenomena of experience, and whenever it steps beyond this and applies its categories to super-sensible things, it lands itself in contradictions. It cannot arrive at any other truth than that which is valid within man’s experience. Ultimate truths, valid for all intelligents, if such there be, are beyond its reach.

Had Kant’s philosophy stopped here it would not have done much more for Coleridge than Locke’s and Hartley’s had done. It was because Kant asserted the existence in man of another faculty, distinct from and higher than understanding, namely, Reason, that Coleridge found him so helpful. The term *Reason* Kant employed in another than our ordinary sense, as the faculty of ultimate truths or necessary principles. He distinguished, however, between reason in its speculative and in its practical use. Speculative Reason he held to be exclusively a regulative faculty, having only a formal and logical use. This use is to connect our judgments together into conclusions, according to the three forms of reasoning,—the categorical, the hypothetical, and the disjunctive. These three methods are the ideas of Speculative Reason by which it strives to produce unity and perfectness among the judgments of the understanding. As long as the ideas of Speculative Reason are thus used to control and bring into unity the conceptions of the discursive understanding, they are used rightly, and within their own legitimate sphere. But whenever Speculative Reason tries to elevate these regulative ideas into objects of theoretical knowledge, whenever it ascribes objective truth to these ideas, it leads to contradiction and falsehood. In other words, Speculative Reason Kant held to be true in its formal or logical, but false in its material application. As the understanding, with its categories, has for its object and only legitimate sphere the world of sense, so Speculative Reason, with its ideas, has for its exclusive sphere of operation the conceptions of the understanding, and beyond this these ideas have no truth nor validity. It was not, however, by these views, either of understanding or of Speculative Reason, that Kant

came to the help of the highest interests of humanity, but by his assertion of the existence in man of the Practical Reason which is the inlet or source of our belief in moral and super-sensuous truth. Some have maintained this to be an afterthought added to Kant's system. But, be this as it may, Kant held that the moral law revealed itself to man as a reality through his Practical Reason—a law not to be gathered from experience, but to be received as the fundamental principle of action for man, evidencing itself by its own light. This moral law requires for its action the truth of three ideas, that of the soul, of immortality, and of God. These ideas are the postulates of the practical reason, and are true and certain, because, if they are denied, morality and free-will, man's highest certainties, become impossible. They are, however, to man truths of moral certainty—of practical faith—though Kant did not use that word, rather than objects of theoretical contemplation.

This distinction between the understanding and the Reason Coleridge adopted from Kant, and made the ground-work of all his teaching. But the distinction between Speculative and Practical Reason, which was with Kant radical, Coleridge did not dwell on, nor bring into prominence. He knew and so far recognised Kant's distinction, that he spoke of Speculative Reason as the faculty of concluding universal and necessary truths, from particular and contingent appearances, and of Practical Reason, as the power of proposing an ultimate end, that is, of determining the will by ideas. He does not, however, seem to have held by it firmly. Rather he threw himself on Kant's view of Practical Reason, and carried it out with a fulness which Kant probably would have disallowed. Kant's strong assertion that there was at least one region of his being in which man came into contact with super-sensible truth, with the reality of things, this, set forth not vaguely, but with the most solid reasoning, was that which so attracted Coleridge. But in the use which Coleridge made of this power, and the range he assigned it, he went much beyond his master. He speaks of Reason as an immediate beholding of super-sensible things, as the eye which sees truths transcending sense. He identifies Reason in the human mind, as Kant perhaps would have done, with Universal Reason; calls it impersonal; indeed, regards it as a ray of the Divinity in man. In one place he makes it one with the Light which lighteth every man, and in another he says that Reason is "the presence of the Holy Spirit to the finite understanding, at once the light and the inward eye." "It cannot be rightly called a faculty," he says, "much less

a personal property of any human mind." We cannot be said to possess Reason, but rather to partake of it; for there is but one Reason, which is shared by all intelligent beings, and is in itself the Universal or Supreme Reason. "He in whom Reason dwells can as little appropriate it as his own possession, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven." Again, he says of Reason, that "it has been said to be more like to sense than to understanding; but in this it differs from sense: the bodily senses have objects differing from themselves; Reason, the organ of spiritual apprehension, has objects consubstantial with itself, being itself its own object,—that is, self-contemplative." And again, "Reason substantiated and vital, one only, yet manifold, overseeing all, and going through all understanding, without being either the sense, the understanding, or the imagination, contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains its own thoughts, and is present in and through them all; or as the expression pervades the different features of an intelligent countenance."

In much of the above, Coleridge has not only gone beyond Kant's cautious handling of Practical Reason, but has given to the German's philosophical language a religious, and even a Biblical colouring of his own. Nay, in regarding Reason as the power of intuitive insight into moral and spiritual truths, he has approached nearer to some of the German philosophers who came after Kant. Though Coleridge made so much of this distinction between Reason and understanding, and of Reason as the organ of spiritual truth, and though throughout his later works he is continually and at length insisting on it, he cannot be said to have made it secure against all the technical objections. It would be impossible here to follow him into all the ramifications of this abstruse subject, and to show minutely the relation in which he placed Reason to understanding. We may, however, notice one scoff against the whole system. It has been represented as a device to enable a man to believe that what is false to his understanding may be true to his Reason. This, though it may be a smart sneer, is nothing more. What Coleridge did maintain was that the material of moral and spiritual truth which comes to man through his Reason, must, before it can be reduced to definite conceptions and expressed in propositions, first pass through the forms of the understanding. In so passing, the truths of Reason and the moral will suffer some loss, because the conceptions of the understanding are not adequate to give full expression to them; so that it was to him no argument

against a truth whose source lies in Reason, if, in passing through the understanding, or being reduced to logical language, it issued in propositions which seem illogical, or even contradictory. And what more is this than to say that man's logical understanding is not the measure of all truth? a doctrine surely which did not originate with Coleridge. But whatever difficulties there may be in this philosophy of the reason, it is an attempt to vindicate and sanction those truths which lie deepest, and are most vital to human nature. Questions are continually rising within us, whether born of our own thoughts or imported from intellectual systems, asking anxiously whether any thought of man can reach to spiritual realities. The mind is continually getting entangled in a self-woven mesh of sophistry. It is the highest end of all philosophy to clear away these difficulties which philosophy has itself engendered, and to let the mind look out on the truth as uncloudedly as it did before these sophistications arose; to give back to the race the simplicity of its childhood, with the wisdom of its mature age. Of most metaphysicians, first and last, the main work has been to build up between the spirit of man and the Father of spirits solid walls and high, which no human strength can pierce through, no eye can overlook. To break down and clear away these walls, which others with such pains had reared, this was the ultimate aim and end towards which Coleridge laboured. Herein lies the great service which he did to his age and country. He was almost the first philosopher for a hundred and fifty years, who upheld a metaphysics which was in harmony at once with the best wisdom of the olden time, and with man's deepest aspirations in all time. It was a thorough and profound protest against the philosophy judging according to sense, with which England, and, *pace* Reid be it said, Scotland too, had so long been deluged. It opened up once more a free passage for man's thoughts to that higher world of truth which philosophy had so long barred against them; opened up to the human spirit a path which it might travel, undisturbed by technical objections of the understanding, toward that spiritual region which is its natural home. Man's deepest heart, his inmost being, from depths beyond all conscious thought, cry out for such access. And it is the business of a true philosophy, not, as has been often done, to bar the way and to break down the bridges that span the gulfs, but cautiously, yet resolutely, to make ready a way by which the weary hearts of men may pass over in safety. Honour be to the spiritual engineers who have laboured to build up such a highway for humanity!

When Coleridge had made his own the distinction between reason and understanding, he found in it not only a key to many of the moral and religious questions which had perplexed himself, and were working confusion among his contemporaries, but he seemed to find in it a truth, which, however unsystematically, had been held and built on by all the masters of ancient wisdom, whether in philosophy or theology. Especially he seemed to see this truth pervading the writings of the Cambridge Platonists, of Leighton, and of all the best divines of the seventeenth century.

A good example of the way in which Coleridge applied his metaphysical principles to philosophic questions, will be found in the *Essays on Method*, in the third volume of *The Friend*. He there attempts to reconcile Plato's view of the Idea as lying at the ground of all investigation with Bacon's philosophy of induction, and to prove that, though they worked from opposite ends of the problem, they are not really opposed. In all inductive investigations, Coleridge contends, the mind must contribute something, the mental initiative, the *prudens questio*, the idea; and this, when tested or proved by rigorous scientific processes, is found to be a law of nature. What in the mind of the discoverer is a prophetic idea, is found in nature to be a law, and the one answers, and is akin to, the other. What Coleridge has there said of the mental initiative which lies at the foundation of induction, Dr. Whewell has taken up and argued out at length in his works on Induction. Mr. Mill has as stoutly redargued it from his own point of view, and their polemic still waits a solution. But we must pass from these pure metaphysical problems to notice some of the ways in which Coleridge applied his principles to moral and religious questions.

In the *Literary Remains* there is a remarkable essay on Faith, which contains a suggestive application of these principles. Faith he defines to be fealty or fidelity to that part of our being which cannot become an object of the senses; to that in us which is highest, and is alone unconditionally imperative. What is this? Every man is conscious of something within him which tells him he ought, which commands him, to do to others as he would they should do to him. Of this he is as assured as he is that he sees and hears; only with this difference, that the senses act independently of the will. The conscience is essentially connected with the will. We can, if we will, refuse to listen to it. The listening or the not-listening to conscience is the first moral act by which a

man takes upon him or refuses allegiance to a power higher than himself, yet speaking within himself. Now, what is this in each man, higher than himself, yet speaking within him? It is Reason, supersensuous, impersonal, the representative in man of the will of God, and demanding the allegiance of the individual will. Faith, then, is fealty to this rightful superior; "allegiance of the moral nature to Universal Reason, or the will of God; in opposition to all usurpation of appetite, of sensible objects, of the finite understanding;" of affection to others, or even the purest love of the creature. And conscience is the inward witness to the presence in us of the divine ray of reason, "the irradiative power, the representative of the Infinite." An approving conscience is the sense of harmony of the personal will of man with that impersonal light which is in him, representative of the will of God. A condemning conscience is the sense of discord or contrariety between these two. Faith, then, consists in the union and interpenetration of the Reason and the individual will. Since our will and moral nature enter into it, faith must be a continuous and total energy of the whole man. Since reason enters into it, faith must be a light—a seeing, a beholding of truth. Hence faith is a spiritual act of the whole being; it is "the source and germ of the fidelity of man to God, by the entire subjugation of the human will to Reason, as the representative in him of the divine will." Such is a condensation, nearly in Coleridge's own words, of the substance of that essay. Hard words and repulsive these may seem to some, who feel it painful to analyse the faith they live by. And no doubt the simple, childlike apprehension of the things of faith is better and more blessed than all philosophizing about them. They who have good health and light breathing, whose system is so sound that they know not they have a system, have little turn for disquisitions on health and respiration. But, just as sickness and disease have compelled men to study the bodily framework, so doubt and mental entanglement have forced men to go into these abstruse questions, in order to meet the philosophy of denial with a counter philosophy of faith. The philosophy is not faith, but it may help to clear away sophistications that stand in the way of it.

For entering into speculations of this kind, Coleridge has been branded as a transcendentalist, a word with many of hideous import. But abstruse and wide of practice as these speculations may seem, it was for practical behoof mainly that Coleridge undertook them. "What are my metaphysics?"

he exclaims; "merely the referring of the mind to its own consciousness for truths which are indispensable to its own happiness." Of this any one may be convinced who shall read with care his *Friend* or his *Lay Sermons*. One great source of the difficulty, or, as some might call it, the confusedness of these works, is the rush and throng of human interests with which they are filled. If he discusses the ideas of the Reason, or any other like abstract subject, it is because he feels its vital bearing on some truth of politics, morality, or religion, the clear understanding of which concerns the common weal. And here is one of his strongest mental peculiarities, which has made many censure him as unintelligible. His eye flashed with a lightning glance from the most abstract truth to the minutest practical detail, and back again from this to the abstract principle. This makes that, when once his mental powers begin to work, their movements are on a vastness of scale, and with a many-sidedness of view, which, if they render him hard to follow, make him also stimulative and suggestive of thought beyond all other modern writers.

When Coleridge first began to speculate, the sovereignty of Locke and his followers in English Metaphysics was not more supreme than that of Paley in Moral Philosophy. Both were Englishmen of the round, robust English stamp, haters of subtilities, abhorrent of idealism, resolute to warn off any ghost of scholasticism from the domain of common-sense philosophy. And yet both had to lay down dogmatic decisions on subjects into which, despite the burliest common sense, things infinite and spiritual will intrude. How resolute was Coleridge's polemic against Locke and all his school we have seen. Not less vigorous was his protest against Paley as a moralist, and that at a time when few voices were raised against the common-sense Dean.

For completely rounded moral systems Coleridge indeed professed little respect, ranking them for utility with systems of casuistry or auricular confession. But of vital principles of morality, penetrating to the quick, few men's writings are more fruitful. A standing butt for Coleridge's shafts was Paley's well-known definition of virtue as "the doing of good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Or, as Paley has elsewhere more broadly laid down the same principle, "we are obliged to do nothing but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by, for nothing else can be a violent motive." Against this substitution, as he called it, of a scheme of selfish prudence

for moral virtue, Coleridge was never weary of raising his voice. Morality, as he contended, arises out of the Reason and conscience of man; prudence out of the understanding, and the natural wants and desires of the individual; and though prudence is the worthy servant of morality, the master and the servant cannot rightly be confounded. The chapter in *The Friend*, in which he argues against the Utilitarian system of ethics, and proves that general consequences cannot be the criterion of the right and wrong of particular actions, is one of the best-reasoned and most valuable which that work contains. The following are some of the arguments with which he contends against "the inadequacy of the principle of general consequences as a criterion of right and wrong, and its utter uselessness as a moral guide." Such a criterion is vague and illusory, for it depends on each man's notion of happiness, and no two men have exactly the same notion. And even if men were agreed as to what constitutes the end, namely, happiness, the power of calculating consequences, and the foresight needed to secure the means to the end, are just that in which men most differ. But morality ought to be grounded on that part of their nature, namely, their moral convictions, in which men are most alike, not on the calculating understanding, in which they stand most widely apart. Again, such a criterion confounds morality, which looks to the inward motive, with law, which regards only the outward act. Indeed, the need of a judgment of actions according to the inward motive, forms one of the strongest arguments for a future state. For in this world our outward actions, apart from their motives, must needs determine our temporal welfare. But the moral nature longs for, and Scripture reveals, a more perfect judgment to come, wherein not the outward act but the inward principle, the thoughts and intents of the heart, shall be made the ground of judgment. Again, this criterion is illusory, because evil actions are often turned to good by that Providence which brings good out of evil. If, then, consequences were the sole or chief criterion, then these evil actions ought to be, because of their results, reckoned good. Nero persecuted the Christians and so spread Christianity: is he to be credited with this good result? Again, to form a notion of the nature of an action multiplied indefinitely into the future, we must first know the nature of the original action itself. And if we already know this, what need of testing it by its remote consequences? If against these arguments it were urged that general consequences are the criterion, not

of the agent but of the action, Coleridge would reply, that all actions have their whole worth and main value from the moral principle which actuates the agent. So that, if it could be shown that two men, one acting from enlightened self-love, the other from pure Christian principle, would observe towards all their neighbours throughout life exactly the same course of outward conduct, yet these two, weighed in a true moral balance, would be wide as the poles asunder. By these and suchlike arguments Coleridge opposes the Paleyan and every other form of Utilitarian ethics. Instead of confounding morality with prudence, he everywhere bases morality on religion. "The widest maxims of prudence," he asserts, "are arms without hearts, when disjointed from those feelings which have their fountain in a living principle." That principle lies in the common ground where morality and religion meet, and from which neither can be sundered without destruction to both. The moral law, every man feels, has a universality and an imperativeness far transcending the widest maxims of experience; and this because it has its origin in Reason, as described above, in that in each man which is representative of the Divine Will, and connects him therewith. Out of Reason, not from experience, all pure principles of morality spring, and in it find their sanction. This truth Coleridge reiterated in every variety of form.

But while he is thus strong in placing the foundation of individual morality in Reason, in his sense of that word, he repudiates those theories which would draw from the same source the first principles of political government. In opposition to these theories, he held that each form of government is sufficiently justified, when it can be shown that it is suitable for the circumstances of the particular nation. Therefore no one form of government can lay claim to be the sole rightful one. Thus to prudence or expediency Coleridge assigns a place in political questions which he denies to it in moral ones. Full of power is his whole argument against Rousseau, Paine, and others of that day, who maintained the social contract and the rights of man, and, laying the grounds of political right exclusively in Reason, held that nothing was rightful in civil society which could not be deduced from the primary laws of reason. "Who," asked Rousseau, "shall dare prescribe a law of moral action for any rational being, considered as a member of a state, which does not flow immediately from that reason which is the fountain of all morality?" Where to Coleridge replies, Morality looks not to the outward act, but to the internal maxim of actions. But politics look

solely to the outward act. The end of good government is to regulate the actions of particular bodies of men, as shall be most expedient under given circumstances. How, then, can the same principle be employed to test the expediency of political rules and the purity of inward motives? He then goes on to show that when Rousseau asserted that every human being possessed of Reason had in him an inalienable sovereignty, he applied to actual man—compassed about with passions, errors, vices, and infirmities—what is true of the abstract Reason alone; that all he asserted of “that sovereign will, to which the right of legislation belongs, applies to no human being, to no assemblage of human beings, least of all to the mixed multitude that makes up the people; but entirely and exclusively to Reason itself, which, it is true, dwells in every man potentially, but actually and in perfect purity in no man, and in no body of men.” And this reasoning he clinches by an instance and argument, often since repeated, though we know not whether Coleridge was the first to employ it. He shows that the constituent assembly of France, whenever they tried to act out these principles of pure Reason, were forced to contravene them. They excluded from political power children, though reasonable beings, because in them Reason is imperfect; women, because they are dependent. But is there not more of Reason in many women, and even in some children, than in men dependent for livelihood on the will of others, the very poor, the infirm of mind, the ignorant, the depraved? Some reasonable beings must be disfranchised. It comes then to a question of degrees. And how are degrees to be determined? Not by pure reason, but by rules of expedience, founded on present observation and past experience. But the whole of Coleridge’s reasoning against Rousseau and Cartwright’s universal suffrage is well worth the attention of those advanced thinkers of the present day, who are beginning once again, after a lapse of half a century, to argue about political rights on grounds of abstract reason. They will there find, if they care to see it, the whole question placed not on temporary arguments, but on permanent principles.

But keen as was Coleridge’s interest in political and moral subjects, and in whatever affects the wellbeing of man, the full bent of his soul, and its deepest meditations, were given to the truths of the Christian revelation. From none of his works are these thoughts absent; but the fullest exposition of his religious views is to be found in the *Aids to Reflection*, his maturest work, and in the third and fourth volumes of the *Literary*

Remains. Before, however, adverting to these opinions, it may be well to remember, that, much as Coleridge thought and reasoned on religion, it was his firm conviction, founded on experience, that the way to an assured faith, that faith which gives life and peace, is not to be won by dint of argument. “Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering always the express declaration of Christ himself; ‘No man cometh to me, unless the Father leadeth him.’” So it was with himself. Much as he philosophized, philosophy was not his soul’s haven; not thence did his help come. It may have cleared away outlying hindrances, but it was not this that led him up to the stronghold of hope. Through the wounds made in his own spirit, through the brokenness of a heart humbled and made contrite by the experience of his own sin and utter helplessness, entered in the faith which gave rest, the peace which “settles where the intellect is meek.” Once his soul had reached the citadel, his ever-busy eye and penetrating spirit surveyed the nature of the bulwarks, and examined the foundations, as few before had done. And the world has the benefit, whatever it may be, of these surveys. But though Coleridge was a religious philosopher, let it not be supposed that he put more store by the philosophy than the religion. He knew well, and often insisted, that religion is life rather than science, and that there is a danger, peculiar to the intellectual man, of turning into speculation what was given to live by. He knew that the intellect, busy with ideas about God, may not only fail to bring a man nearer the divine life, but may actually tend to withdraw him from it. For the intellect takes in but the phantom of the truth, and leaves the total impression, the full power of it, unappropriated. And hence it comes that those truths which, if felt by the unlearned at all, go straight to the heart and are taken in by the whole man, are apt, in the case of the philosopher and the theologian, to stop at the outside region of the understanding, and never to get further. This is a danger peculiar to the learned, or to those who think themselves such. The trained intellect is apt to eat out the child’s heart, and yet the “except ye become as little children” stand unrepealed. Coleridge knew this well. In his earliest interview with De Quincey, he said “that prayer with the whole soul was the highest energy of which the human heart was capable, and that the great mass of worldly men, and of learned men, were absolutely incapable of prayer.”

And only two years before his death, after a retrospect of his own life, to his nephew, who sat by his bedside one afternoon, he said,

"I have no difficulty in forgiveness. . . . Neither do I find or reckon the most solemn faith in God as a real object the most arduous act of reason and will. O no! it is to pray, to pray as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing He pleaseth thereupon—this is the last, the greatest achievement of a Christian's warfare on earth.' And then he burst into tears, and begged me to pray for him."

It has been said that the great object of his theological speculations was to bring into harmony religion and philosophy. This assertion would mislead, if it were meant to imply that he regarded these as two co-ordinate powers, which could be welded together into one reasoned system. It would, perhaps, be more true to say that his endeavour was, in his own words, to remove the doubts and difficulties that cannot but arise whenever the understanding, the mind of the flesh, is made the measure of spiritual things. He laboured to remove religion from a merely mechanical or intellectual, and to place it on a moral and spiritual foundation. His real aim was, notwithstanding that his love for scholastic distinction might seem to imply the contrary, to simplify men's thoughts on these things, to show that spiritual truth is like the light, self-evidencing, that it is pre-conformed to man's higher nature, as man's nature is pre-conformed to it.

As he had to contend against Lockean metaphysics and Paleyan ethics, so he had to do strenuous battle against a theology mainly mechanical. He woke upon an age when the belief in God was enforced in the schools as the conclusion of a lengthened argument; when revelation was proved exclusively by miracles, with little regard to its intrinsic evidence; and when both natural and revealed truths were superinduced from without, as extraneous, extra-moral beliefs, rather than taught as living faiths evidenced from within. In opposition to this kind of teaching, which had so long reigned, Coleridge taught that the foundation truth of all religion, faith in the existence of God, was incapable of intellectual demonstration—that as all religion, so this corner-stone of religion, must have a moral origin. To him that belief was inherent in the soul, as Reason is inherent, indeed a part of Reason, in the sense he gave to that word, as moral in its nature, and the fountain of moral truth. His words are—

"Because I possess Reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with the sense of moral responsibility, constitutes my conscience, hence it is my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe, that there is a God, that is, a Being in whom supreme Reason and a most holy will are one with infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence. The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of His existence, and shadowing out to me His perfections. But as all language presupposes, in the intelligent hearer or reader, those primary notions which it symbolizes, . . . even so, I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxiliarily by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my Reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture so represents it. For it commands us to believe in one God. Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is demonstrative only in so far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem nolentem*."

Thus we see that with regard to the first truth of all religion, Coleridge places its evidence in conscience and the intuitive reason. Carrying the same manner of thinking into revealed religion, to its inherent substance he gave the foremost place as evidence, while to historical proofs and arguments from miracles he assigned the same subordinate place, as in reference to the existence of God he assigned to arguments from design.

His view upon this subject also had better be given in his own language. It could hardly be expressed in fewer, and certainly not in better words. The main evidences, he thinks, are

"the doctrines of Christianity, and the correspondence of human nature to these doctrines, illustrated, *first*, historically, as the production of a new world, and the dependence of the fate of the planet upon it; *second*, individually, from its appeal to an ascertained fact, the truth of which every man possessing Reason has an equal power of ascertaining within himself; viz., a will, which has more or less lost its own freedom, though not the consciousness that it ought to be and may become free; the conviction that this cannot be achieved without the operation of a principle co-natural with itself; the experience in his own nature of the truth of the process described by Scripture, as far as he can place him-self within the process, aided by the confident assurances of others as to the effects experienced by them, and which he is striving to arrive at. All these form a practical Christian. To such a man one main test of the truth of his faith is its accompaniment by a growing insight

into the moral beauty and necessity of the process which it comprises, and the dependence of that process on the causes asserted. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight, which changes faith into knowledge, will be the reward of that belief."

Subordinate to this internal evidence in Coleridge's view, buttresses, but not corner-stones, are the facts of the existence and of the history of Christianity, and also of the miracles which accompanied its first appearance. These are necessary results, rather than primary proofs of revelation. For, "as the result of the above convictions, he will not scruple to receive the particular miracles recorded, inasmuch as it is miraculous that an incarnate God should not work what must to mere men appear as miracles; inasmuch as it is strictly accordant with the ends and benevolent nature of such a Being to commence the elevation of man above his mere senses by enforcing attention first, through an appeal to those senses." Thus, according to him, they are not the adequate and ultimate proof of religion, not the keystone of the arch, but rather "compact stones in it, which give while they receive strength."

Coleridge's theology was more or less a recoil from one in which miracles had been pushed into undue, almost exclusive prominence, one in which the proof of religion was derived mainly from the outward senses; whereas he was convinced that to subjugate the senses to faith, the passive belief to the moral and responsible belief, was one main end of all religion. Whether Coleridge struck the balance aright between outward and inward evidence, whether he gave to miracles that place which is their due; whether, in his zeal for the inward truths, he estimated as they deserve the miraculous facts, which, whatever they may be to some oversubtilized intellects, have been, and always must be, to the great mass of men, the main objective basis on which the spiritual truths repose, these are questions into which we shall not now inquire. Our aim, especially in this part of our essay, is not so much to criticise, as to set forth, as fairly as may be, what his views really were.

We have seen then that Coleridge held the adaptation of Christianity to man's need, and to his whole moral nature, to be the strongest evidence of its truth. And this naturally suggests the question, How far did he regard man's moral convictions to be the test of revelation as a whole, or of any particular doctrine of revelation? Did he wish to square down the truths of revelation to the findings of human conscience? To answer this question is the more necessary, because Mr. Mill, in the few remarks on Cole-

ridge's religious opinions with which he closes his essay, has asserted that he "goes as far as the Unitarians in making man's reason and moral feelings a test of revelation; but differs *toto calo* from them in their rejection of its mysteries, which he regards as the highest philosophical truths." It would be strange, indeed, if Coleridge, who certainly ought to have known both his own views and those of the Unitarians, should have so far deluded himself as to protest against them unweariedly for this very fault, that they made man the measure of all things, while in this matter he himself was substantially at one with them. The truth is, that those who speak most strongly about reason being the measure of faith, mean by the word Reason much the same as Coleridge meant by Understanding—the faculty of definite conceptions, the power of clearly comprehending truths. And in their mouths the proposition means that nothing is to be believed in religion, or anything else, which man's understanding cannot fully grasp, clearly conceive, definitely express, satisfactorily explain. Now Coleridge used the term Reason in a sense different, nay, opposed to, this. He held, whether rightly or no we do not now inquire, but he held, that there is in man a power of apprehending universal spiritual truths, something that brings him into close relation, we had almost said contact, with supersensible reality, and to this power he gave the name of Reason. And the intimations of moral and spiritual things, which he believed that he received through this power, he accepted readily, though he could not understand nor explain them, nor even conceive the possibility of them. Even with regard to the first truth of religion, the existence, personality, and moral nature of God, he held that this is to be received on moral grounds, and regarded as a settled truth "not by the removal of all difficulties, or by any such increase of insight as enables a man to meet all sceptical objections with a full and precise answer; but because he has convinced himself that it is folly as well as presumption to expect it; and because the doubts and difficulties disappear at the beam when tried against the weight of the reasons in the other scale." Again, of the fall of man, he says that it is a mystery too profound for human insight; and of the doctrine of the Trinity, that it is an absolute truth, transcending our human means of understanding or demonstrating it. These, and numerous other suchlike sayings might be adduced, not to speak of the whole scope of his philosophy, to show that it was no obstacle to his belief in a truth, that it transcended his comprehension. Nay, more, so far was he from desiring to bring,

down all religious truths to the level of human comprehension, that he everywhere enforced it as a thing antecedently to be expected, that the fundamental truths should be mysteries, and that he would have found it hard to believe them if they had not been so.

What then did he mean when he maintained, as he certainly did, that "in no case can true Reason and a right faith oppose each other?" We have seen that Reason with Coleridge was the link by which man is joined on to a higher order, the source whence he draws in all of moral truth and of religious sentiment which he possesses. It was the harmony of revelation with this faculty of apprehending universal spiritual truths which was to him the main ground for originally believing in revelation, and, therefore, he held that no particular doctrine of revelation can contradict the findings of that faculty on the evidence of which revelation as a whole is primarily received. In other words, no view of God's nature and of his dealings with men, no interpretation of any doctrine, nor of any text of Scripture, can be true, which contradicts the clear intimations of enlightened conscience. And the substance of revelation and the dictates of conscience so answer to each other, that the religious student, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, may expect to find an ever increasing harmony between the two teachings. Opposed to this doctrine of Coleridge, on the one hand, is the teaching of those who, believing in revelation, deny to man any power of apprehending spiritual truths, and hold that the first truths of religion must be received simply as authoritative data from without. Equally opposed, on the other hand, are the views of those who, though admitting in some sense the truth of revelation, yet make man's power of understanding the entire measure of all that is to be received as revealed. The creed which is bounded either theoretically or practically within this limit must needs be a scanty one.

The truth seems to be that, both in the things of natural and revealed religion, the test that lies in man's moral judgment seems more of a negative than a positive one. We are not to believe about God anything which positively contradicts our first notions of righteousness and goodness, for, if we were to do so, we should cut away the original moral ground of our belief in His existence and character. Thus far our moral judgments carry us, but not much further. No rational man who believes in God at all will try to square all the facts that meet him in the natural and the moral world to his sense of right and wrong. Life is full of inscrutable facts which cannot be made by us to fit into

any moral standard of ours. All that the moral judgment has a right to say to them is to refuse to believe any proposed interpretation of them which contradicts the plain laws of right and wrong, any interpretation which makes God unrighteous on account of such facts, and to wait patiently in full faith that a time will come when we shall see these now inscrutable facts to have been fully consistent with the most perfect righteousness. And the same use which we make of our moral judgment in regard to the facts that meet us in life, we are bound to make of it with regard to the doctrines of revelation. We are not to expect to see moral light through all of these, but we are to refuse any interpretation of them which does violence to the moral sense. In both cases, however, we have reason to expect that, to those who honestly and humbly use the light they have, more light will be given,—a growing insight, or, at least, a trustful acquiescence in facts which at first were too dark and perplexing. There are in this region two extremes, equally to be shunned. One is theirs, who in matters of religion begin by discrediting the natural light,—by putting out the eye of conscience,—that they may the more magnify the heavenly light of revelation, or rather their own interpretations thereof. The other is seen in those, who enthroning on the judgment-seat the first offhand findings of their own, and that perhaps no very enlightened, conscience, proceed to arraign before this bar the statements of Scripture, and to reject all those which do not seem to square with the verdicts of the self-erected tribunal. There is a more excellent way than either of these, a way not definable perhaps by criticism, but to be found by spiritual wisdom. There are those who, loath to do violence to the teachings either of Scripture or of conscience, but patiently and reverently comparing them together, find that the more deeply they are considered, the more do they, on the whole, reflect light one on the other. To such the words of Scripture, interpreted by the experience of life, reveal things about their own nature, which once seemed incredible. And the more they know of themselves and their own needs, the more the words of Scripture seem to enlarge their meaning to meet these. But as to the large outlying region of the inexplicable that will still remain in the world, in man, and in Holy Writ, they can leave all this, in full confidence that when the solution, soon or late, shall come, it will be seen to be in profound harmony with our highest sense of righteousness, and with that word which declares that "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Such, though not expressed in Coleridge's

words, we believe to be the spirit of his teaching.

What then is to be said of those passages in his works in which he speaks of the mysteries of faith, and the highest truths of philosophy, as coincident; in which he says that he received the doctrine of the Logos not merely on authority, but because of its to him exceeding reasonableness; in which he speaks as if he had an intellectual insight into the doctrine of the Trinity, and draws out formulas of it in strange words hard to understand? Whatever we may think of these sayings and formulas, it is to be remembered that Coleridge never pretended that he could have discovered the truths apart from revelation. If, after practically accepting these truths, and finding in them the spiritual supports of his soul, he employed his powers of thought upon them, and drew them out into intellectual formulas more satisfactory to himself probably than to others, yet these philosophizings, made for the purpose of speculative insight, he neither represented as the grounds of his own faith, nor obtruded on others as necessary for theirs. He ever kept steadily before him the difference between an intellectual belief and a practical faith, and asserted that it was solely in consequence of the historical fact of redemption that the Trinity becomes a doctrine, the belief in which as real is commanded by our conscience.

In the *Aids to Reflection*, the earlier half of the work is employed in clearing away preliminary hindrances; the latter part deals mainly with the moral difficulties that are apt to beset the belief in Original Sin and in the Atonement.

With regard to the former doctrine, he shows that the belief of the existence of evil, as a fact, in man and in the world, is not peculiar to Christianity, but is common to it with every religion and every philosophy that has believed in a personal God; in fact, to all systems but Pantheism and Atheism. The fact then needs no proof, but the meaning of the fact does. As to this, Coleridge rejected that interpretation of original sin, which makes 'original' mean 'hereditary,' or inherited like our bodily constitution from our forefathers. Such, he held, might be disease or calamity, but could not be sin, the meaning of which is, the choice of evil by a will free to choose between good and evil. This fact of a law in man's nature which opposes the law of God, is not only a fact, but a mystery, of which no other solution than the statement of the fact is possible. For consider: Sin to be sin is evil originating in, not outside of the will. And what is the essence of the will? It is a self-determining

power, having the original ground of its own determination in itself; and if subject to any cause from without, such cause must have acquired this power of determining the will, by a previous determination of the will itself. This is the very essence of a will. And herein it is contradistinguished from nature, whose essence it is to be unable to originate anything, but to be bound by the mechanism of cause and effect. If the will has by its own act subjected itself to nature, has received into itself from nature an alien influence which has curtailed its freedom, in so far as it has done so, it has corrupted itself. This is original sin, or sin originating in the only region in which it can originate—the Will. This is a fall of man.

You ask, When did this fall take place? Has the will of each man chosen evil for itself; and, if so, when? To this Coleridge would reply that each individual will has so chosen; but as to the when, the will belongs to a region of being,—is part of an order of things, in which time and space have no meaning; that "the subject stands in no relation to time, can neither be called in time or out of time; but that all relations of time are as alien and heterogeneous in this question as north or south, round or square, thick or thin, are in the affections."

Again you ask, With whom did sin originate? And Coleridge replies, The grounds of will on which it is true of any one man are equally true in the case of all men. The fact is asserted of the individual, not because he has done this or that particular evil act, but simply because he is man. It is impossible for the individual to say that it commenced in this or that act, at this or that time. As he cannot trace it back to any particular moment of his life, neither can he state any moment at which it did not exist. As to this fact, then, what is true of any one man is true of all men. For, "in respect of original sin, each man is the representative of all men."

Such, nearly in his own words, was the way in which Coleridge sought, while fully acknowledging this fact, to construe it to himself, so as to get rid of those theories which make it an infliction from without, a calamity, a hereditary disease; for which, however much sorrow there might be, there could be no responsibility, and therefore no sense of guilt. And he sought to show that it is an evil self-originated in the will; a fact mysterious, not to be explained, but to be felt by each man in his conscience as his own deed. Therefore, in the confession of his faith, he said:—

"I believe (and hold it a fundamental article of Christianity) that I am a fallen creature

that I am myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good; and that an evil ground existed in my will previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my own consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot even conceive the possibility of it, but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction were it not so; and what is real must be possible."

And the sequel of the same confession thus goes on:—

"I receive, with full and grateful faith, the assurance of revelation that the Word, which is from eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature, in order to redeem me and all mankind from this our connate corruption. My reason convinces me that no other mode of redemption is possible. . . . I believe that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Jesus Christ, and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption, and necessary facts of the awful process."

Such was his belief in 1816, marking how great a mental revolution he must have gone through since the days when he was a Unitarian preacher. The steps of that change he has himself but partially recorded. But the abandonment of the Hartleian for a more ideal philosophy, the blight that fell on his manhood, his suffering, and sense of inner misery, then the closer study of the Bible in the light of his own need, and growing intercourse with the works of the elder divines, —all these were parts at least of the process. But whatever may have wrought this change, no one who knows anything of Coleridge can doubt that in this, as in opinions of lesser import, he was influenced only by the sincerest desire for truth. Great as may have been his moral defects—fallen, as he may have fallen, in some of the homeliest duties, even below common men, this at least must be conceded to him, that he desired the truth, hungered and thirsted for it, pursued it with a life-long earnestness, rare even among the best men. In this search for truth, and in his declaration of it when found, self-interest, party feeling, friendship, had no place with him. He had come to believe in some sort in a Trinity in the Godhead, and admitted more or less the personality of the Logos, for some time before he returned fully to the Catholic faith. The belief in the Incarnation and the Redemption by the Cross, as historical facts, were the stumbling-blocks which last disappeared. Therefore his final conviction on this subject, as recorded in the *Aids to Reflection*,

is the more worthy of regard, as being the last result of one who had long resisted, and only after profound reflection submitted himself, to this faith. He there lays down, that as sin is the ground or occasion of Christianity, so Redemption is its superstructure; that Redemption and Christianity are equivalent terms. From this he does not attempt to remove the awful mystery, but only to clear away any objections which may spring out of the moral instincts of man against the common interpretation of the doctrine. These are the only difficulties that deserve an answer.

In the Redemption, the agent is the Eternal Word made flesh, standing in the place of man to God, and of God to man, fulfilling all righteousness, suffering, dying, and so dying as to conquer death itself, and for all who shall receive him. The redemptive or atoning act of this divine Agent has two sides—one that looks Godward, the other that looks manward. The side it turns Godward—that is, the very essence of this act, the cause of man's redemption—is "a spiritual and transcendent mystery which passeth all understanding;" its nature, mode, and possibility, transcend man's comprehension. But the side that it turns manward—that is, the effect toward the redeemed—is most simply, and without metaphor, described, as far as it is comprehensible by man, in St. John's words, as the being born anew; as at first we were born in the flesh to the world, so now born in the Spirit to Christ. Christ was made a quickening, that is, a life-making Spirit. This Coleridge believed to be the nearest, most immediate effect on man of the transcendent redemptive act. Closely connected with this first, most immediate effect, are other consequences, which St. Paul has described by four principal metaphors. These consequences, in reference to the sinner, are either the taking away of guilt, as by a great sin-offering, just as to the transgressor of the Mosaic law, his civil stain was cleared away by the ceremonial offering of the priest; or the reconciliation of the sinner to God, as the prodigal son is reconciled to the parent whom he has injured; or the satisfying of a debt by the payment of the sum owed to the creditor; or the ransoming, the bringing back from slavery, by payment of the price for the slave. These four figures describe, each in a different way, the result of the great redemptive act on sinful man. This is their true meaning. They are figures intended to bring home to man in a practical way the nature and the greatness of the benefit. Popularly they are transferred back to the mysterious cause, but they cannot be taken as if they really and adequately described the nature

of that cause, without leading to confusions. Debt, satisfaction, payment in full, are not terms by which the essential nature of the atoning act, and its necessity, can be literally and adequately expressed. If, forgetting this, we take these expressions literally, and argue from them, as if they give real intellectual insight into the nature and mode of that greatest of all mysteries, we are straightway landed in moral contradictions. The nature of the redemptive act, as it is in itself, is not to be compassed nor uttered by the language of the human understanding. Such, as nearly as we can give it, was Coleridge's thought upon this awful mystery. Whatever may be thought of these views, one thing is to be observed, that Coleridge did not propound them with any hope of explaining a subject which he believed to be beyond man's power of explanation, but from the earnest desire to clear away moral hindrances to its full acceptance. Such hindrances he believed that human theologies, in their attempts to systematize this and other doctrines of Scripture, were from time to time piling up. It was his endeavour, whether successful or not, in what he wrote on this and on every other religious subject, to clear away these hindrances, and to place the truth in a light which shall commend itself to every man's conscience, a light which shall be consistent with such fundamental Scriptures as these, "I, the Lord, speak righteousness, I declare things that are right;" "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Since his day, men's thoughts have been turned to consider the nature of the atonement, as perhaps they never did before. There is one view, of late years advocated in various forms, which regards the atonement as merely the declaration or exhibition of God's love to sinners, which by its moral power awakens them to repentance, and takes away the estrangement of their hearts. This is no doubt part of the truth, but it falls far short of satisfying either man's deeper moral instincts, or those many passages of Scripture which declare Christ's death to be the means of the forgiveness of man's sin. Such interpretations, if taken for the whole, leave out of account the "more behind," which Scripture seems to bear witness to, and man's conscience to feel. They take no account of that bearing which Christ's death has toward God, and which Coleridge, while he held it to be incomprehensible, fully believed to exist. On this great question, the nature of the atoning act in its relation to God, some meditations have, since Coleridge's time, been given to the world, which, if they go farther, seem yet in harmony with that which Coleridge thought. We allude to Mr. Campbell's profound work *On the Atonement*,

which, though it does not fully meet all the difficulties, goes further toward satisfying at once the expressions of Scripture and the requirements of conscience, than any other theologian we know of has done.

Such are a few samples of Coleridge's theological method and manner of thinking. In the wish to set them forth in something of a systematic order, we have done but scanty justice to the fulness and the practical earnestness which pervades the *Aids to Reflection*, and have given no notion at all of the prodigality of thought with which his other works run over. It were vain to hope that any words of ours could give an impression of that marvellous range of vision, that richness, that swing, that lightning of genius. Besides his works already noticed, his *Lay Sermons*, with their Appendices, and his *Literary Remains*, are a very quarry of thought, from which, more than any other books we know, young and reflecting readers may dig wealth of unexhausted ore. Time forbids us to enter on them here. Neither can we do more than merely allude to those remarkable letters, published after his death, in which Coleridge approaches the great question of the inspiration of Scripture. Arnold recognised their appearance as marking an era in theology the most important that had occurred since the Reformation; and the interval that has since passed has fully verified the prediction. To the views of Scripture there propounded Coleridge himself attached much importance. In the words of his nephew, "he pleaded for them so earnestly, as the only middle path of safety and peace between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendent character of the Bible taken generally, and that scheme of interpretation, scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom, which wildly arrays our faith in opposition to our reason, and inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former, that to suppress this important part of his solemn convictions would be to misrepresent and betray him."

Having given the fullest scope to his own inquiries on all subjects, yet in a spirit of reverence, he wished others to do the same, believing this to be a condition of arriving at assured convictions of truth. He was full of wise and large-hearted tolerance—not that tolerance, so common and so worthless, which easily bears with all opinions, because it earnestly believes none—but that tolerance, attained but by few, which, holding firmly by convictions of its own, and making conscience of them, would neither coerce nor condemn those who most strongly deny them. Heresy he believed to be an error, not of the head, but of the heart. He dis-

tinguished between that internal faith which lies at the base of religious character, and can be judged of only by God, and that belief with regard to facts and doctrines, in which good men may err without moral obliquity. His works abound with such maxims as this: "Resist every false doctrine; but call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical."

These are a few of the contemplations with which Samuel Taylor Coleridge busied himself during the threescore years of his earthly existence. For more than thirty years now he has been beyond them, inheritor of higher visions, but these he has left behind for us to use them as we may. And since, while men are here, they must needs, if they think at all, sometimes look up to those heights of thought, it may be doubted whether, for persons philosophically disposed, our age and country has produced any abler guide. Those who remember what Coleridge was to their youth, may fear lest in their estimate of him now they should seem to be mere praisers of the past, and yet, if they were to call him the greatest thinker whom Britain has during this century produced, they would be but stating the simple truth. For if any should gainsay this, we should ask, Whom would you place by his side? What one man would you name who has thrown upon the world so great a mass of original thinking, has contributed so many new thoughts on the most important subjects? His mind was a very seed-field of ideas, of which many have gone to enrich the various departments of thought, literary, philosophical, political, and religious; while others still lie embedded in his works, waiting for those who may still turn them to use. And all he wrote was in the interest of man's higher nature, true to his best aspirations. The one effort of all his works was to build up truth from the spiritual side. He brought all his transcendent powers of intellect to the help of the heart, and soul, and spirit of man against the tyranny of the understanding, that understanding which ever strives to limit truth within its own definite conceptions, and rejects whatever refuses to square with these. This side of philosophy, as it is the deepest, is also the most difficult to build up. Just as in bridging some broad river, that part of the work which has to be done by substructions and piers beneath the water is much more laborious and important, while it strikes much less upon the senses, than the arches which are reared in open daylight; so the side of truth which holds by the seen and the tangible, which never quits clear-cut conceptions, and refuses to

acknowledge whatever will not come within these, is much more patent and plausible, and, in this country, at least, is more likely to command the suffrages of the majority. The advocates of this doctrine experienced for a time a brief reaction, caused by the influence of Coleridge; for one generation he turned the tide against them; but again they are mustering in full force, and bid fair to become masters of the position. Their chief teachers have for some time, by the merits, it must be owned, of their works, become all but paramount in the most ancient seats of learning. In Oxford, for instance, the only two living authors a knowledge of whose works is imperatively required of candidates for highest honours, belong to this school. And there is no counteracting authority speaking from the opposite, that is, the spiritual side of philosophy, because no such living voice is amongst us. Whenever such a thinker shall arise, he will have to take up the work mainly where Coleridge left it. In the foundations laid, and the materials collected by Coleridge, he will find the best helps which British thought affords towards building up the much-needed edifice of a spiritual philosophy. And not for the philosophy only, but for the general literature and the politics of our time, what words of admonition would he have had, if he had been still present with us! In his own day the oracles of Liberalism reserved for him their bitterest raillery, and he repaid them with contempt. He would hardly, we imagine, have been more popular with the dominant Liberalism of our time, nor would he have accorded to it much greater respect. Before the intellectual idols of the hour, whatever names they bear, he would not, we conceive, very readily have bowed down. Rather he would have shown to them their own shortcomings, as seen in the light of a more catholic and comprehensive wisdom. Who can doubt this, when he regards either the spirit of his works, so deep-thoughted and reverent, so little suited for popularity, or the attitude in which he stood towards all the arbiters of praise in his own generation?

Above all, Coleridge was a great religious philosopher, and by this how much is meant! Not a religious man and a philosopher merely, but a man in whom these two powers met and interpenetrated. There are instances enough in which the two stand opposed, mutually denouncing each other; instances too there are in which, though not opposed, they live apart, the philosophy unleavened by the religion. How rare have the examples, at least in modern times, been, in which the most original powers of intellect and imagination, the most ardent search for truth, and

the largest erudition, have united with reverence and simple Christian faith—the heart of the child with the wisdom of the sage! He who has left behind him a philosophy, however incomplete, in which these elements harmoniously combine, has done for his fellow-men the highest service human thinker can, has helped to lighten the burden of the mystery.

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- ART. II.—1. *Die Verlorene Handschrift* [*The Lost Manuscript*]. Roman in fünf Büchern. Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1864.
2. *Auf der Höhe* [*On the Height*]. Roman in acht Büchern. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 3 vols. Stuttgart, 1865.
3. *Meraner Novellen* [*Meran Stories*]. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin, 1864.

NOVELS are as much a branch of industry in Germany as they are in England, but they have not enlisted the same class of talents in their service. We do not believe that this arises from any want of appreciation. It is true that the Germans look down on what they call “circulating library novels” with a contempt which is seldom felt, and still more seldom expressed, by English readers. But, on the other hand, our best novelists are highly esteemed in Germany, and no German would think of denying Dickens the name of poet, which few Englishmen would think of according him. And if the dignity of the true novelist is thus recognised, there is no want of the other kind of appreciation which is measured by sale. Freytag’s *Debit and Credit* went through six editions in two years. A second edition of the two first volumes of his *Lost Manuscript* was called for before the third volume was ready to be delivered. We may not have such striking instances of success in other writers; and the Germans do not provide us with those interesting figures about the earnings of their popular authors which are furnished by literary gossipers in England, and which must prove so valuable to the income-tax collectors. But we know that the sale of more serious works in Germany bears no proportion to that of novels, and that where another writer counts his readers by tens, the novelist is certain of his hundreds.

Mr. Ruskin may perhaps allude to these remarks as a proof that demand is not necessarily followed by supply. But we doubt if any political economist would assert that the supply of what is good depends on the demand for what is good. In Germany the demand for novels has certainly been an-

swered. The circulating libraries are amply provided. Every good French novel, every good English novel, is translated at once; and a great many both of French and English novels that are very far from being good have a chance with the German public. But if we ask how many German works rise above the level of French or English mediocrity, the mass of names dwindles almost to nothing. The Englishman who has learned just so much German as to master its light reading, finds the stock exhausted in a moment. He hears of Hackländer as the German Boz (the Germans scarcely ever talk of Dickens, and a stranger will at first be puzzled at the frequent mention of *Bolz* as our greatest writer), and he tries in vain to work his way through long-winded and fantastic inventions, in which the humour is not nature, and the nature is not humour. He finds that Louise Mühlbach has more claim to the title of the German James, as her interminable historical novels are easy to read, and still more easy to forget. But for anything to be named, not with the masters of English fiction, but (to borrow a simile from Eton) with the sixth form, he soon learns that he must content himself with a small list of writers, the best of whom we have placed at the head of this article.

One of the reasons, though not necessarily the chief reason of this state of things, is the absence of rule and the predominance of theory. Mr. Lewes says very justly, that no writer with a wholesome fear of the critics before his eyes, would have dared to mystify the public as Goethe did with Wilhelm Meister’s *Wanderjahre*. The German critics think a novel an occasion for philosophizing. They go so deeply into its inner meanings that they have no time left for considering the mere execution, the mere artistic value, the mere accidents of the story. And while they thus neglect the rules of fiction, they are very eloquent upon its laws. They constitute themselves a legislative, not an executive body. Instead of saying, “This is bad,” “This is unnatural,” “This is a failure,” they ask, “What are the internal motives of the author in departing from the beaten track of conventional nature, and interposing a dissonance as a break to the general harmony?” We see this substitute for criticism very strongly marked in the introduction written by Bunsen for one of the translations of Freytag’s first novel. We are told that

“every romance is intended or ought to be a new Iliad or Odyssey, in other words, a poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineate the general history of a

people, or narrate the fortunes of a chosen hero. If we pass in review the romances of the last three centuries, we shall find that those only have arrested the attention of more than one or two generations which have satisfied this requirement. Every other romance, let it moralize ever so loudly, is still immoral."

It is not a little significant, as a commentary on this passage, that Auerbach, in his able lecture on *Goethe and the Art of Narration*, calls Wilhelm Meister the modern Ulysses. But though we may safely predict that Goethe's story will arrest the attention of more than one or two generations, we cannot recommend writers of less genius to follow in his footsteps, or to aim at avoiding immorality by the construction of such a modern Odyssey.

The lecture of Auerbach's to which we have just alluded would have been more valuable if it were devoted less to criticism on Goethe, and more to the refutation of false theories on art. As it is, it gives us the whole secret of novel-writing in one sentence: "Good stories, well told." We need hardly say that the sentence is quoted from Lessing, but it is applied by Auerbach. As this is all we have a right to claim from the novelist, so it is the only end to which the novelist need look. Let him turn away his eyes from those incomprehensible theories about the novel which led Goethe astray when he was more than half-way to the goal. Let him study the nature which lies before him, and try to reproduce that. Above all, let him not pervert the Horatian maxim,

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons:

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur."

into a theory that book-knowledge is all in all, and that if a man is certain of his philosophy it matters little what words he uses. The knowledge wanted by a novelist is that of man and the heart of man, and style is more essential to him than even to an historian or a philosopher.

How far the three writers whom we have before us observe these rules in their latest works, is now to be decided. But before entering on a detailed examination of the works, we must, in justice to the authors themselves and to our own public, give some sketch of the principles by which they have hitherto been guided, and of the writings by which they are best known. Our reason for placing Freytag at the head of the list, is that his distinction as a novelist is greater than that of Auerbach. The works by which Auerbach has earned his popularity have been shorter tales, more like those of Paul Heyse, and his

longer novels have not attained the same standard as his village stories. But Freytag, with the exception of his dramas, and his *Pictures of Past Life in Germany*, to which we need not here allude, is known purely by two novels, *Soll und Haben*, and *Die Verlorene Handschrift*. Of the first of these works we entertain a very high opinion. We think the second in most respects very much inferior. Perhaps, as both have been translated into English,* we may conclude that they are familiar to our readers, and we may state our impressions of them without sketching the plot or detailing the characters.

The strong point of *Debit and Credit* was its vivid realism. Almost all the personages had something to do, and they never let the reader fall asleep when they were really in action. Such scenes as the journey of Anton and his principal to the Polish town which is in open revolt, and in which the waggons of the firm of Schröter have been detained by a scoundrelly innkeeper; or the assault on the Polish château in another insurrection, the flaming waggon driven up to the door, and the yells which bear witness to the accuracy of Fink's aim, are as spirited as anything in Scott. The whole career of Veitel Itzig, the Jew boy, who begins with nothing, raises himself to the height of wealth, and drowns himself at the end, is admirably told. That scene, in particular, where he is standing at the back of the Jew caravanserai, as we may call it, seeing indistinct letters forming themselves in the waters of the stream and on the backs of the houses opposite, is a most powerful piece of psychological painting. Many of the characters are entitled to equal praise. Fink is not, perhaps, very natural for a German, but he is very good. The Jew Schmeie Tinkles is no doubt taken from the life; he is certainly not taken from Dickens; nor is it fair to tax Freytag with borrowing a character, when he has only learnt those habits of observation which lead to the construction of such a character. Again, Veitel Itzig himself, and his master in iniquity, Hippus, are as well drawn as their course is well described. These are the most striking merits of the novel, the salient points which imprint it on the memory. But much besides these is good, though not in an equal degree. The details of life on the Polish estate, which Anton manages for the Rothsattel family, the ruin which creeps gradually on that family, both in Germany and Poland, some of the social scenes in the capital, and, more than all, the character of Lenore, would raise *Debit and Credit* above mediocrity, and insure it a good

* *The Lost Manuscript* has been translated by Mrs. Malcolm, and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

place, if not in our minds, at least on our book-shelves. But there are serious faults by the side of these merits. The habit of observation which Freytag has learned from the English, sometimes degenerates into imitation of the English. There is some truth in the verdict of St. René Taillandier:—"Il s'en faut bien toutefois que M. Freytag soit un talent complet. C'est l'absence des romanciers qui a fait son triomphe, c'est aussi le désir que l'Allemagne éprouve de se voir représentée autrement que dans les études rétrospectives ou dans les histoires de village. M. Freytag a osé peindre les hommes de son temps, voilà sa force; il est diffus, il manque de concentration et de nerf, c'est là sa faiblesse." This weakness has some chance of being pardoned in *Debit and Credit*, for the sake of the merits which we have specified. But the critical eye notices it as a significant indication of the dangers to which Freytag would be exposed in another novel, and *The Lost Manuscript* justifies such a prognostic.

Even in *Debit and Credit* the extreme length of the descriptions was tedious. Three pages devoted to entting up loaf-sugar are not a recommendation to novel-readers. But when we come to the minute detail of the Rothsattel estate, and of the mode of conducting business in the house of T. O. Schröter, to the jealousy of one of Schröter's clerks for another, and the trick by which one of the clerks supplants another in the affections of a widow, nothing but a severe process of "skip" saves us from prematurely closing the volume. In *The Lost Manuscript* we have this tediousness without the redeeming points. There is far less spirit, far less incident in the new novel than in the old one, yet the descriptions are quite as long, the unnecessary episodes are worked out with equal minuteness, and the characters are finished to the finger-nail. It is interesting to read accounts of the way in which Freytag came to know so much about the management of commercial business and landed property. It is interesting to know, that while he was studying at the University of Berlin he mixed much with the family of a landed proprietor who had leased a royal domain, and that from this intercourse he came to know not only the ways, but the very life of a large estate; that while he was *privatdozent* in Breslau he entered into close relations with Theodor Molinari, an esteemed merchant and patriot. But it is not so interesting to have all the details that Freytag learnt from these two friends of his embodied in a novel, and the novel turned into a *Merchant's Complete Guide*, or *A Country Gentleman's own Vade Mecum*. What Freytag says of his own mode of painting may be applied more

or less to his novels, though written of his dramas. In a letter to Ludwig Tieck, dated February 1848, we find Freytag expressing himself as follows:—

"One passage in your letter gives me much ground for reflection. You are afraid that much in my pieces comes from my own experience. That is not the case. With the *Valentine*, indeed, I found the ethical significance in my own life. In *Waldemar* everything is invented, with the exception of a couple of bad jokes; but there is something suspicious in it, and your remark has brought it back to my mind without my being quite able to apprehend it. There is something peculiar in my perception and rendering of characters, something which is not normal, a sort of surplusage, giving ideal figures the air of portraits. This damages their ideality, and makes the representation of them more difficult to the actors. What is it? Is it an exuberance which time and practice may lessen? Or is it not rather a deficiency, an organic failing in the construction? The peculiarity, however, seems to proceed from my painting with an infinity of small strokes, which I cannot avoid, because they flow quick and easily from my pen,—that gives an air of internal wealth, behind which poverty may well be concealed. It is a sort of arabesque painting, which makes me look very small in my own eyes, when I compare it with the simple, bold, and dashing lines of Shakspearean contours. And I am much afraid that this blemish will hinder me from being of much use to the theatre, or doing great things in our art. However, I am soon going to try my hand on a subject pregnant with great passions, in order to find out what my powers are. I fully recognise that, in the present torpor and worthlessness of dramatic art, my mission lies in rearing the banner of artistic truth and fidelity, till some better man comes and takes it out of my hands. That will perhaps grieve me, but it shall not perplex me. My misfortune is that I stand alone, too much alone. I am too much in need of competitors to urge me on. With the others I have little in common."

This "misfortune" has already been touched on by St. René Taillandier. In other respects Freytag is the severest critic of his own productions. The infinity of small strokes to which he refers, and the air, not of portraits, but of miniatures, which is shed over ideal figures, are certainly obstacles to the production of the highest art. But it will be a great day for German fiction when some better man than Freytag takes the banner of truth and fidelity out of his hands; for then, indeed, German fiction will have gained a proud position, and may hope to rival all its contemporaries.

When we say that *The Lost Manuscript* is inferior to *Debit and Credit*, we do not mean to imply that in some artistic respects it is not in advance of its predecessor. It is inferior in interest; it is an advance in in-

sight. It is inferior in spirit; it is an advance in power. It is inferior in quaint character; it is an advance in true character. It is not so good as a story, and will not impress the reader's mind so vividly, but it shows that the author's hand has grown firmer, and that he has gained in mastery of passion. In one respect *The Lost Manuscript* is much superior; in the freedom of touch with which comic incidents are presented. The comedy of *Debit and Credit* was often the most tiresome part of the book; it was laboured and stilted, forced and unreal. Much the same may be said for what is meant to be the lively episode of *The Lost Manuscript*—the rivalry of the houses of Hahn and Hummel. This has no real connexion with the story, and, like excrescences generally, it tries to vindicate its right by means that make it doubly obnoxious. But the comic scenes with some of the professors, belonging naturally to the story, and therefore not insisted upon, are most successful. The novelist should learn from this that there is a time for everything, and that everything is right when it comes in its proper place.

The hinge on which *The Lost Manuscript* turns appears at first rather arbitrary, and not very promising. A philological professor, who finds in an old account-book of a monastery an allusion to a manuscript, which his critical penetration tells him must have been a complete copy of Tacitus, and who starts with a friend in search of this treasure, does not impress us as a satisfactory hero. Novels of a certain age have surfeited us with the old roll of paper discovered in some chest or cupboard, and we cannot at first divine why the old roll is this time to be a manuscript of Tacitus. When the professor fails in his search, but brings back a wife instead of the manuscript, we begin to find a certain resemblance to Auerbach's story of the *Frau Professorin*. The training through which Freytag's hero puts his countrified wife is told at very great length, and might seem a reflection on the absence of the same training in Auerbach's story. Then we suspect a secret reason for the Tacitean element in a forgery of a leaf of Tacitus, which deceives one of the other professors, and is exposed by our hero. But it is not till almost the end of the second volume that we light on the real connexion between the lost manuscript and the living personages. For a while the third volume is intensely interesting. As a piece of psychological portraiture, the prince is very powerful. Freytag's hero details the different stages of the Cæsarean malady as anatomized by Tacitus, without knowing that the prince to whom he is speaking has gone through all of them in his own person. It

is not till later that he discovers the real nature of the prince, and the scene in which he discovers it is one of the most exciting of the story. The readers have not been left so long in ignorance. They have watched the wiles of the princely spider for some time, have witnessed him reading his subjects' letters, spying into everything that goes on at the Court and everything done by his son at home or at the university, and giving full powers to the culprit who forged the first leaf of Tacitus to forge leaves of *The Lost Manuscript*, so as to detain the professor. The prince, this "*Tiberio in diciottesimo*," to borrow a line from Giusti, is in love with the professor's wife, and while the professor is making a fresh search for the manuscript in the prince's dominions, his wife is left alone in a pavilion which communicates by secret ways with the palace, and has served more than once for similar adventures. But with the prince's attempt on the professor's wife, and his subsequent design of murdering the professor with his own royal hand, the interest drops off again, the novelist lets the thread go, and the tragedy falls into melodrama.

To all who have read *The Lost Manuscript*, and even to those who have no more knowledge of it than they have gathered from these remarks, it must be plain that the book is very unequal. This is certainly our own conclusion. But the inequality of the book is to be assigned to many causes. One of them is that Freytag is still too much enamoured of details which, like the small strokes of his portraiture, flow quick and easily from his pen. Another is, that he paints all his personages too uniformly, and all at full length. The fact that they are natural is no excuse, for it is a necessity of the novelist's art that some of his figures must be kept more in the background, and that of some only the upper half must be visible. Still, after making all deductions for this, we must allow Freytag the merit of natural portraiture. St. René Taillandier attributes the success of *Debit and Credit* to the fact that Freytag's models were recognised by the whole of Germany. "I was walking at Augsburg," says the French critic, "with a *spirituel* editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; he made me pass through the great manufactories, the rich commercial houses of the old city. There is the house of Schröter, he told me; it is there that Gustav Freytag chose his models. The same thing is said at Hamburg, at Lübeck, at Berlin, at Breslau, at Leipzig, at Vienna, at Trieste." And this is no small triumph. To some extent it may be repeated with the present work. Every university town could

point out originals of Professors Raschke and Struvelius. The students' *Commerz*, the students' duel, the professors' ball, with all the husbands dancing with their wives, the inauguration of the hero as Rector Magnificus, are living pictures of the ways of a German university. We have read so many books about German students, and have long been so profoundly sick of their songs, their drinkings, their duels, and their follies in general, that we did not think that there was anything to be made out of them, even by such an artist as Freytag. We are doubly grateful to him for having shown us our error.

It has often been said that a great success, especially in the case of a first work, is a stumblingblock to an author. Sheridan was said by Garrick to be in great danger of failing with his *School for Scandal*, on account of its powerful *Rivals*. Weber himself declared that the favour shown to one of his operas in Vienna would militate against the success of the next: "that young rascal *Der Freischütz* has shot his poor sister *Euryanthe* dead." We do not believe that the public expects too much from Freytag on account of his first success, but we think he has been led to repeat some parts of his first novel as the surest way to enlist sympathy for his second. He must remember that one of the chief *motifs* in *Debit and Credit* was the wound inflicted on Schröter, when trying to get possession of his waggons in the Polish town. Yet he gives us the same kind of incident in the first volume of *The Lost Manuscript*, when the professor saves the young children from the gipsies, and is wounded in the arm. Again, the incident of the boat in *The Lost Manuscript* is almost identical with that of the lake in *Debit and Credit*; the Doctor and Laura are the actors in the first, and Bernard Ehrenthal and Lenore in the second. We do not think some of the characters quite clear from the same charge. Magister Knips bears a strong resemblance to Schmeie Tinkles. Hummel has sat at the feet of Fink. Even if these resemblances escape observation, there is too much similarity in the way the chief female characters are contrasted in both novels. Sabina and Lenore in *Debit and Credit*, Ilse and Laura in *The Lost Manuscript*, are almost exactly balanced against each other,—the one staid and thoughtful, the other skittish and delightful. But though Ilse is a far better portrait than Sabina, Laura cannot be named by the side of Lenore. That it was impossible to mate the hero of *Debit and Credit* with the heroine, was a sufficient reason against giving so prominent a part to such a character.

We can hardly avoid making in some sort a parallel between Auerbach's new novel and the one we have just been considering. In both novels the principal scenes are laid at a minor Court. In both the loves of princes contribute chiefly to form the plot. But we do not think either novel can be called exactly political. The object of a political novel is to show the abuses inseparable from some system of government, and to move its readers to demand a reform. Freytag's *Lost Manuscript* can scarcely be said to show the abuses of arbitrary rule in a small state, because he has made his prince unnaturally arbitrary for one of the present rulers of Germany. Auerbach's *On the Height* is still less aimed against the institution of monarchy, because the sin he attacks is by no means confined to kings or to people in authority, but might exist to the full in a humbler sphere, and would not be diminished by imposing any restrictions on loyalty. If, however, there is any political feeling in Auerbach's new novel, it is the same that he has expressed from his very earliest writings. He has always looked on the world as more or less out of joint. In his lecture on Goethe, he openly confesses his dissatisfaction with the state of things in Germany:—"Goethe—it is sad that we must confess it—reproduced only German life as it was in his time, and as, to our regret, it is still; we have an art before we have a sound civil, political, national life; we have, through Goethe himself, through his predecessor Lessing, and his contemporary Schiller, a high and rich literature, but we have no life at all corresponding to it." Auerbach has always shown this opinion very clearly when he has left the villages of the Black Forest for a more animated life. But even in describing the villages of the Black Forest he is neither contented nor idyllic. Julian Schmidt, the historian of German literature, says of Auerbach:—"The effect of his village stories is not particularly cheerful. He does not present country life in its quiet enjoyment, but in its internal dissensions. The atmosphere in which we breathe is not thoroughly healthy, and it is a question if poetry has a right to represent exceptional cases, as if they formed the rule." But although this is the verdict of a critic of such eminence, it does not seem to be generally accepted. Auerbach's sunny tales, the cheerful atmosphere of the Black Forest, the hearty open peasantry, are phrases not unfrequently employed. One of his translators tells us that his works show the existence, in so remote a corner of Europe, of that element of political freedom—the exercise of self-government. It is a singular commentary on this, that the mayor in one of the village stories makes the hero shave

off his moustaches. Perhaps the best refutation of the theories in favour of Auerbach's account of the Black Forest peasants is the one furnished by the peasants themselves. "I have been told," says the author in one of his late prefaces, "that one of my stories has been reprinted in a local newspaper; that the peasants of the village I have named are furious against me, say that the whole story is a lie, and that I have tried to make them ridiculous."

Auerbach's new novel is in itself a plain indication of his real views about the peasantry. We hope that we may take it as a sign that he is not going to relapse into that eternal village life with which even he has wearied us, and that this novel will bridge over the chasm between the life of his old, and that of his present associates. It is eight years since St. René Taillandier told Auerbach that "*l'auteur des Histoires de Village ne retrouvera les succès de ses débuts qu'en se mesurant avec les grands problèmes, en peignant les vices ou les vertus de la vraie société de son temps*," and we hope the advice has been taken. It is not indeed the first time that Auerbach has attempted something beyond village life, but it is the first time he has done so with any real success. The first novel he published was based on the life of Spinoza, and in this it is difficult to recognise the future painter of the Black Forest. There is a great deal of Rembrandt-like power in the pictures of the Inquisition in Spain, and of the Synagogue at Amsterdam; but for knowledge of the human heart, and for observation of human nature, we must go to the everlasting peasants. Another of Auerbach's later works, in which he tried to shake himself free, is the novel of *New Life* (*Neues Leben*), published in 1852, and plainly inspired by the Revolution of 1848. But of this we cannot speak with any favour. What we wanted from Auerbach was a novel dealing with more general life, and yet preserving the same mastery as is apparent in *Barfüssle*, *Joseph im Schnee*, and *Edelweiss*. Something of this is given us in his present venture.

The story opens in a palace. An heir to the throne is expected; but it is contrary to etiquette for the queen to nurse it, and a young physician is despatched to the mountains in search of a healthy peasant. It is also contrary to etiquette for an unmarried woman to nurse a royal child, and it is difficult to get a married woman who will leave her home, her own child, and her husband. At last one is found, but she is unwilling to come; her husband is reluctant to lose her; and the scene in which she debates with herself what she ought to do is touching in the extreme. Her journey to the capital, with

constant thoughts recurring to her child, is happily broken by the crowds of people in the streets, and the whole town illuminated in honour of the birth of a future king. Walpurga, the peasant woman, is brought at once to the Mistress of the Robes, who, though of the same nation, speaks to her through an interpreter, for French is the Court language in the whole of Germany. Then she is taken to the queen. Her astonishment when the queen talks of the baby as "the prince," is exceedingly naïve; she was not yet aware that in the language of Court circulars, royal personages never give birth to boys or girls, but to princes or princesses. Indeed, Walpurga has much to learn at the Court. She finds that in palaces people always go about in their Sunday clothes; that the king makes love to a beautiful Maid of Honour over the cradle of his new-born prince; that princes do not like to see any but handsome men around them; and that the way in which every one bows when the king passes, is like the shutting up of a pocket-knife. Some of these wonderful discoveries are communicated in a letter home, which Walpurga dictates, and which is written for her by the lovely Maid of Honour, Countess Irma Wildenort. This young countess is the heroine, more beautiful than the queen, and far more charming. Such is Walpurga's opinion, and, unfortunately, it is the king's opinion too. Irma is not blind to her danger; she resolves to leave the Court, and return to her father. But her father, a proud old republican, with a general contempt for kings, drives her back by his exaggerated dislike of her royal admirer; and when she comes back to the Court the king makes no longer a secret of his devotion.

Irma is unlucky in her family. Her father, who might have saved her, drives her back to her ruin; her brother, a vile character himself, tries to lead her into an unworthy marriage, partly to palliate one of the kind that he has himself contracted. While Irma is in this secret misery, her guilt is almost unfolded to the queen. A play is to be given in honour of the king's birthday, and the queen is asked to choose a piece. She names *Emilia Galotti*, and there is sudden silence. The king is conscious of the awkwardness of the pause, and breaks it; but the sound of his voice is so strange, that the queen is still more frightened. The play had been forbidden hitherto, and its revival is not a little significant. The people in the pit whisper when they see the queen in her box, attended by Irma. One of them remarks that Irma has a single rose in her hair, "like Emilia Galotti." But the play begins. The manager of the theatre had provided a musical interlude by

some known composer after each act, that the audience might be silenced; but this plan has failed. In the pit, as in the boxes, the whispers continue at every pause. The fourth act comes; the scene between Orsina and Marinelli, which discloses the prince's designs on Emilia. At this the queen can scarcely command her anxiety. She hears Irma's breath come quicker and quicker behind her; she half resolves to turn round suddenly and face her, but she dares not; she thinks in herself all the time, "What if Irma were to faint away? what if she were to shriek out loud?" But Irma bears herself bravely, and the queen is convinced that she was mistaken.

One of the characters is a lackey named Baum, who comes from Walpurga's part of the country, but has dyed his hair, so that he may not be recognised by his disreputable family. Baum has struck up a friendship with Walpurga since she first came to Court; and after the performance this evening he gives her an account of it from the point of view natural to a royal lackey. Walpurga asks the names of the characters. Baum gives her the playbill, and there she reads names that are familiar to her from the conversations of the king and Irma.

Meanwhile Walpurga's year is drawing to an end. She is not sorry to leave the atmosphere of a Court where such things are done. But all things are not smooth at home. Her husband Hansei has nearly been entangled in an intrigue with Baum's sister. He has got into too great familiarity with the village publican, and passes his evenings at the public-house. When Walpurga comes home, she finds that her own child has grown strange to her. The village people, with the publican at their head, want to make much of her, but she sees that it is merely for the sake of her earnings. So she and her husband stay away from the public-house when a feast is got up in their honour. The village is mortally offended, and the publican sends Hansei back his beer-glass, as a sign that he will be no longer admitted. Walpurga is disenchanted. Much as she had complained of the ways of a Court, she begins to see that there may be something worse in those of a village. Every bad feeling here comes out so nakedly, that she thinks it better to be wicked with some decorum. And what she prefers above all is the peaceful family life she has witnessed in the house of the chief Court physician, a life free at once from the evils of high society, and from those of the peasantry. In the bitterness of her heart she exclaims, "I don't believe the great are half as bad as the villagers." Their ingratitude leads her to think of investing the money earned at Court in some distant purchase. Hansei accordingly

buys a farm, and they move away to it. As they cross the lake, a face appears from the waters, which legend proclaims to be the maiden of the lake, but which Hansei declares is an exact likeness of the Black Esther who so nearly led him astray. And as they land on the other side, where their goods are placed in a waggon, Walpurga catches sight of another form which she knows too well, and which she at once pursues and clasps in her arms.

Some time after Walpurga had left the palace a dissolution of the Chamber had become necessary. Irma's father, Count Eberhard, is requested to stand for his district. He agrees, and comes forward as the champion of the popular cause. It is just after an electoral meeting that several letters proclaiming his daughter's dishonour are placed in his hands. The proud man has a fit of apoplexy, and his children, who are sent for, find him speechless. He will have nothing to do with his son; he cannot make himself intelligible to his daughter. At last, while she kneels by his bedside, he raises his hand, already covered with the dew of death, and with his finger traces "one word on her forehead—a short word. She sees it, she hears it, she reads it; it rests everywhere,—in the air, on her forehead, in her brain, in her soul. She gives a loud shriek, and falls on the floor." The doctor comes in hastily, and finds him dead. That moment a band of music strikes up before the house, and hundreds of voices cry, "Long live our representative, Count Eberhard!"

Irma has fled. She writes a full confession to the queen, an eternal farewell to the king, escapes from the Court lackey who is with her, and wanders in the woods. It is night, and lightning-flashes make a distant glimmer on the horizon. Far off she sees the waters of the lake, which glance in the moonbeams, and in which she hopes to find a resting-place. Her footsteps startle the quiet inmates of the wood; the cracking of the trees thrills through her nerves as if it was a sign of pursuit. At last she is on a precipice without a sign of a path. From this she is rescued by a strange woman, and receives shelter in a hut. But there is no peace for her there. The hut belongs to the family of Baum the lackey; the brother, who is at home, is a desperate poacher; and knowing Irma's disgrace, he offers her violence. Again she has to fly, and Esther, who had saved her on the precipice, saves her now from the brother. The wretch wreaks his vengeance on Esther, and Irma, as she escapes down the steep rocky paths, sees her deliverer plunged from above into the lake. The lackey Baum, and Irma's brother, Bruno, track Irma's foot-

steps through the wood. In one place they find broken branches, in another marks of blood, at another her hat is found on the verge of a precipice. A woman's body has been found in the lake, and the two searchers, convinced that it must be Irma's body, go to identify it. But no sooner does Bruno catch a sight of the face than he cries out "Esther!" His guilt is clear to every one. He it was who first led the unhappy girl astray, and his unhappy victim is Baum's sister.

This is the crisis of the novel, and a short concluding chapter might have told the rest. Irma was found by Walpurga as she was about to plunge into the lake, was taken off to the new farm, and ended her days in a chalet on the hill above it. Auerbach has unfortunately been tempted to give Irma's life at the farm with details as full as the earlier part of the story. No less than 134 pages are devoted to a diary of Irma's, where she has nothing to tell. Very few readers will have any attention to spare for the last 300 pages of the third volume. It is strange that a writer of such power and such skill as Auerbach should have fallen into such an error. But he has fallen into another, of no less magnitude, in dwelling so minutely on the search for Irma, when the reader knows what has become of her. Two such faults as these detract seriously from the interest of the concluding volume. They are the more to be regretted, as that interest had been excited so strongly, and kept up so well, till within the last few pages. Perhaps we must pardon them, in consideration of Auerbach's other merits, and of the difficulties which the composition of a three-volume novel present to one who has so long confined himself to shorter stories. We believe that this is the reason why Paul Heyse has never tried his hand on a novel.

We have said that this novel of Auerbach's may be viewed hopefully, as bridging over the chasm between country and town life,—as an indication of the author's future course, of the enlargement of his artistic range. If Court life had been merely sketched from the point of view of a peasant woman, we should not have been equally hopeful. It is true that Walpurga's experiences are amusing, especially where she tells the queen that it must be difficult to keep house for so many people, as if the queen went round the palace like a farmer's wife, and entered into all the details of the royal housekeeping. But the new merits of the book are the author's own views of phases of life which he has hitherto avoided. He has been accused of "making capital" out of sarcastic descriptions of the ways of a Court, and has been told that this is unworthy

of the chronicler of the Black Forest. But while there are some thirty towns in Germany where Court life prevails, and where everything is subordinated to the Court, we must admit that there is considerable ground for such descriptions. The Germans are getting tired of etiquette. They have not time for constant bows and salutes, for court ceremonies which cut up a working day, and Court dresses which make a hole in moderate incomes. They do not wish to be taxed in order to keep up guards that are not wanted, and fêtes that are not enjoyable, in order that every one may wear a worthless order, and that classes of men too dignified to work may be maintained in a state suited to that dignity. Both Freytag and Auerbach are of this opinion, and there is no doubt that their open expression of it will have an effect on the minds of their fellow-countrymen. Such cases as that which has just happened at Stuttgart justify any amount of satire. Neither the prince in *The Lost Manuscript*, nor the king in *On the Height*, is entitled to be named with the king of Würtemberg; the "caricature" of the novelists has been exceeded by real life.* German truth is indeed stranger than German fiction.

* We refer to the following Order of the day to the Würtemberg army, issued in Stuttgart on the 15th of October:—

"1. It has been observed with displeasure that, when His Majesty enters his box in the Court theatre, the officers present do not rise all together, but upon one side later than upon the other. 2. Officers are reminded that, when the Queen enters the royal box after the King, Her Majesty is to be saluted separately. 3. It has been repeatedly observed with displeasure that the guards deliver the salutes prescribed by the regulations too late before their Majesties. The excuse that the sentry before the guard-house delayed in turning out the guard will be no longer accepted, but the commandant of the post will be made personally responsible for the delivery of the salute at the proper time. 4. As mistakes have occurred in the salutes to be given to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, attention is directed to the fact that the salutes prescribed for Princes and Princesses of the Royal House in the direct line are to be delivered, not before Prince Frederick only, but whenever his Royal Highness passes the guard-house accompanied by his Royal Highness's consort, Princess Catherine. To avoid error, in case their Royal Highnesses should drive past the post together in a closed carriage, the footman at the back will make a sign to the sentry by raising his arm. 5. The excuse that a soldier has omitted the prescribed salute from ignorance of the King's person will no longer be admitted. All soldiers have to make themselves well acquainted with His Majesty's person. For this purpose exact photographs of His Majesty are to be obtained at the regimental cost, and hung up in the barrack-rooms. 6. The excuse that the prescribed salutes to their Majesties were omitted because, being in a close carriage, they were not recognised by the passers-by, cannot be accepted. Soldiers are advised, in case of doubt,

Freytag shows us the tyranny of etiquette, as practised by a father on his son and successor. The Crown Prince may not do anything that he wants without especial leave, and if he utters any opinion there is an immediate inquiry into its origin. He is sent to a university, although it is the usual custom to put princes in the army of a certain great State, but this army has been closed to the Prince. And how has it been closed? Let the father speak:—

"I have been thinking, in spite of the scruples caused me by his delicate health, of enrolling him in one of the greater armies. You know that there is only one state in which this is possible. And in that state an unexpected difficulty has occurred. There are two regiments in that army which give us a security that the Prince would enter into friendly relations with none but officers of family. But one of these regiments is commanded by the Kobell who left our service some years ago; it is impossible to make the Prince his subordinate. In the other regiment a thing has taken place, at the last moment, which was quite unexpected; in spite of all the opposition of the corps of officers, a Herr Müller has been thrust in. It is thus impossible for the Hereditary Prince to enter the sole army that stands open to us. 'May I permit myself the question, if the second obstacle is not to be removed?' asked the High Steward. 'They would gladly oblige us,' replied the Prince, 'but they do not know how to do it, for the enrolment of the bourgeois lieutenant was a concession on political grounds.' 'And it would not be of much avail if the disturbing element in the name and family of Lieutenant Müller was changed?' interposed the High Steward. 'That has also been attempted, but it was found that there was no willingness in the man's father. An, your Excellence, the *inconvenance* is just the same. You know that I am by no means a purist in these matters, but for the daily *camaraderie* such a proximity would be too unpleasant for the Prince.' Müller or von Müller, the meal-dust remains."

There are many touches in Auerbach's novel which may be compared with this. He talks of the Constitution as not *hoffähig*—not having the right of presentation at Court. His king loved the queen as he loved the Constitution, but he loved Irma as his own power, and his own way of interpreting the Constitution. In the theatre the nobles all rise to salute the king and queen, without any of that unpunctuality which displeased the King of Würtemberg; and on the king sitting down the nobles sit down simultaneously with him, *as if they had been tied to him*. The proud republican, Count Eberhard, gives a description of the king, that

would do for many of the crowned heads of Germany:—

"Full of wit! Yes, I know that. He can ask a thousand questions, propose a thousand problems; at dessert he wants a *résumé* of ecclesiastical history or philosophy, or anything else that is worth knowing, but will never work by himself continuously; never reads a whole book, but always extracts, essences. And then the skilful melodists of the Court abandon their ideas to him. Don't think that I undervalue the king's endeavour. People have always said to him, You are a genius. Kings are always persuaded that they are geniuses, military, political, connoisseurist geniuses; he has been persuaded that whoever comes near a prince must put his mind in a Court dress; and thus the king does not see men and things as they are, but everything is draped in the costume that suits him."

The same cynic gives a history of waiting dinner for the king:—

"I was at the summer palace; the king had gone out shooting; dinner-time was long past, yet there were no signs of him. There were all the chamberlains and ladies of honour, and whatever else their titles are, running about the park, sitting first on one bench, then on another, looking through telescopes, talking, and not keeping to one subject; for these well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, young and old, were as hungry as common people, and there was no sign of the shepherd to put their food in the trough. Your Uncle Willibald appeased his grumbling inner man with small cakes, so as not to spoil his appetite. Hours passed, and we wandered about like the Jews on the long day of the fast. But we laughed and joked, at least we tried to laugh and joke, and our insides grumbled. And your uncle had thirty horses at home in his stables, and oxen and cows in plenty, and broad acres around, yet here he was serving and waiting, for it was his pride to be head chamberlain. At last the king's shooting-carriage drove up; every one bowed and made a joyous face; and yet the king was in a bad humour, for a general who was with him had shot a stag of twelve, and, according to etiquette, when the king shoots nothing, no one else ought to shoot anything. The general was intensely miserable at this good luck, and when the noble animal was brought and deposited in the court of the palace, his head hung down as sadly as the dead stag's. He excused himself again and again, and regretted that his Majesty had not shot it; the king congratulated him, but with very forced politeness. Seeing me, the king asked, 'Well, how are you?' and I replied, 'Very hungry, your Majesty!' He chuckled, and the whole Court was horrified at my impropriety."

We have met with suspicious resemblances to Count Eberhard in Auerbach's earlier stories. The vein of cynicism which runs through almost everything Auerbach has written, is apt to show most strongly in some one of his characters. There is also a

to deliver the prescribed salute before every closed Court carriage."

good deal of repetition in the villagers of *On the Height*; the old meanness and brutality are preserved with few variations. At the same time the new characters are not merely new from the novelty of their situation, the external accidents of dress and condition. They are not transplanted from the Black Forest, and changed into courtiers by a wave of the magician's wand. The only one of whom this can be said is Count Eberhard, and he has lived so long among the peasants that he may have unconsciously adopted their ways. His daughter Irma is admirably drawn, however much she may forfeit our regard by her *liaison* with the king. We have given our readers one portrait of the king, and though it is sketched by an unfriendly hand, it is no whit exaggerated. Other characters, which have only a minor part in the story, are none the less commendable. The trustful yet narrow and revengeful queen; the noble colonel who offers Irma his hand when she feels herself unworthy of it; the retired *danseuse*, whose daughter by the late king marries Irma's brother, and whom Bruno in his rage is about to address as "Miss mother-in-law;" Baum, that pattern of Court lackeys, with his dyed hair and his forgotten past; are sketched easily but clearly, with less power indeed than is shown by Freytag, but not with the same diffuseness.

In 1848 Auerbach passed two stormy months in Vienna, from before the flight of the Emperor to the capture of the city by Windischgrätz. In the diary of this time, which he published at the end of the same year, he records the commencement of the blockade, in words not a little significant of his own writings: "Breakfast-time shows us that we are besieged. No milk, and above all, no rich cream. It will make thousands remark, what never occurs to them the whole year round, how thoroughly the city is dependent on the country life which surrounds it." Auerbach's stories have hitherto supplied the city with this country life, and in the work before us the country is pointedly contrasted with the city. The people of the Court follow the example of the villagers, "Repeat in large what *they* practised in small."

The landlord of the inn is to the village what the king is to the capital, and when Hansei is excluded from the inn, he feels like the inhabitant of a small capital who is not presentable. The desperate poacher who kills Esther for revenge, and ends by shooting his brother Baum by mistake, is paralleled by Bruno, as bad a brother and a worse son. So far the resemblance may stand. But as soon as good characters come on the

scene, we begin to notice Auerbach's old weakness. The good village characters are all idealized; they are more perfect than you would expect to find them in any sphere of life, and they are suited least of all to the one in which they are placed. This is not the case with the good characters in a higher station, such as the Doctor and the Colonel. They have their faults and weaknesses; they are not idealized. But Walpurga is. It was the same in *Barfüßle*. So long as the actions of the subordinate personages were related, everything was natural. "The heroine's guardian," says a writer on Germany, discussing this same book, "does nothing to help her, but is indignant when she herds geese, because he is accused of having driven her to it; his son turns her out of the house at night because his sister's sweetheart has diverted his affections to her; the sister knocks her down and hits her in the face; the whole village is vexed with her and her brother because they don't go to America." But when the hero or the heroine, or the old philosophic woman, must be described, we are at once in a different world. Julian Schmidt says very truly of Auerbach:—"He puts his own method of induction in the mouths of his characters, and, with all respect for his many years' study of peasant life, we cannot help remarking that he very often makes his peasants speak as a peasant never has spoken, never can speak. He does not look on his characters as wholes, but puts them together out of individual traits which strike him forcibly." It is partly for this reason that we rejoice at his present transition. In the life which goes on around him, and in which he can mix, he will have less inducement to invent paragons of any kind, as he will have less opportunity of observing monsters. The one extreme leads necessarily to the other. Where there is little in real life to relieve the eye, the mind is sure to wander to ideal creations. The youth of nations, and the comparative infancy of civilisation, are the times generally marked by great poems; and now that life is more on a level, with fewer decided exceptions on either side, the ideal faculty takes refuge in villages, where, by the side of real defects, it creates impossible virtues.

The third author on our list is more remarkable in the way of idealism than Auerbach, but the limits within which he paints are so different, that we must try him by another standard. A picture by Meissonnier may be more ideal than a picture by Kaulbach, though you can point to the model which served for the one, and the other has evidently sprung from the imagination. But the one is so thoroughly in keeping, and so

harmonious, that it impresses you more with ideal completeness than all the wild inventions of the other. Paul Heyse was once taken by an English critic as the representative of realism, a name which also belongs to Meissonnier. It is true that nothing in Heyse's stories is impossible, or inconsistent with the rest; that the general aspects of life which he describes are true to life; and that his principal characters are never types or abstractions. But with all this his stories are intensely ideal, intensely poetical. The atmosphere in which they move allows them to be so. How far that atmosphere could be preserved in a novel is another question, and one which, to our regret, Paul Heyse has always answered with a decided negative. But in his last volume two of the stories attain a greater length than any of his former ones, and of these two, one in particular presents a more crowded canvas, and a greater stir of passionate life than he has ventured on before.

The *Meran Stories* were preceded by four volumes, each containing four stories. We are not sure to which volume we should give the preference. There is little doubt that most readers prefer the Italian stories, of which there is one at least in each volume. The first series contains a favourite one, called *La Rabbiate*, but, in spite of the general love for this story, we must own that there are others which we value more highly. The *Maiden of Treppi* in the second series, the *Solitaries* in the third, and *Annina* in the fourth, are also importations from Italy, from the wild Apennines, the rocks of Capri, or the fountains before St. Peter's. Almost all of Heyse's stories are set in an appropriate frame of scenery, and the reader's mind is tuned to what is coming by the opening descriptions. As a sample of these, let us give the following sketch of an old German château:—

"I had walked for a full hour up the ravine, when it seemed strange to me that the road was entirely neglected, and that no carriage could have passed along it for more than a year. The fallen leaves of last autumn moldered away in the deep ruts; here and there I came on fragments of rock and dead branches, which a winter storm had hurled down from the edge of the hollow way; and nothing but the traces of human steps could be recognised in the tenacious soil. I put an end to my doubts, by the thought that a more level road must long have been made from the château to the plain, although on entering the ravine I had noticed that there could be no straighter way to the near town. Now, however, that I had come to the summit of the pass, I was quite undecided, for half-a-dozen paths met there, and all were equally run wild. I climbed an old, large-boughed beech, and now I had my first view

of the country round. A deep and regularly rounded basin of valley lay at my feet, filled with the beautiful dark green waves of a deep sea of thickest beechwood. Below, right in the middle, rose some few pinnacles and chimneys of the château, the roofs of which were sinking in the wilderness of leaves. It was like a fairy tale to see the weathercock on the little tower glittering in the clear sun of the autumn evening, as they tell of enchanted castles sunk in the sea, and their highest pinnacles peering out of the depths when the air is bright. No sound of human life broke out on any side. The woodpeckers tapped monotonously among the trees; a careless roe passed me, and looked at me more in wonder than in fear; and every branch swarmed with forward squirrels, which pelted the intruder with the husks of beech-nuts. . . . I took a path at random up the valley, and soon sank into the most wonderful forest night that had ever rustled over my head. But even the forest night has its dreams, and these had soon entwined me so fast, that I quite forgot where I was and whither I was going, and let my feet go on heedlessly. They went on until they had to stop on the verge of a broad stream that ran black between the beeches. I could find no further track. The trees stood close together, and their branches, with the matted brushwood, made an impenetrable wall. I turned at once and took another path, then another, and wandered for hours through the whole bed of the valley, without seeing one stone of the château gleam through the wilderness. The moon was already shining through the tops of the beeches, and I made up my mind that I must pass the night under her airy roof. All of a sudden, when I least expected it, the wood opened out, and there stood the grey old château as large as life, with its countless blind windows, like an island in the midst of a sea of green."

It would not be difficult to choose a companion picture from each of the author's stories. The desolate vistas of the Apennines, the sea views from Capri, the grey heads of the mountains around Meran, and the stream plunging turbid through its close ravine, the unbroken expanse of the Campagna with the howl of the pack of pursuing dogs, the mountain pastures of the Bavarian Alps looking down on the emerald Königssee, the German painter standing by the fountain before St. Peter's and his long yellow hair floating with the floating spray, might furnish subjects for artistic illustration, but that no further touch is needed to give them life and reality. Yet this talent for description, this art in framework, is subordinate to the true art of the story. The characters live before us, and their hearts are laid bare with a few skilful touches. The web is so carefully woven that we do not know that one touch will dissolve it till the author gives that touch. One of the stories, in which this merit is most conspicuous, is

the one called *Helene Morten*. A woman of rare culture and great sensitiveness of frame has married a busy pushing merchant in some seaport of Germany. He is quite inferior to her in mental gifts, and, much as he loves her, cannot half appreciate her. She, on the other hand, can take but little interest in his commercial affairs, and her extreme delicacy forbids her paying a visit to his favourite ships, even when the sea is smooth and they are in harbour. Thus there is a secret mental antagonism between husband and wife. When the husband talks of his success in trade, the money he has "turned over," or the luck he has had with a certain venture, he sees that his wife does not understand him, and is forcing herself to take an interest which is alien to her nature. On the other hand, if she reads one of her favourite books to him, or plays one of her favourite airs, the chances are that he is dead beat with his daily work, and goes to sleep in the middle. He does not observe that she gradually discontinues her favourite books and music, or that her sunny brightness of spirits is subsiding. But at last this is forced upon his notice. He engages in a lawsuit, and the advocate who conducts his cause comes to talk matters over with him one evening. The advocate at once recognises the rare merits of Helene, and instead of discussing business with her husband, talks with her of books and music.

The right chord is touched in Helene's heart. Dwelling on her favourite subjects, with one who appreciates them as she does, she is lured insensibly into her old gaiety, and her husband sees in one and the same moment that her bright spirits had faded in his company, and were revived in the company of his friend. He cannot help feeling a little jealous. True, he has full confidence in his wife, but it is impossible to avoid seeing that his friend would suit her better. These feelings grow upon him at every fresh visit of the advocate, especially as these fresh visits recur with great frequency. At last the husband says that business calls him away from home, and leaves his wife abruptly.

He settles down for a few days at the place assigned for this business. The first three days a letter comes regularly from Helene. The fourth day there is no letter, and he returns instantly. He finds, as he expected, the house empty, its mistress gone, and a letter lying on her writing-table. Of course, he concludes that she has eloped with his friend, and every reader of the story would form the same opinion. But here comes the extraordinary beauty of Paul Heyse's treatment. Helene has not eloped. A sudden

crisis has occurred in her husband's business. Three of his ships have been consigned to a firm in Copenhagen, and while they are half-way thither, the news comes that this firm is on the verge of bankruptcy. If the three ships arrive at Copenhagen, they will be seized as the property of that firm, and the only chance of saving them is to sail in a faster ship and overtake them. Helene, who cannot bear the sea when it is smooth, and whose interest in her husband's business has always seemed so small, embarks at once in pursuit.

This is what the merchant learns from his head clerk. Helene had left strict orders that he was to hear nothing about her voyage, that no one was to write to him for fear of making him uneasy. The letter on her table was not, as he imagined, a farewell to him, but was addressed to his friend, in answer to the question he had put to her, whether she was happy? She said that she was happy, how happy she could hardly tell. Her only trouble was, that some fault of hers must have caused her husband's sudden journey, but she was conscious of no fault, and was innocent of all intention. This letter, which the husband reads, shows him the full worth of the heart he has possessed and lost. He feels that he has lost it, that Helene will not return alive from her desperate voyage. And when he goes out to look over the stormy sea, and sees the three ships returning, led by the fast sailer which had overtaken them almost in sight of Copenhagen, it needs not the flag half-mast high to tell him that his noble wife has sunk under her sufferings.

Helene Morten illustrates both the strength and weakness of Heyse's art. A musical friend of ours observes that the great beauty of Haydn's symphonies lies in their surprises. "Haydn," he says, "takes a theme and exhausts it; he gives you every possible variation on it, and, as it were, worries it to death; and then, when you think nothing more can come out of it, he suddenly gives you a most charming melody, which you never looked for, and which you thought absolutely impossible from the exhaustion of the motive." This is what Heyse has done in *Helene Morten*. At the same time, he is too much given to let the chief actor relate the story in the past tense. So many of his stories are told in this way, with an interval of years between the event and its narration, that there is often a certain coldness in the scenes which should be the most passionate. It is this characteristic which has led some critics to censure Heyse as being artificial, or to nickname him the poet of the studio. The *Saturday Review* went further, and proclaimed him insipid. Much the same charge

was brought by Wagner against Mendelssohn; and we have met with men who valued music for its own sake, and yet talked of Mendelssohn as a drawing-room artist, composing in white kid gloves.

The *Meran Stories* are the best answer to any such charge against Heyse. In the second of them there is enough sensation for the admirers of Miss Braddon, with enough truth and passion for a much higher class of readers. We will endeavour to give some idea of it, though it is told with such art, and the web is so intricate, that the task we have undertaken is almost impossible. The story opens in a deep ravine that plunges from the slope of the Ifinger into the valley of the Adige. In summer, the stream, of which this ravine is the bed, is almost dry, but in spring, with the melting of the snow, or later in the year, when the hail comes down, or hurricanes break loose, the whole fury of the elements is concentrated in the narrow gully; the tenacious clay which clothes the sides of the mountain dissolves into a dark-brown liquid slime, and pours along, carrying away fragments of earth and rock and trunks of trees in its fury. The earth shakes for miles round as the stream thunders into the valley; the peasants near rush out, crying "The Naif is coming," and the farmers drive off their cattle, or load waggons with their most valuable goods, before the stream overflows. For as soon as a large rock or tree chokes the ravine, the mass of liquid mud rises in a wall and pours over the surrounding country, sweeping off vineyards and orchards, farms and houses.

Not far from this ravine stands a castle, half in ruins, and tenanted by a strange family. An old Italian grandmother, a father, who is away on shooting excursions, and a daughter, are in charge of the ruin, and live there in entire seclusion. Some mystery attaches to them. There is something strange about the daughter. There is something strange in the way the father leaves her alone, and the watch he keeps on her when they are together. A young Count, who has been jilted, and is for a time sick of the world, is a little taken by the girl, thinks of retiring to a castle as a hermitage, and wants to buy the ruin. The father tries to dissuade him from the purchase, and will not let him speak to the daughter. And the Count's companion, a misanthropic colonel, sneers at the raw cynicism of the jilted young man, and at the fancies in which he looks for consolation.

We are introduced to these two men as they walk up the bed of the Naif. The colonel points with a chuckle to a horseleech preying on a snail, as a proof that "nature is one with rapine;" but he is horrified at the

sight of some ants on his companion's coat. We have to read some way before we find the meaning of this horror, and the cause of this misanthropy. It comes out at length strangely. The Count has found all his attempts at interesting himself in the girl of the ruined castle frustrated. Weber, her father, resents them all, guards his daughter carefully, keeps a close watch on the Count. One night the Count and his companion are in a wine-house, when some young men at another table begin talking loudly, as young men will talk. The hero of the party is a handsome lion of Meran, who has succeeded to the Count's place in the affections of his faithless charmer. But the young man is now boasting of another conquest, and talks mysteriously of the ruined castle. The Count springs up and calls him to account. The young man promises him a meeting which is destined not to be kept.

While the Count is wondering at the mystery of the Weber family, a man in the corner of the wine-house, who has overheard the quarrel, volunteers to speak. At his first word the colonel turns pale and leaves the room, but the Count remains to listen. His informant is *landrichter* in Meran, and knows the whole history of the Webers. They were allowed to change their name on account of a calamity that had happened to one of the family. Weber was forester in the Val Sugana. His elder daughter Anna was attached to a young man much below her station, an underling of her father's. At the conscription this young man was taken. He had promised to return that night to the block-hut, where he had held secret interviews with Anna; but no sooner were the recruits enrolled than an order was issued forbidding them to leave the barracks that night on pain of death. In spite of the order, the youth slipped out and got to the rendezvous, but in coming back he fell down a precipice, and was found there with his leg broken by the patrols who went out to look for him. Had he confessed the cause of his expedition, he might have been pardoned; but he was silent, for he had promised secrecy—and he was shot.

An hour after, a tall, handsome girl came to the room of the young officer who had command of the corps of recruits, and who had just presided at the execution of the sentence. She came to beg her lover's pardon, not knowing that it was already too late. The young officer's servant grew curious when the girl remained a long time closeted with his master. He listened through the keyhole and heard nothing. At last he made some excuse to open the door. The girl was on her knees before the officer. He had a

strange expression on his face, had taken off his neckcloth as if he were choking, and was walking with great strides up and down the room. He thrust his servant rudely out, and locked the door upon him. In another half hour the girl came out, imagining she had her lover's pardon. The servant, to whom she spoke about it, told her at once that her lover had been shot more than an hour ago. For a moment her eyes seemed to shoot living fire, but the next moment she burst out in a loud peal of laughter. But a day after the young officer was not to be found. He was tracked to the block-hut, where Anna and her lover used to meet, and there his uniform was found rolled in a corner. We will leave Paul Heyse to tell the upshot of the search :—

"I will be brief. There is a chasm in the mountain a little higher. I do not know what led me to the thought that he must have fallen down it. But the reality was still worse. Just at this moment the moon came out, and we could distinguish every tree a rifle-shot around us. 'What's that white thing hanging there?' cried the boy suddenly, and stood as if he was turned to stone, for he was afraid of ghosts. I cast a sharp glance through the tree-stems, and could not utter a word, so terrible was the sight. A fir-tree, stripped of all its bark at the foot, rose by the chasm, and flung out two solitary boughs at about a man's height from the ground. From one of these hung the wretched youth, in his shirt and trousers; his arms tied tightly behind his back, his feet also tied tightly together, and suspended by a treble noose to the branch, while his head just touched the ground, not far from the verge of the abyss, with its floating hair. But there, between the roots of the fir, some ants had built their heap, and though this was half destroyed by foot-steps, we saw with a shudder the creatures swarming about the dead man's head—."

But here the description breaks off abruptly, and no one could wish it pursued. What with her lover's death, and the cruelty practised on herself, Anna had gone mad. She was found at home laughing and singing hysterically, muttering every now and then, in low and haunting tones, "The ants! the ants! don't scare them off, they are only doing their duty!" The young officer's father, a colonel—; but here the Count interrupts the narrative. He has now learnt the secret of his companion, of the misanthropy which makes him avoid all other men, the horror which he felt at the sight of ants, the pallor which overcame him when the judge began his story.

The Count, however, is quite overcome. Just after the quarrel he had gone outside, and had heard that Weber had been sitting on the bench before the door during the whole scene. No doubt the father had

followed up the young man who boasted of his conquest. And as this thought occurs to the Count, he thinks he hears a shriek for help. Neither his thoughts nor his ears have deceived him. Weber had listened to the boast, and had clung to the track of the young man. But again we must let Heyse himself speak :—

"Aloys racked his brains, but his ideas were still confused. To the effect of his story was added the roar of the Naif which he was approaching, the ghostly paleness of the moonlight, and high in front of him the motionless peak of the Ifinger, over which the clouds were racing as if the high rock nodded and threatened and shook itself, and meditated a fall which would bury alike the wicked and the guiltless. Strangely enough, when he reached the wooden bridge, the youth could not make up his mind to put his foot on the long beams. They were trembling indeed with the might of the swollen torrent. But he knew that a high piled harvest-waggon could cross in safety; what had a single passenger to fear? And could he not see, fifty paces off, enticing and quite in the moonlight, the château where he was so ardently expected? And had he not many and many a night shaken off all the trepidations of memory and conscience, as soon as he had passed the secret door opening on the south terrace, and entered the lofty ante-chamber of his lovely fair, which, with its scent of flowers, was far more attractive than the turret-cellar up yonder in those uninhabitable ruins? Yet, in spite of these thoughts, he stood still on the extreme end of the bridge, and looked down into the yeasty stream. The thick slime which poured furiously through the rocky bed, broke into a thousand fanciful forms, and, faintly lighted by the moon, whirled like a mass of melted earth at once heavily and impetuously into the depths. Here, too, the noise was so loud that the solitary wanderer, in spite of having his ears sharpened by fear, never once heard the footsteps of another who had followed him. And now the dark sturdy figure in the coarse jacket stood close behind him; a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, the youth started, and half suppressed a cry of terror, as his hasty glance met two immovable eyes, that seemed to look through and through him."

The result of this interview may easily be imagined. After a few words the infuriated father flings the youth from the bridge into the thick slimy torrent. The cry which the Count fancied he heard was the despairing shriek for mercy as the wretch was tossed over. But another cry comes to the ears of Weber. Had any one seen him? He looks round, and the coast seems clear. Yet a girl living by the Naif, who had been sent out by her master to see if the torrent was rising, had witnessed the whole scuffle; and, when Weber looked round, had seen his face distinctly in the clear moonlight. The story finds its way to the ears of the younger daughter, and she too begins to laugh loudly

and hysterically. The same fate has come on her as on her sister. The minds of both have failed under woes too great for human endurance.

We have told this story at some length, and given these extracts, in order to show what is to be found in Heyse, and what may be expected of him. We do not wish him to abandon the field in which he has earned such laurels, and essay himself in a full novel. But we think that by degrees he may enlarge his canvas, as he has been doing of late, and may steal imperceptibly into something more important than the tale or story. And we think that, on the whole, the conclusion forced on our minds by the other works we have considered, is equally hopeful. We have three authors viewing their art as something serious, yet recognising the subordination of their art to nature. If we could believe that they would train others to follow in their steps, we should augur a fair future for German fiction. But at present we cannot speak on the point with much confidence. The followers of all three are apt to exaggerate the faults of their originals, and to neglect their beauties. Bald and naked realism, interminable descriptions of things not worth a line, philosophical discussions on matters that need not be dreamt of even by deeper philosophers than Horatio, are more easily caught from Freytag than his choice of subjects, his wit, and his profound view into character. The imitators of Auerbach sicken us with impossible stories of peasant life, bands of brigands headed by the wife of a small farmer, characters which are neither new nor in keeping, and incidents which sin equally against nature and invention. The followers of Heyse aim at his artistic arrangement, and become artificial; he subdues passion overmuch, and they leave it out of the question. Yet, as imitation is the natural tendency of all beginners, and as Thackeray himself admitted that he began by imitating Fielding, the Germans may shake themselves clear of these faults, and learn instead of copying.

From the authors themselves we have a right to expect more than they have given us. But it would be ungrateful to dwell on what we expect when we have so much to acknowledge. We trust indeed that we have done them justice, that we have not tried them by an exclusively English standard, that we have not pointed out their faults except as a means of leading them to amendment. If we seem to have treated Freytag more hardly than Auerbach, and both more hardly than Heyse, it is because the higher a man attains the more rigorous becomes the standard. We must necessarily

judge Freytag by his first success; but we cannot judge Auerbach by *Debit and Credit*. If Paul Heyse chooses to confine himself to a narrow sphere, and almost to reach perfection where perfection is less worth having, he earns our praise for what he has done, but we may not blame him for what he has not attempted. One of the wisest of the Germans tells us:—

“Erkenne, Freund, was er geleistet hat,
Und dann erkenne was er leisten wollte.”

Or, as the English Poet says—

“In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

An observance of these two maxims would prevent much of the shallow criticism which exists, and which does equal harm to authors and to readers.

ART. III.—*Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*. By GEORGE GROTE, F.R.S., etc. London: John Murray, 1865.

THIS book is one sign among many of the reviving interest of this country in philosophy. “All false philosophy,” says Professor Ferrier, “is Plato misinterpreted; all true philosophy is Plato rightly understood.” If any part of this be true, we have to congratulate ourselves that the words of the first great philosopher are now being discussed and illustrated so fully. Not to mention the excellent editions of some of the Dialogues which have issued from the Oxford press within the last few years, we have two elaborate books by distinguished authors, Dr. Whewell and Mr. Grote, each attempting in his own way to set the substance of the Platonic writings before the English reader. We regret that it is not possible to speak more favourably of Dr. Whewell's English Plato. If strong English sense, with its rough and ready solutions of great questions, if sound scholarship and boundless energy were enough to represent Plato, he has this, and more. But the humour, the subtlety, the poetry, somehow evaporates under his rough handling. His reverence for Plato does not prevent him from treating the divine Dialogues like the exercises of a schoolboy that have to be re-arranged, corrected, and cut short by the master. Plato's greatest work, the *Republic*, he breaks up into four distinct Essays, and casts the intervening passages into an Appendix. One can hardly express too strong reprobation of the bar-

barism that allows him thus to dismember and re-arrange a work which has the unity of a poem, as well as of a philosophic treatise.

Mr. Grote's book is an attempt of a different kind, not to translate or reproduce Plato as a whole, but simply to give an account of the discussions contained in each Dialogue, and to criticise the philosophical results attained thereby. He seeks to give us Plato without his artistic dress—Plato unveiled. The variety, the humour, the poetry of the Dialogues, the fresh play of changing situation and character, disappear, and are intended to disappear, in a dry analysis, which brings into clear light the different points of the argument, but leaves all else in shadow. "How does the matter of Plato look without the form, and what, so taken, is its absolute value?" is the question Mr. Grote tries to answer. A more sympathetic mind might have shrunk from such a severance of soul and body, and might, perhaps, question its possibility, in the case of a writer in whom poet and philosopher are so closely bound together. There is a point where metaphysics and poetry meet, or, to express it more accurately, the highest truth of philosophy is a rational and self-conscious poetry, as the highest poetry may be described as an irrational and unconscious philosophy. This, at least, is the Platonic conception of their relation; and a mind that severs matter and form, theory and expression, so decidedly as Mr. Grote, can scarce represent the thought of Plato fairly. Besides this, philosophy was in Plato's time still struggling into birth, out of the symbolic and unreflected forms of mythology. It had not yet, as with Aristotle, a definite language and sphere of its own; it did not move apart in an atmosphere of abstraction. Hence an apparent self-contradiction that often occurs in the language of Plato. He is ever warring against the looseness and indefiniteness of popular thought, as also against the poets and rhetoricians, who in his view only give an artificial completeness and symmetry to this indefiniteness, without really delivering us from it. Yet, on the other hand, he is obliged himself to have recourse to symbol and poetry in order to body forth conceptions for which he has as yet no more accurate language. Plato walks as far as he can, then flies when he cannot walk. In many of the Dialogues, as in the *Phædo*, we have an entire metaphysical discussion, which at the end passes off into a dream. There is in him a realm of clear logical distinction and accurate thinking, but around it on every side is a kind of cloud-land, in which float the images of "worlds not realized," or, in other words, of concep-

tions for which he has yet found no rational and abstract expression. And even between these two, as we see especially from the *Timæus*, there lies a debatable region in which myths and abstractions mingle together and struggle for the mastery. This varied tone and colour of the Platonic thought, this endless shading and doubtful suggestion, this infinity, which forms the background of all that is determinate and fixed, increases wonderfully his interest and instructiveness, but renders it impossible to do justice to him by an analysis, or indeed in any way but by translation.

In some respects, every one must allow that the historian of Greece is well fitted for his task. His knowledge of the Dialogues, as well as of their "setting" in Greek life, is all that could be wished. And, what is as important, he has a real sympathy with that joy of the intellect in his own energy, in the mere play of thought for its own sake, which fills the Platonic Dialogues. He does not, like Dr. Whewell, weary of the negative dialectic, or desire to cut it short, even when he can see no objective point to which it tends. This fresh self-surrender to the guidance of reason, this fearlessness, and even, to a certain extent, carelessness of results, if so be that the fallow-field of thought is thoroughly upturned and made ready for receiving the seed, is one of the most distinguished characteristics of the Platonic writings; and if any one wearies of this endless seeking and questioning, he is not thoroughly in sympathy with Plato, who seeks to awaken the minds of his readers, not to give them rest, and who holds that there is no truth for any one, except that which he wins for himself by the working of his own mind.

"Plato," says Mr. Grote, "feels a strong interest in the inquiry, in the debate *per se*, and he presumes a like interest in his readers. He has no wish to shorten the process, nor to reach the end and dismiss the question as settled. On the contrary, he claims it as a privilege of philosophical research that persons in it are noways tied to time; they are not like judicial pleaders, who, with a clepsydra or water-clock to measure the length of each speech, are under slavish dependence on the feelings of the dikasts, and are therefore obliged to keep strictly to the point. Plato regards the process of inquiry as being in itself both a stimulus and a discipline, in which the minds both of questioner and respondent are implicated and improved, each being indispensable to the other; he also represents it as a process, carried on under the immediate inspiration of the moment, without reflection or knowledge of the result."—Vol. i. p. 274.

The merits and defects of Mr. Grote as an interpreter of Plato might almost be guessed

from this passage alone. He is not imaginative; he is not even subtle or speculative; delicate distinctions and shades of meaning are either obliterated or exaggerated by his strong but heavy pen; but he has unquestionable vigour and manliness of thought, and for a dialectical combat, an intellectual wrestle between two opinions, no one could wish a better spectator or judge. The boldness, too, with which he casts aside all former commentary, and questions Plato anew, often gives great interest and freshness to his words. He has seen for himself, and therefore his opinion always has the value of originality. Let any one who wishes to appreciate his power read his commentary on the *Theætetus*, or, still better, on the *Protagoras*, upon which his speculative sympathies have led him to spend his best efforts. Whether we agree with his conclusions or no, we must have our minds braced by the atmosphere of intellectual energy in which we find ourselves, and we cannot come away without a stronger sense that "the process of inquiry is at once a stimulus and a discipline."

But while the spirit of a Platonic discussion is thus vividly brought before us, we cannot say so much for Mr. Grote's treatment of those Dialogues in which the speculative or constructive element predominates. We can scarce believe that any one who has thoroughly studied the *Republic* will be satisfied with his analysis and criticism of it. And the *Laws* fare still worse. Partly it is, as we shall see, that he has a theory which prevents him doing full justice to these Dialogues, and partly that a certain dogmatic hardness and inflexibility of mind becomes more obvious when brought into contact with the highest expressions of the delicate and subtle spirit of Plato. And this mental inflexibility shows itself also in another way. It may seem bold to accuse a great historian of a want of historic sympathy—an incapacity of forgetting the associations of his own day, and assuming the spiritual vesture of the past. Yet, we think that even the *History of Greece* is not quite free from this defect. We are never allowed altogether to forget the new in the old world; and the image of ancient democracy is considerably obscured in our eyes by the associations of modern Radicalism. And Plato, as we might expect, suffers even more than Athens from the modernisms forced upon him, as, for instance, in the commentary on the *Theætetus*, where the sophist is made to argue as if he were familiar with Hume and Berkeley. And to the distance between the modern and ancient world, we have here to add the distance between Plato

and a mind at the opposite intellectual pole from him. We do not of course expect a critic to give up his own judgment to the author he is criticising, but we *do* expect him to show some power of forgetting himself for the moment, and looking at the world through his author's eyes. Now, Mr. Grote seems to us always to judge Plato *ab extra*; he scarcely ever attempts to identify himself with him. The unworldliness of the Platonic spirit, if we may so express it, and that characteristic transfusion of emotion and thought, which has drawn into his school all the poets from Dante to Tennyson, is all but a dead letter to Mr. Grote. We may, by anticipation, take one example. When in the *Republic*, Plato, like half the great moral teachers, down even to our own Carlyle, turns the question, "What is my right?" into the *other* question, "What is my duty?" (τὰ οἰκεία πράττειν), and maintains, in deliberate opposition to the theory of Glaucon, that duties, not rights, are to be considered in the foundation of the state, Mr. Grote only exclaims against the strange meaning given to the word *justice*, and finds in it a proof that Plato had not yet advanced to the Aristotelian notion, that justice is virtue viewed as involving relations to other men. Would he not find a similar difficulty when Christ answers the question, "Who is my neighbour?" by the counter question, "Which then was neighbour to him that fell among thieves?" How much of a higher logic is in these inconsequences, and what a loss to mankind if they had not been committed! It is not that Mr. Grote disapproves—that he may have a right to do, when he has shown first that he appreciates; it is that he has scarcely ever entered one great region of thought in which Plato often moves.

The most important and most distinctive peculiarity of Mr. Grote's book is his division of the Dialogues. He draws a broad line of distinction between those which, after Thrasyllus, he names respectively "Dialogues of Search," and "Dialogues of Exposition." The former are entirely negative and critical, and have no end beyond the discussion itself. The latter are affirmative and dogmatic, full of magisterial decisions on all points of philosophic doctrine. And these two classes stand side by side, the offspring of different tendencies, and without any connecting link.

"Some," he says, "represent all the doubts and difficulties in the negative Dialogues as exercises to call forth the intellectual efforts of the reader, preparatory to full and satisfactory solutions which Plato has given in the dogmatic Dialogues at the end. The first half of this hypothesis I accept, the last half I believe to

be unfounded. The doubts and difficulties were certainly exercises to the mind of Plato himself, and were intended as exercises to his readers, but he has nowhere provided a key to the solution of them. Where he propounds positive dogmas he does not bring them face to face with the objections, nor verify their authority by showing that they afford satisfactory solutions of the difficulties exhibited in his negative procedure. The two currents of his speculation, the affirmative and negative, are distinct and independent of each other. Where the affirmative is specially present (as in *Timæus*) the negative dialectic disappears. . . . When Plato comes forward to affirm, his dogmas are altogether *à priori*; they enumerate pre-conceptions and hypotheses which derive their hold upon his belief, not from any aptitude for solving the objections he has raised, but from deep and solemn sentiment of some kind or other, religious, æsthetical, ethical, poetical, etc. The dogmas are enunciations of some grand sentiment of the divine, good, just, beautiful, symmetrical, etc., which Plato follows out into corollaries. But this is a process in itself, and while he is performing it, the doubts previously raised are not called up to be solved, but are forgotten, or kept out of sight."—Vol. i. pp. 270–1.

This is afterwards more vividly expressed in his criticisms on the *Republic*:—

"While his spokesman, Socrates, was leader of the opposition, Plato delighted in arming him with the maximum of cross-examining acuteness, but here Socrates has passed over to the ministerial benches, and . . . no new leader of opposition is allowed to replace him."—Vol. iii. p. 165.

Mr. Grote "cuts things in two with an axe." There is a rough similarity with the facts in this classification, though it would require endless adaptation and qualification, ere we could admit it as a fair representation of them. Nor, we think, are the two categories of "negative dialectic" and "grand sentiment" at all sufficient to indicate the contents of the Platonic writings. There are few of the Dialogues which are purely negative, which do not contain some germs of positive theory, and there are none, except perhaps the *Laws*, which can be quite fairly described as dogmatic. At the very least, to make Mr. Grote's classification valid, we must introduce between the Dialogues of Search and the Dialogues of Exposition a third class, in which he examines the metaphysical principles of other philosophies, and lays the foundation for his own. These we may call the Speculative Dialogues. The meaning of this name will become clear in the sequel.

The Dialogues which correspond most nearly to Mr. Grote's description of the "Dialogue of Search," are those in which Plato remains within the circle of ideas traced out

by Socrates. Their distinguishing characteristic is, that the subject is always morals, and the result negative. Plato is, above all things, a moral philosopher; his metaphysical inquiries arise, in the first instance, out of the attempt to determine morals scientifically. Socrates is the beginning of his mind; and it is only in seeking a sufficient basis for the Socratic ethics that he is led gradually into a region of metaphysical speculation, which Socrates neglected or despised. We have no record of the order in which the Dialogues were written, and it has been the subject of endless controversy; but if we take the Socratic ethics, on the one hand, and those great constructive efforts, the *Republic*, *Timæus*, and *Laws*, on the other, as the extreme limits between which the speculation of Plato moves, we shall probably commit no error of speculative importance. And if this be so, we see that Plato, who had been led by the course of his thought out of the Socratic sphere of ideas into a very different region of speculation, returns at the end of his life, with the results he has gathered, to apply them to the ethical problems of his youth.

The peculiarity of Socrates that strikes us most is that he is a prophet without being a dogmatist. The mere search for truth, the love of truth for its own sake, received with him a religious consecration. He does not bid his disciples believe; he professes to have nothing to teach them, except that truth is, and is the most desirable of possessions. All he can do for them is to destroy the conceit of knowledge that prevents the desire for truth from arising; for "not they that are whole need a physician, but they that are sick."

What was it that led Socrates to attach this religious value and necessity to pure science? Obviously the circumstances of the time in which he lived, a time when the "simple morality of childhood" was no longer an adequate guide for men. To the early Athenian or Spartan, there was no question of a scientific standard of right. Law, supplemented by custom, furnished him with a guide whose sufficiency it never occurred to him to doubt. The same divine authority which had made him citizen of Athens or Sparta had fixed the laws under which he should live; and to say, "It is our way" (*πάτριον γὰρ ἡμῖν*), was the same thing to him as to say, "It is right." This simple faith was gradually giving way as the culture of Greece advanced, and the knowledge of other cities and nations weakened the force of local tradition. The words "good" and "just" began to take a wider meaning, and, being appealed to by all, they seemed to point to some standard above and independ-

ent of the peculiarities of any one people. Yet this standard was utterly vague and undefined, or took its colour from the feelings of the moment. Socrates first clearly detected this vagueness and indeterminateness, and he first saw how it was to be remedied. The only possible substitute for local tradition and custom, if a more universal standard were required, was *science*,—a science which should determine the meaning of those vague words which all had in their mouths, and to which all equally attached the highest authority. If we could define justice and goodness in the abstract, these definitions would form a measure to which all particular acts might be referred. Without such definitions, it was only unconscious ignorance that could take upon itself to define what is just and good. The first thing which Socrates had to do was to make clear what was needed, and thereby to make ignorance conscious of itself. Hence he begins invariably with the demand for a definition of some general term, a demand which is generally misunderstood. "What is virtue?" says Socrates in the *Meno*. "The virtue of a man," says Meno, "is to be able to manage the affairs of state, and to do good to his friends and harm to his enemies; and the virtue of a woman is to manage her house well, and to be obedient to her husband. And besides, there are many other virtues,—the virtue of a child and of an old man, of a slave and of a freeman, so that there is no difficulty in finding plenty to say about virtue." "How lucky I am, O Meno," answered Socrates. "I asked for one virtue, and you have given me a complete swarm of them. But you have not yet explained to me the one point of similarity by reason of which all these different actions are called virtues."

Thus driven by the Socratic dialectic, Meno makes a first attempt to gather in one view the loose associations of the word 'virtue;' but the criticism of Socrates soon makes evident to himself how vague and unmeaning has been his use of a word, which he had assumed himself to understand because he could use it freely. The result is a painful consciousness of ignorance, but at the same time a clear perception of the point in which the ignorance lies, and also, in some degree, of the method by which knowledge has to be sought. Hence it is an ignorance which does not produce despair of truth, but stimulates to new inquiry. Socrates is compared by Meno to the torpedo-fish, because he benumbs and checks that rhetorical flow of speech "about it and about it," which conceals ignorance from itself; but, in another point of view, he is the gadfly who will not let men rest in anything short of the truth.

Another aspect of this dialectic has to be mentioned. In destroying the first imperfect definitions of such words as Virtue, Goodness, and Justice, Socrates at the same time brought into clearness the deficiency of the morality that rests on outward law and tradition, and so emancipated his hearers from that morality. For these first definitions may be described generally as attempts to give a rational expression to the traditional moral sentiment, and their failure must give a death-blow to that sentiment. In order to procure an open field for the morality of science, Socrates was obliged to hasten the natural decay of the imperfect morality of simple faith and obedience. This was the dangerous side of the negative of Socrates. To overthrow the semblance of knowledge without the reality was necessarily to overthrow belief in the "tradition of the elders," and this was the more hazardous because what he had to set in place of it was, not a science of morals, but only the notion of such a science and the demand for it.

Such was the method of Socrates, as it is exhibited to us in the first class of Platonic Dialogues. In these Plato is not dealing with the errors of any particular class of theorists, but with the *idola fori* that affect all men alike. His object is to show the abyss of ignorance lying beneath the fluent commonplace that forms the philosophy of the market-place and the assembly. Hence the characters introduced in these Dialogues are generally not sophists, rhetoricians, or men of special culture, but of *εὐχόμενοι*, old generals, like Nicias and Laches, or promising young men and boys, like Alcibiades and Charmides. It is only as the elements of positive theory begin to disclose themselves, as Plato begins to leave the purely negative attitude that characterized Socrates, only when he seeks not merely to arouse and stimulate the desire for knowledge, but also in some measure to satisfy it, that he introduces more important personages to represent the tendencies he is opposing. The names of Protagoras and Gorgias indicate that Plato is no longer assailing the loose fabric of popular opinion, but dealing with the more pronounced and self-conscious views of rhetoricians and theorists. We have, as it were, got through the looser strata of opinion, and come upon the more definite oppositions of true and false method. The negative and the positive are sharpened into keener antagonism as each becomes clearer to itself, and the image of the philosopher is brought into full relief against the image of the sophist.

Mr. Grote's well-known defence of the sophists, which he has repeated and enforced at great length in these volumes, leads us to

ask, What was the meaning of Plato's life-long struggle against them? If we follow the whole course of the Dialogues, we find that there are two figures which Plato is never weary of defining, comparing, and contrasting with each other—the philosopher and the sophist. The point of view from which the pictures are drawn is often changed, but the relation between them always remains the same. The one is the representative of the true, the other of the false method of thinking. Yet Plato is apparently never satisfied that he has found the ultimate secret of either; and what he gives as the fundamental contrast in one Dialogue, is itself traced back to a deeper root in another. Finally to define and contrast them is to him the central and almost insoluble problem of philosophy. "It is difficult," he says (*Soph.* 254 A), "clearly to discern the philosopher, and equally difficult, though in another way, clearly to discern the sophist; for the sophist hides himself in his element, the darkness of non-existence, where our gaze can scarce penetrate for the gloom, while the philosopher, ever giving up his mind to the idea of being, dwells in light unsearchable on which the common eye cannot endure to look."

If we "look upon this picture and upon that," we cannot but see that they are both partly ideal. No individual ever combined all the features of the sophist; at most, it is a picture of certain intellectual tendencies which have a logical coherence or relation to each other, rather than an account of the thoughts of any one mind. For the sophist is, as Plato says, a Proteus, sometimes appearing as a rhetorician, like Gorgias, sometimes as a universal genius, like Hippias, sometimes dealing in logical puzzles, like Euthydemus, or again reappearing in his own shape with direct negative theories, which involve the denial of the existence of any truth but opinion, or any justice but the rights of the stronger, like Protagoras and Thrasymachus. If there is any unity throughout all these phases, it is the unity, not of individual character, but of an ideal system of error, which would need many individuals in order to realize itself. This does not, of course, prove that it is not in a sense a true picture, for there is a family likeness in the errors of a time, as well as in its discoveries of truth. The kingdom of Beelzebub is not divided against itself; and it is quite possible that a great thinker should be able to generalize the false thinking of an age, and trace it to one root.

But, allowing this, when we pass from the ideal philosophy to the class of teachers called sophists, we must not overlook the difference between the supposed tendencies of doctrines

and the character of the men who hold them. This is a distinction Plato himself allows for; his tone varies indefinitely with the individual he brings on the stage. Toward Protagoras and Gorgias he is respectful, while Euthydemus and Hippias are treated with utter contempt. In the Dialogue called *Gorgias*, Plato reasons out what he conceives to be the logical consequence of the principles of that sophist, yet he does not put these results in the mouth of Gorgias himself, and even makes him protest against them. He only tries to show that they flow necessarily from his admissions, and introduces a bolder disciple to express and defend them. The sophists were all, in Plato's view, involved in the condemnation of a false method of thinking, and a bad system of education. But they did not all work with equal consciousness and acceptance of the results they produced.

The sophists were the higher teachers of Greece in the time of Plato. They were a very diverse body of men, united by a few general characteristics. The first was, that they were philosophical teachers, who had ceased to be in earnest with philosophy. They had gathered from the study of the various schools of thinkers a certain command over thought and language which they attempted to convey to their pupils. One or two of their number reasoned out the negative results that were involved in the principles of earlier thinkers. But, generally speaking, they seem to have turned aside from speculation, except in so far as philosophy furnished to them a storehouse of forms of thought which could be made useful in education. They taught their pupils not to think and to search for truth, but to speak and to persuade; not philosophy, but rhetoric. Further, they were the most cosmopolite of teachers. They travelled freely about Greece, and were emancipated as much from the temper of any one state as from the teachings of any one school of philosophy. They were to philosophers what the "rabble of seamen" were to the orderly Greek citizen, and exhibited that "many-coloured" temper of mind, so much dreaded by Greek legislators, which had been slightly tinged by many influences, and deeply stamped by none. The many contradictory rules of life which they had seen in their travels, made it absurd in their eyes to hold to the law of any one state as absolute truth, yet they did not seek, like Socrates, for a scientific principle to replace these partial rules. Connected with this is the fact that they took pay for their instructions, on which so much weight is laid by Plato and Aristotle. We cannot easily sympathize with this sentiment. We

do not see why it should be a crime for a man to take money for intellectual labour, any more than for other labour. Yet there are some analogies, such as the fixity of professional fees, which may enable us to understand it. The fact is, that no labour of a high kind was considered payable in Greece or Rome. The general, the statesman, did not take pay, and still less, in the opinion of Plato and Aristotle, should the philosopher take it. Philosophy, says the latter, is not commensurable with any earthly commodity in which it can be paid for: at the utmost, the refined payment of honour may be admitted. We may express the feeling in modern language, by saying that the sophists degraded a profession into a trade, at a time when the distinction was not merely nominal. This also was a prejudice of Greek life from which the sophists had emancipated themselves.

If, then, we gather into one view Plato's various charges against the sophists, it would stand somewhat thus:—In the first place, their culture is merely rhetorical; professing to teach truth, they do not raise us above the confusions of popular opinion, but merely conceal it with words. They do not enable their pupils to discriminate ends, or discover the real end of life, but merely arm them with weapons to attain what they will. They produce in the minds of the young a scepticism, which is both morally and intellectually the very reverse of the doubt produced by the Socratic dialectic, for while Socrates humbled by the sense of ignorance, and stimulated with the idea of science, *they* excite and overbalance by a sense of power, and, enabling the pupil to prove all things, they lead him to believe in none: for a teaching that aims solely at giving command of expression, and never at investigating truth, *must* emancipate individual caprice from all sense of limit, must wake that "insolence, which is the mother of tyranny." It is possible that the sophist may not himself teach doctrines subversive of morality, but others will draw these conclusions for him. Finally, some of them have directly maintained principles which involve a denial of all science, all truth, all thought; and others use a method of arguing and confuting which can only be justified on such principles. Thus their educational method is bad; it leads to results that overturn all social morality, and when we trace it back to its first principles, these are found to be utterly sceptical.

These remarks are illustrated by the Dialogues called by the names of *Protagoras* and *Gorgias*. They are both intended to illustrate the rhetorical side of sophistry, and to contrast it and its tendencies with a truly

scientific view of ethics. Yet there is a marked difference between the two Dialogues. The *Protagoras*, both in its subject and method, connects itself very closely with the earlier Socratic Dialogues, and gathers to a head all the principles of morals, which we definitely know to have been attained by Socrates. We might call it Plato's farewell to pure Socratic principles, for in the *Gorgias*, which stands nearest to it in form and matter, we have already elements which we know to be purely Platonic. But the contrast of rhetoric and science is common to both Dialogues.

"Do you think," says Plato (*Rep.* vi. 492 A), "that a few private sophists could do much harm to the young, if they were not helped by that great sophist, the public, that in all its theatres and assemblies is continually roaring down the voice of truth?" It is the view here indicated which the *Protagoras* is designed fully to illustrate. In this Dialogue Plato makes the sophist adopt and defend the position that the philosophic teacher should be only a kind of refined echo of the popular voice. In a striking myth, which has been well explained by Mr. Grote, Protagoras pictures the "genesis of morality" among men, partly from a divinely implanted instinct, partly from the influence of custom and the tradition of the elders. A loose general sense of right, which every one has more or less, but which never gathers the diversity of virtues under one head, or refers them to one end, is the form under which ethical knowledge exists, and must exist, among men. Every one knows and can teach morality, more or less, and the sophist is superior to other men only from his greater powers of expressing and developing the common sentiment. To this unscientific view of morals, Plato opposes that rigidly *scientific view*, which was characteristic of Socrates. To assert that there is a science of morals is to assert that there is a highest end of human action, by reference to which all the elements of life may be arranged. Hence virtue with Socrates is one, as it arises from the knowledge of this one end; and where this knowledge is absent, all appearance of virtue is a delusion. When men are temperate without this knowledge, they are temperate by a kind of intemperance: when they are just, they are just by a kind of injustice. "Whatever cometh not of faith is sin." But what then is this highest end of action? In all our acts we propose to ourselves as an aim some satisfaction, something that pleases us. The end must therefore be the *greatest amount of pleasure*, and as all alike, good and bad, aim at this, vice can only consist in ignorance, in mistaking what

the greatest amount of pleasure is; and virtue is simply knowledge. All facts that contradict this can be explained away, if we look not only at the immediate, but at the distant consequences of our actions. The only cause of vice and error is mistaking the real relative value of pleasures, and the real cure for it is a *science or art of calculation* which shall estimate this relative value truly.

We are apt to be struck with the contrast between the doctrine of this Dialogue, that the end of human action is pleasure, and the teaching of the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*. We must, however, remember that Plato does not, even in the *Republic*, suppose a real, but only an ideal division between justice and the pleasure of justice. Every man *must* find satisfaction in that which he proposes to himself as an aim. And so, in one sense, pleasure is necessarily the end of action. But, on the other hand, pleasure *in itself* is utterly indefinite; it accompanies our highest as well as our lowest activities. How then can *individual* pleasure (and the question is here only of individual pleasure) form the principle of a science of morals? There is no appeal against the judgment of the man who says, "Eating and drinking is my highest pleasure." And even if one should attain an "art of calculation," such as that demanded by Socrates in the *Protagoras*, still the elements that must enter into that calculation are utterly vague, and determined only by individual taste and preference. By this path we cannot attain the universality of science, which Socrates desires. We are still in the labyrinth of opinion, where nothing is, but everything seems. We have not yet escaped the shadow of sophistry.

To exhibit these thoughts we conceive to be the motive of the *Gorgias*, in which we have the contrast of rhetoric and science viewed from a new side. The sophist teaches the art of persuasion, but this art is merely a means to one's ends, whatever these may be; it does not teach us what ends we *should* desire to attain. Nay, it may be the greatest of curses to possess such an art, inasmuch as, if unaccompanied by knowledge, it may lead us to sacrifice the real object of our wish for those counterfeits of it that deceive our senses. The true end of man's desire is quite different from the object of his appetites, but both alike are attended with pleasure. Pleasures are, therefore, not only *quantitatively* but *qualitatively* different. Pleasures may be bad or good according to the source from which they flow, and we must look beyond the pleasure itself to this source, in order to determine *what* pleasures are really desirable. In other words, the

science of the good cannot be a mere comparison of pleasures, as was maintained in the *Protagoras*, but the idea of the good must be determined independently, and pleasures pronounced good or bad according as they agree with it or not. The pleasures of an individual tell us what he is, not what he ought to be. We must first discover the idea of man's nature ere we can determine his proper satisfactions. The universal must determine the individual, and not *vice versa*. A pure rational science, developing the idea of the good, must be the basis of morals; this idea will give the order and measure of human life, and will determine the proper limit within which each tendency should be indulged. The only way to introduce unity and harmony into the soul of the individual, as well as into the state, to exclude all sedition and rebellion, all conflict between one desire and another, between one citizen and another, is to fashion both after this "pattern in the mount." No high morality, individual or social, can exist except in and through knowledge of the idea of good; and the hand of the statesman must be guided by the philosopher, who understands the nature of ideas, and above all this highest idea, upon which all the others depend. The problem of morals thus, in Plato's thought, leads back to the metaphysical problem of the nature of universals, and in order to be a moral philosopher he is obliged to be something more.

The point on which the whole philosophy of Plato turns is thus the "theory of ideas." With him begins that great controversy of Nominalists and Realists, whose echoes were prolonged through all the middle ages, and taken up in a new form in the philosophy of modern Germany. Are universals the first substances or essences of things, or must we conceive them as qualities inhering in some individual subject? This was the question on which, to the schoolmen, every other question of philosophy seemed to depend, and upon which the best thoughts of men were spent for centuries. In modern times, since Kant, we have seen that it leads back to another question. To ask whether the individual or the universal is the primary reality, is to ask what in our thoughts is subjective and what is objective, or, more exactly, what element in knowledge is contributed by the activity of thought, and what by the passivity of sensation; in other words, it is to ask how far we create the world which we perceive. To Plato this contrast was not distinctly present, yet if we trace the course of his reasoning from its starting-point in the generalization of Socrates, we may see how near he approaches to modern points of view.

Socrates found the intellectual world in a state of chaos, because men had never yet turned their minds from the individuals to the universal. Their judgments were all particular. They said confidently, "This man is good, and that is bad," or "This stone is heavy, and that is light." "But how," said Socrates, "can we tell what is good and what is bad, what is heavy and what is light, unless we are able to define goodness and badness, heaviness and lightness?" We must fix the meaning of the universal before we apply it. We must define before we judge.

But Plato took a step further. He said, "Even if we have fixed and defined the universal in our own minds, we cannot apply it with certainty to the individual of the phenomenal world." The individual cannot be defined, for he has no fixed quality. What in relation to one thing is light, in another relation appears heavy. What is good may also in another point of view be bad. Further, not only is this true of things, but of our thoughts. The same thing appears to one man sweet, to another sour. Even to the same man the same thing appears sweet to-day and sour to-morrow. We cannot, as Heraclitus says, step into the same water twice. We are changed, and the water is changed, what remains? Protagoras drew from these premises the conclusion that man is the measure of all things, and that what seems to each man is to him true. Appearance is the only truth, and error is impossible; or, in other words, truth is impossible.

The answer to this difficulty seemed to be indicated by Socrates. While the individual object and the individual subject is in perpetual flux, the universal idea remains,—the universal idea which is the object of thought, as well as that in us which is kindred to it. That this individual man is both good and bad, this water both heavy and light, does not prove that the ideas of goodness and badness, heaviness and lightness, are not fixed and everlasting existences. Thus Plato is led to make a broad distinction between the phenomenal and the real world, between the world apprehended by thought and the world apprehended by sensation. The world of thought is eternal, unchangeable, self-consistent; the world of sensation is transitory, inconsistent, self-contradictory.

But, it might be asked, what after all are these ideas but generalizations and abstractions got from individual things? And how can an abstraction be more than that from which it is abstracted? In the language of modern philosophy, are not ideas mere impressions that have become permanent by repetition, and if so, how can an idea be more than the impressions that gave it birth? This

question Plato tries to answer, as Kant did after him, by an *analysis of sensation*. He tries to show us that what we call sensation contains more than it seems, and that the senses in themselves merely give us a chaos of individual impressions which thought reduces to order. Sense, he contends, does not apprehend anything without thought. It is but the instrument through which single impressions are brought to us, but even to compare these, and to distinguish them from each other, involves the use of certain ideal forms, such as being and not-being, likeness and unlikeness, sameness and difference, unity and multiplicity, which are purely mental. These are not attained by sensation, but in the action of thought or sensation; by *reflection*. This doctrine is substantially identical, though not so clearly expressed, with the doctrine of Kant, that sensations are in themselves a blind and meaningless chaos, which is to us as if it were not, and that it is only as the mind by its own activity impresses its forms on this chaos, and gathers into a unity its isolated and unconnected moments, that even sensible perception is possible. At the same time, it must be confessed that Plato does not often express this doctrine of the genesis of knowledge in a clear scientific way, but more often through a myth. "Our souls," he says, "have seen the pure ideas in a previous state of existence when they dwelt with the divine. The shock of birth into this lower world of sense has made us forget them, yet not so completely but that they may be recalled to our minds again." The outward phenomenal world is not utterly divorced from ideas, but has in it faint similarities to them, which may awake the slumbering memories of our souls. Especially in what is beautiful this presence of the idea shines through its sensible disguise, and the desire which the beautiful awakes in us is the longing of the soul for its former home. Love is unconscious philosophy. Still, such influences are indirect and uncertain in their operation. Their best office is to prepare the soul for the influence of dialectical cross-examination, the Socratic art, which directly searches and tries the soul of man and calls forth its latent powers. This alone can make us conscious of the treasure which we have in our own minds, and alone can supply the key to that treasure. So does Plato picture to himself the relation of man's mind to truth. We must be careful not to confuse the mythic form with the thought which he seeks to convey by it, though at the same time we must acknowledge that the use of this form is a proof that he had not brought the thing to scientific clearness before his own mind.

We have now the theory of ideas as it first presented itself to Plato's mind. Out of the chaos and flux of Heraclitus Plato escapes into a world of fixed unchangeable essences, into which no division or unrest ever intrudes. This sensible world of eye and ear, where all is change and relativity, is but half real in Plato's eyes; it is, in his own language, a mixture of being and not-being, of ideas and another element which we can scarcely name,—an unintelligible unthinkable element of which we can only say that it is *not* ideal. This is the source of all imperfection, of all division and evil in the world; it is a brute necessity which intelligence can never completely overcome. Here we have the beginning of that dualism which shows itself at a later time in the Neoplatonic philosophy. We see it again when in the *Republic* he speaks of God as being the author of good only, and not of evil. For evil is thus elevated into an absolute existence, which from no point of view can be resolved into good. We see it again in the asceticism of the *Phædo*; for asceticism rests on a belief that there is a part of man's nature essentially evil, and which therefore we do not educate, but crush. Accordingly, the life of the philosopher is represented as a long effort of abstraction, by which he strives to separate himself as far as may be from the sensible world, and that baser part of himself which is kindred to it: and his death is viewed but as the last severing of the bonds that prevent the soul from soaring to its native region of ideas. This is one side of Plato's mind. The charm of asceticism and abstraction, of the negation that seems to set us free from the limits of life, that eager aspiration of the soul that leads it to regard as a burden even the wings by which alone it can soar, that infinite longing of the spirit to escape from its own shadow, which is the essence of mysticism, was known to Plato. But this was, as we have said, only one side of his mind. On the other side was his artistic nature, that bound him to the concrete, and above all his Greek love for limit, for definite thought and knowledge. He could not rest, like an Eastern mystic, in the contemplation of pure being. His speculations must include variety as well as unity, must be to him not only a refuge from the world, but an explanation of it.

In attempting to escape the scepticism in which the Ionic philosophy ended, Plato approached very close to the doctrines of the Eleatics. Shunning the chaos and flux of Heraclitus, he nearly lost himself in the absolute of Parmenides. It is true that he never, like Parmenides, said "all is one." His Socratic education kept him from denying

the diversity of ideas. So far from this, indeed, he held that there was an idea for every abstraction that can be made,—ideas of men, animals, artificial products, relations, and even negations. His ideal world, as Aristotle objects, was but the phenomenal world with all motion, change, and life withdrawn. It was the real world petrified. But, in all this, he had only exchanged an absolute "One" for the greater difficulty of an absolute "Many." He had produced an *ideal* atomism, in which each idea was unchangeably one, incapable of relation to the others or to the phenomenal world. Moreover, if these ideas were out of all relation, how was it possible to think or speak of them? For thinking implies judging, and to judge is to combine two ideas, to bring them into relation to each other. In inventing the ideal theory as an escape from the scepticism of Protagoras, he had only avoided a doctrine that made judgment or predication unmeaning, to fall into a doctrine that made it impossible.

Plato could not be satisfied with this lifeless result, which he clearly saw before him. Indeed, the above objections to the ideal theory are expressed almost in his own words (*Parm.* 130-5, *Soph.* 251 B, etc.) Accordingly he enters upon an elaborate criticism of the Eleatic doctrine, and also of his own theory, so far as it coincides with that doctrine. He even speaks of the "friends of ideas," that is, of those who hold this very theory of unchangeable unrelated ideal atoms, as if they were another school of thinkers with whom he could not identify himself. We cannot therefore agree with Mr. Grote, who believes that Plato saw the objections to the ideal theory, but made no attempt to answer them. Answer them, indeed, he could not; but we see in the *Philebus*, *Parmenides*, and *Sophistes*, traces of an attempt to modify the ideal theory so as to avoid them. The first of these traces lies in the demand for a new and higher kind of dialectic, which he puts into the mouth of Socrates in the *Parmenides*.

"It is easy enough," he says, "to take the objects of the sensible world, and show in them difference and contradiction, to show that that which is one, is also, in another point of view, many; as, for instance, that I, Socrates, am one man, and yet have a left side and a right side; and so, in another point of view, I am many. Where is the wonder if that which is one, because it participates in the idea of oneness, should also be many, because it participates in the idea of multiplicity? But if a man should prove to me that the idea of oneness is (or involves) the idea of multiplicity, and that the idea of likeness involves the idea of unlikeness, this I would wonder at above all things."—*Parm.* 129.

And shortly after (135 E) Parmenides

is made to praise Socrates, because he was not content with a dialectic that seeks to unfold the contradictions of phenomenal existence, but had demanded a dialectic that should deal with the contradictions arising from the nature of pure ideas, when viewed in themselves, and followed out to their logical development. Now, the historical Socrates *was* satisfied with a dialectic that showed the contradictions of phenomenal existence. The demand for a higher dialectic belongs to Plato alone.

How then does Plato use this new method of inquiry, and what results does he get from it? This inquiry we must answer very summarily and imperfectly; for to do more would take us into some very intricate metaphysical questions. In the long and difficult discussion that concludes the *Parmenides*, an effort is made to investigate certain pure ideas in themselves; and the result attained is, that ideas are not absolute atoms without relation to each other, but, on the contrary, are essentially relative. In other words, no idea can be conceived except in and through its relations to other ideas, especially to its contrary. To take an example, a "one" which is not also "many," a "being" which does not involve "not-being" is simply inconceivable. On Eleatic principles no thought or speech is possible; for if an idea be made absolute, taken out of relation, it ceases to have any meaning whatever. This result he confirms in the *Philebus*, where he says that to define one idea by itself is impossible; for this would suppose it to have a nature independent of relation, whereas the nature of a thing is only the sum of its relations. The *Sophistes* takes us one step further. If the nature of a thing is only the sum of its relations to what it is not, or, in other words, only its distinction from other things, then every affirmation contains a negation, every "is" implies an "is not." In the language of Spinoza, *determinatio est negatio*. And from this it follows that "not-being" (in the sense of difference) is as essential an element of reality as "being."

In this doctrine of the "relativity of thought," Plato had left far behind him that hard and petrified theory of ideas, which is usually associated with his name. That theory was not really a fixed limit to Plato's speculation, but merely one of the points through which it passed. The one doctrine to which Plato always remained faithful is the central doctrine of idealism, that being and knowing, thought and existence, are one; but to preserve this central truth he has to change almost every other point in his system. According to his first theory, ideas are unchangeable monads, raised above the flux

of things, each absolute and complete in itself: they alone truly *are*, and *being* is therefore not a separate idea, but a necessary predicate of all ideas; while "not-being," or negation, is only an unintelligible substratum, which we must assume in order to explain the phenomenal world. But in the *Sophistes* we have the notion of a system of thought, in which each idea is determined only by its difference and relations to other ideas. "Not-being" is no longer viewed as an incomprehensible matter, that resists the power of ideas, but it, as well as "being," is an idea, which is defined by its relations to other ideas.

On this new form of the ideal theory, two remarks have to be made.

The first is, that if Plato had followed out the line of thought here opened up, he would have been led far beyond that dualistic mode of thought, which is common to him with all the Greek philosophers from Anaxagoras downwards. He would no longer have fixed a wide gulf of separation between ideas and phenomena, between thought and sensation, between philosophy and art. He would, above all, have abandoned that notion of a brute irrational matter, which hinders the idea from fully realizing itself. Instead of that Manichæism which more or less tinges all his works, and is clearly expressed in the tenth book of the *Laws*, where he ascribes the dominion of the world to two principles, one good and one bad: instead of this we should have had an optimism like that expressed by Hegel in the formula, "All that is rational is real, and all that is real is rational." It is true that such discussions as those of Plato about "being" and "not-being" are apt to seem to us unpractical subtleties, because we are accustomed to look at things in the concrete, and not to trace them back to their ultimate metaphysical forms, as the ancients were wont to do. But when Plato discusses the relations of "being" and "not-being," he has before him, in a more abstract form, the same matter as is involved in the modern question of the "origin of evil." For, as we have said, "not-being" is to Plato that element in the phenomenal world which hinders the realization of the ideas; it is, in a word, evil; and when it is shown that "not-being" is itself an idea, the phenomenal world ceases to be irrational, and evil to be an absolute existence. We think it may be shown that Plato, in all his works, is wavering between these two theories, between the dualism of a good and bad, positive and negative principle, and a rational optimism such as we find in Hegel. The numerous contradictions which Mr. Grote finds in the Platonic writings are almost all reducible to this one fundamental difficulty.

Plato is dualistic when he assigns to the sophist a separate realm of delusion apart from that region of light in which the philosopher dwells; and when he abandons the phenomenal world to opinion as distinguished from science, which deals only with ideas. He is dualistic, when he divides the soul of man into a bad and a good half, and treats the desires as mere hindrances to the action of pure reason, and when he calls on the philosopher to crush his sensuous nature, or separate himself more and more from its influence, till death come to give him the final deliverance. He is dualistic, finally, when he talks of art and poetry as mere imitations of the appearances of things, shadows of things which are themselves shadows of the true, and therefore at a third remove from truth, and makes himself a partisan in the "old quarrel" of the philosophers against the poets. But this, as has been said before, is only one side of Plato's mind, and the weaker side. He rises far above this passionless thought and monkish morality, which sets spirit and matter in interminable duel against each other. In his great theory of education in the *Republic*, he does not seek to crush the lower nature in order to make room for the higher, but makes the due development of the lower the necessary stepping-stone to that of the higher. He leads his citizens through music and gymnastic to philosophy; and appeals to the spirit first through the senses in order that he may prepare it for the direct action of dialectic. And in this connexion he no longer views art, like a Puritan, as something that merely heightens the delusion of the phenomenal world, but rather as the first step out of that delusion. Poets are not the philosopher's enemies, but they present, "as through a glass darkly," the same image which the philosopher brings into the clear light of day. In a kind of sacred madness they utter a message which they do not understand, and cannot interpret. Finally, the love and passion which outward beauty excites, is not a mere hindrance to that philosophic abstraction which alone brings us in contact with reality, but is itself unconscious philosophy; it is the waking of that impulse, which, beginning with the love of one beautiful form, leads us to the love of all beautiful forms; then to the love of the beautiful souls, of which the sensible beauty is the garment and symbol; and which never rests till it finds that primeval and divine Beauty, that idea of good or of God, from which all flows and to which all returns.

And this leads us to a second remark on the ideal dialectic of Plato. The idea to which all tends in the Platonic philosophy is the "idea of good." To define "the good"

was the great problem of Socrates also; but to Socrates the good meant was only the highest end of the life and action of man *as an individual*, and the minor Socratic schools were only following out the design of their master when they sketched out the character of a "Wise Man" whose life should form an ideal for universal imitation. This wise man, of whom we hear so much in later times from the Stoics and their Roman pupils, is perhaps the most dreary and insipid figure in all the history of philosophy. Morality consists in obligations that arise from the relations of men to each other, and if we attempt to describe an ideal character independent of these relations, it must be a mere bundle of negations, or an inhuman image of self-dependence, such as was exhibited by some of the Cynics, who thought to raise themselves above human weakness by cutting themselves off from all that makes life worth having. We can understand how a Roman under the Empire might find comfort and strength in a theory that enabled him to retire into his own soul, as into an impregnable fortress that no tyranny could invade, no outward calamity could shake. But not the less is it true that the individual, taken by himself, is an abstraction that exhibits not the true nature of man. "The solitary is a god or a beast." It is only in and through society that the higher nature of man is developed and distinguished from the accidents of his individuality: only in and through social life that he is raised above self to the consciousness of that higher self, to which Socrates really pointed, when he defined virtue as self-knowledge. The *γνώσις σεαυτὸν* did not descend from heaven to call men to the knowledge of their feeble "dividual" selves, but to the knowledge of that better self which is only developed by the sacrifice of their separate being to it. In this Aristotle agrees with Plato. He asserts that man is a "social animal," and that the individual *in himself* is not a man in the proper sense of the word, any more than a hand fulfils the notion of a hand when it is severed from the body. Hence with Aristotle, as well as Plato, ethics is again merged in politics, from which Socrates and the lesser Socratics had partially severed it. And if we include in politics, as Aristotle and Plato did, all the social being of man, they were undoubtedly right. Their error was not, as is sometimes said, in this, that they treated ethics and politics as one science, but rather in the narrow view they had of the latter. They were right when they maintained that man's self-dependence must not be conceived so as to exclude his relation to friends and country. But they erred when they fixed the limits of man's

dependence at the walls of the Greek city, and so sought to chain man's spiritual development to that which was already a form of the past. The narrow restrictions of the Greek city were not capable of satisfying man any longer; his interests had already, in Plato's days, passed beyond them, and only some wider and more comprehensive unity could excite that intense feeling of devotion which the city had formerly called forth. This is shown by the way in which the tie of party superseded the tie of citizenship in the Peloponnesian War. It is shown at a later date by the rapidity and ease with which Philip of Macedon overcame the Greek cities. The old civic patriotism was dead, and even the eloquence of Demosthenes could only recall a feeble and transitory imitation of life. Men were ready for the idea of national, if not of universal unity. Indeed, the philosophy of Plato contains in it a principle whose only adequate expression would be a society founded, as modern society partially is founded, on the spiritual equality and unity of all men. Such a society, Plato, both by national and philosophical prejudices, was prevented from conceiving. In his eyes only the Greeks were capable of political union, and of the Greeks only the few were capable of the highest education. Hence all he can do in his *Republic* is to rebuild the old Greek state in a new shape, and by various minor improvements to make it, so far as may be, the embodiment of his new philosophical principle,—the principle of subjective morality, which was destined to destroy it. The *Republic* is perhaps the greatest attempt that human genius has ever made to pour new wine into old bottles. It may be called a dream or prophecy of the future, clothed in the form of the past. The ideas of an aristocracy constituted by wisdom and virtue, not by birth and wealth; of a community in which there is no "mine" and "thine," but "all things common;" of a spiritual nature which is deeper than the distinction of sex, or combined with the unnatural limits and restrictions of the Greek state, its oligarchic contempt for labour, and its immolation of the lower classes. The artistic unity of the whole can but partially conceal from us the jarring of antagonistic tendencies, which here, with a kind of intellectual violence, are held together. Even Plato himself seems to become conscious that he is painting an ideal that cannot be realized. "The Rational" with him "is not the Real, nor the Real the Rational." The idea of the state is merely an *Ideal*, to which we may approximate, but which we can never reach. "Perhaps in heaven a pattern is laid up for him that wishes to see it, and order

his life in accordance therewith," but not on earth. And so the *Republic* passes at the end out of the reign of politics into that of religion, and ends with an aspiration after a more perfect justice than can be attained on earth.

The ultimate result of Plato's speculations is therefore a kind of failure before the hard conditions of the problem he had to solve. Philosophy passes into religion, because it cannot answer its own questions. In this point of view we may say that Plato too ends with the Socratic confession, that the philosopher is wiser than others only because he knows his own ignorance. Yet this confession in the lips of Plato, has in it an endless depth of meaning that was not in the simple negative of Socrates. Both end with the unanswered question, "What is the good?" But this, as has been said, meant with Socrates only the complete satisfaction of the individual soul. Plato, by simply pressing the question home, found that it opened endlessly into other questions as to nature and society. He found that humanity is man "writ large," and that the individual cannot be comprehended except in and through society. He found, or seemed to find, a relation between the soul of man and the universe, between the microcosmos and the macrocosmos, and so connected ethics with physics. He found, above all, that the principle, "virtue is knowledge or thought," grew, as he considered it, into the principle that "all is thought," and that ethics and politics must ultimately rest upon an idea of the good, which was the centre of unity to the whole universe, the cause of being to all things that are, of knowing to all that know. The image of a sort of "metaphysic of the universe" floated before him, but he was unable to do more than draw the first uncertain outline of it, and from this we can only imperfectly gather how he proposed to fill up the sketch. Yet the hints he lets fall point, we think, to something not very unlike the Hegelian logic. Either there Plato's dream is realized, or nowhere.

Let us gather into one view the notices which Plato lets fall as to this higher dialectic, whose aim is to unfold the idea of good. Though first in the order of thought, this highest science comes last in order of time. The philosophical learner in the *Republic* is made first to pass through a course of all the sciences known in Plato's time—arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, proceeding from the more abstract to the more concrete or complex. When he has exhausted all the teaching of the special sciences, he is to pause and take a general

view of them all, for it is the capacity for taking general views that most certainly indicates a philosophic mind (ὁ γὰρ συνοπτικὸς διαλεκτικός). The man who possesses this synthetic power is alone fit to grapple with the difficulties of the master-science, that which is the corner-stone of all other science—dialectic. In this general survey he observes that all the sciences have certain presuppositions which they do not investigate or explain. Geometry assumes the notion of figure, arithmetic the notion of number. But the science of principles must not be hypothetical; it must make no assumptions itself; and it must explain the assumptions of the other sciences. It must begin, go on, and end with pure ideas. And the special sciences become science in the highest sense, only when their primary postulates have been thus explained by it. Dialectic is, therefore, not merely *à priori*. It only takes up the matter of the other sciences, and gives it a rational order and arrangement. In other words, what in the special sciences appear as isolated and disconnected truths, will, in this highest science, form part of a great system of thought. The ideal world of this system, if Plato had been able to fill up the sketch which he has outlined, would not have been something merely imaginary, but an exact reflection of the phenomenal world; with the important difference, however, that that which in the latter is merely fragmentary and disconnected, or connected only by the outward bonds of succession in time or juxtaposition in space, should in the former have been arranged by the relations of pure ideas to each other. The ideal system would have been nothing but the real world in its ideal order. But with Plato, as we have said, this ideal system was little more than a dream. We find, indeed, the beginnings of an investigation of ideal relations in the sophist, where the ideas of "being and not-being, sameness and difference," are examined. But, as Hegel has well said, there is a long way between such simple abstractions as "being" and "difference," and the complex matter of physics, ethics, and politics. Mr. Grote justly remarks that the gulf between metaphysic and ethics is too wide to be bridged over, as it is in the *Philebus*, where we pass immediately from the abstract opposition of finite and infinite to the concrete opposition of pleasure and knowledge. The truth is, that a metaphysic of the sciences, such as Plato desires, if it be possible at all, is possible only after the special sciences are far on the way to completion. To apply the most abstract principles at once to the concrete, as Plato does in the *Timæus*, and in some degree even in the *Republic*, is to construct an

imaginary universe. Accordingly, when Plato has to speak on politics, still more when he has to speak on physics, he lowers his tone very considerably. If Mr. Grote finds the *Republic* dogmatic and self-confident in its spirit, we cannot agree with him. He should at least have noticed the remark which Plato repeats as to its method. Plato is unwillingly dogmatic, so far as he is so, because his own ideal of science is to him unattainable. Twice in the *Republic* he regrets that the method he adopts is unsatisfactory. The science of dialectic has not yet sufficiently determined the idea of good, the political or moral ideal, and consequently he says we must be content with something short of rigid deduction. We must proceed, to some extent, by a kind of *μανρσία*, by the aid of that poetic constructive faculty, which is the pioneer of philosophy. And in the *Timæus*, his sketch of physical philosophy, his tone is even lower. He claims for it merely the rank of a theory, which is so far probable, as it agrees with certain ideal principles. The so-called dogmatism of Plato does not, therefore, amount to an abandonment of his demand for strict scientific method; it only shows that, in view of certain difficulties as yet insoluble, he determined provisionally to be content with something short of it, and not absolutely to refuse to construct till they should be solved. But this conscious and declared postponement of difficulties is something quite different from dogmatism.

The method of Plato in the *Republic* is neither inductive nor deductive, in the strict sense of these words. It is so far inductive as he takes in it, for his starting-point, the general outline of a Greek state, and the ordinary political notions of his country. The Greek believed that freedom only resided in cities, and that men could not combine into larger societies than the city without becoming slaves. The political unit must be a town, no more and no less. Within this unity of the city, however, he made a broad distinction between the full citizens, that is, those who governed the city and fought for it, and those unprivileged persons, generally slaves, who constituted the working classes. All Greek states were, in this point of view, equally aristocratic. The freedom and elevation of the few at the expense of the many was equally the aim of Athens and of Sparta. All the lower necessities of life were provided for by a class of men, sacrificed to them, and shut out from all participation in the higher interests, while the citizens, thus elevated, as it were, on the shoulders of the rest, gave themselves up to the only occupations considered to be worthy of freemen, war and politics, and, in later times, philosophy and

art. This was the Greek notion of a state, a notion which Plato fully accepts and indorses. But though he takes the general organism and division of a Greek state as he found it, he re-models this organism from a new point of view, and gives it a new end and aim. This aim is education.

The state, in Plato's eyes, as in Aristotle's, is a great educational institution. Statesmanship is the art of training souls. All other aims of political activity, such as riches, peace, or outward freedom, are not good in themselves. They are good or bad according as they are used; and to say that a statesman has made a state great because he has enriched it with tribute, or armed it with walls, harbours, or arsenals, is to mistake the cook who flatters our palate, for the doctor who seeks to restore and preserve our health. Hence Sparta is praised for devoting herself to the true work of a state, the training of the citizen, even while the character of her training is censured. In studying Plato and Aristotle, this point has ever to be remembered, that the main work of the state with them is to educate and to civilize; and hence we must leave behind us the associations of a time when this office has been almost entirely taken from it. The influence of the Church and of a cosmopolitan culture, on the one hand, and individual liberty and enterprise, on the other, have broken the exclusive domination of the state over man's life, and a wide separation has been made between the agencies by which his material interests and those by which his spiritual interests are secured. But the city was to the Greek, State, Church, and Society put together. It was the sole instrumentality by which any *general* aim could be secured; and, if education was to be made the highest end of life, it was the city alone that could undertake it. Out of this view flow all the results which seem to us most *bizarre* and strange in their political speculation; as, for instance, Plato's assertion that in the ideal state philosophers must be kings and kings philosophers. Who else *should* be kings in a university?

Plato recognises, however, that this highest end of the state was not the motive which led to its formation. Men are drawn together by the impulse of self-preservation—by the need of each other. But while they seek this lower end, they stumble upon a higher result. In the words of Goethe, they are like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom. Sparta aimed at conquering her neighbours, but in order to do so, she had to submit to a training that had the higher result of making her the model of self-command to all Greece. So in the *Republic*, Plato traces

how desire for luxury leads to war, and war again leads to the education of a higher class of statesmen and soldiers. A divine chance, not man's intent, gives origin, in the first intent, to all higher culture, and with it to philosophy. The question for Plato, however, is whether this result on which man has stumbled, may not be consciously adopted and perpetuated as its aim, by a state in which philosophy holds the helm.

Man begins in error and delusion, lost amid the chaos of sensations, taking shadows for realities and realities for shadows. By the power of sensible beauty, through nature and through art, the sense of the invisible awakes in him. By a kind of prophetic instinct he pursues the good, which he does not know (*μαντεύμενός τι εἶναι*). Finally, through some divine chance, his eyes are opened to the light of philosophy. But this stumbling, uncertain process of self-education, might it not be made certain? Might not man's passage to the higher life be guided by the clear vision of those who have already come to know the truth? And so, not by a mere flash of poetic inspiration, which obscurely detects the higher in the lower, but is ever in danger of losing the spirit in the form; not by right opinion, which custom has fixed, but which may be unfixed again when circumstance has broken the yoke of custom, but by a carefully graduated education, might not man be led securely to the highest culture of which his nature is capable? It is the aim of the *Republic* to present the image of such a process of culture, as it might be imparted in a state where the philosopher was king.

If Plato had no other claim to remembrance, he has this enduring one, that he first understood and expressed the full meaning of the word *Education*. He first looked on life as one great sphere of culture, and saw how all its parts might receive unity and significance from this idea: all its parts, beginning with the simplest mythological and poetic forms by which the mind is first opened to the truth, and ending with the widest view of the philosopher, who, in Plato's conception, sees the world from its central idea, and comprehends it as one whole.

Such a culture is possible only to the few. It is a luxury which presupposes that the necessities are already provided. It is a doorway into the higher life, which is shut to the poor. Hence, as we saw, Plato accepts the aristocratic view of the state. The slaves and lower classes must be sacrificed, in order that the higher may have time for education. Plato makes an advance on the ordinary Greek view, only in so far as he demands that nature and capacity, not birth or wealth, should determine *who* are to be the higher

classes; that it should be an aristocracy of intellect and character, not of accidental advantages; and then, leaving the working class to their inevitable fate, with the remark that the virtue of a peasant or artisan does not matter much to the state, he goes on to consider the education of the real citizens, who alone are capable of education.

In this education there are two great stages, which we may call loosely the stages of artistic and philosophic, or, more exactly, unconscious and conscious training. In the former the pupil "sees through a glass darkly;" he is taught through the medium of myths and artistic representations suited to his apprehension. In the latter the veil is taken away, and he deals with pure ideal truth, with the sciences, and, above all, the master science—dialectic. Art and religion are thus used as "schoolmasters" to bring men to philosophy, and the beautiful is treated as a veiled image of the good. Plato says that there are two kinds of discourses, the false and the true, and that, in education, the false must come first, or, in other words, art and poetry must come before philosophic reason. The governors, who are the superintendents of education, must tell their citizens a "noble lie," till they become fit to hear the whole truth. In relation to this "noble lie," Plato has received but scant justice. Commentators run away with the word "lie," and its associations, and forget that, in Plato's sense, poetry is a lie. Truth with him is *only* and solely what we call "abstract truth," and what we call "truth of facts" is, in his view, not truth at all, but rather the greatest of all lies. Phenomena have reality only so far as the idea permeates and shines through them, so far as they are ideal. And art is so far superior to nature as it presents us with a set of phenomena, through which the idea shines more clearly. Art is not truth, but it is not so deceptive and lying as ordinary reality. It is a lie still, but a "noble" lie. And, as we cannot teach abstract truth to the young, or to the multitude, we must teach them by poetic fables the highest truth of which they are capable. Plato sees the necessity of mythology as a step in the education of man. What he demands, when he speaks of the necessity of noble lies, is really this: that the deceptive element, which must be present when spiritual truth is represented under sensible forms, should be reduced to the smallest possible amount. He would have a reformed and purified mythology, where the poetic impulse should not be left to its own wayward course, but should be checked and guided by the insight of the philosopher, who stands above it, and knows what it ought to express. The lie must only be in the sensible

form, not in the matter. The matter must be the same with that of philosophy itself.

The great difficulty and crisis of education comes, however, when this sensible form and its delusion is removed, when the artistic or mythological stage of education gives place to the philosophic. We do not wonder that Plato, living when he did, should find the transition from faith to reason so difficult and dangerous. He is anxious, above all, that the faith of childhood should not be disturbed too soon, that mental emancipation should not take place till the character has been confirmed in the love of goodness, and is able to bear the shock of doubt without losing faith in the existence of truth. The dangers of the period of questioning and doubting are nowhere more clearly pictured than in the seventh book of the *Republic*. Indeed, it may be said that the *Republic* itself is but one great attempt to solve the problem, how these dangers are to be successfully met, how the mind may be saved from doubt till it be fit to cope with it, and led through it to the higher light of philosophy. The absolute necessity of negative dialectic, and of the doubt it causes, as a means to the highest education, Plato maintains as firmly as he does in the earlier Dialogues, but he has become more sensible of the dangers that accompany it. He has also come to see that philosophy is not the only form, nor the first form, in which truth and morality can be conveyed to the human mind, and that it cannot be made a substitute for the earlier teachings of poetry and mythology. The two stages of education are each necessary in its time. But, granting this, how can man's tuition be arranged so that doubt shall come just when the mind is ripe for it? The problem is perhaps not susceptible of a *universal*, nor, even in the case of an individual, of a perfect solution. You cannot learn to swim without entering the water, nor can you teach a mind to search for truth without exposing it to the dangers of doubt. Plato's solution is impracticable, for it asks the governors to do for their subjects what no government could do. To combine within the same city the extremes of passive obedience and acquiescence in received doctrine, on the one hand, and of the most active and questioning spirit of science on the other, and yet to arrange that the scepticism and negative criticism of the philosophers should never disturb the faith of those who are still in the age of faith, would demand nothing short of omniscience. It can be done, if at all, not by the external arrangements of a constitution, but by the growing sense of individuals of what is due to each other. But though Plato has not solved the problem, he has conceived it aright,

and there is perhaps nothing in his writings more permanently interesting than his remarks on this great problem of intellectual growth.

There is still, however, another side on which the culture of man may be viewed. While, intellectually, education is the transition from mere sensible perception to ideal knowledge, morally, it is the transition from selfishness to self-sacrifice. It is the growth of the social, as opposed to the individual self-asserting tendencies in man. And to this moral side of education, Plato gives perhaps even greater prominence. The *Republic* is professedly an attempt to solve the question, "*What is justice?*" In the first book it is proved, by a Socratic cross-examination, that the ordinary or popular conceptions of justice are wavering and uncertain; that they represent merely certain indistinct feelings that have grown up, no one knows how, and are utterly unable to give a distinct account of themselves, or to be reduced to any self-consistent theory. The morality of custom and tradition cannot be deduced from any principle. Is there, then, no such thing as justice or social morality whatever? and, if so, whence comes it that men unite to form societies and states, and what is the bond that holds these together? The first answer that presents itself is, that the only bond is force,—the will of the stronger. Each one seeks to make his own will prevail over that of others, and the stronger wins. This is the theory which Thrasymachus supports. But, argues Plato, through the mouth of Socrates, if this absolute and isolated selfishness were the only principle of men's action, no society could ever arise or maintain itself. There must be a certain "honour" or justice even among a band of thieves, if they are to hold together. Society exists only as the individual will learns to sacrifice itself, as the individual gives up his savage isolation and independence, and submits to be the instrument of the common life. Unlimited selfishness, in which every man's hand was against his neighbour, would not secure even its own end—the good of self. This last thought leads to a new theory, which is proposed by Glaucon in the second book of the *Republic*. Granted that unlimited selfishness would be self-destructive, may not society be founded on a sort of limited or social selfishness? Cannot we explain justice as an outward compact of all the individuals of a state, whereby each withdraws his aggressive claims, on condition of the others doing the like? Cannot we suppose a society, founded on selfishness still, but on selfishness with its anarchic tendencies bitted and bridled by reason? In such a society each one would still seek his own good, not the good of the

whole of which he was a member, but the fear of an anarchy, in which every one would lose, might act in place of self-sacrifice in preserving the unity of the whole. On this view, a society of men differs from a den of wild beasts only in this, that they have been able to learn from experience that it is more the interest of each to be protected from all the others, than to indulge his natural inclination to rend them, and have therefore set up law and justice, armed with force, as a sort of keeper, to see that each is content with his own share. In fact, we have here the theory more fully developed by Hobbes. Selfishness, *plus* foresight, are supposed to act in the same way as self-sacrifice *might* act among a higher race of beings.

In direct contrast with both these forms of the "selfish" theory, Plato sets before us *his* ideal republic. Society begins partly in selfish impulse, in the need each man has of the others. But this impulse in itself could not hold society together. Plato, like Hobbes, considers individual will and impulse as a source of pure anarchy. The difference lies in *this*, that what Hobbes considers to be true of men universally, Plato considers to be true only of the "natural" man, the uneducated savage. Hobbes can therefore conceive no order, no remedy for anarchy, except despotism; no unity except that which sets the caprice of one in place of the caprice of many. But Plato believes that by education man may be raised above himself, above individual impulse and caprice. Mr. Grote, in his criticisms on the *Republic*, says that Plato "contradicts his own fundamental principle," when he traces the foundation of society to men's need of each other, and yet demands that afterward virtue should be practised without regard to its consequences to the individual. But this is exactly what Plato intends to do. It is the object of society, in his eyes, to raise man from the absolute selfishness of the savage to the absolute self-abnegation of the philosopher. In the plan of education which Plato sketches, the outward restraint on the pupil is gradually relaxed as he leaves behind him savage impulse and individual caprice. At first, his every step is checked and strictly regulated by the institutions of the state, but in proportion as he learns to subdue the "natural man" his power becomes greater. On his entrance on the higher class of guardians, he has to renounce all rights of person and property, and to cease to claim an independent domestic life for himself. And he becomes supreme governor only when he is so absorbed in the contemplation of pure ideas, so far beyond all personal interest and ambition, that no earthly prize can tempt him, and even sove-

reign rule presents itself to his eyes as a painful duty, and not as a privilege. The philosopher has, in Scripture language, "put off the old man, with his affections and lusts." He alone is absolutely free, because his individual will is lost in reason, and so, "having nothing," he may safely "possess all things." So long as a man has a life of his own, so long, in Plato's eyes, he is a source of disturbance and disorder to the commonwealth, so long he must be held in subjection to tutors and governors; but when he has risen above individual care and wish, then he is an universal order in himself, and fit to be trusted with the government of other men. Passion is subdued in himself, and therefore he is like a pure voice of reason, to which the jarring self-wills of others must yield unlimited submission. When Mr. Grote says that the morality of Plato is "self-referent," he does not put himself at Plato's point of view. Plato does not, it is true, speak of sacrificing one's individual will and pleasure to the pleasure or good of others, but rather of sacrificing all individual will to reason, to that higher nature which is incapable of being the object of selfish impulse. And when he says that the happiness of the individual is to be found in this sacrifice, this is only another way of saying that such a higher nature exists. The philosopher of the *Republic* cannot be selfish or self-referent, for he can scarcely be said to have a self.

Yet we do not deny that there is a certain force in the objection, though we would be inclined to express it differently. The ideal contrasts on which the argument of the *Republic* rests are of an entirely abstract character. The guardians and the common people, the professions and the trades, reason and impulse, are set in a bold opposition to each other, which belongs to abstract conceptions and not to reality. The governor is conceived as having no particular or selfish interests; the tradesman as having *nothing* but such interests. Yet in Plato's analysis of the individual soul, he detects the same elements of reason and passion which he had before discerned in the state; and if he is right in this, it would follow that the highest philosopher cannot be without some personal desires, nor the lowest slave without some universal interests. Plato here gives to abstractions that absolute and independent character, which, in the *Sophist*, he had denied to them, and transfers to the sphere of politics that opposition between the ideal and phenomenal world which is characteristic of the first form of the ideal theory. Here, too, Plato is not in complete harmony with himself. Indeed, we may say that his whole philosophy is a struggle to escape from that dualism within

which the Greek mind for ages was confined, and an unsuccessful struggle; yet, owing to the greatness of the questions opened up, and the suggestiveness of the answers, even when they fail to be satisfactory, there is perhaps no success in philosophy so instructive as the *failure of Plato*.

In this rapid sketch we have been obliged to omit the discussion of many interesting questions raised by Mr. Grote. We have tried rather to exhibit the course of Plato's thought than to discuss the value of his results. Yet we are conscious how little such a sketch, even if it were much more complete, could tell of Plato to those who have not read him. Platonism is too subtle an essence to be conveyed in such "earthen vessels." There are perhaps philosophers who have given to the world as much original thought as Plato, whose speculations form as important landmarks in the history of philosophy, but none whose works stand in such permanent relations to the human spirit. We might, without very great loss, learn what *they* have thought from the accounts of others. But Platonism no one can fully understand except from the lips of Plato himself. The Dialogues have been called, in a somewhat outworn phrase, the "Bible of literary men." And this partly expresses what we mean. For as the Bible is not a confession of faith or a treatise on doctrine, but a picture of the religious life, its inward trials and difficulties, and its changing relations with the world, so we may say that Plato teaches us not philosophy, but the philosophic life. To live in the world and influence it, and yet not to be of it, not to be overpowered by its delusion, or to mistake for eternal truth the passion and the cry of the hour, is a difficulty which besets the thinker as well as the saint, Plato as well as St. Paul. And there is often more than a formal parallelism between the dangers of a false use of philosophy given in the *Republic*, and the dangers of an abuse of the principle of faith, as expressed in the Epistle to the Romans. Who, again, exhibits so fully as Plato the difficulty of bridging over the gulf between theory and practice? How shall the philosopher pursue ideal truth without losing all practical influence, or how shall he bring his thoughts to bear on the actual course of affairs without sacrificing ideal truth? Much of the inconsistency that has been found in him arises really from the completeness of his survey of the intellectual life on all its many sides, a completeness almost unattainable without formal contradiction. His system would be more symmetrical if we had not asceticism and self-culture, mysticism and art, side by side in it, but it would no longer be an adequate picture of all

the phenomena of the intellectual life, for "wisdom is justified of her children" alike in Zeno and Epicurus; and if Plato, with all his striving after unity, failed to attain it, he failed because human life was too great then, as it has been found too great now, to be embraced in a complete and self-consistent theory.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of HENRY TAYLOR, D.C.L.* 3 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1864.

THE wealth of the present century in Poetry generally has often been contrasted with its comparative poverty in the Drama. In most Continental countries the serious drama has long fallen to a low ebb; and among ourselves the number of dramatic aspirants has been more remarkable than their success. There has, however, been one conspicuous exception. *Philip van Artevelde* at once achieved for its author a place in English literature. It appeared under the title of *A Dramatic Romance*: the public was not intimidated by the challenge of "Two Parts;" and repeated editions prove that it had in it that which holds its own. If the theme was a large one, the handling was large too; and a style of classical severity, no less than an abundance of such practical thought as is gleaned from the fields of experience, showed that the author had not grudged that conscientious labour which spares labour to the reader. Mr. Taylor has now republished this work, with four other plays, and his minor poems, in a revised and complete edition. Of these, *Isaak Comnenus* and *Edwin the Fair* have been before the world long enough to take their place. We shall break new ground, confining our remarks to his two more recent dramas, and his minor poems. They are destined, unless we are mistaken, to as high a place as his earlier works occupy; but we shall be equally frank in our expressions of approval and disapproval. We shall conclude with some observations on the comparative merits and characters of our earlier and our later drama, and on the relation in which the author of *Philip van Artevelde* stands to both.

The two dramas are entitled *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*.

A Sicilian Summer occupies a peculiar position, both in Mr. Taylor's poetry and in modern literature. Since the earlier part of the seventeenth century we have had but few comedies after the genuine Shakspearean

model. Our modern comedies have been comedies of wit and manners: they have dealt with the humours, not the heart of man, and aimed but to combine a skilful plot with a brilliant superficial sketch of society. Such was the comedy of Sheridan, whose works are perhaps the happiest specimens of the style to which they belong. But the Shakspearean comedy was another order of composition. It differed from his tragedy in the absence of a sad catastrophe; but in spite of the gay scenes with which they are so delightfully varied, such plays as the *Merchant of Venice*, *The Tempest*, and *As You Like It*, are as full of serious purpose as Shakspeare's tragedies themselves. It is not with wit and manners, but with character and poetry, that they deal. Those trifles on the surface of society with which they sport so buoyantly do not hinder them from descending into the heart of the humanities. In them joy and sorrow are allowed to alternate their voices, as they do in the long dispute of human life, although the brighter genius has the last word. It is from the imagination and the reason that all genuine poetry springs, the imagination claiming in it that first place, which in philosophical inquiry she concedes to the more masculine power. The higher drama is thus competent to measure itself with the whole of human life. There is a music in human laughter as well as in sighs, of which reason alone can discern the law; and there is a depth in the humorous which the imagination alone can fathom. Ages before a Shakspeare had been raised up to prove the truth of the assertion, the great critic of antiquity had affirmed, that the intellect capable of the highest greatness in tragedy must be competent in comedy no less.

A Sicilian Summer is as bright and musical as the southern clime it illustrates, and it is full of that wisdom which is never wiser than in its sportive moods. It is not, however, every reader who will appreciate it. Strength touches all: but strength refined into grace addresses itself to a select circle. Tragic passion, be it remembered, challenges the personal as well as the imaginative sensibilities; and as such it affects not only a better class, but many likewise who, if they sometimes respond to what is truly great, yet as frequently burst into raptures at the clumsiest appeals. It is far otherwise with those passages of a finer grain — those delicate hair-strokes of felicitous thought and finished expression, which to be apprehended at all must be fully appreciated. By many poetry is liked best for the accidents with which the noblest poetry is most willing to dispense. In its inmost essence it reveals

itself but to those who prefer the distant flute-tone to the rattle of wire and wood, and enjoy most the odour that floats upon the breeze.

The scene of a *Sicilian Summer* is chiefly at Palermo, where Silisco, Marquis of Malespina, in the prodigality of youthful spirits and vast wealth, fills his old palace with a perpetual revel. His generosity and his magnificence make him the delight of the young; but the old prognosticate his speedy ruin,—a catastrophe not the less probable because the young nobleman, after the fashion of the time, is merchant too. He chartered a ship to Rhodes, mortgaging the remaining portions of his estates to three Jews. Spadone, the captain of the ship, conspires to betray at once his employer and his crew. He is to sink his vessel on his return, and escaping in a boat with his fellow-conspirators, to secrete amid the catacombs near the sea-shore, the jewels and ingots of gold which he has brought from Rhodes. In the meantime Rosalba, daughter of the king's chamberlain, Count Ubaldo, comes from Procida to Palermo, accompanied by her chosen friend Fiordeliza. The revels at Silisco's palace are soon given exclusively on her account, Fiordeliza being wooed at the same time by Ruggiero, the friend of Silisco, though the severest censor of his waste. Count Ubaldo has, however, contracted Rosalba to Ugo, Count of Arezzo, the wealthiest of the Sicilian nobles, desiring to preserve her from spendthrifts and fortune-hunters, and seeing nothing amiss in a bridegroom of between sixty and seventy years. At the king's entreaty Ubaldo relents so far as to say that he will not insist on his daughter's engagement if Count Ugo can be induced to forego it, and if Silisco is able on the return of his ship, to redeem his lands of Malespina, impledged to Ugo. Silisco is not less successful in his suit, and Rosalba promises to be his, if, through a change in her father's purpose, she should find herself free. She leaves her lover, at his own prayer, till All Saints' Day, to work upon her father's will.

As an illustration of Silisco's character, we shall make an extract from the second scene of the play, describing the revels of the prodigal:—

"*Silisco.* Off with these viands and this wine,
Conrado;

Feasting is not festivity: it cloy's
The finer spirits. Music is the feast
That lightly fills the soul. My pretty friend,
Touch me that lute of thine, and pour thy voice
Upon the troubled waters of this world.

Aretina. What ditty would you please to
hear, my Lord?

Silisco. Choose thou, Ruggiero. See now, if
that knave . . .

Conrado, ho! A hundred times I've bid thee
To give what wine is over to the poor
About the doors.

Conrado. Sir, this is Malvoisie
And Muscadel, a ducat by the flask.

Silisco. Give it them not the less; they'll
never know;

And better it went to enrich a beggar's blood
Than surfeit ours;—Choose thou, Ruggiero!

Ruggiero. I!

I have not heard her songs.

Silisco. Thou sang'st me once

A song that had a note of either muse,
Not sad, nor gay, but rather both than neither.

What call you it?

Aretina. I think, my Lord, 'twas this.

Silisco. Yes, yes, 'twas so it ran; sing that, I
pray thee.

Aretina sings—

I'm a bird that's free
Of the land and sea,
I wander whither I will,
But oft on the wing,
I falter and sing,
Oh fluttering heart, be still,
Be still,
Oh fluttering heart, be still.

I'm wild as the wind,
But soft and kind,
And wander whither I may,
The eye-bright sighs,
And says with its eyes,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
Oh stay,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay.

Manager. Now, had she clapp'd her hand
upon her heart

In the first verse, which says 'Oh fluttering
heart' . . .

1st Player. And at 'Oh stay' had beckoned
thus, or thus . . .

2d Player. And with a speaking look . . .

Manager. But no—she could not;—

It was not in her.

Silisco. You'll not take the gold?

Wear this then for my sake; it once adorn'd
The bosom of a Queen of Samarcand,

And shall not shame to sit upon this throne.

Aretina. My heart, my Lord, would prize a
gift of yours,

Were it a pebble from the brook.

Silisco. What ho!

Are not the players in attendance? Ah!

A word or two with you, my worthy friends.

1st Girl. Why, Aretina, 'tis the diamond
Was sold last winter for a thousand crowns.

2d Girl. A princely man!

3d Girl. In some things; but in others

He's liker to a patriarch than a prince.

1st Girl. I think that he takes us for patri-
archs,

He's so respectful. . . .—Vol. iii. p. 5-7.

The reader will have discovered that the
prodigal is neither a sensualist nor a mere
trifler. His nature has strength and move-

ment in it, and it is only the edge of the wave that breaks into froth and loses itself. Yet his heedlessness tends to worse than the loss of his lands, as is intimated by the reply of Fra Martino to a friend who has found it impossible to refuse him aid in his difficulties.

"Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,
What he may not in honour's interest take;
Else shalt thou but befriend his faults, allied
Against his better with his baser self."

We shall next introduce our readers to the heroine of the play, and to Fiordeliza. They are coming from Procida, and Silisco waits on the sea-shore, with Ruggiero, to receive them. The friends converse of their expected guests:—

"*Ruggiero*. In the soft fulness of a rounded grace,
Noble of stature, with an inward life
Of secret joy sedate, Rosalba stands,
As seeing and not knowing she is seen,
Like a majestic child, without a want.
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn,
It seems as though some strain of music ceased
That fill'd till then the palpitating air
With sweet pulsations; when she speaks indeed,

'Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,
Heard from the midst of many harmonies
With thrilling singleness, yet clear accord.
So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,
Unknowing that the joy she ministers
Is aught but Nature's sunshine.

Silisco. Call you this
The picture of a woman or a Saint?
When Cimabue next shall figure forth
The hierarchies of heaven, we'll give him this
To copy from. But said you, then, the other
Was fairer still than this?

Ruggiero. I may have said it;
I should have said, she's fairer in my eyes.
Yet must my eyes be something worse than blind

And see the thing that is not, if the hand
Of Nature was not lavish of delights
When she was fashion'd. But it were not well
To blazon her too much; for mounted thus
In your esteem, she might not hold her place,
But fall the farther for the fancied rise.

For she has faults, Silisco, she has faults;
And when you see them you may think them worse

Than I, who know, or think I know, their scope.
She gives her words the mastery, and flush'd
With quickenings of a wild and wayward wit,
Flits like a firefly in a tangled wood,
Restless, capricious, careless, hard to catch,
Though beautiful to look at."—Vol. iii. p. 13.

The young Countess lands, and Silisco's fate is changed. It is thus he ruminates:—

"Hope and Joy,
My younger sisters, you have never yet
Been parted from my side beyond the breadth
Of a slim sunbeam, and you never shall;

Already it is loosen'd, it is gone,—
The cloud, the mist; across the vale of life
The rainbow rears its soft triumphal arch,
And every roving path and brake and bower
Is bathed in colour'd light. Come what come may,

I know this world is richer than I thought
By something left to it from paradise;
I know this world is brighter than I thought,
Having a window into heaven. Henceforth
Life hath for me a purpose and a drift."—Vol. iii. p. 17.

To return to our analysis of the story: The venture of the merchant-prince promises success. In good time his ship reappears in the offing. All day long it is watched from the harbour tower by one of the Jews. Then its treacherous captain, Spadone, executes his plot. About sunset, the good ship *Maddalena* suddenly sinks. Writs are immediately sent out by the Jews against Silisco, who flies for refuge to the catacombs on the seaside. Spadone has already lodged his booty there. His two accomplices watch for him in a boat outside; but on the appearance of Ruggiero, who is walking on the shore, they take to their oars. Spadone commits his booty to his mistress Arctina, and leaves her, with directions to send him word as soon as he can safely return. In an agony of terror at the crime of which she has just heard, Arctina meets Silisco, and is on the point of telling him all she has learned, when Spadone, who has lurked near them, stabs her. He endeavours to kill Silisco also; but after a short combat, falls covered with wounds. Silisco, not knowing with whom he has been engaged, drags him out of the cave, leaves him at the door of Gerbetto, the king's physician, who lives on the beach, and again secretes himself. Ruggiero learns soon after from the lips of a half-drowned sailor, sole survivor of the *Maddalena's* crew, the villainy by which the rest have been destroyed. His eye has already been attracted by the signs of guilty terror with which the mate and boatswain fled at his approach; he leaps into a boat, and with the help of the rescued sailor gives them chase.

Rosalba finds herself thus deserted by her lover, and loses in his ruin all hope of a changed intention on the part of her father. She still resists the marriage with Count Ugo, till assured by Gerbetto, on the word of the dying Spadone, that Silisco had been faithless to her, and had induced Arctina to be false also. She then consents to wed Count Ugo. Silisco lies hid on the lands of Malespina, which have now passed into Ugo's hands. He is there joined by Ruggiero, who, after giving chase for a night and a day to the fugitives, saw them go down at sea, as he supposed, with Silisco's lost treasures, and

had then himself languished in fever for months on the coast of Calabria. Ruggiero resolves to make an effort to prevent the marriage; but it has already taken place before his tired horse can bear him to Palermo. The evening, however, of the marriage-day is kept with masque and pageant. Ruggiero attends the festival, and removing his mask, arraigns the bride for her falsehood. Her reply brings out the statement made by the dying Spadone respecting Aretina, which Ruggiero at once confutes, revealing the crime of Spadone, in which Silisco's ruin had been the consequence. In the midst of the grief of the bride, and her father's anger, the aged bridegroom displays a magnanimity for which none had given him credit. He declares that he can never recognise as valid an engagement contracted under such circumstances, and that the calamity which has befallen them is the punishment of his own sin. On the death of his first wife, he had vowed to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Upon that pilgrimage he goes forth at once, and alone.

Rosalba, quitting the court, takes refuge in the castle of Malespina. There she lives in a seclusion, partaken only by her friend Fiordeliza. The maiden solitude of the friends is a charming idyll of rural life, rich in fancy, quaint in humour, and set forth chiefly in that finer and more delicate prose, the cadence of which is hardly less rhythmical than that of verse. At last, word is sent to her by her father that he who in name only has been her husband has died at Jerusalem, and that she must return to Palermo, there to do homage for the lands that have now become her own. She obeys; but before her has returned a pilgrim, Buonaiuto, from the Holy Land. The pilgrim is Silisco, who, on hearing that Count Ugo had set out upon a journey, the hardships of which could scarcely be surmounted by the young and strong, had accompanied him in disguise, and saved his life in numberless dangers. Silisco has returned in time to see Aretina, who tells him just before her death that it was from jealousy, as well as fear, that Spadone had stabbed her, and that the treasures carried off from the wreck had not, as he supposed, been lost at sea, but were buried in the catacombs. The last scene unravels all the threads of a plot very skilfully woven. It is in the royal palace of Palermo. The king sits on his throne, surrounded by his court, when Rosalba advances at her father's command to receive investiture of Count Ugo's lands. Is it certain, the chief justiciary demands, that the Count has made no will? Gerbetto, who at the king's command had attended Count Ugo, and was with him

at his death, presents the will of the deceased Count. It provides that his possessions shall devolve on Rosalba if she remains single; but that if she marries they shall pass to the pilgrim Buonaiuto. That pilgrim is Silisco. His suit is not long resisted by Rosalba. Ruggiero, who had been cast off by Fiordeliza, and vindictively pursued by the king, in consequence of unfounded jealousies, stands forth at the same moment, and with Gerbetto's aid refutes the charges that had been brought against him, receiving from the king pardon and restitution, and from Fiordeliza a gift that he values yet more.

There are many dramatic writers whose powers are rendered nugatory by the want of one great gift—a light hand. The gift may seem a slight one, but its absence soon proves its importance. As a specimen of it we will quote the following:—

“Fiordeliza. Let me alone, I say; I will not dance.

Rosalba. Not if Ruggiero ask you?

Fiordeliza. He indeed!

If the Colossus came from Rhodes and ask'd me, Perhaps I might.

Rosalba. Come, Fiordeliza, come;

I think if truth were spoken, 'tis not much

You have against that knight.

Fiordeliza. Not much you think;

Well, be it much or little, 'tis enough;

He has his faults.

Rosalba. Recount me them; what are they?

Fiordeliza. I'll pick you out a few; my wallet: first,

He's grave; his coming puts a jest to flight
As winter doth the swallow.

Rosalba. Something else,

For this may be a merit; jests are oft

Or birds of prey or birds of kind unclean.

Fiordeliza. He's rude; he's stirring ever
with his staff

A growling great she-bear that he calls Truth.

Rosalba. The rudeness is no virtue; but for love

Of that she-bear, a worser vice might pass.

Again?

Fiordeliza. He's slow,—slow as a tortoise,—
once

He was run over by a funeral.

Rosalba. He may have failings; but if these
be all,

I would that others were as innocent.

Fiordeliza. Oh, others! Say, then, who?

Rosalba. Nay, others—all;

I wish that all mankind were innocent.

Fiordeliza. Thou art a dear well-wisher of
mankind,

And, in a special charity, wishest well

To that good knight Silisco. What! dost blush?

Rosalba. No; though you fain would make
me.

Fiordeliza. No! What's this,
That with an invisible brush doth paint thee
red?

Well, I too can be charitable, and wish
Silisco were less wicked.

Rosalba. Is he wicked?

Fiordeliza. Is waste not wickedness? and know'st thou not
The lands of Malespina day by day
Diminish in his hands?

Rosalba. True, waste is sin.
My mother (and no carking cares had she,
Nor loved the world too much nor the world's
goods),

In many a vigil of her last sick-bed
Bid me beware of spendthrifts, as of men
That seeming in their youth not worse than
light,

Would end not so, but with the season change;
For time, she said, *which makes the serious soft,*
Turns lightness into hardness.—Vol. iii. p. 22.

This theme is resumed in a later part of the play, when Silisco, to escape his creditors, flies from the court and takes refuge on the lands of Malespina. It will serve as an illustration of that deep moral seriousness which underlies the gaiety of this play:—

"Ruggiero. Why hither? It can bring you
little joy

To look upon the lands that you have lost.

Silisco. To look upon the *days* that I have
lost,

Ruggiero, brings me less; and here I thought
To get behind them; for my childhood here
Lies round me. But it may not be. By Hea-
vens!

That very childhood bitterly upbraids
The manhood vain that did but travesty,
With empty and unseasonable mirth,
Its joys and lightness. From each brake and
bower

Where thoughtless sports had lawful time and
place,

The many child rebukes the childish man;
And more reproof and bitterer do I read
In many a peasant's face, whose leaden looks
My host the farmer construes to my shame.
Injustice, rural tyranny, more dark
Than that of courts, have laid their brutal hands
On those that claim'd my tendance; want and
vice

And injury and outrage fill'd my lands,
Whilst I, who saw it not, my substance threw
To feed the fraudulent and tempt the weak.

Ruggiero, with what glittering words soe'er
We smear the selfishness of waste, and count
Our careless tossings bounties, this is sure,
Man sinks not by a more unmanly vice
Than is that vice of prodigality—

Man finds not more dishonour than in debt."—
Vol. iii. p. 42.

In those self-reproaches we find the development of that better life which dawned on Silisco when he first met Rosalba. The change thus worked in him is a very different one from that imputed to beauty by dramatists whose moralizing vein is often at least as dangerous as their immoralities; dramatists who reform a rake by a virtuous woman's smile, and confirm the rickety virtue thus produced by the grace of matrimony:—

"Since that eve

When, as you landed in the dimpled bay
From Procida, I help'd you from the boat,
And touch'd your hand, and as the shallop
rock'd,

Embolden'd by your fears I . . . pardon me,
I should not make you to remember more,—
But since that moment when the frolicsome
waves

Toss'd you towards me,—blessings on their
sport!

I have not felt one kindling of a thought,
One working of a wish but you were in it;
The rising sun, that striking through the lattice
Awaken'd me, awaken'd you within me;
The darkness closing shut us up together:

I saw you in the mountains, fields, and woods;
Flowers breathed your breath, winds chanted
with your voice,

And Nature's beauty clothed itself in yours.

Then think not that my life, though idly led,

Is tainted or impure or bound to sense,

Or if incapable of itself to soar,

Unworthy to be lifted from the dust

By love of what is lofty."—Vol. iii. p. 25.

Corruption is not cleansed by the mere beauty of purity, for it has filmed the eye that sees purity. Silisco's refinement of nature is indicated by his forbearance:—

"Pardon me,

I should not make you to remember more."

He becomes at the end but that which potentially he was from the beginning. Rosalba had not failed to detect the inner strength that lurked beneath the outward lightness:

"Three long days had past

(Long though delightful, for they teem'd with
thoughts

As Maydays teem with flowers) since I had first

Beheld him, standing in the sunset lights,

Beside a wreck half-buried in the sand

Upon the western shore. I see him now

A radiant creature with the sunset glow

Upon his face, that mingled with a glow

Yet sunnier from within. When next we met

'Twas here, as you have said; and then his
mien

Was lighter, with an outward brightness clad,

For all the Court was present; yet I saw

The other ardour through."—Vol. iii. p. 77.

The following passage embodies Mr. Taylor's philosophy of art. His poetry, and especially this play, may be considered as a practical exemplification of it.

'Silisco. We'll have the scene where Brutus
from the bench

Condemns his son to death. 'Twas you, Ruggiero,

Made me to love that scene.

Manager.

I think, my Lord,

We pleased you in it.

Ruggiero.

Oh, you did, you did;

Yet still with reservations: and might I speak

My untaught mind to you that know your art,
I should beseech you not to stare and gasp
And quiver, that the infection of the sense
May make our flesh to creep; for as the hand
By tickling of our skin may make us laugh
More than the wit of Plautus, so these tricks
May make us shudder. But true art is this,
To set aside your sorrowful pantomime,
Pass by the senses, leave the flesh at rest,
And working by the witcheries of words
Felt in the fulness of their import, call
Men's spirits from the deep; that pain may
thus

Be glorified, and passion flashing out
Like noiseless lightning in a summer's night,
Show Nature in her bounds from peak to
chasm,

Awful, but not terrific.

Manager. True, my Lord:
My very words; 'tis what I always told them.
Now, Folco, speak thy speech. . . .

Ruggiero. 'Tis a speech
That by a language of familiar lowness
Enhances what of more heroic vein
Is next to follow. But one fault it hath:
It fits too close to life's realities,
In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;
For Art commends not counterparts and copies,
But from our life a nobler life would shape,
Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
And teach us, not jejune what we are,
But what we may be when the Parian block
Yields to the hand of Phidias."—Vol. iii. p. 7.

The criticism of Silisco on the histrionic art is applicable not less to the art poetic, and its suggestions were never more needed than in our day. We live in a "fast age," but if "he that runs may read," it is to be feared that he will prefer what is written in the largest and coarsest characters, to what requires a more steadfast attention. Loud words, big words, odd words, will recommend themselves more than the unobtrusive witcheries of common "words *felt in the fulness of their import.*" But what the eye takes in as quickly as the advertisements that adorn a railway station, it forgets no less rapidly. The poetry that lasts is that which embodies thoughts, but so embodies them that they sink at once upon the slumbering feeling and wake it into life. But the thoughts which have this talismanic power must be something more than striking, or even original thoughts. They must be *true* thoughts. Thoughts of a lower class may be had in any numbers, thick as the "motes that people the sunbeam," and darken what they so people, but they are barren thoughts.

The extracts we have given are not sufficient to illustrate the singular variety of this play, but we can find room for only one more. It should be premised that Lisana is the daughter of Gerbetto, the king's physician. The king has formed an attachment to her, and pursues it with all the unscrupulousness

that belongs to absolute power. Lisana, however, has been committed to the care of Ruggiero by Gerbetto when he follows Count Ugo on his pilgrimage. Defying the king's displeasure, Ruggiero has saved Lisana by withdrawing her from court when its snares are closing around her. He places her in the convent of San Paolo, of which his aunt is abbess, and in the stillness of that retreat her better mind returns to her, and the passion that tormented her takes flight.

"Ere waned one moon
Of her novitiate, it had pass'd away
Like the soft tumult of a summer storm."

She now bids adieu to her deliverer before taking the veil:—

Lisana. O friend beloved,
Who propp'd this weak heart in its weakest
hour,

Rejoice with me, and evermore rejoice!
Your work is done, your recompense achieved,
A thankful soul is saved.

Ruggiero. Lisana, yes;

I will rejoice; I do; though mortal eyes
Must still have lookings backwards. Yet 'tis
best:

The holiest verily are the sweetest thoughts,
And sweetest thoughts were ever of your heart
The native growth.

Lisana. No more of that, my Lord;
It savours of the blandishments of earth.
Look onward only—up the eminent path
To which you led me—which my feet have
trodden

With gladness, issuing daily to the light,
Till meeting now the radiance face face,
Earth melts, Heaven opens, Angels stretch their
hands

To take me in amongst them, glory breaks
Upon me, and I feel through all my soul
That there is joy, joy over me in Heaven.

Ruggiero. Then joy too shall be over you
on earth.

My eyes shall never more behold your face
Till, looking through the grave and gate of
death,

I see it glorified and liked to His
Who raised it; but I will not waste a sigh
On what, if seeing, I should see to fade.

Lisana. Farewell! my Master calls me.

Ruggiero. Fare you well.
I pace a lower terrace; but some flowers
From yours fling down to me, at least in prayer."

Vol. iii. p. 80.

We now proceed to Mr. Taylor's latest tragedy, *St. Clement's Eve*. This play takes up the tale of European society where it was left off in *Philip van Artevelde*, but illustrates it as it existed in France, not Flanders. Charles the Sixth, the boy-king, by whom so bright a light was thrown over the second part of Van Artevelde, is presented to us again, but this time in eclipse. He was subject to recurring fits of madness, during which

the kingdom was torn to pieces by the rivalries of the Duke of Burgundy, the king's cousin, and the Duke of Orleans, his brother. It was perhaps about the worst and most anarchical period of the middle ages. The king was loved by his people, and deserved their love, for in the intervals of his malady he devoted himself to their interests with a tender and profound solicitude. He is described in this play with a mournful pathos.

The Duke of Burgundy is a man of blood, fierce, with a shrewd intellect (the instrument of ungovernable passions), a domineering pride, and a will that knows no law. The Duke of Orleans has not escaped the contamination of a dissolute court, more disposed to respect religion in its outward forms than to obey its commands, but he has about him much that is good, and more that is specious. He is frank, generous, loyal, and devotedly attached to his brother, whom he resembles in his personal beauty and in love for his country. His kindly and courteous manners make him a favourite of the people, while his learning and accomplishments recommend him to the clergy. He represents the chivalry of his age; but it was a chivalry dying out. The spirit of self-sacrifice, the virtuous zeal, and the reverence for purity had left it, and consequently the child-like faith of the middle ages was daily becoming more enervated with those childish superstitions from which neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy secures the unspiritual and sensual. Chivalry retained its bright accost and winning grace, but the graver heart had departed from it, and the savage fierceness of the feudality it had covered was working out again through the thin disguise.

St. Clement's Eve is, in power and ability, among the best of Mr. Taylor's dramas, but in some respects it is less satisfactory than it is remarkable. Both in its success and its shortcomings it signally illustrates the philosophy of the drama. It is as masculine a work as *Philip van Artevelde*. It is also far more condensed, and the action is more rapid. But the subject throws a gloom over the play darker than that which tragedy requires. We leave it with a feeling of sadness, the result not merely, or chiefly, of a fatal catastrophe, but of the absence of noble characters sufficient to balance the ignoble and the wicked. We have no right to quarrel with a dramatist either for selecting a corrupt period of history for illustration, or for faithfully representing it, yet he certainly loses not a little by such a selection. Whatever the pride of art may affirm, the abiding charm of a poem will ever bear a proportion to the moral beauty it enshrines,—not merely the beauty which the poet has created, but that which

he has found ready-made in his theme. A favourite book is generally one fortunate in its subject, as well as one that makes the most of that subject. The poet works against the tide unless the theme and the characters he describes work with him, and tend to a result which, though painful, still is such as the higher imagination can muse on with satisfaction and peace. There must be a due proportion of sunshine to the shadow, and even the saddest events must be something more than sad; they must illustrate poetical justice; they must set forth the ways of God to man; they must leave behind them the sense that the world we inhabit, though it has its sorrows, has yet its method and order, that it is a region into which angels of chastisement are indeed sent as well as angels of love and joy, but that it is not a jungle beset by wild beasts, or a labyrinth—the haunt of mocking spirits.

A perfect tragic theme is one that presents us with greatness in all forms. There must be great sorrows, but there should also be great characters; there should be a scope for great energies: the event should be the result of great, even though of erring, passions, not of petty infirmities and base machinations. Many a striking theme does not include such materials, abundant as it may be in stirring action and picturesque positions, just as many a fair landscape is deficient in that which a picture requires. Let the subject include the characteristics we have named, and very numerous defects, with which the critic may cavil, will detract but little from the reader's pleasure. He will recur to the work when the first effect of surprise, and the admiration produced by the sense of difficulties overcome, have worn off. A poet will be wise to choose a theme that does much for him. It is the one for which he can do most, as, in the long-run, it is the best land which best repays the husbandman's toil.

The subject of *St. Clement's Eve* combines the barbarism of prolonged civil war with the corruptions of a court, and exhibits a social condition in which simplicity has ceased to exist, while refinement has not yet come. It supplies but one wholly noble character, that of the hermit, Robert de Menuot. Montargis and Burgundy are men without conscience or honour, or even that regard for reputation which often passes for honour. The two monks, or supposed monks, are equally prompt at the burning of a witch or the composition of a philtre. Such characters, in their due place, may doubtless be portrayed both justly and usefully. But the interests of the drama require, and as it seems to us, historic truth no less, that specimens of a

nobler order of character should be also introduced in a compensating measure. The best periods have their villains, and the worst have often their saints and heroes: nature commonly produces such intermingling, and art requires it. The chronicles of the time described, full as they are of violence and wrong, delight us also with many a trait of generosity, magnanimity, loyalty, fidelity, and self-abnegation, which need no aid from the romance of chivalry to give them interest. Virtue becomes perfected by the very trials and temptations to which it is subjected, and though at particular periods injustice and wrong may occupy an unusual prominence upon the surface of society, yet true virtue must co-exist with these, both in high places and in low, or society could not long continue to exist. It has but small place in this play. Even characters so rarely presented to us that their vices contribute nothing to the carrying out of the plot, are sketched in colours of arbitrary gloom. The Archbishop of Paris is made a servile old pedant. This is gratuitous. The metropolitan sees were in those ages commonly occupied either by men of ability and force of character, or by the representatives of some great family,—by one, in short, whose faults were not likely to be those of a schoolmaster turned courtier. We find here something of that confusion between the middle ages and the *ancien régime* which M. de Montalembert alludes to as so common. Such bishops would have been less easily found in the middle ages than in the seventeenth century, when in most parts of Europe an oriental despotism had risen up upon the ruins of feudalism. In still more repulsive colours is the Abbess of the Celestines represented, and little as we see of her, we are left with the painful impression that she has worse faults than those which seek a palliation in passion.

"That liberty she grants herself, good soul,
She not denies to others,"

is a comment made upon her by a friend; and we find her stimulating the vanity and increasing the danger of a pupil intrusted to her charge, who has attracted the admiration of the Duke of Orleans. This might surely have been avoided without representing the abbess either as a saintly Hildegarde, or even as a nun "wise and witty," and with more aptitude for the day's work than fitness for a place in romance. Of the younger female characters, Flos, though energetic and sparkling, is not intended to interest our deeper sympathies.

We have spoken strongly of what we deem the fault of the theme in this play. It is more difficult to speak, without the ap-

pearance of exaggeration, of its merits. Its manliness might startle a literary age as effeminate as ours. Not a few of its readers will exclaim—

"What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?"

In its vigour, both of thought and of language, it possesses a merit which to some will be lost in its strangeness—a strangeness like that which we find in the organic remains of a remote age. That vigour belongs, not only to the serious scenes, but to the lighter also, which are of a very different character from those of *A Sicilian Summer*, and preserve something of fierceness even in mirth. Its songs have the buoyancy, terseness, and dramatic impulse which belong to those of Mr. Taylor's earlier plays. In none of his works, perhaps, is his style so consummate. It is at once classical and idiomatic, and it has the polish, with the weight of steel. Above all, it is invariably clear, letting the thoughts shine through it, like objects seen through transparent air. This last characteristic is becoming rare in our day, owing, in some measure, to the very degree to which some particular merits of style have been carried. At present, in not a little of our popular poetry, language has been so strained in search of expressiveness, and has thus become such a richly-coloured medium, that it sometimes seems to be a beautiful substitute for thought rather than a revealer of thought, thus resembling those water-colour drawings in which the aerial effects swallow up mountain and plain, and in which the picture might be described as mist with trees in it. In this play, condensation has, we think, been carried too far. The introduction of a few interstitial scenes would be useful, not only as thus allowing the enrichment of poetry and philosophic thought, but yet more in suspending the course of an action so rapid as to hurry us out of breath. That action is occupied chiefly by the jealousies of the royal cousins; and we have not room to trace it in details. They had also their occasional reconciliations, one of which is thus humorously described:—

"To-day they rode together on one horse,
Each in the other's livery. To-morrow
They are to sleep together in one bed.
The People stare and deem the day is nigh
When lamb and lion shall lie down together.
De Chevreuse. Rode one horse!
D'Acelin. Yea, Orleans before
And Burgundy behind.
Gris-nez. 'Twas so they rode:
Two witches on one broomstick rode beside
them;
But riding past an image of Our Lady
The hindmost snorted and the broomstick
brake.

De Cassinel. Would I were sure my gout
would be as brief
As their good fellowship.

De Vierzon. To see grim John
Do his endeavour at a gracious smile,
Was worth a ducat; with his trenchant teeth
Clinch'd like a rat-trap.

De Cassinel. Ever and anon
They open'd to let forth a troop of words
Scented and gilt, a company of masques
Stiff with brocade, and each a pot in hand
Filled with wasp's honey."

The most characteristic illustration which we can give of *St. Clement's Eve* is the following denunciation of both the Royal Dukes pronounced by Robert the Hermit before the Council. We regard it also as the finest piece of poetry in the play, and as such extract it uncurtailed:—

"*Robert.* King and my gracious Sovereign,
unto whom

I bend the knee as one ordain'd of God,
A message hath been given me, and I am bid
To tell thee in what sort. St. Jerome's Day,
My vows perform'd, I sail'd from Palestine,
With favouring winds at first; but the tenth
night

A storm arose and darkness was around
And fear and trembling and the face of death.
Six hours I knelt in prayer, and with the
seventh

A light was flash'd upon the raging sea,
And in the raging sea a space appear'd
Flat as a lake, where lay outstretch'd and white
A woman's body; thereupon were perch'd
Two birds, a falcon and a kite, whose heads
Bare each a crown, and each had bloody beaks,
And blood was on the claws of each, which
clasp'd,

This the right breast and that the left, and each
Fought with the other, nor for that they ceased
To tear the body. Then there came a cry
Piercing the storm—'Woe, woe for France,
woe, woe!

Thy mother France, how excellently fair
And in how foul a clutch!' Then silence; then,
'Robert of Menquot, thou shalt surely live,
For God hath work to give thee; be of good
cheer;

Nail thou two planks in figure of a cross,
And lash thee to that cross and leap, and lo!
Thou shalt be cast upon the coast of France;
Then take thy way to Paris; on the road,
See, hear, and when thou com'st to Paris,
speak.'

'To whom?' quoth I. Was answer made, 'The
King.'

I question'd, 'What?' 'That thou shalt see,
declare,

And what God puts it in thy heart to speak
That at the peril of thy soul deliver.'
Then leap'd I in the sea lash'd to a cross,
And drifting half a day I came to shore
At Sigeon, on the coast of Languedoc,
And parting thence barefooted journey'd hither
For forty days save one, and on the road
I saw and heard, and I am here to speak.

The King. Good hermit, by God's mercy we
are spared

To hear thee, and not only with our ears
But with our mind.

Burgundy. If there be no offence,
But take thou heed to that.

Robert. What God commands,
How smacks it of offence? But die offence
There were if fear of Man should choke God's
word.

I heard and saw, and I am here to speak.
Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,
And wheresoe'er I set my foot, behold!
The foot of war had been before, and there
Did nothing grow, and in the fruitless fields
Whence ruffian hands had snatch'd the beasts
of draught

Women and children to the plough were yoked;
The very sheep had learnt the ways of war,
And soon as from the citadel rang out
The larum peal, flock'd to the city gates;
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth,
But wronging the night season which God gave
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,
Was labour and a spur. I journey'd on,
And near a burning village in a wood
Were huddled 'neath a drift of blood-stain'd
snow

The houseless villagers: I journey'd on,
And as I pass'd a convent, at the gate
Were famish'd peasants, hustling each the other,
Half-fed by famish'd nuns: I journey'd on,
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church the road
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged:
I journey'd on—a trumpet's brazen clang
Died in the distance; at my side I heard
A child's weak wail that on its mother's breast
Droop'd its thin face and died; then peal'd to
heaven

The mother's funeral cry, 'My child is dead
For lack of food; he hunger'd unto death;
A soldier ate his food, and what was left
He trampled in the mire; my child is dead!
Hear me, O God! a soldier kill'd my child!
See to that soldier's quittance—blood for blood!
Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!'
The woman ceased; but voices in the air,
Yea, and in me a thousand voices cried,
'Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!'
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the Voice
Slow and sepulchral that the word took up—
'Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
Look Thou to them that breed the men of
blood,

That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.
Look Thou to them that, hither and thither tost
Betwixt their quarrels and their pleasures, laugh
At torments that they taste not; bid them learn
That there be torments terrible than these
Whereof it is Thy will that they shall taste,
So they repent not, in the belly of Hell.'
So spake the Voice, then thunder shook the
wood,

And lightning smote and splinter'd two tall
trees

That tower'd above the rest, the one a pine,
An ash the other. Then I knew the doom
Of those accurs'd men who sport with war
And tear the body of their mother, France.

Trembling though guiltless did I hear that doom,
 Trembling though guiltless I; for them I quaked
 Of whom it spake; O Princes, tremble ye,
 For ye are they! Oh, hearken to that Voice!
 Oh cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
 For ye are they that tear your mother's flesh;
 Oh, flee the wrath to come! Repent and live!
 Else know your doom, which God declares
 through me,
 Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
 Short life and shameful death."—Vol. iii. p.
 125-8.

We cannot better illustrate the two chief female characters of the play than by the following passage. *Iolande* has been giving friendly counsel to *Flos*, whose wayward temper and love of worldly pleasures excite her alarm:—

"*Iolande.* Last night I had a dreadful dream.
 I thought

That borne at sunrise on a fleece of cloud,
 I floated high in air, and looking down,
 Beheld an ocean-bay girt by green hills,
 And in a million wavelets tipp'd with gold
 Leap: the soft pulses of the sunlit sea,
 And lightly from the shore a bounding bark,
 Festive with streamers fluttering in the wind,
 Sail'd seaward, and the palpitating waves
 Fondly like s'aniels flung themselves upon her,
 Recoiling and returning in their joy.
 And on her deck sea-spirits I descried
 Gliding and lapsing in an undulant dance,
 From whom a choral gratulating strain
 Exhaled its witcheries on the wanton air.
 Still sail'd she seaward, and ere long the bay
 Was left behind; but then a shadow fell
 Upon the outer sea—a shadowy shape—
 The shadow bore the likeness of the form
 Of the Arch-fiend. I shudder'd for the bark,
 And stretch'd my hands to heaven, and strove
 to pray,
 But could not for much fear. The shadow
 grew
 Till sea and sky were black; the bark plunged
 on
 And clove the blackness; then the fleece of
 cloud
 That bore me, melted, and I fell and fell,
 And falling I awoke.

Flos. Yes, *Iolande*,
 You're ever dreaming dreams, and when they're
 bad
 They're always about me. I too can dream,
 But otherwise than you. The god of dreams
 Who sleeps with me is bligthe and débonnaire,
 Else should he not be partner of my bed.
 I dreamt I was a cat, and much caress'd,
 And fel with dainty viands; there was cream,
 And fish, and flesh, and porridge, but no mice;
 And I was fat and sleek, but in my heart
 There rose a long and melancholy mew
 Which meant, 'I must have mice;' and there-
 withal

I found myself transported to the hall
 Of an old castle, with the rapturous sound
 Of gnawing of old wainscot in my ears;

With that I couch'd and sprang and sprang and
 couch'd,
 My soul rejoicing.

Iolande. May God grant, dear *Flos*,
 Your mice shall not prove bloodhounds."

[Vol. iii. p. 135.]

Too soon it turns out that there was room
 for the warning. *Flos* is betrayed and de-
 serted by her lover *Montargis*. Wooed by
 another, she tells him that, before he wins
 her favour, he must atone her wrong:—

"Give me thy hand again. It is too white.
 I dedicate this hand to truth and love,
 And hatred and revenge. White as mine
 own!
 Dye it and bring it back to me to-morrow,
 And I will clasp it to my heart. Farewell!"

Father *Renault* moralizes well:—

"How swift
 The transformation whereby carnal love
 Is changed to carnal hate! I have heard it said,
 There is no haunt the viper more affects
 Than the forsaken bird's nest."

We know not how far we can recognise in
Iolande, the heroine of the play, an excep-
 tion to the general darkness that character-
 izes it. At first she has a delightful fresh-
 ness, and a purity capable of "disinfecting"
 the bad air in which she lives. She is ten-
 der in heart and soaring in aspirations, one
 of those who, if reproached as visionaries,
 might reply, with the author of *Guesses at
 Truth*, "Yes, a visionary, because he sees."
 But fate and fortune conspire to take from
 her the respect of others and her own. She
 has been saved by *Orleans* from *Montargis*,
 who attempted to carry her off, and she loves
 her preserver before she knows he has a wife.
 On the discovery she breaks the tie; but her
 heart is neither restored to liberty (as in so
 noble a nature it must soon have been), nor
 left in peace with its sorrow and its humili-
 ation. *Orleans* implores her—"O pious fraud
 of amorous charity"—if she renounces him,
 at least to befriend his sick brother. At his
 entreaty she undertakes to exorcise the king's
 malady by means of certain miraculous wa-
 ters enclosed in a reliquary, the healing vir-
 tue of which depends upon the spotless pu-
 rity in heart and life of her by whose hand
 they are sprinkled upon the sufferer's brow.
 She makes the attempt, and fails. The ordi-
 nary reader will account for her failure, not
 by her unworthiness, but by the circumstance
 that she was but a dupe, practised on by im-
 postors. This is not her view of the subject,
 nor the hermit's; and if accepted as just,
 though it exculpates the victim, it leaves her
 death wholly unredeemed by poetic justice.
 In *Shakspeare*, imposture is treated with the
 contempt so sorry a thing deserves; it is ex-
 hibited, detected, and flung aside. The ca-

tastrophe of a tragedy is never made to depend on it. In this play the noble efforts of the hermit for the restoration of France are frustrated, and the most interesting characters swept into ruin by instrumentalities too petty for such a catastrophe.

We have another fault to find with this part of the plot. It forces our sympathies into a painful region of poetic casuistry. The struggle between human love and heavenly love, where each so easily puts on the semblance of the other, is perplexing to the imagination. We know not how far we are to condemn, and how far we may pity. There is a pity which is "akin to love," and another pity which is "akin to contempt;" and in the misty region of insincere and equivocal action and passion, the two run into each other. The poetry that describes or adumbrates such conflicts of spirit and flesh, belongs to what, in writers very different from Mr. Taylor, sometimes claims the name of "psychological poetry." There are struggles in human nature which even the author of *Hamlet* would have shrunk from exhibiting in tragedy. There are regions in the human heart, open to the Divine Eye alone, into which reverence and humanity forbid poetry to enter. The hopes and aims of Iolande are noble; her heart was liegefully given to heavenly things, and was worthy of a human love also that should have elevated, not degraded her. There is something, we think, beneath the generosity of art (equally great when it dares and when it forbears), in the exhibition of a contest like that to which she is subjected—one entered upon so unwittingly, waged so bravely, and yet ending so ignominiously, as well as disastrously. Our estimate of her, and therefore of the real nature of her struggle, rests upon that which is itself ambiguous, if we throw ourselves back into the sympathies of the time described. Are we to regard the miraculous relic simply as an imposture? If so, a second spite of fortune has placed a noble and innocent being in a position painfully equivocal. But by the only elevated characters in the play, the healing agency is to the last moment supposed to be supernatural. In that case, its failure would be the condemnation of one who, with deficient purity, had dared to profane it.

In many parts of Mr. Taylor's poetry we find a singularly keen appreciation of the kindred art of painting. The following description will at once enable the reader to determine the school to which the picture described belongs. We are much mistaken if it be not the Venetian.

"*Painter.* There is a power in beauty which subdues

All accidents of Nature to itself.

Aurora comes in clouds, and yet the cloud
Dins not, but decks her beauty. Furthermore
Whate'er shall single out a personal self
Takes with a subtler magic. So of shape;
Perfect proportion, like unclouded light,
Is but a faultless model; small defect
Conjoint with excellence, more moves and
wins,

Making the heavenly human. . . .

I spared no pains.

Look closer; mark the hyacinthine blue
Of many veins irriguous, swelling here,
There branching and so softening out of sight.
Nor is it ill concealed. You may mark
The timbrel drooping from her hand denotes
The dance foregone; a fire is in her eye
Which tells of triumph, and voluptuous grace
Of motion is exchanged for rapturous rest."—

Vol. iii. p. 170.

This picture has very serious consequences.
Montargis, pretending zeal for a friend,

"Whose soul

Lies in the hollow of her Grace's hand
Soft fluttering like a captured butterfly,"

persuades the painter to lend it to him. It is the portrait of the Duke of Burgundy's wife, from whom he has long been estranged. Resolved to procure the assassination of Orleans, who had rescued Iolande from him, Montargis secretly conveys this portrait into a chamber of the Duke of Orleans's palace, reported to be hung round by the portraits of all those ladies who had successively surrendered their virtue to a prince as dissolute as he was captivating; and having carefully prepared the train, he introduces the Duke of Burgundy into the apartment, among the boasts of which is this witness to his dishonour. This is the critical scene, upon which the plot of *St. Clement's Eve* turns; and there are few passages in the English drama in which a vehement outburst of passion is more intensified by every art of skilful delay and artificial stimulus. To appreciate the full force of this scene, one must previously be acquainted with the ferocious, though by no means callous, character of Burgundy. He is thus described early in the piece—

"Other clay,

Dug from some miry slough or sulphurous bog,
With many a vein of mineral poison mix'd,
Went to the making of Duke Jean-Sans-Peur.
This knew the crafty Amorabaquin,
When captives by the hundred were hewn
down,

'Twas not rich ransom only spared the Duke.
'Twas that a dying Dervise prophesied
More Christian blood should by his mean be
shed

Than ere by Bajazet with all his hosts.
Therefore it was to France he sent him back
With gifts, and what were they? 'twas bow-
strings made

Of human entrails."—Vol. iii. p. 111.

This is the man who, after years of contest with his cousin of Orleans, has been forced into a temporary reconciliation with him. As daring in his wild fits of half-savage frolic as in ambition, he has entered the palace, nay, the inmost and secret chamber, of one whom he knew to have been his successful rival in power, but whom he has never suspected of rivalry in love. The first sight of the "galaxy of glowing dames" delights him :—

"Ha! were it not a frolic that should shake
Grim Saturn's self with laughter, could
we bring
The husbands hither, each to look round and
spy
The blazon of his dire disgrace."

Then comes a series of pictures, accompanied by corresponding descriptions of character, presented in a few masterly touches, and strangely contrasting, by the tranquillity that belongs to such delineations, with the storm that follows :—

"*Burgundy.* And then the next!
Montargis. Which? This?
Burgundy. She with the timbrel dangling
from her hand.

Montargis. I know not this; this was not
here before.

The one beyond it . . .
Burgundy. Not so fast; this face
I surely must have seen, though not, it may be,
For some time past; it hath a princely grace
And lavish liberty of eye and limb,
With something of a soft seductiveness
Which very strangely to my mind recalls
The idle days of youth; that face I know,
Yet know not whose it is.

Montargis. Nor I, my Lord;
Albeit the carriage of the neck and head
Is such as I have somewhere seen.

Burgundy. But where?
Familiar seems it though in foreign garb,
And whether it be Memory recalls
Or Fancy feigning Memory . . . Death of my
soul!

It is my wife.
Montargis. Oh no, my Lord, no, no,
It cannot be her Highness.

Burgundy. Cannot—cannot—
Why, no, it cannot. For my wife is chaste,
And never did a breath of slander dim
Her pure and spotless fame; no, no, it cannot;
By all the Angels that keep watch above
It cannot be my wife . . . and yet it is.
I tell thee, Bastard of Montargis, this,
This picture is the picture of my wife.

Montargis. And I, my Lord, make answer it
is not.

I would as soon believe that Castaly
Had issued into Styx. Besides, look here,
There is a mole upon the neck of this
Which is not on your wife's.

Burgundy. That mole is hers;
That mole convicts her.

Montargis. What? a mole? Well yes,
Now that I think of it, some sort of smirch,

A blot, a blur, I know not what . . .

Burgundy. That mole.

Oh see, Montargis, look at her, she smiles,
But not on me, but never more on me!
Oh, would to God that she had died the day
That first I saw that smile and trusted her;
Though knowing the whole world of women
false,

Still trusted her, and knowing that of the false
The fairest are the falsest, trusted still,
Still trusted her—Oh my besotted soul!
Trusted her only—Oh my wife, my wife!
Believing that of all the Devil's brood
That twist and spin and spawn upon this earth,
She was the single Saint—the one unfallen
Of this accursed Creation—oh my wife!
Oh the Iscariot kiss of those false lips!
With him too—to be false with him—my bane,
My blight from boyhood.

Montargis. Verily therein
Was foul-play worse befoul'd; no arts but his,
And theirs who taught him, with their rings
and rods,

Powders and potions, would have breach'd the
wall

Of that fair c'tadel.

Burgundy. I'll have his blood . . .
Ere the sun sets.

Montargis. A later hour were better;
We want not daylight for a deed like this.

Burgundy. I sleep not till he's dead. Come
thou with me

And take thy warrant.

Montargis. Sir, at your command.

Burgundy. Look here, Montargis;
[*Drawing his sword.*
Should a breath be breathed
That whispers of my shame, the end is this.
[*Stabs the portrait in the heart.*
Vol. iii. p. 179-181.

A succession of stirring scenes follows. The populace of Paris, infuriated by the return of the king's madness, demands the death of the maiden who had undertaken his cure. The Duke of Burgundy, sitting in council, pledges his word that she shall die. To save her Orleans hastens to the council, attended only by his page. As he makes his way in the dusk, through the snow-covered streets, Montargis, who, after receiving Burgundy's warrant, has lain in wait within the gate of a house, springs upon his prey, and slays him. All Paris is in commotion, and the crowds soon swarm around the council-chamber where the Duke of Burgundy is sitting with the king's uncles, the Dukes of Bourbon and Berri, and the Titular King of Sicily. The chamberlain, entering, announces the murder. The Provost of Paris, who follows him, demands permission to search for the assassin in all places alike, the royal residences, in spite of their ordinary privilege, not being excepted. The other royal dukes consent. Burgundy alone refuses, and on being challenged by the rest, suddenly avows his guilt, leaves the council, and with his at-

tendants escapes from Paris. In the meantime the body of Orleans has been carried to the convent of the Celestines, where Iolande watches beside it. Montargis, who enters with a warrant for her apprehension and death, is himself stabbed by De Vezelay. Immediately afterwards a tumult is heard without. The infuriated crowd, rolling on like a raging sea, have reached and beleaguered the convent. The hermit entreates Iolande to fly by the wicket. She answers—

“It is I

Must speak and vindicate the fame of him
Whose lips are silent;”

and advances to the window, when an arrow from below strikes her, and she falls. Once more the hermit speaks—

“Arise, if horror have not stark'd your limbs,
And bear we to the Chapel reverently
Thee poor remains. In her a fire is quenched
That burn'd too bright, with either ardour
fed,

Divine and human. In the grave with him
I bury hope; for France from this time forth
Is but a battle-field, where crime with crime,
Vengeance with vengeance grapples; till one
sword

Shall smite the neck whence grow the hundred heads,

And one dread mace, weighted with force and fraud,

Shall stain this nation to a dismal peace.”—
Vol. iii. p. 198.

In *St. Clement's Eve*, as well as *Philip van Artevelde*, Mr. Taylor has dealt with a corrupt period of the middle ages, but in none of his works has he given us a favourable picture of them. He is drawn to them by their manliness and their quaintness, and these qualities he sketches with a graphic touch, but their deeper and more noble characteristics he seldom delineates. How is this to be accounted for? In part, perhaps, on the principle of reaction. The contempt with which the middle ages were so long treated had, before he began to write, been succeeded by an enthusiasm equally unreasonable. In neither instance had a calm philosophy pronounced its verdict. The middle ages had been revived in the form of melodrama, and become the fashion. Second-class poets and romancers had made them their spoil; every scene-painter had tried his brush on them; but it was only their more exaggerated and outward traits that had been painted, and admiration had been lavished alike on the worthless and on worth. The justness of Mr. Taylor's genius seems to have been offended by this paltering with truth for the sake of effect, and his sense of humanity to have resented the wrongs of serfs whose oppressors have too often been for-

given because they wore a picturesque costume. The defects of those ages, far from being concealed or palliated, will ever be most lamented by those who most appreciate their great compensating merits. One of their most celebrated vindicators has made this frank confession:—“By the side of the opened heavens, hell always appeared; and beside those prodigies of sanctity which are so rare elsewhere, were to be found ruffians scarcely inferior to those Roman emperors whom Bossuet calls ‘monsters of the human race.’”^{*} In the feudal system, the barbaric, it is true, was “scotched, not killed,” by the chivalry which expressed the Christian character of the time. But the good existed as well as the bad, and each attained a heroic growth. The general hardihood of the time gave a dreadful hardihood to crime also, and probably in no small degree occasioned the terrible severity with which crimes were punished; for mild punishments would have exercised but a small deterring effect upon men whose sport was war, and who seldom counted upon dying in their beds. It was not an age of respectability, and little pains were taken to conceal offences,—often, it may be, more trouble was taken to conceal virtues. Men did not then value themselves on consistency. Immense crimes were often followed by intense repentance; high aspirations were strangely blended with fierce animal instincts; refined and coarse feelings were tenants of the same breast; the whole human character was large as well as strong, and its passions swung through a wide arc, and touched the most opposite extremes. The same men were self-sacrificing and cruel, and nature was often trampled under foot by those who yet bore no doubtful allegiance to a supernatural ideal, to whom, in their serious moods, earthly life was a shadow of life eternal, and who regarded all that was not sacred as the licensed field of a rough boy-play. The strange contrasts between the different elements that made up what are called the “middle ages,” and the very different character of the periods included under that comprehensive term, render an impartial estimate of them a difficult thing. Mr. Taylor has not, we think, yet presented us with such an estimate, vividly as he has touched many of their special traits; and we trust he will yet discharge the remaining portion of his debt to a period of society so important on historic grounds, and which has furnished him with such rich poetical materials.

In estimating Mr. Taylor's position among the English poets, both of recent and earlier

^{*} Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*.

days, and in comparing the modern dramatists with those of the time of Elizabeth, we must bear in mind that the dramatists of the earlier period are themselves to be divided into two classes. Shakspeare by himself constitutes one of these, while the whole of his contemporaries and immediate successors constitute the other. The rest, with all their differences of species, are still, generically one, while Shakspeare is a genus in himself. Each of Shakspeare's greater plays is, in the highest sense of the word, a poem as well as a play. It possesses an *interior* unity (little as Shakspeare thought of what are technically called the unities), a unity proceeding from the one great idea that created the whole, the predominant sentiment that inspired it, and the exquisite subordination of the details to the general effect.* This unity, piercing at once and comprehensive, belongs alone to great creative genius, and Shakspeare's contemporaries were without it. Ben Jonson, with all his learning and classical predilections, lacked it as much as Marlow or Webster. Shakspeare worked "from within;" the process was one of growth, and the unity latent in the parent germ manifested itself in every leaf and spray of the developed plant. This is the secret of that marvellous judgment which equalled his imagination itself. Starting with a genuine idea, he shrank instinctively from whatever obscured it, whether by disproportion or by incongruity. The other dramatists worked "from without," and mechanically. They found their materials in life and books, and with great ability, but without a true inspiration, they combined them. In multitudes of cases the result is a painful discord; in few is it a complete harmony.

The reader who turns to their Plays in a complete edition, after reading the splendid fragments detached from them in Lamb's *Specimens*, will often think the finished work more fragmentary than the fragments. Again and again, the finest scenes in our early drama lose half their value from the inappropriateness of their position. Take, for instance, Ford's best play, *The Broken Heart*: nothing can exceed in suppressed passion the concluding scene, in which the Princess, receiving secretly and successively the tidings of the death of her father, of her friend, and of her lover with a Spartan's fortitude, replies indifferently, keeping up the court pageant almost to the moment of her death. Shakspeare would have cast the whole play so as to have foreshadowed the dreadful ca-

tastrophe; and in approaching it we should have felt as men do when their boat is swept towards the rapids. In Ford's work we see little of the Princess, and care little for her; nor is there anything in her character to suggest the marvellous conclusion which thus stands up like a precipice without a mountain-range to back it. This want of judgment in our early dramatists is often a moral even more than an intellectual deficiency. It proceeds from too great a love of the startling, and too slight a sense of the becoming, the fitting, and the orderly.

Another difference between Shakspeare and his contemporaries is the amount of extravagance and rant in the latter. Strength was the great quality our early dramatists valued. When it came to them in the form of real passion, they knew how to exhibit it in perfection, intermixing the most delicate with the most vigorous touches. In the absence of real passion, they were often content with its coarse imitation. Giovanni, in a too celebrated play, makes his appearance at the revel with the heart of Annabella, whom he has just slain, on the point of his dagger! Yet this outrage against all genuine passion, as well as against decency, almost immediately follows a scene of the truest pathos.

The same exaggerated love, either of strength itself, or of bombast mimicking strength, prevented Shakspeare's contemporaries from even aiming at his profound conception of character. Their own characters were formed on a different principle, and one for their coarser purposes more effective. To a great extent they are but abstractions, vividly described as are the circumstances among which they are placed. In *The Broken Heart*, Bassanes is not a jealous man so much as jealousy itself embodied, while Shirley's Traitor is not an example of fearless perfidy, but its impersonation. In the comedies the characters are often not even representations of qualities; they are but the embodiment of some personal whim or transient folly of society. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Epicene*, the chief character, Morose, might be defined as "a nervous gentleman's dislike to noise in the street." How different is this from Shakspeare! Before his mighty mind there ever stood the great idea of humanity; and each of his characters is worked out of that one manifold type. In shaping it, as much is withdrawn from the universal as is necessary to mould the particular, but the universal remains. This is the cause of the infinite light and shadow of Shakspeare's characters; in them the passions are influences working in conjunction with all else that belongs to the moral being, not tempests blowing on them from with-

* The reader who refers to Coleridge's *Lectures on the English Drama*, and to those by Schlegel, will find the most philosophic comparative estimate of Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

out. Characters thus delineated are so softened and rounded off by imperceptible gradations, that they can only be effective in the hand of a genius who combines with the force of nature her variety, grace, and subtlety. Those only can appreciate the strength shown by Shakspeare, who appreciate also the profundity, the completeness, the many-sidedness, and the refinement, which he never condescended to sacrifice in order to gain the appearance of strength.

The most important point of diversity remains to be noticed—the moral sense. The true greatness of Shakspeare is by nothing so proved as by his superiority to his contemporaries in this respect. Shakspeare does not bring out his moral in didactic vein; but the great moral that always belongs to nature herself belongs to him who best knew how to exhibit her. In him there are no moral confusions, no substitution of rhetorical sentiment for just feeling, no palliation of vice, no simulations of virtue. The dramatic form of composition by necessity gives a great prominence to the passions, and must also keep in the background that region of the supernatural and the infinite in the immediate presence of which the passions are cowed. But from that remote and awful background no doubtful flashes are sent to bear witness that this life, with all its tumults, is circled by a vaster one. There are occasionally moral blemishes in Shakspeare's plots, and there is not seldom a license of language to be seriously regretted; but this last is far less than in the other writers of his time, nor do we know how much of it is owing to the interpolations of those players whom he commands to deliver "no more than is set down for them."

It is far otherwise with almost all Shakspeare's contemporaries. When, some half century ago, our earlier dramatic writers emerged once more from obscurity, the public thought that all their offences ought to be condoned to make up for the neglect under which they had long lain. But the interests of literature itself require that in such cases justice should be done. The sins of our dramatists in the reign of Elizabeth and James the First were not exceptional, nor were they but superficial blemishes. The plays of Charles the Second's time were so far worse, that they possessed no compensating merits; but their positive offences could hardly prove more fatal both to the interests of poetry and of society. In multitudes of our early plays the whole plot turns upon vice in its grossest forms, or a second and foul plot is joined, to a sound one, like a dead body bound to a living one. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is rich in poetry from

which Milton borrowed in his *Comus*; yet it is disgraced by whole scenes of ribaldry; and in the *Maid's Tragedy* the grief of the forsaken Aspatia is similarly dishonoured. Massinger offends less than most of the other dramatists, yet in his *Fatal Dowry* vice almost rejects the plea of temptation; and even his *Virgin Martyr* is deformed by the excrescence of scenes which were reverently omitted in a recent and separate edition of that play.

Such offences have commonly, when not condoned by the false charity of indifference, been regarded only from the moral point of view. The boundless injury inflicted by them on literature has hardly been adverted to. The Greeks were so well aware of the relations between virtue and the liberal arts, that even when the morals of Paganism were at the lowest, a high moral standard was maintained in serious literature. The indirect losses sustained by our early dramatists, in consequence of their defects in this matter, were even worse than the direct ones. They found in coarseness and license so easy a means of amusing the audience, that they were rarely forced to elicit their own deeper powers. Strength to excite, and ribaldry to amuse, sufficed, and they too often spared themselves the trouble of addressing the finer affections, the reason, or the moral sense of their audience. Their works consequently, in spite of some splendid exceptions, lacked those passages of quiet beauty, of pathos, of philosophy, of imaginative grace, and of moral power, which are our principal inducements to return to a book when the interest of story is exhausted. The same fault blunted the best faculties of the early dramatists, and allowed many others to lie fallow. The moral sense thus obscured, man was known to them in his animal relations chiefly. To them the passions were but appetites intellectualized and directed to exclusive objects. They knew little of the connexion of the passions with the affections and the moral sense; in other words, all in them that is ennobling, and all that subjects itself to law they ignored. Hence those causeless changes from evil to good, or from passion to passion, which evince so superficial a knowledge of human nature. Hence that lack of gradation, and those movements, fierce and lawless as the movements of beasts. They knew man socially, but did not also know him in his personality, and therefore their knowledge was empirical. The inner scope of man's faculties had escaped them. In man, for example, the faculty of Observation does not act separately, but in subordination to that interior wisdom which alone teaches him how to observe;—they, on the other hand,

frequently delineate it as though the observing eye were that of a dog, not that of a man. The faculty of Reflection, similarly, as they delineate it, works apart from that *mens melior* which alone sustains it with the true food of reason, and inspires its nobler aims. In the absence of spiritual insight, society as delineated by them was often a thing gregarious rather than human. Imagination emptied her urns to bathe and irradiate the wastes of the senses: the understanding directed those actions the root of which was in the appetites; but the inmost spirit of the spectator starved amid abundance, for the same hand which pampered the body had "sent leanness into the soul." That these early dramatists were men of great intellects and great energies cannot be denied. They possessed all gifts, had they but known how to use them aright; and their genius could have failed in no attempt, had it cared to subject itself to the true and the good. But the imagination which works for the senses loses its spiritual heritage, and sells its birthright for a mess of pottage.

Their offences were those of their age, for they did not rise superior to it. Our age has offences of a different kind, and our literature reflects them. Their offences would not be tolerated in our day; but while acknowledging the moral improvement evinced by modern literature, we have yet almost always to lament an inferiority, on the part of our recent poets, as regards intellectual keenness and energy. That inferiority of itself has disqualified them for the higher drama. Ben Jonson said of a young competitor, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." Among our modern dramatic aspirants some have written like women, and some like philosophers, but few like men. Mr. Taylor is an exception. His genius is characterized by robust strength, and the drama is plainly its native region. We know of nothing in our earlier dramatists more manly and vigorous than many passages in his writings, such as, to refer to the plays not included in our criticism, the last scene in *Edwin the Fair*, or that in which the dying Van den Bosch addresses the downcast Burgheers after his defeat. His characters are real characters. In ideality they seem to us sometimes deficient, but never in reality; and they are not merely superficially described,—a thing too common among the attempts of modern dramatists,—but evoked and exhibited with the hand of power. It is this reality which makes one character wholly different from another, even when they have most in common. How unlike, for instance, is the statesmanlike wisdom of Clarenbald from that of Wulfstan, which is metaphysical, or

that of Father John, which is moral! How different is the grave and resolute courage of Artevelde from that of Van den Bosch, which is animal, or that of Gilbert Matthew, which is sullen pride, or that of Orleans, which is chivalrous, or that of the Hermit, which is spiritual zeal!

To return to some of our earlier remarks: the specialty of Mr. Taylor's genius appears to us to consist in its uniting the masculine strength of our early drama with the richer variety, the thoughtfulness, and the purer sentiment of our later poetry. Others among our modern poets have carried farther, some one, some another merit of that poetry. His characteristic consists in his being a connecting link between the two periods. It would be curious to compare the different modes in which the poets of different periods have gone through their poetic education. In our own time it has been the fashion to say that Nature is the only true instructress, and that the mountains and forests are the colleges in which her sons must graduate. Our earlier dramatists generally began with the universities, and then precipitated themselves upon the society of the metropolis as exhibited at the theatres, where they often combined a great deal of undigested learning with not a little of debauchery. In such a career there was more to develop the intelligence than to discipline that part of our being in which the intellect and the moral sense blend; that part of it from which the most permanent poetry proceeds. We can imagine that, at least for some departments of poetry, the training of professional, public, or official life, may be as auspicious as either of the other modes. It occupies the mind with persons at once and with things, and thus disciplines at the same time the faculties of observation and reflection. For dramatic poetry, which at heart is ever a serious thing, we suspect it to be, in its place, the best school; and it has the advantage also of being a safe, in proportion as it is an arduous one. Imagination cannot be created even by mountains and forests; and where it exists, its products will be great and healthy in proportion to the vigour of the whole moral being to which it is wedded; for high poetry is the offspring, not of the imagination only, but of the whole moral being.

The relation in which Mr. Taylor stands to our other modern poets must be very imperfectly understood without an acquaintance with his minor poems, in which his resemblance to them is chiefly to be found. With the exception of the exquisite lyrics scattered through their plays, the minor poems of our early dramatists are less known than they

deserve to be. As might have been expected, they are for the most part narrative. In Mr. Taylor's, the meditative vein predominates. He has given us fewer than we could wish for; but these have a character of selectness, as if they had been drawn from a larger store. The longest is called the *Eve of the Conquest*. The night before the battle of Hastings, Harold sends to a neighbouring convent for his daughter Edith; and, while the army slumbers around them, relates to her the chief incidents in his life, commanding her to record them, and thus vindicate his fame:—

“The Many, for whose dear behoof I lose
The suffrage of the Few, are slow to praise
A fallen friend, or vindicate defeat.
To-day the Idol am I of their loves;
But should I be to-morrow a dead man,
My memory, were it spotless as the robes
That wrapp'd the Angels in the Sepulchre,
Should see corruption.”

The theme is one of warlike labours and of political wiles; but with these a brighter thread is interwoven. The following is the description of the Duke of Normandy's daughter, whose affections had fastened themselves upon Harold while he was sojourning, half as guest, and half as captive, at her father's court:—

“Of these the first
In station and most eminently fair,
Was Adeliza, daughter of the Duke.
A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a liled bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half
spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fix'd and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show.”—Vol. iii. p. 212.

Not less graphic is a very different portrait, that of William:—

“His eye was cold and cruel, yet at times
It flash'd with merriment; his bearing bold,
And, save when he had purposes in hand,
Reckless of those around him; inasmuch
He scarce would seem to know that they
were there.
Yet was he not devoid of courtly arts,
And when he wished to win, or if it chanced
Some humour of amenity came o'er him,

He could be bland, attractive, frankly gay,
Insidiously soft; but aye beneath
Was fire which, whether by cold ashes
screen'd,
Or lambent flames that lick'd whom at a word
They might devour, was unextinguish'd
still.”—Vol. iii. p. 214.

The record of Harold's early life concluded, the terrible battle and fatal overthrow are described. The poem ends thus:—

“In Waltham Abbey on St Agnes' Eve
A stately corpse lay stretch'd upon a bier.
The arms were cross'd upon the breast; the
face,
Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light
Show'd dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom Death, and not the Norman
Duke,
Had conquer'd; him the noblest and the last
Of Saxon Kings; save one the noblest he;
The last of all. Hard by the bier were seen
Two women, weeping side by side, whose
arms
Clasped each the other. Edith was the one.
With Edith Adeliza wept and pray'd.”—Vol.
iii. p. 220.

Eloquence in poetry is a quality as rare as that counterfeit of manly eloquence, rhetoric, once was common among us. If we associate the latter with Pope and his imitators, including much of what Lord Byron wrote in the heroic couplet, to the former must be conceded a place among the merits of Dryden. Among our more recent poets a splendid specimen of poetic eloquence will be found in Southey's “Ode written during the Negotiations for Peace with Buonaparte in 1814.” This quality is among the characteristics of Mr. Taylor's poetry. As an illustration of it, the ode entitled *Heroism in the Shade* may be cited. We can but make room for the last stanza:—

“What makes a hero?—Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
Of glutton avarice,—caps toss'd up in the
air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
Bells peal'd, stars, ribands, and a titular name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can
spare;
His rightful tribute not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero?—An heroic mind
Express'd in action, in endurance proved:
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffer'd, to the
height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse,—ingratitude and poisonous
darts
Launch'd by the country he had served
and loved:

This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
 This in the strength of silence to endure,
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of
 renown:
 This is the hero's complement and
 crown;
 This miss'd, one struggle had been wanting
 still,
 One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
 One self-approval in his heart of hearts."
 —Vol. iii. p. 254.

The predominant characteristic, however, of Mr. Taylor's minor poems, is a certain meditative pathos. They have something in them of Wordsworth; but the thoughts are less discursive and less philosophical; something also of Southey, but the texture is finer and firmer. In the conciseness of their diction lies chiefly the difference between them and such of our modern poetry as they most resemble. In some pieces, as in *Lago Varese*, descriptive poetry is blended with personal interest; the lovely scene there described seems to be impersonated in the youthful "native of the clime," who forms the centre of the picture, and mitigates its pensiveness, though she cannot remove it. The *Lago Lugano*, written in a stanza wholly original, is likewise a descriptive poem; but it gradually rises into a strain of statesman-like thought, in which the "moral liberty" of light and humble hearts is contrasted with the "civil liberty" of charters and statutes, and a strong preference expressed for the former:—

"From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
 From pride of knowledge no less vain and
 weak,
 From overstrain'd activities that seek
 Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
 From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
 In contumely above the wise and meek,
 Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
 From pride of drudging souls to Mammon
 sworn,
 Where shall we flee and when?"

Where pride is, the poet affirms that freedom cannot be, except in name:—

"For Independence walks
 With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
 Whilst Pride in tremor stalks."

Two Ways of Life is a dramatic scene, in which the descriptive and the meditative vein are blended with the personal; and the comparative merits of the life domestic and the life monastic are discussed—with as much impartiality as can be expected from two lovers.

Ernesto is a love poem replete with power and pathos. It has no events, but the two characters it describes are finely discriminated:—

"Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
 Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
 Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
 Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
 That was a season when the untravell'd spirit,
 Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with
 soil
 Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
 Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
 In its resources and its powers, defied,—
 Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
 And in disturbance taking deep delight.
 By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
 With a gay courage, and through broken
 lights,
 Tempestuously exalted, for awhile
 His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
 Of shatter'd forests sang superior songs
 With kindling, and what might have seem'd to
 some,
 Auspicious energy;—by land and sea
 He was way-founded—trampled in the dust
 His many-colour'd hopes—his lading rich
 Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
 In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
 Suddenly rendered."

How does the lady of his love look on the wreck?—

"Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—
 That which she could not choose but see she
 saw—
 And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
 A shadow fell—a transitory shade—
 And when the phantom of a hand she clasp'd
 At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
 She sigh'd—but hoped the best."—Vol. iii.
 p. 259.

The ode with which the volume ends is very fine: but there is another piece which we regard as, on the whole, the most characteristic of Mr. Taylor's minor poems. Few poems are at once so true to nature, and to that art which nature owns. The metre is a rare one—that of *Lycidas*; and the long interwoven periods, with their rhymes recurring at wide intervals, like the chime of funeral-bells far off, are in harmony with the elegiac strain:—

In Remembrance of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers.

I.

"A grace though melancholy, manly too,
 Moulded his being: pensive, grave, serene,
 O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
 Unceasing pain, by patience temper'd, threw
 A shade of sweet austeriety. But seen
 In happier hours and by the friendly few,
 That certain of the spirit was withdrawn,
 And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
 And reason imp'd with inquisition keen,
 Knowledge long sought with ardour ever new,
 And wit love-kindled, show'd in colours true
 What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
 Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist

Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn,
 Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green,
 And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts be-
 tween,
 And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
 Saw what would not be willingly pass'd by.
 In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
 Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
 A simple grace and gentle dignity,
 That fail'd not at the first accost to please;
 And as reserve relented by degrees,
 So winning was his aspect and address,
 His smile so rich in sad felicities,
 Accordant to a voice which charm'd no less,
 That who but saw him once remember'd long,
 And some in whom such images are strong
 Have hoarded the impression in their heart
 Fancy's fond dreams and Memory's joys among,
 Like some loved relic of romantic song,
 Or cherish'd masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
 From the loud world,—which yet he understood
 Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
 For he by privilege of his nature proof
 Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
 Of privacy, as from a cave, survey'd
 With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
 And gently judged for evil and for good.
 But whilst he mix'd not for his own behoof
 In public strife, his spirit glow'd with zeal,
 Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—
 For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
 For freedom as its signature and seal.
 His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
 From vain ambition and inordinate care,
 In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
 Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
 Became a temple and a place of prayer.
 In latter years he walk'd not singly there;
 For one was with him, ready at all hours
 His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
 Who buoyantly his burthens help'd to bear,
 And deck'd his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
 Is holier than the Muse herself may tread;
 Nor would I it should echo to a sound
 Less solemn than the service for the dead.
 Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—
 The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
 Of reason's converse by affection fed,
 Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
 Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
 Friend of my youth! though younger yet my
 guide,
 How much by thy unerring insight clear
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,
 What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed died!
 Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side
 Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied
 All waste and injury of time and tide,
 How like a disenchantment was thy death!"

ART. V.—PINDAR AND HIS AGE.

ALMOST the only fact of Pindar's personal history which is known on indisputable evidence, is that he was born during the Pythian Festival, for he tells us this himself; further, all the grammarians are agreed that this happened at Cynosephalæ, a village of Bœotia, where the holy water of Dirce ran sparkling half round Thebes. Beyond this all is uncertain. The traditional stupidity of a succession of writers, who copied, amplified, abridged, distorted the obscure jottings of their predecessors, has provided posterity with a choice of three fathers for the Theban poet, Pagondas, Scopelinnus, Daiphantus, and a couple of mothers, Myrto and Cleidice. Then we do not know whether his brother was called Erotion or Eritimis, and as the last seems the less probable of the two, one cannot depend on the statement of the versifier who mentions him, that he was a distinguished huntsman, wrestler, and pugilist. Again, the date of Pindar's birth and the duration of his life are uncertain. The ancients are divided between 522 and 508 B.C. for the former, and eighty years and sixty-six for the latter; the moderns are naturally in favour of the more picturesque age, and this hypothesis is supported by the facts that it agrees best with the dates which it seems most convenient to assign to the various poems; and that *Isth. vi. 40*, where the poet looks forward to a calm old age, would be rather more appropriate to a man of sixty-eight than a man of fifty-four. The notices of Pindar's youth take us into a region of more interesting conjectures, if not of perfect certainty. We should really like to know how much instruction he received from Myrtis and Corinna, the poetesses of Bœotia, before he learnt to defeat them; and whether Myrtis took her defeat as philosophically as her rival, who pronounced that they were both to blame for contending with Pindar, as, after all, they were only women. It would be satisfactory to ascertain whether his vocation was in part determined by the fact that his family belonged to an hereditary guild of pipers; but we have no means of testing the statement of Thomas Magister, who informs us, with an air of superior knowledge, that Pindar's schoolmaster had been mistaken for his father. If the poet really took the place of Agathocles or Apollodorus at Athens, in training the cyclic chorus at the early age of sixteen, that would be an interesting proof that his practical skill in music was greater than is implied in an ancient story, to the effect that a rude fellow once asked him why he made songs when he could not sing, whereupon he answered that shipbuilders

made rudders though they could not steer.

There is another problem, the solution of which would throw great light, not only upon Pindar's personal history, but on the whole course of Greek civilisation. It is certain that in Pindar's poetry we find traces of Orphic and Pythagorean ideas; did he learn these ideas by an Orphic or Pythagorean initiation, or by some less formal process? When he speaks of a mystical cycle of three lives to be traversed before the final deliverance, of the under world, whose sun rises at the setting of the sun of earth, of the vigil of the soul during the body's sleep, is he treading upon forbidden ground, hinting at what he had learnt under a pledge of secrecy, or is he only expressing the thoughts which had once been the common property of all who had an affinity for them, until certain hierophants had attempted to confine them to a privileged circle of communicants? We know that in the latter part of the last century secret societies were actually founded or reorganized to inculcate the notions about the perfectibility and sovereignty of mankind which were circulating in all the literature of the period. In the same way, the craving for purification, and the current preconceptions about the terms on which it was possible, preceded the organization of new mysteries to minister to new needs, the remodelling of ancient ceremonies to make them harmonize with younger life. An instance of this process may be found in the prosecution of Æschylus for divulging the mysteries, because one or two of his plays touched upon legends which were beginning to be reserved for initiated hearers. His defence was satisfactory and simple; he knew nothing, he said, of the special sanctity of those particular legends, as he had never been initiated; but the self-respect of Athenian jurors required that the defendant's brother should come into court to merit their personal compassion by exhibiting the stump of the hand hewn off as he grasped the ships in which the Persians were to fly from Marathon.

At the age of twenty, Pindar was employed by the Alenadae of Thessaly, who claimed their descent from Perseus and Heracles, and were suspected of appealing to the memory of the former hero to gild their submission to the Persian king, to celebrate, in company with other poets, one of the victories gained in the same day by Hippocrates, a young clansman who seems to have been a special favourite with the heads of the house.

Gradually his popularity extended itself throughout Greece, and even beyond its

limits. He was employed to compose a Pæan even at Ceos, the country of his elder rival, Simonides; we have fragments of *Scolia* or catches composed for Alexander of Macedonia; and probably he had done similar work for Hiero before 477 B.C., when he composed *Pyth. II.*, the first of four triumphal Odes for the Syracusan Court to inform that potentate of his success at the Theban Iolaia, and to warn him against the artifices of Simonides and Bacchylides, who were endeavouring to undermine their absent rival in a position which must have been already lucrative. To make good his position he visited Sicily in 475 B.C., not without reluctance, if we may believe that he was recommended to make the same use of his opportunities as Simonides, and replied that he liked to be his own master, which he could not be in a despot's house.

He had formerly called his Cean rivals a couple of jackdaws, towards whom everything was fair when they chattered against the divine bird of Zeus; but personal acquaintance seems to have softened his animosity, for in *Ol. I.*, composed when he was sharing Hiero's hospitality with them, he is content to class himself with the men who sport round Hiero's friendly board, in songs which threw a new lustre upon the life of their host; and in his subsequent compositions there is nothing which can be proved to reflect upon them. Be this as it may, he had returned to continental Greece before 468 B.C., when he composed an ode to celebrate the victory of the prophet and warrior Agesias, whose mule-chariot had sustained the reputation of Sicily, which was supposed to excel in mules, while the horse-chariots of Cyrene stood highest. The same year Hiero gained his only Olympic chariot victory, but Pindar was not permitted by the fates, or not invited by his patron, to celebrate this crowning success, for which he had prayed four years before.

Meanwhile other distinctions had not been wanting. Soon after the victories of Salamis and Plataea he had ventured to contrast the glory of Athens and the misery of Thebes. His countrymen fined him for the supposed disloyalty; but the Athenians paid, or more than paid, the fine, and made him their honorary proxenus, an example which was followed by other States. Some of the ancients, not satisfied with this, pleased themselves with supposing that the statue of him at Athens was erected in his lifetime, and that the Lacedæmonians were compelled, by a metrical inscription, to respect his house during an imaginary sack of Thebes.

His loyalty to his country does not seem to have been affected by her severity: the only

mournful passages of his poetry are inspired by her calamities. He seems to have regretted the downfall of the Spartan party which had condemned him; he rejoiced in the hope, never destined to be realized, that his reputation might practically refute the proverb already current about Bœotian swine. Pindar married Timoxena, and had a son and two daughters: the former was called Daiphantus, probably after the real name of Pindar's father, in accordance with a well-known Grecian custom; the latter were named Enmetis and Protomache. He died in the theatre at Argos, in the arms of Theoxenus, a beautiful boy of Tenedos. There is an epigram to the effect that his wise daughters must have been very unhappy when they brought their father's ashes home. Of course, the poet may have been malicious, and meant to insinuate that the daughters had sense to feel themselves neglected in their father's repeated absences, especially as they seem to have been left unprotected with husbands; which would agree with another story, that he refused one of them to a thriving neighbour, because he thought him scarcely a likely man to thrive long.

The forty-four complete poems which have come down to us were composed for the most part between 480 and 456 B.C., though one is as early as 502 B.C., and two are as early as 452. He wrote his first Olympic ode when he was thirty-eight, his last when he was seventy; and though he continued to live and write for ten years, he produced no more triumphal odes; perhaps he was out of fashion, perhaps he preferred writing hymns. The triumphal odes were written principally for the four great festivals to which every Greek State was expected to send a Theoria; but Pyth. II. was written for the Theban Iolaia, Nem. IX. for the Sicyonian Pythia, Nem. X. for the Argive Hecatombeæ, while Nem. XI. is for the sacrifice offered by Aristagoras on coming into office as Prytanis. It is curious to think that but for these three odes, ignorantly inserted out of their proper place, we might never have realized that strangers were proud to be admitted to local contests which never attained or approached the dignity of national festivals. Sometimes, as in Pyth. XI., Pindar was paid according to a direct bargain; oftener he wrote on an understanding that the friends who were united with him in the ties of hospitality were to be liberal of presents while he was liberal of praise; sometimes writing was a labour of love, to be postponed, with a blush and a smile, to engagements which paid better, as he had fallen on degenerate days, when the Muses had let

themselves out to hire, and every song had lucre in its looks.

The poems of Pindar were divided into seventeen books, probably by Aristarchus, as follows—(1.) Hymns sung by a chorus standing round the altar; (2.) Pæans, originally appropriated to Apollo and Artemis as the averters of evil, though one of Pindar's Pæans was addressed to Dodonean Jove; (3. 4.) Dithyrambs and other Bacchic songs, for a Cyclic chorus; (5.) Prosodia or Processional Songs, belonging to the same class as the Pæans; (6.) Enthronismoi, which Boeckh views as a species of Prosodia, songs for the procession which carried the holy image to set it up on its throne, appealing to Ol. VI. 91. According to Dissen, they were connected with the orgies of the great mother, when the mystic chorus set the neophyte upon a throne, and danced around him. In this case they would be related to the Parthenia; (7.) Songs for Maidens, in honour of Cybele and her constant attendant Pan, concerning which Pindar tells us, in an interesting fragment, that the maidens often sang their praises beside his door; the scholiast is not content without an express explanation that Pindar's daughters were probably of the number. The Daphnephorica (8.) were also sung by maidens when the sacred laurel bough was dedicated at Delphi to Apollo. Then there were the Hyporchemata (9. 10.), choral songs accompanied with mimic action, one collection of which, from their sombre character, were regarded as tragic dramas by some ancient critics. There were the convivial songs (11, 12.), the Encomia, sung in praise of distinguished men by a *χοῖρος*, which often followed an Epinician ode; the Scolia or catches, which differed from the Encomia in not being choral, though the Scolia of Pindar are antistrophic. These were also often composed at the same time as the Epinicia; e.g., the first fragment of the Scolia is for the same occasion as Ol. XIII.; the third for the same occasion as Isthm. II. There were the "magnificent Dirges" (13.) contrasted by Dionysius with the "pathetic" Laments of Simonides. Lastly, there were the four books of Epinicia, which divide themselves naturally into four classes according as they were sung on the scene of victory, like Ol. IV., or in the return of the triumphal procession, like Ol. V., or when the victor celebrated his Epinicia at the return of the festival, like Ol. XI., Pyth. III., or Isth. II., where the poet exhorts Thrasybulus to keep up the memory of his father's fame, although it cannot but be associated with recollections of the fallen despotism; or lastly, for some less definite occasion, like Pyth. II. and Ol. VI., composed

for a festival of the *Tamidæ* at *Stymphalus*, where *Agesias* appeared after his success at *Olympia* before returning to *Syracuse*, as the poet said, "from home to home." It is natural to think that this class of poems must have approximated rather closely to the *Encomia*. We have only fragments, more or less characteristic, of the first twelve books (with the possible exception of the *Enthronismoi*, the second series of *Bacchic* poems, and the so-called tragic dramas), besides a collection of 187 quotations or allusions, varying in length from four or five lines down to single words, and belonging to classes which cannot be ascertained.

The *Epinicia* or *Periodos* are complete, with the exception of some *Isthmian* odes, which only survive in fragmentary quotations. Perhaps they owe their preservation to their popularity as a part of a series of school classics among the literati of the lower empire; for in the family of MSS. on which the *Aldine* edition of 1513 was based, we find the *Epinicia* preceded by the *Ajax*, *Electra* and *Œdipus* of *Sophocles*, and followed by the *Alexandra* of *Lycophron*, the obscure, and other works of the *Alexandrine* school, and part of the *Homeric* poems. The necessity of a selection was imposed by the scanty leisure or industry of those for whom it was made; but the selection, once made, could not but enhance the pre-eminence on which it originally rested. The fragments of his *Cean* rivals contain as exquisite poetry as anything in *Pindar*, and we have no means of measuring the extent of his superiority; but the superiority itself was real. Their ideas were not too numerous to be carefully elaborated, while his very fragments bear traces of a press of thought to which they seem to have been strangers; he sang because his mind was full; they filled their minds that they might sing.

When it was once determined to treat *Pindar* as the sole representative of the *Grecian* lyre, there was much to be said for the selection of the *Epinicia* from the rest of his poetry, for they were his only works not directly connected with either the worship or the revelry of *Paganism*, and we may believe that, in addition to this, they formed the most varied and interesting class of his writings.

But if the selection was judicious, it is impossible to praise the arrangement. It would be convenient to the cursory reader, but it has ceased to be possible to read *Pindar* cursorily. If willing and able to read simply for amusement, and for such floating impressions of *Grecian* life as we can pick up by the way, it is very convenient to have the odes for each festival in separate books, arranged in each book according to the dignity of the contest

commemorated,—first, the odes for the chariot race (with the excusable deviation introduced by *Aristophanes*);* then those for victories with single horses or mule-carriages; lastly, those which commemorate successes in wrestling, racing, and boxing, in the *Pentathlum* and the *Paneratium*, implying ἀρετή, but not so plainly implying δόξα.

But if we wish to study *Grecian* history in *Pindar*, it is intolerable to have the *Æginetan* odes, stretching over twenty years, with their remarkable unity of tone and feeling, dispersed in different collections; we should like to read them in their chronological order from *Isthm. vii.* to *Ol. viii.* and *Nem. viii.*; we should like to read the odes for *Hiero* as follows: *Pyth. ii.*, *Pyth. i.*, *iii.*, *Ol. i.*

If, again, we read with a purely literary interest, if it be our only object to trace the development of *Pindar's* genius from its naïve exuberance in youth to its sterile majesty in age, we should desire a stricter chronological arrangement of his poems, beginning with *Pyth. x.* and ending with *Ol. iv.*, *v.* Then we should be able to see how long *Pindar* continued to deal in such artifices as the *Pillars of Heracles*, the foundation laid for song, the peerless worth of gold and water; how far practice enabled him to adapt himself to the comprehension of "the general," for whom his strains lacked an interpreter, although they had a voice for the wise.

It is certainly a proof of the marvellous force and energy of the *Pindaric* poetry, that it has kept its ground in spite of its own obscurity, in spite, too, of the merciless handling of *Byzantine* critics, who scolded their author for the irrelevance of his mythical illustrations, when they failed to trace the connexion, and wasted a great deal of ingenuity in defacing his metres in the effort to piece out combinations which they could scan, while utterly defacing if not disregarding the antistrophic system as really observed by him.

After a course of *Demetrius Triclinius* we wish for the genial ignorance of *Horace*:—

"Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,—
Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis." †

It is startling indeed to hear of the lawlessness of the most elaborate of poets, and a modern reader would be more struck by the

* He placed *Ol. i.*, which commemorates a victory with one horse, before *Ol. ii.*, which commemorates a victory with four, because it contains an account of the institution of the games.

† *Carm. iv. ii.*

volume of the stream than its depth. Pindar's words may come from the heart, but you do not see them coming; they are all ready upon his tongue, ready to be poured out. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so much fire and so little feeling, so much wisdom and so little thought. Still there is a real difference between the copiousness of Pindar and the volubility of Ovid; a Pindaric ode is much harder to scan than an Horatian.

At Rome, Pindar was admired, but he was not imitated. English poets have been less modest and less merciful: without copying the timid example of Horace, they accepted his precepts with improvements of their own. Horace had determined that Pindar's numbers baffled human fingers. Cowley determined to write in numbers which should baffle human ears. A Pindaric ode of the seventeenth century was a composition in which there were very long lines and very short lines, the reader never knowing when or why either was coming, and where the lines taken separately differed from prose rather by intricacy of sense than harmony of sound. It is to be remembered, however, that Cowley and Crashaw were misled to some extent by the vicious scansion * scarcely caricatured by Boeckh, which was introduced by the later Greek metrists, who thought it much more probable that every other line should end in the middle of a word, than that different movements should be combined in the same line.

Gray's Pindaric Odes are poetry, which is more than can be said for Cowley's, or even Jeremy Taylor's verse; but his uniform Iambic or Trochaic movements differ as much from the rapid, shifting, manifold music of Pindar, as the affected abruptnesses and deliberate sublimities of the eighteenth century philosopher differ from the audacious *abandon* and occasional enthusiasm of the old Greek, who lived when it was still optional to believe in philosophy.

Of professed translators, it would be cruel to dwell upon the efforts of last century, which succeeded, in the words of Johnson, in reproducing Pindar's smoke without his fire; and we have not space for a detailed examination of the versions of Cary, who is accurate and spirited, but always rough and sometimes lame,—and of Thiersch, whose

labours merited the praise of Boeckh, while isolated extracts would obviously give an imperfect, not to say an unjust idea of continuous works. But our limits will allow a short discussion of the graceful fragment of Bishop Heber, who translated Ol. I.—VI., which will repay criticism, for it is very characteristic of its amiable author and of English scholarship and culture. There we learn that the odes of Pindar were not chanted by a hired chorus, according to the absurd fancy of the later Greeks, whose surprising ignorance of their own antiquities is established by many other instances, but recited by the poet himself, seated in the iron chair long preserved at Delphi, and accompanied by one or more musicians, whom he sometimes apostrophised in the course of his improvisation, as is proved by the case of *Æneas*, Ol. VI. We learn less than nothing of the relations of Pelops and Poseidon, for clerical delicacy did not require Heber to omit the episode, but only to mistranslate it.

Of his general style of translation, it would not be too much to say that it often recalls Tate and Brady, with one important difference; they dilute with dishwater, and he dilutes with rosewater. For instance, Heber is aware that *φιλοξένους*, as the beginning of Ol. III., is more than "hospitable;" and he is afraid that "the guest-loving Tyn-daridæ" is neither English nor poetry, so he turns it into

"Those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending."

Then, at the end of the same strophe, Pindar boasts that a tune which he has discovered is shining-new, in one word. By the help of a reading too bad for Boeckh even to reject, if not a positive false quantity, this becomes

"Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony,"

in eight words!

But a longer extract, free from such casual blemishes, will give a better idea of Heber's strength and weakness as a translator of Pindar:—

"Such honour earn'd by toil and care
May best his ancient wrongs repair,
And wealth sustained by pride
May laugh at fortune's fickle power,
And blameless in the tempting hour
Of syren ease abide—
Led by that star of heavenly ray,
Which best may light our mortal way
O'er life's unsteady tide." *

This extract explains itself; it reads just like the moral reflections in *The Lay of the*

Στάμεν εὐίπ-
που βασιλῆϊ Κυράνας
ἄφρα καυμά-
ζοντι σὺν Ἀρκεσίλῳ
Μοῖσα Λαοί-
δαισιν ἀφελόμενον Πυ-
θωῖ τ' αὖξῃ σὺρον ὕμνων.

ΡΥΤΗ. IV. 2, seq.

* OL. II. 51, seq.

Last Minstrel or *Marmion*; and it is striking that Heber's translation should remind us more of his contemporary than his original. On the whole, he was not unfortunate in the model, whom we know he deliberately adopted. Scott and Pindar coincided as nearly as was possible for a Christian and a Pagan in their view of life and their ideal of excellence; but Scott wrote to be read in English drawing-rooms, and Pindar wrote to be sung and danced in Grecian festivals. Scott lived in a sensible work-a-day world that had definitively ignored the old legendary principles of action; the past was nothing to him but a memory, a regret, a shadow which perpetually eluded his grasp. It is little to say that for Pindar the present still rested firmly upon the past, the past encompassed and overshadowed the present. Almost any of the men with whom he lived might have turned his little world upside down any day in the wildest style of legendary heroism, if he thought it worth his while to try, and Pindar's poetry is full of warnings that it was not worth while. But Heber proceeds with a lofty translation of the loftiest passage in all Pindar's poetry—

“For whoso holds in righteousness the throne,
 He in his heart hath known
 How the foul spirits of the guilty dead
 In chambers dark and dread
 Of nether earth abide, and penal flame,
 Where he, who none may name,
 Lays bare the soul in stern necessity,
 Seated in judgment high,
 The minister of God, whose arm is there,
 In Heaven alike and Hell, almighty every-
 where!
 But who the thrice-renewed probation
 Of either world may well endure,
 To keep with righteous destination
 The soul from all transgression pure;
 To such and such alone is given
 To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
 To that tall city of Almighty time,
 Where ocean's balmy breezes play,
 And, flashing to the western day,
 The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
 Now in the happy isles are seen
 Sparkling through the groves of green;
 And now all glorious to behold,
 Tinge the wave with floating gold.”

Here again Heber tells us that it is unlawful to name the *εἷς*, whom Pindar simply abstains from naming, and is careful to explain that he is the minister of God, while Pindar rather represents him as supplying the defects in the administration of Zeus. Pindar's highest idea of the glories of Elysium is that all the plants have golden flowers; Heber does not forget to relieve the gorgeous blossoms upon groves of green, and only ventures to hint that they tinge the wave with floating gold.

There is quite enough truth for an epigram in the saying of Coleridge, that Pindar and Herodotus represent respectively the sacerdotal and the popular view of Paganism, while Æschylus is the poet of the philosophic mystics. Æschylus is a transcendentalist. It is true that Pindar lived in his religion, and Herodotus wished if possible to live safe outside it, and so far their respective tendencies may be called clerical and secular; but sacerdotalism, in our sense, did not exist, for though Paganism had its sacraments, they were not generally necessary to salvation, and the teachers of antiquity hardly held themselves answerable for the souls of their hearers. Æschylus has no claim to a peculiar illumination, he is mysterious but not mystical; Pindar, though obscure, is not mysterious, but the fragment upon the Eleusinian mysteries in the Dirges, and the great passage in *Ol. II.*, upon the other life and the judgment to come, border closely on the mystical.

Or we may say that the religion of Pindar, Æschylus, Herodotus, was in itself identical, that its outward providential aspects take a cheerful or a gloomy hue as seen by Pindar or Herodotus, while Æschylus inculcates its spiritual and personal aspects with a fanatical submission which is near akin to revolt. We may go on to explain their several positions, by calling Æschylus an Athenian reactionist, Pindar a Dorian conservative, and Herodotus an Asiatic Greek of the decadence, who was saddened by the memory of two conquests of his country, depressed even by the thought of the many great barbaric monarchies which had flourished and withered in their turn, who had done homage to too many religions to have hope and joy in his own; while Pindar had nursed his imagination upon the splendours of Sicily and the stiff dignity of Ægina, the prosperity of Corinth, and the patriotism of Athens, and had always lived among the untransplanted, untransplantable memories of Grecian legend.

But reaction and conservatism are inappropriate terms when we speak of a country not conscious of its own history. Herodotus is playful, if not hopeful; he is saddening, but he is not sad. The interpretation of Pindar, the member of the triad who has been most admired and least understood, does not turn upon modern war-cries like sacerdotalism or conservatism, but upon the question, answered in the affirmative by Dissen, How far was he “*artis suæ et conscius et compos*?” At the outset it may be said that the criterion to which Dissen appeals is absurdly severe. Pindar could not have written a line *after* he had stated in his own mind the more or less complicated sentence

which the ode was to illustrate; and if that ceremony had been an indispensable preliminary, instead of an insurmountable hindrance, Pindar would not have been a greater artist, but a less. Poe was not a great artist, and his *Raven* is scarcely a great poem; but it was written to scale, and its author lived to publish a statement of his plan, while Tennyson could hardly explain the construction of *In Memoriam* or *Mauds*.

In reality, Pindar is a more favourable instance than the Homeric poems of the dictum of F. A. Wolf, so elaborately controverted by his illustrious scholars, that it was long before the Greeks attained the conception of a poetic whole. For, with the exception of a small minority, posterity has been unanimous in its admiration of the artistic symmetry of the *Odyssey*, and even the *Iliad*, and in its indulgence to the supposed irregularities of genius in the *Epinicia* of Pindar. They are undoubtedly far more attractive than the works of Robert Browning; but, if we may trust the poet and his ablest editors, they have proved in general as unintelligible. In reality, Pindar is a consummate artist in a somewhat imperfect style of art. It would be true to say of poetry that it consists in representing one thing so as to recall many, but in early poetry the many tend to obscure the one. Hence the Homeric poetry luxuriates in similes and metaphors; hence the Scaldic poetry formed a complete language for itself, in which blood was always the dew of pain, gold always the fire of the sea, and, worse still, a woman always a wearer of the fire of the sea. Hence, too, Pindar's thoughts are overloaded with a profusion of illustrations which fail to illustrate, with mythical narratives which might seem irrelevant when the glow of sympathy which united the poet and his audience was suspended. It is possible for ingenious critics to prove now that everything in an ode of Pindar implies a series of coherent statements, and contributes to produce one harmonious impression; but the poet and his audience were alike unconscious of the former fact, and consequently the application of the legends he introduces is seldom brought out into clear relief, and the poet is frequently reduced to apologize for digressions which were, after all, less real than apparent, though it is probable that his naïve confessions pleased his audience better than an anticipation of Disen's prolegomena.

To these considerations we must add the fact that all the triumphal odes, except those written to commemorate victories long past, were rather hurriedly composed, for the poem had to be finished and the chorus trained in the limited time between the

victor's success and the return of the triumphal procession; while in their procession to the Altis, victors were almost always obliged to content themselves with the traditional lines of Archilochos thrice repeated:—

ὦ καλλίνικε χαῖρ' ἄναξ Ἡρακλῆος
αὐτός τε καὶ ἰολῶδες αἰχμητὰ δύο,
τηνελλα καλλίνικε.

In the almost solitary instance* when Pindar has provided a special ode for this occasion, he begins by an apostrophe to Zeus, whose providence had brought him to the ground, and proceeds to take credit for his own readiness to serve a friend at a moment's notice. Haste and imperfection are not unnatural incidents to the most primitive forms of art, and lyric poetry is certainly the earliest form of poetry amongst all nations, the only poetry of savage nations. It is the poetry of impression, and begins before the object-matter of those impressions has been recounted in elaborate epics. The Vedas are older than the Mahabharata, the Lament for Linus was older than the *Iliad*; and it continues when epics have dwindled into idylls or expanded into histories, and dramas have subsided into novels or been condensed into monologues or sublimated into philosophies. It may derive these impressions from outward nature, as in the poetry of Keats and Shelley; from personal feeling, like Alcæus singing—

"Dura navis,

Dura fugæ mala, dura belli;"

or from the events of a national struggle, like Tyrtæus or the song of Deborah; or from merely personal distinctions and successes. It may derive them, again, from national pride or philosophical aspiration, as in the changing poetry of Horace; or from broad aspects of what is deepest and most permanent in human life, as in the best of the Elizabethan lyrics or Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

Of course this classification is not intended to be either exclusive or exhaustive; of course, too, the personality of the poet must always be admitted to colour the song; but the importance of this last element is more commonly exaggerated than under-estimated. Dramatic poetry must be, and epic poetry may be, far more subjective than lyric poetry need be. Certainly the subjective element does not predominate in Pindar. He does not sing of himself, but of the world; even when he moralizes in his own person his reflections are always meant to be adopted by

* Ol. iv.

his patrons, and these digressions are far from numerous, and never long. He always hastens to return to the glory of the victor, whom he has to celebrate either in his person or his family, or in the historical or legendary glories of the country to which he belongs, or of the contest in which he had triumphed. Then the praise has always to be adapted to the special circumstances of the individual victor. Hiero has to be consoled for his sickness, perhaps for his bereavement. Thrasydæus is to be cheered after his sufferings under the late usurpation at Thebes. Telesierates is to be congratulated on his approaching marriage, or perhaps, we should say, recommended to marry. Psaumis is to be defended against the charge of extravagant affectation for keeping a stud in his old age. The adaptation descends to the minutest details; the poet gives a metrical direction for the music to strike up, as in Ol. 1.; the Muses and Graces are called to throw a blaze of glory on Alcimidas as the torches threw a glow over the evening feast; funeral services were always held at sunset, and the poet does not forget in his Dirge that the sun of the dead is rising. Indeed Pindar's poetry would be almost monotonous without this genial versatility; the shafts of praise, the gale of song, the Muses' car, the Pillars of Heracles, sometimes impassable to the hero and sometimes to the bard, above all, the endless repetition of worth and wealth, wealth and fame, undoubtedly form a valuable repertory, but Pindar rings the changes upon them quite often enough; perhaps it is only charitable to remember that his poems were intended to be sung at different places and at different times, not to be collected and read through. These commonplaces formed his stock in trade, just as the constant epithets and ever-recurring formulas of the epic poets formed their stock in trade; and if Pindar's be more obtrusively displayed, this may have been because he had to excite admiration, and they had only to satisfy curiosity. It would not be absurd to compare his poetry to a Doric temple, whose grand, bold outlines, coarsely copied, seem simple even to poverty, while it is scarcely possible to deface the varied combinations, the ever fresh originality of the *bas-reliefs* with which it is adorned. No illustration can be perfect, and the defect of this is that it does not do Pindar justice. The Panathenaic frieze did not support the Parthenon, but the mythical narratives contribute much to the construction of the Epinicia.

On this subject little can be said here beyond a few selections taken almost at random from the masterly essay of Disсен, who has discussed all the most important odes under

four distinct heads, with reference—(a) to the general propositions which underlie Pindar's poetry; (b.) his employment of legends; (c.) the way in which the legends are treated; (d.) the arrangement of the several parts of each poem. Disсен scarcely approaches the consideration of the spirit of Pindar or the general style and colouring of his poetry, and Boeckh* expressly resigns the task to other hands; but they throw a flood of light on Pindar's method of construction, the portion of his art which had hitherto been most completely misunderstood, the portion, we may add, in which an ordinary reader is most completely helpless. For his art in this respect is so elaborate that we cannot be sure that it was always perceived either by the audience or the poet himself. It would be a real beauty that Ol. XIII. 85, where we are told that "gods accomplish by their power, that one winneth lightly what we had trowed could never be, and sworn it," is appropriate not only to Bellerophon, but to Xenophon's hopes of an equestrian victory, though nobody had ever noticed it before Disсен, which, if true, would only show that Pindar had thrown himself into the situation more completely than he knew. On the other hand, every reader can feel for himself the originality of Pindar's exordiums, the fiery rapidity of his narratives, the glow of his descriptions, and the loftiness of his exhortations.

On his own subject Disсен's essay is somewhat tedious, but this prolixity of the whole arises almost entirely from the completeness of the parts, which makes it easier and fairer to give specimens than to attempt a summary. Pindar's two great topics of praise are *δλβεος* and *ἀρετῆς*, manifested in the glory with which the gods and the singer reward the victor's piety and energy, energy sometimes shown in his manful endurance of the sufferings of the wrestling-match or the pancratium, sometimes in the spirit with which, like Agesias or Herodotus, he drove his own chariot, sometimes in his early achievements in war, as in the odes for Hiero and Chromius. The courage which is always in some form or other attributed to the victor, and supposed to be rewarded by the victory, is rarely unconnected with other virtues; sometimes it is the fruit of piety, the gift of gods, as in the case of Epharmostus, the representative of a long line of Socrian heroes; sometimes it is represented as inextricably blended with prudence, as in the recapitulation of the mythic glories of Corinth, Ol. XIII.; sometimes with a just and peaceable

* He observes in the Preface to his third volume, published 1821, that the introduction of Thiersch in some degree supplied the deficiency.

spirit, as in *Isth. vii.*, where the Æginetans, whose courage won the prize at Salamis, are moved to intercede for Thebes, which was in danger of being involved in the fate of its Medising citizens. Sometimes the other virtue is temperance, the opposite of insolence and license, as in *Pyth. xi.*, where, after praising self-control and deprecating the calamitous splendour of Agamemnon and the guilty power of Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra, the poet extols the valour and the blessedness of Castor and Iolaos, trusting that his audience will not forget their innocence. Again, in *Pyth. ix.* and *Nem. v.* he commemorates the elasticity of Apollo, and Cyrene, and Pelus, rewarded in one case by the magnificent destiny of the city to which the nymph gave her name, in the other by the marriage with Thetis, and the glory of Achilles. It is to be observed that all this class of poems are addressed to the young.

Sometimes we see the fortune of the victor, with its alternate successes and reverses, bound up with the destinies of his country or his race, as in the odes for Thero and Diagoras, where the poet dwells on the misfortunes which always mar the glories of Rhodes, because Diagoras had chanced to wound an antagonist mortally, and the progress of the Athenian party had endangered the pre-eminence of his house at Rhodes; and consoles Thero for the suffering caused by family quarrels and the impending war with Hiero, by the everlasting felicity which always crowns the adversities of the house of Cadmus in this world and the next. But the legends are by no means introduced with exclusive reference to the victor's country or family, for instance, Thrasydæus was not specially concerned in the misfortunes of the house of Atreus; Hiero had not inherited the guilt of Ixion nor the error of Coronis with its terrible punishment. And though these cases are exceptional, and the legends generally bear some historical relation to the victor, the closest connexion lies in the circumstances known to the audience or described by the poet, which always illustrates the same sentiment, whether the illustration be drawn from the history of the victor or some mythic narrative, from the real or the ideal world. Thus in *Pyth. iv.*, the arrangement between Jason and Pelias exemplifies the dignity and advantage of settling family disputes peaceably, and Pindar hoped that the reconciliation between Arcesilas and Damophilus would exemplify it anew. The fact, not mentioned, but presumably known at Cyrene, that the Alodæ perished by each other's hands, illustrates the evil of family dissensions, as the quarrel of the Euphemidæ was illustrating it then. Pelias furnished an example of the

abuse of kingly power such as Arcesilas might furnish soon; Jason furnished an example of youthful moderation, such as, on the whole, Arcesilas had furnished hitherto, for wherever Arcesilas is directly addressed or mentioned, Pindar is ready with hearty though measured commendation, his advice is given freely but not reproachfully.

The whole legend, the longest in Pindar, is appropriate, for the prophecy of the foundation of Cyrene from Thera is bound up with the voyage of the Argonauts, and with the origin of Pindar's own *gens*, the Ægidæ. The treatment of the legends in Pindar may be compared to the narrative episodes of Homer. The legend of the Argonauts is told at great length, not for its own sake, but to bring out the glorious example of Jason and the illustrious auguries of the future of Cyrene. So Phoenix relates the quarrel of Meleager at great length, to prove to Achilles that human passion is unprofitable, that human promises are untrustworthy. But there are points of dissimilarity too. In the *Iliad* we have beginning, middle, and end, but Pindar avoids this as much as possible; he is anxious to let us see that his primary business is with Arcesilas, not the Argonauts. Phoenix is not afraid that Achilles will think he is telling a story instead of making a speech.

The ode is arranged as follows: First, Pindar sets forth how the chariot victory at Delphi is due to the blessing of the Delphian, which had always rested on the Euphemidæ, and given Arcesilas the prosperity long ago predicted by Media at Lake Tritonis, where a god in human form delivered a clod of earth to the father of the race; and her oracle was fulfilled by Battus and his line. Then Pindar is struck with the propriety of explaining the origin and course of the expedition to which he has been led to allude, and here everything is passed over cursorily which does not illustrate the dutiful character of Jason, and the wonderful favours and deliverances which rewarded it. When this has been done he cuts short the rest; says he cannot travel by the beaten way, he knows a shorter path to the goal; whereupon we are informed that in Lemnos the Argonauts mingled with the women who slew their lords, and the race of the Euphemidæ began, whom Apollo sent to colonize Cyrene in wisdom. And now Arcesilas is to learn the wisdom of Œdipus. A stately oak is maimed by the loss of its boughs, but they prove its original grandeur, whether they feed a winter fire or prop a stranger's palace. Direct exhortations succeed to heal the wounds of Cyrene, and restore Damophilus, one of the stateliest branches of the parent tree.

The construction of other odes of a less ambitious character is naturally simpler. For instance, in Ol. i. the poet begins and ends with the praises of Hiero's glory, which ought to content his amplest desires; the middle part is taken up with the origin of the Olympic games, which gives occasion to contrast the fall of Tantalus, which is expressly ascribed to his being tempted to pride by prosperity, with the continued prosperity of Pelops, who remained, though we are not told so, within the safe limits of humanity. Again, in Pyth. viii., the glory of Aristomenes, and the hope of peace for Ægina, is the beginning, middle, and end of the poem; but he glances aside to do honour to the Æacidae; and then, after returning to his immediate subject, he weaves in the history of Amphiaras and Alcmæon, as a type of the hereditary virtue of Aristomenes, before he recounts his victories, and commends Ægina to the keeping of the Æacidae.

But ingenuity, by itself, is not poetry, and Pindar's reputation was won, not by the constructive skill, which was underrated then and scarcely noticed since, but by the impetuous grace which has carried so many generations willing captives in the chariot of the Muses, as it threaded a mighty maze that seemed without a plan. Very few listeners were sufficiently intellectualized to detect the skilful arrangement of the ode just referred to, many were too inattentive to feel its full effect, but all must have been impressed as the choros struck up:—

Φιλίφρον Ἀσυχία, Δίκας
ὧ μεγιστόπολι βύγατερ,
βουλᾶν τε καὶ πολέμων
ἐχούσα κλαῖδας ὑπερτάτας,
Πυθίνικον τιμὰν Ἀριστομένει δέκευ.
σύ γὰρ τὸ μαλθακὸν ἔρξαι τε καὶ παθεῖν ὁμῶς
ἐπίστασαι καιρῷ σὺν ἀπρεκεῖ·
σύ δ', ὅπῃσιν τίς ἀμείλιχον
καρδία κόσον ἐνελάσῃ,
τραχεῖα δυσμενέων
ὑπαντιάζαισα κράτει τιθεῖς
ὑβριν ἐν ἄντλῳ.*

They must have held their breath for awe at the last solemn epode, though they had been laughing at the thought of Aristomenes' four antagonists slinking home by back lanes only seven lines ago:—

* O kindly Quietness, daughter of Righteousness, cities are magnified by thee, who hast the master-keys of counsel and of war, receive the honour of Pythian victory for Aristomenes' sake. For thou hast knowledge what time doth chime in truly to give and take alike the gentle deed: whenever any layeth ungentle fury to his heart, thou meetest the might of foes with sternness, overthrowing violence in the deep.

ἐπάμερον· τί δέ τις; τί δ' οὐ τις; σκιᾶς ὄναρ
ἄνθρωπος· ἀλλ' ὅταν αἰγλαὸς ἰοδότος ἔλθῃ,
λαμπρὸν γέγγος ἔπεστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μείλιχος αἰῶν·
Αἴγινα, φίλα μᾶτερ, ἐλευθέρῳ σπόλῳ
πόλιν τάνδε κόμῃζε Διὶ καὶ κρέοντι σὺν Αἰακῷ
Πηλεΐ τε κάγαθῳ Τελαμῶνι σὺν τ' Ἀχιλλεΐ.*

Other odes end with the personal praise of the victor, like Ol. ix:—

ἄνευ δὲ θεοῦ σεσιγαμένον
οὐ σκαιότερον χρῆμ' ἕκαστον. ἐντὶ γὰρ ἄλλα
ὁδῶν ὁδοὶ περαιτέραι,
μία δ' οὐχ ἅπαντας ἄμμε θρέψει
μελέτα· σοφαί μὲν
αἰπειναί· τρῦτα δὲ προσφέρων ἄθλον,
ἄρθιον ὦρυσαι θαρσέων,
τόνδ' ἀνέρα δαίμονιά γεγάμεν
εὐχειρα, δεξιόγυιον, ἱρῶντ' ἀλκάν,
Λιαντέων ἐν οἰαῖδ' ὅς Ἰλίδα νικῶν ἐπεστεφάνωσε
βωμόν.†

Sometimes the praise is for the victor's family, as in Nem. v., and that delicious little *morceau*, Ol. xiv.:—

εἰ δὲ Θεμιστίων ἴκεις, ὥστ' αἰεῖν, μηκέτι ῥίγει
δίδοι
φωνᾶν, ἀνὰ δ' ἰστία τεῖνον πρὸς Ζυγὸν καρχασίου,
πύκταν τε νιν καὶ παγκρατίου φθέγγαι ἐλαιν' Ἐπι-
δαύρῳ διπλόαν
νικῶντ' ἀρετάν, προθύροισιν δ' Αἰακοῦ
ἀνδρῶν ποιᾶντα φέρειν στεφανώματα σὺν ξανθαῖς
Χάρισιν.‡

—μελανοτειχεά νῦν δόμον
Φερτεφόνος ἑλθέ, Ἀχαιοί, πατρὶ κλυτὰν φέροις'
ἀγγελίαν,
Κλεῖδαμον ὄφρ' ἰδοῖς' υἱὸν εἴπῃς, ὅτι οἱ νέαν
κόλποις παρ' εὐδόξῳ Πίδας
ἐστεφάνωσε κυδίμων ἀέδλων πτεροῖσι χαιταν.§

* All creatures of a day: what is man, great or small? The shadow of a dream. But when glory cometh from on high, light shineth for a man withal, and a time of sweet tranquillity. Ægina, kindly mother, guide this city evermore, with liberty to speed and Zeus to aid; with princely Æacus and Peleus, and stout Telamon, and with Achilles too.

† Any matter finished without God is none the worse for silence. For there are many ways, and one way goeth beyond another; one training will not bring up all of us alike. Wisdom's roads are steep; but for the prize thou bearest be bold, proclaim aloud that this man was born not without God, so stout of hand and stark of limb, with valour in his looks, who also crowned the altar of Oilean Ajax in his feast of victory.

‡ If thou comest to Themistius to sing of him, shrink no longer, spread all the sails aloft, spare not to tell aloud that he won at Epidaurus a double meed of valour in boxing and the pancration, bringing garlands of flowery leafage to the threshold of Æacus, and blest by the golden-haired Graces.

§ Now come Echo with the message of renown to the black-walled mansion of Persephone, to tell

Sometimes he ends with prayers for further triumph, as in *Pyth. v.*, sometimes with blended prayers for his patron and himself, as in *Ol. i.*, where he desires that Hiero may ever be the first of Greeks for power, and himself for wisdom; or *Ol. vi.*, where he asks the blessing of Poseidon on Agesias' voyage and his own poetry.

But Pindar's Odes do not always conclude in a manner so satisfactory to modern readers; the termination is often curt, though never abrupt; the poet leaves off sooner than we expected, though not sooner than he intended, with a short, sudden sentence. It is needless to multiply instances, but *Olymp. iii.*, *Pyth. ii.*, *Nem. vii.*, will show sufficiently what we mean.

The Exordiums, on the other hand, are uniformly beautiful; perhaps they show more than anything else the wonderful freshness and variety of Pindar's genius, for they contain the only part of his materials which was properly his own, while his legends and his ethical reflections, though the use he made of them was original, were the common property of his age. But we recognise his rich inventiveness when he bids us "hearken, for he is breaking up the fields of the Graces and of Aphrodite with soft rolling eyes on his journey to the everlasting navel of loud rocking earth, where the fortunate Emmenidæ, who dwell by the river of Acragas, ay, and Xenocrates too shall find a treasury of songs for Pythian victory, builded in Apollo's rich golden vale, that neither wintry storm when it comes driving on a blustering army of rattling cloud, nor the winds shall sweep away, as they beat with gathered sand and stones upon the sea's recesses;"* when he tells us "he will build, setting golden pillars in the vestibule of his well-walled bower, as though it were a stately hall, for he must shed upon his work's beginning a face to shine afar;"† when he speaks of "the steeds which lay the foundation for song;"‡ "of the bowl in which, for the second time, he mixes the Muses' wine for Lampo's sons;"§ or vaunts his winged song above the motionless work of the statuary.||

All these odes belong to the period of his manhood, falling between 494 and 468 B.C. If we turn from them to *Ἑλλάτῃ ὑπέρτατε βροντᾷ ἀκαμαντόποδος Ζεῦ*,¶ written sixteen years later, we seem to trace beneath the practised skill, of which every line in *Ol. iv.*,

v. bears witness, proofs of diminished enterprise, perhaps of failing power.

Pindar was regarded by the ancients as a model of the *αὐστηρὸν γένος*, rather on account of his rapidity than his self-restraint, for he is brief and often unadorned, not from a resolution to eschew ornament, but from the press of thought. His art is temperate but not severe, audacious but scarcely extravagant. Pindar is not turgid, though such expressions as *ἔβρον ὄρθιαν κνωδάλων*,* when he means that the donkey set up a discordant bray, are rather like it; he was only twenty years old when he wrote this, but there is a great deal in his poetry which would almost be attainable to turgid poets.

Phrases like *ἄωτον ὀρθόπολον, ἐγκωμίων ἄωτος ὕμνων, ποικιλοφύρμιγγος ἀοιδᾶς, σχοινοτένεια τ' ἀοιδᾶ διθυράμβων, φογερόν Ἀρχιλόχον βαριλόγοις ἐχθεῖν πλαινώμενον*,† were not hard to coin in a language so flexible as the Greek of the fifth century B.C., and, if we may trust Aristophanes, they became the sole qualification of the dithyrambic poets of his day, and Pindar in his old age seems to have been dependent upon them for the effect of sublimity which he had once known how to produce by more distinctive means. Though there is every reason to think that these phrases degenerated into commonplaces, they are for the most part untranslatable; and this points to an important difference between ancient and modern poetic art. When a poet of the fifth century B.C. wished to show off, he tried to crystallize something incorporeal, too indefinite often to be called a quality, in an almost material unity of phrase; when a poet of the nineteenth century wishes to show off, he tries to body forth material scenes and substances in immaterial words. The difference is in favour of the ancients, so far as it shows that they recognised more clearly than we the distinction between separate arts, and were more spiritual in their appreciation of poetry.

"Heard melodies are sweet; but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore ye soft pipes play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but more undear'd
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."‡

Keats' soul was soothed by the harmony of the sculptured musicians, but he never even fancied he heard their music, as we hear the roar of the sea in a shell. A mediæval cathedral and the *Dies Iræ* may make the same impression upon our minds, for is not architecture frozen music? But they make that impression through wholly different

Cleudamus, when thou seest him, of his son, because at the vale of glorious Pisa he hath crowned him his young locks with plumes of famous mastery.

* *Pyth. vi. 1, sqq.*

† *Pyth. vii. 3.*

‡ *Nem. v. 1.*

§ *Ol. vi., sqq.*

¶ *Isthm. v. 2.*

|| *Ol. vi. 1.*

* *Pyth. x 86.*

† *Ol. ii. 7; Pyth. x. 53; Ol. iv. 2; Frag. 47;*

Pyth. ii. 55.

‡ Ode on a Grecian urn.

senses; nay, the impression may be made upon the mind without the senses being especially affected. Keats did not care for the outline of the sculptured pipes; in reading Pindar we scarcely ever think of what the performance was like, how the music, the singing, and the dancing must have appealed to eye and ear, scarcely even try to realize what the poetry would sound like read aloud: we attend to nothing but the thoughts of the poet and his audience.

Hence the praise of Donaldson, that Pindar sets the unseen before our eyes with a vivid precision, to which nothing but Dante can be compared, cannot be accepted without modification. Dante sometimes gives us pictures, but oftener he draws a map with such extreme accuracy that we cannot help drawing the picture for ourselves. Pindar's writing impresses us as painting might have done, because it is direct and vivid, but there is very little word-painting.

δρέπων μὲν κορυφᾶς ἀρετῶν ἀπο πασῶν
ἀγλαΐζεται, δὲ καὶ
μουσικᾶς ἐν ᾧῳτῳ,*

is in one sense a picturesque phrase; to talk of Hiero culling the prime of every virtue, and bright moreover with the bloom of poesy, recalls the picture of the splendour of his outward life, but it does not depict the splendour of his inward life.

Κάδμου κόραι, Σεμέλα μὲν Ὀλυμπιάδων ἀγυῖ-
τις,

Ἰνώ τε Λευκοθέα ποντιῶν ὁμοβάλαμε Νηρηΐδων,
ἵτε σὺν Ἑρακλῆος ἀριστογονῶν
ματρὶ παρὰ Μελίαν, χρυσεῖαν ἐς ἄδυτον τριπύδων
Θηταυρόν, ὃν περὶ ἅλλ' ἐτίμασε Λοξίας.†

Surely that is picturesque writing, but where are the pictures?

ἥτοι βροτῶν γε κέρριται
πεῖρας οὐ τι θανάτου,
οὐδ' ἀτύχιμον ἀμέραν ὅποτε, παῖδ' ἀελίου,
ἀπειρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῷ τελευτάσμεν· ῥοαὶ δ' ἄλλοτ'
ἄλλα·
εἰθυμῖαν τε μετὰ καὶ πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν.†

* OL. I. 13-15.

† Pyth. xi. 1-5.—Come, daughters of Cadmus, come, ye sisters of the goddesses, come, Semela from the streets of Olympus, come, Ino Luciothea from the bower of the Nereids under sea, come to Melia with the mother of Heracles, the worthiest child, unto the shrine that Loxias honoured above all the treasury of golden tripods.

† Ol. ii. 30-34.—Truly no term of death is declared for the children of men, no peaceable day, the daughter of sunshine when we shall depart before good fortune fail, for labour and hearts-ease come to men upon the changeful stream of changeful days.

That is picturesque writing too—upon a subject where word-painting would be impossible. But after he had returned from Sicily, where perhaps he was influenced to some extent by Simonides, we find actual word-painting in Pindar. The description of the new-born Iamus* hidden in the rushes, in the thickest of the thorn-bushes, where the light shed by the violets (or rather gillyflowers) fell tawny red and flushed with purple upon his dainty body, might almost have been written in rivalry with the exquisite fragment upon Danaë. In Pyth. iv., composed about two years later, in which Pindar seems to have wished to exhibit a supreme specimen of his powers in order to impress Arcesilas with the value of the praise enlisted in his service by his exiled kinsman, we find a more elaborate, if not a more effective specimen of the same style:—

ὁ δ' ἄρα χρόνῳ
ἵκετ' αἰχμαῖτιν διδύμαισιν ἀνὴρ ἐκπαγλός· ἐσθλὸς
δ' ἀμφοτέρων νιν ἔχεν,
ἃ τε Μαγνήτων ἐπιχώριος ἀρμόζουσα θαπτοῖσι
γυῖσι,
ἀμφὶ δὲ παρδαλῆα στέγεται φρίσσοντας ὄμβρους·
οὐδὲ κομᾶν πλόκαμοι κερβέντες ὥχοντ' ἀγλαοί, ‡
ἀλλ' ἅπαν ἰῶτον καταβύσσον· τάχα δ' εὐθὺς
ἰὼν σφετέρως
ἐστάθη γνώμας ἀταρμύκτοιο πειρώμενος
ἐν ἀγορᾷ πλήθοντος ὄχλου.†

Of course Heber does justice, and more than justice, to Pindar as a word-painter. We have seen how he translates the description of Elysium out of the manner of the Book of Revelation into that of Lalla Rookh. He translates the description of Iamus charmingly into the manner of Walter Scott; but βεβρεγμένος is too bold for him, and he does not know that "violets" mean gillyflowers, so he writes—

"Where morn her watery radiance threw,
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower."

But if we wish to see the full difference between the picturesque of Pindar and the modern romantic picturesque, we cannot do better than turn to the prayer of Pelops, Ol. i. 71-74:

* Ol. vi. 54-56.

† Pyth. iv. 78-85.—"But he came in time a wonderful man, with a brace of spears, and a garment about him of double fashion—the country garb of the magnates fitting his slightly limbs, and a wrapper of leopard skin for a defence against stinging showers. His hair was not shorn nor his shining tresses gone, they flashed all down his back. And speedily anon he went to make trial of his steadfast soul standing when the multitude was full in the market-place."

"But in the darkness first he stood
Alone beside the hoary flood."

So far so well; though "flood" is nothing but a rhyme to "stood," and now at least a bad one.

"And raised to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse, earth-shaking deity."

The suppliant cry is more like an Asiatic than a Greek of the heroic age, for Homer's heroes sob but never whine, and the epithet 'hoarse' is altogether inadmissible; the poet heard the voice of the sea-god in the deep clear sound of the mass of falling water, not in the grating angry roar of the undertow as it scours the beach; but perhaps this is hypercriticism. It is, however, startling to hear how Heber goes on—

"Nor called in vain, through cloud and storm,
Half seen, a huge and shadowy form,
The god of waters came,"

when Pindar only says, "So he appeared to him hard at his foot."

This is worse treatment than Homer ever received from Pope, for the spirit of the Homeric poetry is not by any means so exclusively classical as the spirit of Pindar. Pindar wrote for men who had received the highest classical culture; the Homeridae sung to a people which had not yet formed any distinct idea of culture, and therefore was not classical.

The period of some seventy years between the battle of Marathon and the siege of Potidæa, was the culminating period of Grecian life, when the conceptions of the individual, the State, and the nation were all developed, and still worked together in unstable equilibrium, before the inevitable disruption, when the unity of the nation was dissolved by the restless activity of the State, and the unity of the State was dissolved by the restlessness of individual will, and still more, of individual thought. It was a time of boundless ambition, for it seemed to be a season of unlimited possibilities. The types of their age are to be found in a Themistocles, plundering the Ægean in the name of Athens; in a Pausanias, eager to be the slave of Xerxes and the lord of Greece; in an Hiero, the master of all Sicily, and panting still for more. For the Greek mind was emancipated from the narrowness of childhood; it perceived that the desires of man are infinite, and its fever fit was severe if not long. It received its quietus in the efforts and disasters of the Peloponnesian war, when the combatants on both sides were animated by fear and hate, not hope, though an Alcibiades might still dream of ruling the Mediterranean from

Athens, or an Alexander weep for other worlds to conquer.

But the preaching of Pindar is evidence of the disease at its height; nearly all for whom he writes need to be warned against unbounded desires, to be congratulated on having attained all that is attainable; the Bassidæ of staid Ægina are as insatiable as the despots of Sicily; the aged Psaumis is as likely to yield to ambition as the youthful Aristagoras. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the hopeless peace which always forms the background of the energetic life of the Homeric poems. There Achilles orders the funeral games for his friend with cheerful courtesy, though that friend has warned him that they are soon to meet again in the dreary under-world. Ulysses is thankful to be permitted to recover his kingdom and his wife, however much he suffers, and however long he waits; he does not murmur at the solitary pilgrimage, which must purchase Poseidon's leave to spend a calm old age in peace at home. None expects permanently to alter his position; none is afraid of leaving it before death, unless exposed to the encroachments of others without a son to defend his old age. Thersites is an exception in the *Iliad*; but the *λαβρος σπράτος* of Pindar might have been made of Thersites'. The high are ever ready to devour the low, and the low are on the watch to tear the high to pieces. The poems of Pindar are full of exhortations not to provoke envy by insolence, and to disregard the envy which snarls vainly at deserved success. All are impressed with an overweening sense of their actual littleness, their potential greatness. "Godlike," in some form or other, is the commonest term of praise in Homer, but in Pindar it disappears. His heroes are only too godlike in their desires; but he and they are conscious that their achievements are not divine. Homer's heroes rate the gods as pettish children rate their nurses, but they never dream of possessing their greatness. Pindar's heroes, to judge from his repeated admonitions, were envious as well as respectful. The fear of death continues, for the upper world is too bright to leave, though the under world has ceased to be dreary; for the *εἶδωλον*, which is unsubstantial for Homer, has become immaterial for Pindar; but still men like to have time to carry out their plans, time to enjoy their success; and they do not yet know that no plans are carried out completely, that success is always disappointing, and therefore they do not like to die; but even this milder fear is not unmixed with flashes of a strange longing, death is perfect peace at last, who knows but it may give much else that life denied?

All are familiar with the reward of Cleobis and Biton. Pindar tells a similar story of Agamedes and Trophonius, who built the temple of Delphi, and asked the god for their wages. He promised to pay them on the seventh day, meanwhile they were to make merry. They did as they were bidden, and the seventh day they laid them down to sleep, and died. They say that Pindar sent to Delphi to ask what was best for a man, and the prophetess answered that if he made that song, he knew.

The prime of Pindar's manhood coincided with the earlier, fresher, healthier half of this stormy period, and he lived to within ten years of its close. Before he died, Athens had ceased to be the loyal yoke-fellow of Sparta, the city of the violet crown, who had laid the foundations of liberty for Greece at Marathon and Salamis; she was now the despot city, the inveterate enemy of Thebes, whose commons she had intoxicated, in spite of Pindar's warning voice, with the sweets of transgression, whose end was utter bitterness. True, her guilty greatness had received a shock which proved irreparable at Coronea, but she had rallied and appeared stronger and more formidable than ever; Samos was enslaved and become the private property of a fragment of the Athenian people. Thuria and Amphipolis had been founded, and the material magnificence of the city had reached its highest point. Her great houses, whose praises he had sung in brief and guarded strains, when the triumphal processions of their children threaded the busy streets and jealous crowds, had degenerated into the leaders or the victims of the many-headed beast; Ægina, the ancient rival of Athens, who had been united with her for a moment by the perils and glories of Salamis, had been rapidly outgrown and ruthlessly vanquished by the policy which saw nothing in the gallant little island but an eyesore to Peiræus. Yet her fall had not been inglorious. Pindar, who had so often sung the glory of her tutelary Æacidæ, and vindicated them against the injustice of lying rhapsodists, who had no local traditions to guide their songs, was able to persuade himself that success had crowned the valour of her navy in the sea-fight which preceded the last fatal siege; and he and all Peloponnese were willing to forget how partial the success had been, how fruitless it must prove.

The line of Battus was quenched in blood at Cyrene in consequence of the same tendencies to family dissension and autocratic selfishness as those which Pindar had rebuked, after the curious constitution of Demonax, based upon the supposition that the house chosen by Apollo had a divine right

to reign, though it could not profitably govern, had been overthrown by the impetuous logic of popular and regal passions. The sons of Diagoras were hunted from Rhodes; of all the States whose citizens had asked the praise of Pindar, none had escaped the calamities of faction or war except Opus, which was protected by her insignificance, and Argos, which was safe in her selfishness, while Corinth was secure in her institutions. Over Pindar's own country the storm swept still more heavily. She experienced the lawless despotism of a knot of men who betrayed her to the Persian, and almost involved her in their own ruin after the Persian had been chased backward to the Hellespont. She experienced the suicidal license of an untrained, unchecked democracy, which attained the supremacy which it abused by foreign force, without even such preparation for power as was implied in conquering it.

Sicily had not to endure such humiliations as Thebes. Indeed, she attained to an unexampled degree of splendour, but her destiny exposed her to calamities not less real at the time, and still more lasting in their effects. The institutions of all the Greek colonies were necessarily arbitrary, and conventional respect ill supplied the place of the traditional sacredness of the hereditary codes of Continental Greece. Thus the restraining force was weaker, while the play of national life was freer, and national growth more rapid. In Sicily, where the life of the Greek communities was not dwarfed by great inland monarchies or powerful native tribes, the tendency to restlessness was stronger than elsewhere, and consequently her whole internal history till the Roman conquest is nothing but a series of constitutional failures. Pindar saw the rough soldier Gelo snatch Gela from the children of Hippocrates, whose predecessor's power was founded on the impressive mysticism which had restored a body of exiles to a distracted city, and bequeath his prize to Hiero, after whose death it made trial of the harsh, eager despotism of Thrasybulus, before it could attain to liberty. He saw Zancle betrayed by Hippocrates to the Samian exiles, who inflicted on their Sicilian friends what they had suffered from their Persian enemies, while the treacherous despot abandoned his treacherous allies to his brother despot, Anaxilaus of Rhegium.

He saw Camarina, which had been ruined by the jealousy of Syracuse, restored by the despot of her rival Gela, deserted again at the order of his successor, when he transferred his capital to Syracuse, and finally restored by Psamnis. In his days Agrigentum and Himera were subdued by the

mercenaries of the princely Thero, who did his friends more pleasure than Pindar could ever reckon up; whose father *Ænesidamus* had disputed the heritage of *Hippocrates* with *Gelo*, and accepted defeat with reckless bravery; and Thero's son was expelled from both his cities by *Hiero*, and executed at *Megara* for his crimes. He saw, too, *Syracuse* humbled on the *Hælorus*, and her oligarchical order of proprietors expelled, soon to be restored by *Gelo*, the true founder of *Syracuse*, who first discerned its claim to be the capital of *Sicily*. To vindicate that claim he transplanted thither all the inhabitants of *Camarina*, half the inhabitants of *Gela*, and the conquered oligarchs of *Eubœa* and *Megara*, while the commons were sold into slavery beyond the limits of the island. According to *Herodotus* he thought the people a bad neighbour; his ideal was an order of privileged citizens dependent upon his dynasty, with nothing below them but serfs to cultivate the soil. His ideal was realized by the course of events which he helped to prepare, and the realization caused the long anarchy of *Sicily*; but he was worshipped as a hero after his death, and not altogether unjustly. He had committed few crimes in a situation where most men would have committed many; he had broken the power of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicily* for two generations on the *Himera*; and, by transferring the political centre of the island to the eastern coast, he contributed more than could be seen at the time to delay the *Carthaginian* conquest till *Rome* was ready to dispute it. His brother *Hiero*, who, against his wish, usurped the power after his death, is said to have been yet more illiterate than himself, till attacked by the lingering illness which sometimes stung him into paroxysms of fierce, moody suspicion, and sometimes drove him to take refuge in the slighted embraces of the venal and forgiving muse. His ambition led him to conceive the project of a war with Thero, on the prospect of which Pindar consoled with the latter potentate in *Ol. xi.*, but the war itself was averted by the mediation of the courtly *Simonides*, who suggested that the brother despots had better unite to punish Thero's rebels in *Himera*. *Hiero's* reign was the closing period of splendour for the sons of *Dinomenes*, the saviours of *Sicily*. Pindar lived to see the expulsion of *Thrasybulus*, the last survivor, and the slaughter of their friend, the prophet *Agésias*. He witnessed the complete failure of *Hiero's* attempt to found a kingdom for his son *Dinomenes* at *Ætna*, with a Spartan constitution for the ten thousand citizens all of pure *Doric* blood, as the *Ionian*

citizens of *Naxos* and *Catana* had been removed to *Leontini* to clear the ground for the experiment. There is some reason to think that the project was given up in *Hiero's* lifetime, as three years after the foundation, we find *Chromius*, the governor of the city, perhaps as the associate, more probably as the successor, of *Dinomenes*, who seems to have been an unambitious man, for though he survived his father, he took no part in the disputes which followed his death. *Hiero's* new city did not survive his dynasty, as a constitutional monarchy or otherwise, and the violence which prepared its foundation added largely to the confusion which the *Gelonian* dynasty left behind it; but the experiment is interesting, both in itself, and as a partial anticipation of the more successful efforts of *Alexander* and his successors to found free Greek cities under a monarchy, which, like *Antioch* and *Alexandria*, survived the dynasties of their founders, and sometimes, like *Seleucia*, attained an independent life.

In spite of all the misfortunes which visited the numerous States to which Pindar was bound by ties of sympathy, his career seems to have been a happy one. In the two conquests of his country by the confederate Greeks after *Platœa*, and the Athenians after *Ænophyta*, he scarcely allows himself two lines of sorrow. "Let us cease from bootless misery and publish something sweet, though after pain."* "I endured unspeakable anguish, but now *Poseidon* hath given me sunshine, after storm; I will fit a crown upon my head and sing."† He was a spectator at the Olympic game of life, applauding freely, but staking nothing; the shepherd of the Muses' golden flocks, which he fed, for one to-day and another to-morrow, and so he was interested in all and attached to nothing. His character co-operated with his circumstances to assure his merited independence and repose. Though over-eager for praise, because detraction was irritating to one conscious of his own worth, he was not really dependent on the verdict of others. Though over-ready for pay, he was content at bottom with his Theban orchard, and the favour of the gods. His position as a festival poet was like that of the great preachers at the court of *Louis xiv.*,—he might be as lofty as he would in exhortation, but he had to beware how he hinted at blame. It is a remarkable proof of his courage that he calls *Hiero's* position at *Syracuse* by its simple, odious name (*Συρακυσίς*), for the first and only time in *Pyth. ii.*, when volunteering his first triumphal ode

* *Isthm. vii. 7, 8.*† *Isthm. vi. 37.*

for a Sicilian court, and exposed to the greatest risk of altogether losing Hiero's favour. After this we may believe, with Boeckh, that Ixion's history is introduced because Hiero was likely to copy his double sin of incest and parricide. Simonides might preach to the lordly Alenadæ that a faultless man, four-square and blameless, could not be found on earth; the gods alone were always sinless, because always free; it was enough for mortals to mean well and never to do wrong by choice; but that is not Pindar's teaching to kings. All his comfort for them is, that the past may be forgotten though it cannot be undone. He admits, indeed, the well-worn plea that necessity makes all fair; but he applies it* to the girls of many guests, whose hearts often flutter up to the Mother of the Loves in heaven, who had been the slaves of man, and were now the slaves of Aphrodite, dedicated by Xenophon to a life not honourable then and shameful now, in gratitude for the honour which the goddess had given him. To Hiero he speaks in higher, sterner language.† "Leadon satiety deadens eager hope; and it is the heaviest bearing in the city for the secret heart when good things fall to another. Notwithstanding, since envy is better than compassion, strain after honour still. Rule the host with the rudder of righteousness; forge thy speech on the anvil of truth. Many are under thy hand—many sure witnesses for good or evil; but abiding in thy bounteous nature, if thou delight at all in always hearing pleasant praise, be not soon weary of cost. Be not deceived, friend, by covetous complaisance; nothing, save the fame that sounds when men are gone, declareth the life of the departed, both in speech and song. Cræsus' kindly worth doth not decay, but the voice of hate weigheth everywhere on Phalaris, the pitiless spirit that burned men in the brazen bull." What admirable courtesy there is in the words, "abiding in thy bounteous nature!" making the praise the foundation of the advice. So, too, Arcesilas has the courage of youth and the wisdom of age; he is a wise physician, and therefore Pindar is confident that he will heal the wounds of Cyrene by gentleness. Again, how cheering is the fragment‡ of the noble dirge composed, most likely, for some man of rank with blood on his hands. How cheering, and yet, too, just, to remit the years of penance underground: "When Persephone shall have accepted at the hands of any the penalty for woe of old, after eight years she sendeth up the souls of such back to the light of day again. Of them mankind

is replenished with stately kings and valiant men of their hands, and such as are mighty by wisdom, and for all after time (when this second life is over) they are called holy heroes among men."

Pindar's consolations are not always so austere. It is impossible not to feel the soothing tone of Ol. v., so well adapted to comfort Psaumis in an old age, which must have often seemed tame and cheerless. After the fall of the Gelonian dynasty, Sicily must have been like a house the day after a party—dull even to those who disapprove of its yesterday gaiety, like Psaumis, who had small cause to love the dynasty which had desolated Camarina. As his freedom is never morose, his courtesy is never servile. It may be thought, indeed, that his praise of Hiero is exaggerated, for our scanty notices represent him chiefly as fretful, suspicious, and cruel. But there is no evidence that he gloated upon suffering like a Phalaris, or inflicted it with the calculating indifference of a Napoleon; and though sometimes alarmed or irritated into acts from which better men would have shrunk, he was not therefore incapable of sincere and not ineffectual admiration of what Pindar also admired. To have expelled the brutal Thrasydæus from Agrigentum and Himera, and restored those cities to even a tributary freedom; to have driven back the Tyrrhenian armament from Cumæ, and to have delivered Locri from Anaxilaus, may well have seemed acts of heroic virtue to a genial contemporary, especially when we remember that Hiero preserved Rhegium for the children of Anaxilaus. It was natural for Pindar, with his admiration of prosperity, to believe that Hiero was, what he calls him repeatedly, the foremost man of his age, quite the greatest, and almost the best. After all, his promises of Elysium are for Thero, whose worst crime was to have avenged his son harshly at Himera, and who was worshipped with heroic honours at Agrigentum, even after his son's expulsion.

We have said that the period of Pindar's manhood coincided with the culminating period of Grecian life, and Grecian life finds its fullest and most adequate expression in his poetry; it is not only that he addresses a wider audience than the Attic dramatists, and deals with a wider range of subject, but he represents his age as a whole, and brings out its positive as well as its negative side; the faith that created the Parthenon as well as the disputes which echoed in the Agora.

In the dramatists, all tranquil assured belief is gone. Æschylus, while he inculcates belief and submission, puts the best arguments on the wrong side, for, like Pascal, he despises himself for being compelled to sub-

* Frag. 87.

† Pyth. i. *ad fin.*

‡ Frag. 98.

mit and believe. Sophocles understands and obeys, and sometimes admires, but he does not reverence or love; a stranger upon earth, he is always just, and sometimes compassionate, but, on the whole, he stands calmly watching the world sweep by without a wish to guide or change its course.

"It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce,
It's fitter being sane than mad."

There is the beginning and end of his teaching; while Euripides is wholly eaten up by the question, "*Que sais-je ?*" only he is sensitive and sentimental, whereas Montaigne took everything coolly. Pindar would not have represented his age if he had not been bitten by the incipient scepticism; the disease attacked him in a characteristic form; with all his faith in Zeus and Heracles he could not but think it hard that Geryon should be put to death for nothing worse than making a brave fight for his own cattle; and he even ventures to praise the valiant rebel "among friends," though he resigns himself to the conclusion that "custom is king of all."

But the predominant tone of his poetry is joyous, and even hopeful, more so than anything in Pagan literature, for of course the raptures of Plato and the triumphant faith of Epictetus do not belong to Paganism any more than the ecstasies of Shelley or the serene gladness of Goethe belong to Christianity. Paganism, properly so called, seems to approach a filial conception of the relations between heaven and earth for the first and last time in Pindar. He is jealous for the glory of the gods and heroes;† "he cannot bear to call any of the blessed glutinous; mischief lights speedily upon railers." He can praise the Æacidae for ever, but has no words for the crimes of Peleus and Telamon. And the honour of the immortals is the happiness of man; in the magnificent hymn,‡ so ingeniously reconstructed in outline by Disen, after the poet had chosen the marriage of Harmonia out of all the legendary glories of Thebes, in tracing her parentage he told of all the loves of Zeus: how the Destinies' golden horses bare Themis first up the awful ladder of heaven to be the mother of the truthful Hours, whose frontlets are golden and their fruit exceeding bright; and then one came, and then another, until at last Hera came, and was received with such exceeding splendour that all the gods prayed Zeus to create other gods worthy to sing of his great magnificence; and then Apollo and

the Muses were born; and Cadmus, after many miseries, heard them singing, and Harmonia was given him to wife. If the hymn really was like this, one wonders that Corinna had the heart to tell the young poet, "it was proper to sow handfuls, not sackfuls."

In his maturity he would praise nothing but *ὄλβος* and *ἀρετή*,* *πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς δεδαιδαμένος*, the tokens of divine favour, since any imitations of excellence human study and training may achieve are worthless. He is never weary of pouring scorn on *ὀδοῦνται ἀρεταί*: for grace and merit are not mutually exclusive conceptions with him; on the contrary, they are inseparable; the only real superiority must come from the gods, for they alone possess it.† "For what is thy confidence in wisdom, whereby man prevaileth a little over man? For there is no way for spirit of flesh to search out the counsels of gods: he was born of a mortal mother;" unreal superiority which some accident or infatuation may overthrow at any moment, is not a fitting subject for either praise or pride. It is natural to ask how, on such terms, any superiority could be a fitting subject for pride, pride not unmixed with contempt, for when Pindar is teaching a boy how to wear his honours, he seldom forgets the shame of his defeated rivals. In the first place we may observe that though pride in the glory given is allowable, *ὑβρις*, according to Pindar, is sure to be severely punished; in the second place, even upon Christian principles, self-admiration and pleasure in the admiration of others might be permitted to one who had attained the summit of human perfection, as Pindar continually assures his friends that they have done. But grace,‡ reverend grace, grace, who cherisheth life, who worketh all gentleness for mortals, though great, is not unlimited: she cannot give man everything.

ἐν ἀνδρῶν, ἐν θεῶν γένος· ἐκ μιᾶς δὲ πνέομεν
ματρὸς ἀμφοτέρων· οἷσιργει δὲ πᾶσα κεκριμένα
δύναμις, ὡς τὸ μὲν οὐδέν, ὃ δὲ χάλκεος ἀσφαλὲς
αἰὲν ἔδος
μένει ὑψάντης· ἀλλὰ τι προσφέρομεν ἔμπαν ἡ
μέγαν
νόον ἤτοι φίσαν ἀθανάτοισ,
καίπερ ἰθαμερίαν οὐκ εἰδότες οὐδὲ μετὰ νύκτας
ἄμμι πότμος
οἶαν τιν' ἔγραψεν ὕραμειν ποτὶ στάθμαν. §

* Ol. II. 58.

† Frag. 33.

‡ Ol. VI. 76, VII. 11, I. 30.

§ Nem. VI. 1 sq.—"One race of men, one race of gods, we both draw our life from one mother, but all diversity of power doth sunder us, for the one is verily nothing, but the brazen heaven abideth evermore a mere foundation. Neverthe-

* *Apparent Failures*, Robert Browning.

† Ol. I. 51.

‡ Frag. 5-9.

These words contain the problem which Pindar's poetry has to solve, of which, like many other philosophies and poetries, it has nothing to offer beyond an approximate and provisional solution. Perhaps even this is too much; perhaps the problem is left unsolved altogether, and Pindar is satisfied to restate it in a way which shall take away the desire for a solution. He has two methods of effecting this, one exoteric and one esoteric. We will take the latter first, because it carries us farthest, and because of the very significant fact that it remained esoteric, that Pindar only dwelt on it in a single triumphant ode, and in the fragments of dirges quoted by Christians and Platonisers.

It is briefly this: weak and miserable as is the life of man, felicity may be attained here and hereafter by virtue and piety (especially by those who have been admitted to a mystical initiation), and what more would one have than the happiness of Elysium and the love of the dwellers in Olympus? but after all, it is true that a man can desire more than all that gods can give, though it is safest and happiest to forget the truth;* to turn to the painless, toilless dwellings of such as rejoiced in uprightness, where they sojourn with such as are honourable in heaven; to the still more glorious mansions of Elysium with their golden flowers by land and sea, prepared for such as after their lives of innocence can accomplish the way of Jove unto the tower of Cronos;† to think of the bright suburb of the city of Persephone where the sun rises when it sets for us, where the denizens spend their time in rosy meadows renewing the sports and cheerful worship which were their joy on earth;‡ of the blessed deliverance from labour for the spirit which only is from heaven, that slept when the limbs were busy, but revealed judgment coming on for weal or woe in many dreams as they slept;§ to remember that the prosperity of the blessed is no hireling to flee away.

But the commoner solution is simpler, and even more satisfactory:—

κρίνεται δ' ἀλλὰ διὰ δαίμονας ἀνδρῶν
 δύο δέ τοι ζωῆς ἅτων
 μούνα ποιμαίνοντι τὸν ἀλπίστον εὐανθεῖ σὺν ὄλβῳ,
 εἴ τις εὖ πάτχων λόγον ἐσλὸν ἀκούσῃ.
 μή μάλτευε Ζεὺς γενέσθαι· πᾶντ' ἔχεις,

less we are not all unlike immortals, either in nature or in lofty spirit, albeit we know not what good destiny has marked for us to run to either by day, or yet by night." In spite of the authority of Boeckh, Dissen, and Donaldson, it is hard, as pointed out by Matthia, to translate the first line, "There is one race of men, another of gods," giving an entirely different sense to *ἐν* and *μιάς*.

* Ol. ii. 66–82.

† Frag. 96.

‡ Frag. 95.

§ Frag. 99.

εἴ σε τούτων μοῖρ' ἐφίκοιτο καλῶν.
 θνατὰ θνατοῖσι πρέπει.*

The limitation of our happiness is really, from one side, a cheering consideration, for its perfection is attained the sooner; we may rest and be thankful, in the fullest sense of the words, with nothing more to desire or achieve, and very much to enjoy. Complete satisfaction is possible; for the best the old enemy of the good is driven away far from the homes and thoughts of Pindar and Phylacides, or if prosperity be not unchequered it is only the more secure. In both cases peace is to be found, not by looking up, as true religions say, not by looking inwards, as mysticism says, but by looking round and downwards. Glory given by song and purchased by liberality to the singer is the reward of the laborious wrestling-match and the costly horse-race, the remedy of all the calamities of life; and glory may be ours, living and dead; it is the curse of the miser to die inglorious. For the hero (and every *ἱερὸνίκης* is a hero to Pindar and to Greece) has need of the singer as the singer has need of the hero; and we have seen that song may journey with a cheerful message to the black-walled mansion of Persephone.

Pindar is not only the greatest lyric poet of antiquity; he is the great saint of the Pagan world, the man who loved the gods best and received their richest blessings, for Paganism cast out Socrates as Mediaevalism cast out Savonarola. In the boyhood of the Theban poet, bees were seen to hive their honey between his lips as he slept. In his manhood Pan was heard singing a hymn of his on the mountains, and the mother of the gods came to take up her dwelling at his door. In his old age he sent a hymn by the ambassadors of Thebes to Ammon, and bade them ask what was best for a man; before the ambassadors had returned he knew, for Persephone came to him in the visions of the night, to tell him that since he had praised all the immortal gods but her, he should make her amends within ten days in her own kingdom, whence his spirit was sent back to recite the hymn to a Theban woman in her sleep, who wrote it down when she awoke. Long after his death, the prophet daily proclaimed at Delphi, before he shut the temple, "Let Pindar the poet go into the banquet of

* Isthm. iv. 12–18.—The judgment of men's valour cometh from the gods. Verily two things only feed life's prime most sweetly on the pastures of prosperity, namely, to receive good things and be well reported of withal. Seek not to become as Zeus; all is thine if a portion of these delights should fall to thee. Mortal lot is meet for mortal men.

the god," so antiquity believed, and in such matters belief is everything.

Historical analogies, like material prosperity, may be useful if little valued. A curious, and not uninteresting parallel, might be drawn between Pindar of Cynoscephalæ and Bernard of Clairvaux. Both lived when artistic culture was high and mechanical progress slow, at the close of a period of helpless turbulence and tyrannical anarchy, in the bright dawn of a day that was to witness the organization of society, the slow beginnings of knowledge, the pulverization of faith; both were the trusted counsellors of the great, and both sincerely renounced secular greatness; both gave poetical expression to the highest life of their age; both poured magnificent scorn on those who hastened, like an Aristagoras or an Abelard, "to gather wisdom's unripe fruits;" but one was a Pagan, the other a Christian.

It is more obvious to compare the greatest lyric poet of Greece with the only great lyric poet of Rome. Of course, it is plausible to represent Horace as a mere skilful imitator, for Roman literature, like modern architecture, imposed on itself the thankless task of filling up a borrowed plan with borrowed details. But in reality, however many motives Horace borrowed from Pindar, or Alcæus, his originality is not impaired. Pindar's own topics are not particularly interesting, apart from the use he makes of them, for in lyric poetry the feeling is everything, the topics nothing; in all lyric poetry worthy of the name, the feeling is determined by the circumstances of the poet. Horace was a refined, voluptuous Roman, Pindar was a manly Greek, Alcæus almost a brutal savage. Syracuse was greater than Hiero, but Augustus was greater than Rome; he was almost the god of Horace; Hiero was only the friend of Pindar.

Pindar's poetry is always steady in its cheerful, lofty independence, while Horace oscillates between swelling aspirations and gentle languors or sweet intoxication; and we look in vain in Pindar for the sentimental halo which gilds Horace's triumphs when Augustus has conquered the Barbarians, or the poet is going to conquer his sins, or disguises his backslidings when seduced by pleasure or dismayed by death. Hence a keynote borrowed from the Greek, as in Hor. Od. i. xii., xxxvii., is often the prelude to a Roman harmony; and even in more sustained imitations, we should seldom be willing to spare the copy. Though the beginning of Pyth. vi. is fresher and grander than the beginning of Hor. Od. iii. xxx., yet Horace makes us feel the stability of the tower of fame even more clearly than Pindar, who spends his

strength upon the violence of the storms of time. Horace was almost absolutely right in his statement of his own and his rival's claims:

"Multa Diræcum levat aura cygnum
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in a tos
Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ
More inodique
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."*

It would be absurd to claim for him Pindar's rich intricacy of arrangement, his inexhaustible, resistless energy; but Horace's humility and self-knowledge trained him to a loving elaboration, a slowly-distilled sweetness, which are all his own, and sometimes exalted him to a majesty of thought and language, the more impressive because due only to the grandeur of the theme. Reading Pindar is like a journey in the wind and sun; we are eager to go on, but never so happy as to wish to pause and enjoy. Reading Horace is like resting in a mossy dell on a summer's evening, with nightingales to sing us to sleep. The monotony of Horace is charming, but we tire of Pindar's repetitions; for we feel that one was a pensive man, ever brooding over the same thoughts; while the other was a ready artist, producing the same wares as often as required. Pindar is wonderful, but Horace is lovable, or many generations have been wrong in their love.

ART. VI.—ON THE "GOTHIC" RENAISSANCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND SOME OF ITS EFFECTS ON POPULAR TASTE.

1. *British Essayists of the Eighteenth Century.*
2. *Works of H. WALPOLE, W. SCOTT, CHARLES LAMB, CHARLES DICKENS, etc.*

IN most cultivated countries and ages, there has existed, in more or less prominent relation to other modes of mental development, a certain literature of fancy and humour, which, growing up side by side with the more ideal or scientific productions of the time, aims at no extended flight, but rests on given results, established fashions, and such general views of life and its bearings as are already familiar to the public to which it addresses itself. Such literature may be various in its modes of utterance. It may choose the language of satire or of sentiment. It may

* OD. IV. II. 25.

aim at reforming the actual state of men's notions and habits, and pointing out anomalies which prescriptive conventionalism has partially disguised; or, on the other hand, it may dwell on those portions of prevailing thought with which the writer is in sympathy, and emit tenderness or humour, in reference, half expressed and half understood, to certain conspicuous tendencies of the day. In either case, it is on the traditional, and often superficial ways of thinking of the educated men and women around, that the basis of allusion rests; and the writer's turn of fancy implies observation of human nature, not so much in its abstract principles, as in its connexion with temporary conditions of society and mental training.

It follows that this literature, though readily enough appreciated, for better or worse, by contemporaries, requires for its due estimate by the inquirer who loves to know the *why* and the *how* of fancy's preferences, some insight into those preliminary stages of mental development which have led, in the order of history, to its formation. True it is, indeed, that fashion in letters, as in other things, would sometime appear to be a matter of almost accidental caprice; the whim of a monarch, the eccentricity of a student may give birth to it; but in such cases it is seldom either wide or enduring in its reign. Literary taste worthy of the name, is an affair of growth and education; a result of gradually converging influences and of intelligible human sympathies. It must have learned to eliminate, out of the complex aspects of the world and its affairs, certain features to which men's fancy will be ready to attach the sense of beauty and fitness, and from these work out its own results, cause and effect at the same time. So founded and so trained, it will give a character to the notions and feelings of whole generations of mankind, and influence in no small degree even the moral judgments of the many who do not seek below the surface of the social current for their views of propriety in conduct.

Glancing, then, historically, at the rise and progress of literary taste, we shall be brought to infer, as it seems to us, that in every fresh development science and research first make solid acquisitions; that imagination then seizes on certain characteristic features of the new material as groundwork for romance; and that humour, lastly, weaves her light and airy fabric out of the familiar substance. Or, to vary the metaphor, science heaps up the pyre; imagination fires it with the torch of romance; lastly, humour sports in the lambent glow and brightness of the pervading illumination. Now, in the two first of these processes, some amount of mental exertion is

implied in the recipient as well as in the agent. The student labours with the ambition of discovery as well as with the stimulus of curiosity. The poet or romancer creates in his readers that expansion of the imaginative faculty which, when the style and subject possess novelty, gives effort as well as pleasure to the mind. But the humorist's task requires no effort, no exertion for its comprehension. Whatever fanciful patterns he may trace on his canvas, whatever freshness his quaint unexpected treatment may give to his topics, the groundwork must be familiar, and the allusions comprehensible at the merest glance. The taste of his day has been already built up by a regular process of education, and he has only to work with it at his will, avoiding in the license of his conceptions any such innovation as would startle or confuse his readers, if he would not fail in his object. Facility is the essence of his task; facility, that is, as far as concerns the impression made *by* his work; but assuredly it requires some quality very different from the facility of an ordinary scribbler to blend the familiar with the unfamiliar, the fortuitous with the permanent, in such guise as to secure a lasting reputation for his productions when temporary fashions shall have passed away. Even while he dallies with the familiar stock of ideas, the ground may be shaking under his feet; and if he has not allied his humour with something more than mere conventionalism, he may be doomed to sink into the most ignoble of all limbos, the limbo of vapid triflers, before the next generation shall have winged its flight.

For taste is evanescent in literature as in other things; and this is true notwithstanding the vital hold which the great potentates of genius have retained over human sympathies from generation to generation. "What!" it may be asked, "can taste ever change its verdict in respect of such writers as a Milton or a Shakspeare?" Within certain limits, and to a certain extent, unquestionably it can do so, and has done so. Even the genius of Shakspeare and Milton expressed itself under conditions which were suited only to the stage of civilisation and opinion attained by their own contemporaries. Unbounded as is an Englishman's worship of the one, profound as is his admiration for the other, would any one attempting a work of genius now, choose either the topics or the treatment of these great masters of the art divine? Prejudice apart, can we affirm that either *Hamlet* or *The Paradise Lost*, masterpieces though they are, accord thoroughly with the canons of taste now accepted for all practical purposes by the educated world?

We question the fact on different grounds, and to a different extent; for this we feel glory in confessing, that Shakspeare's immortal verse presents far rarer instances of superannuation, so to speak, than that of Milton, or any other poet of past days we can name. It is in his dramatic plots and situations, matters in which he cared not to be original or consistent, that we find him frequently out of harmony with our modern systems of theatric law. His higher flights of poetry, his portraitures of strong emotion, express the workings of the human heart in imagery suited for all time. But Milton, in his more elaborate and learned style, does fairly represent—apart from mere mannerisms of affectation, of which he had none, or obsolete quaintnesses of diction, of which he had not many—differences of artistic touch between his times and our own, which are real and palpable. We select, as an instance of our meaning, a passage of stately measure, and lively and varied illustration, and we only ask the reader to divest his mind of all previous association with the renown of Milton's verse, and with the incomparable portraiture of the "archangel ruined," to which this is a prelude, and say, Would the allusions in the following short passage be at all to the purpose, in kindling the imaginative enthusiasm of a nineteenth century reader? Would they be such as would occur to any save a very fantastic nineteenth century poet as pre-eminently appropriate to his theme? Satan is reviewing his troops of fallen angels in hell:—

"And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his
strength
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force, as named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant
brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxilial gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

It is not that the allusions here are to obscure or unknown subjects, but simply that they magnify a set of ideas whose vividness is of the past; and that the progress of thought and restlessness of inquiry have opened up new departments of knowledge and new aspects of old facts, since the days when Milton's mind was stored, which have

had the effect of stimulating fancy in a fresh direction.

Taste, then, we repeat, is evanescent in literature as in other things; and learning may be at work preparing a revolution, while the established code of æsthetics still governs the workings of imagination and of humour. This was the case during the latter half of the eighteenth century in England; and the purpose of our present paper will be to note the formation of the new taste which then set in, glancing at it first in its rudimental stages, and then in its later developments; and to indicate some characteristic points in which the humour and fancy of this our later age differs from those of the century preceding.

The parents of the elder generation living amongst us, were born into a world, the choicest mental recreation of which still consisted mainly of the numerous Essays, which now, in their attire of sober brown calf, fill some of the least frequented corners of a "gentleman's library," and to the practised eye are to be recognised almost instinctively by their dimensions, their colour, and their honoured but not solicited place on the shelves. A complete collection of the best known and most popular of these essays would extend to not less than forty volumes. Historically, they are distributable into three cycles: the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* of the close of Queen Anne's and beginning of George I.'s reign; Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler*, Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*, Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, Moore's *World*, Colman's *Connoisseur*, all in the last decade of George II.; and the *Mirror* and *Lounger* of Henry Mackenzie, the *Observer*, and many others besides, which made their appearance from 1779 onwards to near the end of the century. In these essays, accordingly, we may expect to find, partly by the proof positive of constant citation, partly by proof negative of marked omission, what were the sort of references and allusions in matters of taste which were current among our ancestors,—the standards which they accepted as orthodox; the class of ideas which they rejected as uncouth, or passed over as unobserved or irrelevant. And we cite these periodical writings, and not novels or tales, as the true representatives of the dilettante literature of their day, first, because novels, properly so called, were of later date than many of them; secondly, because novels, in Fielding's and Richardson's time, were simply delineations of character and adventure, not as they now are, over and above this, the vehicles of speculative generalities; and, thirdly, because these essays themselves frequently contained certain germs of the fanciful or philosophical

novel characteristic of later times. Thus in the *Spectator* we have the half-burlesque, half-sentimental description of Sir Roger de Coverley and his doings and sayings, in which Addison, by one of those sympathetic strokes which mark true genius, anticipated the picturesque old-world likings which are now so commonly taken for granted. At a later date, the purely sentimental cast of fiction, or as some would call it, the subjective style of composition, is distinctly outlined in various sketches and narratives contained in the essays of the "Man of Feeling." With Mackenzie and Sterne, indeed, the transition to the modern novel of sentiment may be said to have been fully made, in all particulars save that one of reference to previous conditions of social history, to which we desire now to direct more especial attention.

Now, in all the discursive *belles-lettres* of the eighteenth century, there is more or less, it cannot fail to be perceived, a certain tone derived from the traditions of classical literature, shown in a constant allusion to ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, an implied admission of their authority as supreme in all disputed points, and often a direct imitation of their style and method. It is no doubt a formal kind of adhesion throughout. There is something stilted and unreal about it. It is the loyalty of the trained pupil, not of the enthusiastic votary. It seldom makes very active demands on the imagination, or even on the minor quality of fancy. The truth is, that to understand the Past as past, was not the enriosity or the relaxation of that day. Moral and metaphysical inquiries were the real stimulus to thought; and the classic allusions which blended with them, however graceful and apposite, were essentially of a conventional type.* Still, as we have said,

* There is an eloquent passage in one of Sir Edward Lytton's novels upon the literary character of the eighteenth century. "At that time," he says, "reflection found its natural channel in metaphysical inquiry or political speculation, both valuable, perhaps, but neither profound. It was a bold, and a free, and an inquisitive age, but not one in which thought ran over its set and stationary banks, and watered even the common flowers of verse; not one in which Lucretius could have embodied the dreams of Epicurus; Shakespeare lavished the mines of a superhuman wisdom upon his fairy palaces and enchanted isles; or the beautifier of this common earth" (Wordsworth) "have called forth—

'The motion of the spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought;'

or disappointment and satiety" (Byron) "have hallowed their human griefs by a pathos wrought from whatever is magnificent, and grand, and lovely in the unknown universe; or the speculations of a great but visionary mind" (Shelley) "have raised, upon subtlety and doubt, a vast and

they constituted the one standard of appropriate illustration and indisputable authority. The poetic art of Virgil, the invention of Homer, the wisdom of Socrates, the criticism of Longinus, the philosophy of Aristotle, united to form a court of popular appeal from whose dicta there was no escaping. The "wisdom of the ancients," and the genius of the ancients, were lauded in proportion to the progress which the polite world considered itself to be making in the true principles of taste beyond the knowledge and practice of the generations preceding. It did not occur to that polite world anxiously to inquire where and in how far the Greeks and Romans were right in their principles, nor how their position in the world's history came to affect their conceptions of human culture. Simply they were the classics; and, being the classics, had as divine a right over the province of taste as Tory politicians once held a Stuart to have over the laws and liberties of England:—and this species of classic conventionalism continued to be the orthodox test of elegant education while the old state of things lasted; that is to say, before the French Revolution and its stupendous results had startled mankind out of all their former proprieties. Now be it observed, we differ, indeed, entirely from those who assert that it was that great crisis in European history and society, which, throwing the preceding constitution of the world to an immeasurable distance, first awoke, from contrast, that interest in bygone thoughts and habits of life which is so marked a feeling of our age. That interest had, as we conceive, been in fact growing for a long time before, and would eventually have supplanted the quasi-classical fashions of our great-grandfathers, even if the change of taste had not been precipitated, as it no doubt was, by the great political convulsion aforesaid. But of this in its place. At present we wish to point out distinctly the fact of the change. Let any one read two or three essays in the *Spectator* or *Rambler*, and then a few of those by Charles Lamb, or let him dip into the works of Dickens or Thackeray, or those of almost any of the lesser humorists of our own generation. Setting aside such peculiarities of allusion as might naturally belong to

irregular pile of verse, full of dim-lighted cells and winding galleries, in which what treasures lie concealed! That was an age in which poetry took one path and contemplation another; those who were addicted to the latter pursued it in its orthodox roads; and many, whom Nature, perhaps, intended for poets, the wizard Custom converted into speculators or critics."—*The Disowned*, chap. xiv.

the different states of society a hundred years earlier or later; what will strike him as the most characteristic difference in the setting of the two pictures, in the atmospheric conditions, so to speak, of the two regions of taste? Surely it is this: that whereas in these our actual times there is an ever wakeful sympathy with the past of history and society, a feeling sometimes reverential, sometimes regretful, sometimes compassionate, always keen and sensitive, an interest not only in the great actions, but in the everyday lives, the homes, the streets, the costume, the occupations, the follies, the most trifling gossip of our ancestors, whether remote or only a few generations separated from us, in the standard writings of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, this interest is entirely mute, as though a whole department of intelligent curiosity had been as yet unopened. The style in which the writers of the "Augustan age" of our literature looked back on the England of the past was that of immeasurable and self-satisfied superiority. Nothing, it seemed to them, was to be learned from those epochs of twilight civilisation; then why waste time in deciphering their paltry riddles? These were the authorities who voted Shakspeare an inspired barbarian,* and would only endure his genius in the travesties of Dryden. These were the authorities whose histrionic conceptions were satisfied with Hamlet in the full dress-coat of St. James's, and the Roman stoic giving himself the mortal wound in "long gown, flowered wig, and lacquered chair." For though their models of taste and fancy were formed chiefly on scholastic traditions, yet in the classical notions which men affected in the days of Anne and the early Georges, there was no spirit of antiquarian criticism, no real intelligent sympathy

even with old Greece and Rome: of "Gothic," or old English antiquarianism there was professedly and boastingly nothing. The very word *Gothic* was, with our great-grandfathers, synonymous with utter and contemptible barbarism:

"La Fable offre à l'esprit mille agréments divers :
Là, tous les noms heureux semblent nés pour
les vers ;
Ulysse, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idoménée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée ;
O ! le plaisant projet d'un Poète ignorant
Qui de tant de Héros va choisir Childebrand !"

So sung the poetical satirist of a foreign kingdom, unconscious that Childebrand's day was yet to come,—that the Gothic renaissance was looming in the future.

In the older generation whom we can ourselves remember, among ladies and gentlemen who did not affect deep study, but only a fair share of refined cultivation, the fruit of training under these influences was still apparent, in a somewhat pedantic conversance with the hackneyed stories of heathen mythology, in the remembrance of readings, more or less extensive, in such books as Melmoth's translations of Cicero and Pliny, Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*, Plutarch's *Lives*, Homer and Virgil as versified by our English poets. These studies, and such as these, were the credentials of a good education eighty, or even seventy years ago; and by them literary taste, except in some few daring spirits, was guided, controlled, suggested. The cultivation of the softer sex was assuredly very inconsiderable in those days compared with the results it displays now; yet we may venture to assert that the "elegant young female" to whom a paper in the *Spectator* was the prescribed sedative of each successive morning,* and whose tastes were trained in strict accordance with the intellectual standard therein displayed, would in some chapters of acquirement have been entitled to put to shame many a pupil of the present day advanced in German and geology, and distinguished in the class-rooms of a ladies' college. Did not Ogilby's *Virgil* and Dryden's *Juvenal* occupy the most honoured places on the bookshelves of that model to her sex described by Addison, the well-read Leonora,† even at a date when women required the popular moralist's special castigation to rouse them out of their ignorance?

It would be curious, though beside our present purpose, to trace how these airs and graces of classical pedantry in our lighter

* Oliver Goldsmith, a generation later, was scarcely more enlightened in his estimate of Shakspeare. "'Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir,' said the poor player to the Vicar of Wakefield, 'are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century. Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare are the only things that go down.' 'How!' said I (the Vicar is the narrator), 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?' 'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character, for that is none of their business. They only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name.'" It is evident, however, even from this passage, that whatever the creed of the arbiters of literary taste might be, the unsophisticated populace relished Shakspeare scarcely less than his own contemporaries had done.

* Miss Berry speaks of herself as in the habit of reading (when a child, in 1775) a Saturday paper in the *Spectator* every Sunday morning, to her grandmother.

† *Spectator*, No. 37.

literature were themselves, in accordance with the process which we set out with indicating,—a result of the laborious classical renaissance of the fifteenth century in Europe; how, after the learned had laid broad and deep foundations, and poets had imitated the classics in their verse, the superstructure of sentiment and fancy rose, displacing those whimsical extravagances of mediæval chronicle and fable, which, when printing first began, were the staple of the press, and which, even in Shakspeare's time, had by no means lost their hold over the popular mind. It would be curious next to trace how a certain blending took place between the older taste and what was then the new, and how the eclectic fancy of the Scudéris and Calprenédes in France formed a school of stilted romance, partly chivalrous, partly classic, which moulded the taste of the age in that country, and to a certain extent in England too, till Boileau and Addison and common-sense gave it the death-blow. In England, too, we say; for the spirit of French imitation, introduced under the second Charles, continued long to infect English habits, whether in letters or in social intercourse, notwithstanding the episode of the Silent Dutchman and his anti-Gallican propensities.

"We conquered France," said Pope, "but felt our captive's charms;

Her arts and letters triumph'd o'er our arms."

Thus in the *Spectator* we often come upon traces of the warfare which the best writers of the age were still waging against the absurd affectations of a waning fashion. It passed away, and then the gauge of all good composition and elegant imagery became, as we have noticed, a greater or less conformity with the modes of ancient literature; while invention, reduced to topics of quiet social speculation and humour, gave us the prelude to much of the essay-writing and novel-writing of our own time.

It is on the succeeding revolution in Fancy's wheel that we now wish to fix attention. Our aim is to show how, while *classical* taste (to use the language of the schools) still ruled the hour, an undergrowth of *romantic* taste struck root, subtending the accepted fashions, and pushing forth a new vegetation, which was soon to contest the place of the old and effete foliage.

A hint of the coming change may be discerned where least we might expect it, even in the early pages of the *Spectator*. Addison, notwithstanding the prejudices of his age against "Gothicism," was too much a man of genius not to possess sensibility for the vigorous and the picturesque wherever it might be found; and in the rough old ballad

of *Chevy Chace* he discerned workings of true poetry, for which he was not afraid to claim the admiration of his contemporaries, though, in accordance with the loyalty to classical precedents which was the creed of his age, he sought to establish the merits of the ballad in question rather on its imagined coincidences with the style and treatment of Virgil than on its spirited description of Border life and habits; indeed, he owns that without such corroboration his favourable judgment of this out-of-the-way minstrelsy would naturally have laid him open to the charge of singularity. For if *Chevy Chace* had been written in the *Gothic* manner, he says, "which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions." But what then did Addison mean by the *Gothic* manner? it may here be asked; for he speaks as if a style so called were really in vogue at the date of his own writing—a style clearly not the same with the rough old English ballad style of *Chevy Chace*. The special meaning which Addison attached to the term *Gothic* will be apparent if we compare this passage in the *Spectator* with others in which the same word is used by him. For instance, in one of his criticisms, where he is occupied in distinguishing between "true wit," "false wit," and "mixed wit," he adduces Martial among the ancients, and Cowley among the moderns, as eminent instances of this last, and then proceeds, "I look upon these writers as *Goths* in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy." And again, "Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured, in several of my speculations, to banish this *Gothic* taste, which has taken possession among us."*

From these indications, it is clear that "Gothic" poetry and "Gothic" art were not in Addison's view what, fifty years later, they were in the view of Horace Walpole. Addison seems to have understood the word as expressive of a certain blending of the uncouth and the whimsical, of which there were many instances in his day and that preceding; and of which the school of poets, called by Johnson the "metaphysical school," were

* No. 409.

perhaps the most systematic artists. The real aim and meaning of a Gothic revival, in the sense of a due appreciation of the elements of beauty to be found in the self-developed culture of the northern nations, has been yet unexplained by the philosophy of criticism; and in the interim the progress of real knowledge and taste was hampered, as so often happens, by pretension and imposture, and by the confusion of a vague nomenclature.

Meanwhile, Addison's criticism on *Chevy Chase* may in all probability have been the seed which bore fruit half a century later in the collections of Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who, in 1765, published his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; at all events, Percy cites Addison's remarks as a precedent and an excuse for his own undertaking. The apologetic tone of his preface throughout sounds not a little singular to our ears in the present day. In connexion with the subject before us, it is very significant.

"In a polished age like the present," he says, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them." And then, after citing Dr. Johnson, Warton, and other literary characters, as taking an interest in his work, he adds: "The names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes, will serve him as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of old ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of, now and then, a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. . . . The editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country(!) or in regaining from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners." *Hopes he need not be ashamed of critical researches than which none are more highly estimated now, alike by poet, philologist, historian, and man of taste, as furnishing indispensable aid towards one of the most cherished objects of our time—the appreciation of the historic Past.*

Still, Percy's tone of apology was an advance upon the confusion of Addison's ideas respecting old English ballads. Percy, at least, did not fall into the error of supposing that the merit of *Chevy Chase* depended upon its supposed resemblance to the style and sentiments of Virgil. On the contrary, he clearly indicates the essential diversity of

origin and character between mediæval poetry and the poetry of Greece and Rome.

By the time Percy entered the field, indeed, much had been going on in other departments of taste to foster the glimmering interest in these memorials of an age of "barbarism." Shenstone and Horace Walpole, in the middle of the century, successfully sought to introduce a reform into the arts of landscape gardening and architecture, of which the chief characteristics were an attention to the natural features of scenery and a revival of the "Gothic" principles of art. In the *World*, a fashionable periodical of 1753–1755, formed on the orthodox model of the *Spectator*, we find a fancy for Gothic architecture mentioned as a recent and prevalent whim, likely to be displaced by a still later whim for Chinese construction and decoration. The writer in the *World* speaks of both with equal contempt; but while the Chinese fancy, an exotic imported after Lord Anson's voyage in 1744, proved itself a mere transitory caprice and passed away, Gothicism, the purer kind—for here, as so often happens, real knowledge was struggling with pretension—held its ground. Horace Walpole was its most efficient advocate and champion. Writing from Worcestershire just at this time, he says:—"Gothicism, and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world." And when in Yorkshire he exclaims with kindling enthusiasm at sight of the ancient remains, "O what quarries for working in Gothic!" His letters are full of this new taste, which for many years was quite the passion of his life. He worked out his own conceptions in what, though it seems to us now but a spurious and flimsy imitation of mediæval art, was doubtless one of the most important initiatory steps in that renaissance movement which has to so great an extent given the law to our modern æsthetics—the famous toy of Strawberry. And not only in architecture and decoration, but in literature also, Horace Walpole may be said, perhaps by his zeal, to have deserved the meed of originality in this revival more than any of his contemporaries, while, by his lively fancy, he almost anticipated the popularizing process of time on the materials before him.

Within the ten years succeeding the publication of Percy's *Reliques*, appeared Dr. Johnson's and Stevens's editions of *Shakespeare*, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, both most important labours, as turning up the as yet nearly virgin soil of English philological research. Antiquarianism in the various departments of literature and art now began to form a school of ardent disciples. Dr. Johnson, with sententious conde-

scension, uttered his celebrated dictum, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. . . . That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Shenstone, devoted to song-writing as well as landscape-gardening, found the hunt after old abbeys and old ballads congenial to his sense of the picturesque both in scenery and verse. Captain Francis Grose, from 1773 to 1776, made the tour of England and Wales, and published its results in four quarto volumes of *Antiquities*, elaborately got up with descriptions and plates. Gough and Pennant prosecuted their topographical investigations. The Society of Antiquaries put forth in 1770 the first volume of their *Archæologia*. All tended in the same direction. Then, after a short interval, followed the era of the German classics, and of inquiry into the antiquities of Teutonic fable; and, contemporaneously with these, the stupendous wars and convulsions of the French Revolution, giving that impetus to the imaginative faculty which is never so effectually supplied as by the vivid experiences and sharp vicissitudes of human fate.

So the train was laid, and preparation made ready for the glowing romance of Walter Scott. The Northern Enchanter fired with the torch of his genius the pyre heaped up by the labour and research of previous students. He first, to any noteworthy degree, popularized the new education of taste. He brought a poet's soul to bear on ideas of fendality and chivalry, and on the many picturesque aspects of historic and traditional lore; and from his time, not mediæval research only, but mediæval sentiment, may be said to have fairly become a primary element in our æsthetic culture. Silenced now was the orthodox jargon of the past about the "barbarous productions of a Gothic genius," and the dread of their superseding in the realm of taste that "simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation" (*World*, vol. iii. p. 81). Greek and Roman art, indeed, was not deposed from its claims to man's homage, but room was conceded in the realm of beauty for another and not less influential potentate. How does one blast from the clarion of the "romantic" muse proclaim her attributes!—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of gladsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave,
Then go; but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile,
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

The sentiment soon, in fact, came to be far more commonly professed from affectation than ignored from indifference; for who, pretending to any nineteenth century cultivation, would not have been ashamed to own that a mediæval work of art, as such—a poem, a picture, a relic, a building, a chronicle of past days—exercised no more spell over him than the yellow cowslip did over the rude soul of Peter Bell? How many lisping ladies, we may be sure, were wont to echo Scott's genuine enthusiasm when lionizing visitors over the ruins of Melrose Abbey! "There is no telling," he used to say, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder. There are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese; and in the same taste—the mouldier the better."*

Nevertheless, in 1812, Scott's own language on the new development of taste his days had witnessed bore something of the character of advocacy, as though its results were not yet fully credited with the world at large. We allude to a prefatory essay in one of his republications of old literature.

"The present age," he says, "has been so distinguished for research into poetical antiquities, that the discovery of an unknown bard is, in certain chosen literary circles, held as curious as an augmentation of the number of fixed stars would be esteemed by astronomers. It is true, these 'blessed twinklers of the night' are so far removed from us, that they afford no more light than serves barely to evince their existence to the curious investigator; and in like manner the pleasure derived from the revival of an obscure poet is rather in proportion to the rarity of his volume than to its merit; yet this pleasure is not inconsistent with reason and principle. We know by every day's experience the peculiar interest which the lapse of ages confers upon works of human art. The clumsy strength of the ancient castles, which, when raw from the hand of the builder, inferred only the oppressive power of the barons who reared

* See Washington Irving's *Recollections of Abbot'sford*.

them, is now broken by partial ruin into proper subjects for the poet or the painter. . . . The monastery, too, which was at first but a fantastic monument of the superstitious devotion of monarchs, or of the purple pride of fattened abbots, has gained, by the silent influence of antiquity, the power of impressing awe and devotion. . . . If such is the effect of time in adding interest to the labours of the architect, if partial destruction is compensated by the additional interest of that which remains, can we deny his exerting a similar influence upon those subjects which are sought after by the bibliographer and poetical antiquary? The obscure poet, who is detected by their keen research, may indeed have possessed but a slender portion of that spirit which has buoyed up the works of distinguished contemporaries during the course of centuries. Yet still his verses shall, in the lapse of time, acquire an interest which they did not possess in the eyes of his own generation. . . . The mere attribute of antiquity is of itself sufficient to interest the fancy, by the lively and powerful train of associations which it awakens."*

If these observations upon the taste of the day, which take so much for granted that Bishop Percy dared only timidly to suggest, do notwithstanding appear somewhat trite to us fifty years later still, it is because the retrospective sentiment has become so much *more* a matter of course now, than it was even at the date of the publication of *Rokeby*.

We come now to the third stage of the assimilating process which we set out with describing; and as we have indicated Horace Walpole's as on the whole the most representative name in the first, or exploring stage, and that of Walter Scott as the greatest in the second, or inventive stage, so, if we were to point to any productions as specially marking the epoch when the ideas of the "Romantic" type of literature had become sufficiently inwoven with the mental texture of the age to afford material for the familiar allusions in which popular humour, fancy, or satire, are wont to be conveyed, we should have no hesitation in selecting the writings of Charles Lamb.

When Lamb published the earliest of his *Essays of Elia*, about 1820, the popularizing process had, it is evident, already made considerable advance. Imbued, as Lamb's mind was, with a haunting passion for old times and old-world fancies, he would have been an inexplicable whim and oddity to his generation, had not that generation become familiarized to a considerable extent with the ground over which his humour skimmed. Now Lamb can hardly be said to have possessed any strong turn for *mediæval*

imagery. He loved antiquity; but it was rather for its every-day life than for its romantic aspects, and principally for the genial traits of humanity he could detect in the deeds and sayings of other times. He was more at home in the metropolis than elsewhere; and more at home with the common doings of men than with their exalted feats of historic renown. His mind was steeped in Elizabethan literature, and in all that was odd and out of the way in that of the succeeding period. His quaint humour fed itself with perpetual references to the human life that had co-existed with those old folios on his love of which he was wont so enthusiastically to descant. As he walked the streets of London, the murky edifices on every side were to him full of sentiment and association. And here, if it is not too *Ruskinian* a classification, we are inclined to distinguish between an earlier and a later development of the retrospective taste, under the terms not indeed to be taken with too technical strictness—of the Romance of Stone and the Romance of Brick, and to assign the origin of the latter in a great measure to the reveries of the visionary East India House clerk. The South Sea House and its official underlings, the Inner Temple and its old benchers, Christ's Hospital and its juvenile *alumni*—what congenial food did these and suchlike topics furnish to the fancy of Lamb! What a potent flavour of sentiment and romance do the mingled pathos and playfulness of his conceptions infuse into scenes and persons whom no partiality can characterize as in themselves picturesque! Listen to the opening paragraphs of his essay on the South Sea House—"most musical, most melancholy!"—

"Reader, in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividend (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewile, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goes-in or comes-out—a desolation something like Balcutha's.

"This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers, directors seated

* See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 30.

in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama!"

Pertinent too it is to our present subject to remark the manner in which he proceeds to describe the personages whose forms mingle with these dreary memories of decadence. Their interest is made to depend, not on the abstract merits or peculiarities of each individual, but on these in an historic point of view, and purely as connected with their class-development. It is as a South Sea House clerk, and inhabitant of that gloomy tenement, not as a man in the more general sense, like the Eusebiuses and Ignotuses of our elder humorists, that we care to contemplate the insignificant Thomas Tame, with his stoop of condescension and inward sense of heraldic glory, or arithmetical John Tipp and his beloved "fractional farthing," or epigrammatic Henry Man, or vocal, rattling Plumer. The romance in the background of all this "Balcntha" was the South Sea Bubble, blown and dispersed sixty years* before the degenerate days of which Lamb speaks, but which had once given life and importance to the desolate precincts.

It is beyond the scope of our present remarks to attempt any wider consideration of the effect which the modern retrospective impulse has produced on our literature,—most marked and varied in the fields of philology and history, where the industry of the pioneer has gone on side by side with the ingenuity of the constructor, the research which digs up the literary bones of past ages with the skill which adjusts and explains them, till literary "revival" has become almost methodized to a science. We confine ourselves here simply to the province of local description and allusion, as a special instance of the sort of sentiment produced by this powerful direction of intellectual sympathy.

We do not claim for Charles Lamb any special inventiveness in selecting this vein of humour to work in. It was, as we have shown, pointed out by the previous education of taste, and other writers may have been as early as he was in divining its capabilities.

But what we do assign to him is the master-humorist's grace and fancy in handling this and other aspects of antiquarianism, and the first happy blending of them with the moralizing sportiveness proper to a popular philosopher. As a teacher in the school of moral æsthetics, he founded a class-room of his own, and other lecturers have not been slow to follow his method. That the particular composition of fancy which he initiated, does pervade our literature to a very great extent at the present day, will not be questioned. We do not mean that the one species of sentimental antiquarianism has extinguished the other, but only that the modern passion for retrospective dalliance has gone on enlarging its sphere, till, from at first embracing little save the monk-and-baron-haunted relics of the middle ages, it has come more recently to invest with a romance of its own every pile of human habitation connected with noticeable peculiarities of past life and character. It is in this department that Leigh Hunt—dubbed on other grounds the King of Cockneydom—distinguishing himself, and that play is given to the fancies of so vast a company of sentimental topographers and biographers, and of humorists more or less worthy of the title, in our day.* It is in this department especially that the genius of Charles Dickens has found its happiest exercise. Dickens's conceptions of individual character are extravagant and grotesque; but his sketches of locality, and of class life as connected with locality, are wonderfully graphic and powerful. That they abound in every volume of his writings it is unnecessary to state, for who is not well acquainted with undoubtedly the most popular serials of the serial-loving Victorian era? And that in the pedigree of literary ideas they owe their style and colouring to the previous inspiration of Charles Lamb, will be, we think, sufficiently obvious to any reader of such passages as the following, taken almost at random from the two earliest of his tales. The first is a description of London inns in the old days of the road, before the establishment of the fast-coach system, which, when *Pickwick* was written, had not yet broken down before the inexorable advance of steam and rail, though its days were already numbered, and its sphere contracted:—

"There are in London several old inns, once the head-quarters of celebrated coaches, in the

* The first of Lamb's *Essays of Elia* was published about 1820. In that concerning the South Sea House, he says he is writing of his memories forty year back. The great year of the South Sea Bubble was, as every one knows, 1720.

* A glance, for instance, at the table of contents of such a book as Timbs's *Walks and Talks about London* (1865), will show how fertile a branch of the "bookmaker's" stock-in-trade the popular taste for antiquities supplies.

days when coaches performed their journeys in a graver and more solemn manner than they do in these times, but which have now degenerated into little more than the abiding and booking-places of country waggons. The reader would look in vain for any of these ancient hostleries among the Golden Crosses and Bull and Mouths which rear their stately fronts in the improved streets of London. If he would light upon any of these old places, he must direct his steps to the obscurer quarters of the town; and there, in some secluded nooks, he will find several still standing with a kind of gloomy sturdiness amidst the modern innovations which surround them.

"In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side."

Next let us glance at a sketch, in the true retrospective-picturesque, of an out-of-the-way square in the metropolis. The humour—of which we have space to give an inadequate notion only—is distinguished from that of Lamb by being broader, more farcical, less quaintly meditative; but it bears a like reference to the accessories of place and association:—

"Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings.

"In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a bygone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall, meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath. The fowls who peck about the kennels, jerking their bodies hither and thither with a gait which none but town fowls are ever seen to adopt, and which any country cock or hen would be puzzled to understand, are perfectly in keeping with the crazy habitations of their owners.

"To judge from the size of the houses, they

have been at one time tenanted by persons of better condition than their present occupants; but they are now let off by the week in floors or rooms, and every door has almost as many plates or bell-handles as there are apartments within. The windows are for the same reason sufficiently diversified in appearance, being ornamented with every variety of common blind and curtain that can easily be imagined; while every doorway is blocked up and rendered nearly impassable by a motley collection of children and porter pots of all sizes, from the baby in arms and the half-pint pot, to the full-grown girl and half-gallon can."

And here we would revert to the earlier portion of our argument, and take occasion, from examples such as these, to remind the reader how different from anything to be found in the works of our elder wits and essayists is the tone of humour adopted by these favourite popular writers of our day—different just in this attribute of local sentiment and association. To make the contrast more appreciable, we recommend the reader to turn to two numbers of the famous periodical already so often cited. We cannot dip into the pages of the *Spectator*, and not perceive that Addison was as true a lover of the London of his time as Charles Lamb was at a later epoch, and felt, like that delightful writer, and others who have caught his spirit, the genuine humorist's delight in speculating upon life and character in spots where men do congregate, and the humorist's solace in forgetting the burden of self-contemplation in sympathy for the moving crowds. Some of his pleasantest papers are descriptive of the population and the localities as he knew them. Thus, in one he sketches the distinctive politics of the different quarters of the metropolis. A report being spread of the death of Louis XIV., whose wars and ambitions had made him as great a bugbear to England then, as a mightier conqueror on the throne of France became a century afterwards, the short-faced gentleman takes occasion to visit the various coffee-houses of the town and city. At St. James's he finds an inner knot of theorists collected round the steam of the coffee-pot, disposing of the whole Spanish monarchy, and providing for all the line of Bourbon in less than a quarter of an hour. At St. Giles's a board of disaffected French gentlemen "sit" upon the life and death of the *Grand Monarque*, and discuss their own and their friends' chances of re-established fortunes from his demise. At Will's, the resort of wits and authors, the names of Boileau, Racine, and Corneille, are brought in with reference to the event, and regrets are expressed that they had not lived to lament it in fitting elegies. At a coffee-house near the Temple two young lawyers

debate *pro* and *con*, with professional acumen, the claims to the Spanish succession, of the Emperor of Austria, and the Duke of Anjou. In Fish Street, the fishmonger politician anticipates an improved sale of pilchards in consequence of the event. In Cheapside, the bank-speculator laments his recent sale out of the Funds, which the French monarch's death would infallibly send upwards; and so on. The scenery in the background, the London haunts specified, had, it is evident, their charm for Addison, but it was an unconscious charm; to make them matter of definite literary description would not have occurred to him as relevant to the tastes of his readers. It was on the figures of the piece that the beholder's eye was to be riveted; the localities were dashed in as necessary but subordinate adjuncts. And the same remark applies to another paper to which, for a moment, we invite the reader's attention, where he narrates a peregrination by boat and coach through the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and describes the different classes of the population, high and low, pursuing their several avocations during several portions of the twenty-four hours. "The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine; they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two of the clock the noon of the day." It is a really graphic description: the fleet of market-gardeners plying the river with their goods for sale; the night hackney-coachmen dispersing in the Strand; the young fruit-buyers jostling each other in Covent Garden; the eager bustle of the Exchange; the ragged ballad-singer at the corner of Warwick Street; the fine ladies flaunting from shop to shop through St. James's Street and Long Acre. And it is precisely the material which supplies food for what we have called the "romance of brick" in our days; for the men and women of Queen Anne's time have for us that very ancestral prestige which we think so much of, and their haunts are consecrated ground to our fancy. But the description itself, as penned by Addison, was not inspired by any analogous sentiment. For aught that we can see, the contemplative moralist of the eighteenth century's morning, never spent a thought or a care on what his forefathers of the Tudor and Stuart days, not to mention times more remote, ordinarily imagined or enacted in the scenes through which his own daily footsteps led him. Or

if such thoughts may have suggested themselves from time to time, it would seem that, not having been yet worked up into literary "staple," they were considered wholly inappropriate to be put forth in works designed to attract the popular sympathies. It might be curious matter of speculation, perhaps, to guess how many and what kind of thoughts even now float before the twilight moods of our mind, which make no present impression, but belong to a class of ideas destined to form the literary "staple" of another age. But this by the way. We think it is very evident, as regards our eighteenth century ancestors aforesaid, that the estimate they formed of their relation to *their* ancestors, was, on the whole, that of a self-satisfied superiority, which scorned any reference to the past, as possessing, in the mere fact of its historical existence, special grounds for our sympathy or curiosity. On this subject Johnson himself was, in some moods of his pugnacious mind, very little of a philosopher. "Great abilities," he said, "are not requisite for an historian, for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so that there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree,—only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."* He would have been content with Faustus's summary of the matter which constitutes history:—

"Ein Kehrtrittsz und eine Rumpelkammer,
Und höchstens eine Haupt- und Staatsaction,
Mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen,
Wie sie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen."

Once more. Of Addison's graver essays none has been more vaunted for its solemn grace than that on visiting the tombs in Westminster Abbey. But in reading it one cannot fail to mark how devoid its tone and treatment are of any of the antiquarian sentiment professed by the moralists of our time. The thoughts which the contemplation of that venerable pile suggest to Addison, grand and impressive thoughts though they are, have reference to mortality in the general sense, in its moral and religious aspects only: local or historical circumstance have no place in them, save as enlarging the accessories of time and space within which the philosopher regards our human fate. The sermon is in the buried dust, but not in the stones which encase it.

Still there were places, and there were oc-

* *Life*, by Boswell (Crocker's edition), vol. i. p. 438.

casions, which could hardly fail to awaken in some measure the dormant instinct of romantic association with the older chapters of English life, even in those non-retroverting days; and it will not perhaps be without amusement to exhibit somewhat in detail a comparison of sentiment between successive observers on visiting the most famous and venerable and picturesque of all our provincial cities; the home of Britain's choicest learning, from the first dawning rays of the middle ages to the broad daylight of these latter times; the seat of "that ancient institution," to use the recent words of one of her most gifted sons while smarting from her unkindness, where are "represented, more nobly perhaps, and more conspicuously than in any other place, at any rate with more remarkable concentration, the most prominent features that relate to the past of England."* Sir Richard Steele's description of his visit to Oxford, with which we begin, is, as might be anticipated, the least coloured by any tincture of antiquarian sentiment; but then it should be mentioned that his purpose in this essay is ironical, and is properly a satire upon certain ill-maintained pretensions to learning in the academicians of his day:—

"As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance, so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse than by setting forth the excellency of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an Earl walk bareheaded to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years' more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives is to a philosopher who has by many years' experience in the world, learned to condemn everything but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenuous youth, see ministers of state, chancel-

lors, bishops, and judges! Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is a rational being! Here men understand, and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy of a future state,—the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job: 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto thou shalt come and no farther?' Such speculations make life agreeable, make death welcome."*

Next we have Pope describing, in somewhat ornate and careful language, a visit to Oxford from Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's seat, where at times he was wont to reside. Pope assuredly was not without the poetic sympathy which yearns towards the past; but to him it was an emotion calling for elaborate display, scarcely the overflow of habitual thought:—

"The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw; by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world."†

The next pilgrim we summon from the land of shades is Horace Walpole, writing in 1753. The spirit of retrospective sympathy is conspicuously at work in the few sentences in which he sums up his observations:—

"On my way I dined at Park Place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering through the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old Fellows stealing to their pleasures. . . . The whole air of the town charms me; and

* Gladstone's speech at the South Lancashire election, July 18, 1865.

† *Tatler*, No. 39. † Pope's *Letters*, I. 133.

what remains of the true Gothic *an-Gibbs'd* and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. . . . We passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford. If King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers."

Lastly, let us linger and dream with mellifluous Lamb, and hear him, in his own unrivalled music, declare the nature of the spell which gave the glory to *his* vision:—

"To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility, I can be a sizar, or a servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a gentleman commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed, I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bedmakers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a seraphic doctor.

"The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some founder, or noble or royal benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then to take a peep in by the way at the butteries and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality; the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago, and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the cook goes forth a manticler.

"Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou?—that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity; then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself fiat, june, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half-Janus are we that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!"*

From what has been said, it will be evi-

dent, we apprehend, that the sympathetic interest in the past which Lamb thus eloquently describes, had been a growing taste since the middle of the eighteenth century, and was not wholly the result of that startling catastrophe which is wont to stand before literary historians as the great gulf fixed between old-world and modern ways of thinking. That it was helped forward and received a more definite character by that event we do not dispute. Undoubtedly the overthrow of old institutions and authoritative creeds did tend, in imaginative natures, to endue past things and persons with that tincture of romance to which the prosaic present seldom attains. But the mine had been opened; revived Gothicism had won its disciples; the rising literature of Germany, with all its fascinating mysteries of chivalry and legend, would have found its vent, war or no war. We should have missed some inspired flights, some kindling imaginations. On the other hand, we might have antedated the calmer investigations of a later day. "ANTTIQUITY, THOU WONDROUS CHARM!" we should still have exclaimed with Charles Lamb.

And will not the time come when antiquity too shall have ceased to exert its witching spell? Not, indeed, on the most imaginative minds, on those to whom the past, the present, and the future each possess imperishable sources of ideal power, but on the multitude who think their thoughts at second hand, and require a certain amount of freshness in the ground-work of their mental entertainment. Does not the rapid disappearance of one after another crazy monument of the elder days, and the re-clothing in modern brilliancy of others, point to a time when present inventiveness will be all in all, past achievements nothing? Even now, when wandering through the aisles of some renovated cathedral, or witnessing, in some specimen of nineteenth-century Gothic, the imitative skill of a Pugin or a Scott, is it the retrospective sentiment that kindles in us most, or is it the admiration of tact and design in the adaptations that have supplied former decay, and raised the old art to life in modern combinations? New houses of Parliament have sprung up where the old halls of St. Stephen's once stood. New offices are displacing the dingy tenements where Walpole and Bolingbroke once swayed the destinies of Britain. Trim railway stations obliterate the memory of old-world hostleries, and steam movement gives travellers scant time or opportunity to think on local traditions, or on anything save the business of the passing moment and the prospects of the future. And so the lingering fancy that dwells among the ghosts of dead generations may—it is

* *Essay on Oxford in the Vacation.*

no impossible contingency—cease one day to fascinate the busy world. Nay, will the genuine faculty of humour itself find the leisure which seems indispensable to its subsistence, when the culminating point shall have been reached of that material civilisation which, though now it aids and impels discovery of earth's buried secrets, threatens in its own imperious demands to absorb more and more man's small span of life and force of brain in the schemes and competitions of the moment?

ART. VII.—THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Origin and Nature of the Cattle Plague.* Presented to Her Majesty, 9th November 1865.
2. *Reports to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh on the Cattle Plague.* October 1865.
3. *Sur les Résultats de l'Inoculation de la Peste Bovine, effectuée en Russie depuis l'année 1853.* Paris, 1863.

PLAGUES among cattle, like plagues among men, have in all ages excited marked attention in the countries which they have attacked. "A grievous murrain" which smote the cattle of Egypt was one of the means employed to soften the heart of the obdurate Pharaoh. Classical authors frequently allude to pests among oxen, as every one who has read Homer, Plutarch, Livy, and Virgil will well remember. Even the contagious character of these plagues is described by Columella, in his *De Re Rustica*, at the beginning of the Christian era; while Vegetius, three centuries later, enlarges upon this theme, and prescribes the course adopted by our rulers in the nineteenth century, that plague-stricken beasts should "with all diligence and care be separated from the herd, and be put apart by themselves, and that their carcasses be buried."* It is not, however, our purpose to describe the frequent plagues which have devastated Enrope in the middle ages. The ninth century was particularly afflicted with them, Charlemagne having sown their seeds broadcast during the movements of his army, as Fracastorius and Weierus have fully recorded. We would leap over the history of these ancient plagues altogether, were it not

that we find incidental notices of some of them even in this country.

The fourteenth century was particularly remarkable in England for the frequent occurrence of human plagues. Fifteen times at least, during that century, did black death and its kindred plagues ravage Europe, sometimes preceded, sometimes followed, by grievous murrains among cattle. In the two years 1348–1349 a plague of great intensity attacked the horned cattle in England. They died by thousands, and the herdsmen, panic-stricken, fled from their herds, which roamed wildly about the country, carrying the plague into every district. Many attempts were made to confine the diseased cattle, but with little effect, owing to the belief that they could communicate the plague to man. The harvest in these years was luckily plentiful, but, notwithstanding the abundance of grain, the dearth of cattle was severely felt, and the horrors of famine were added to those of the plagues among men and beasts. About a century later the murrain among cattle was prevalent throughout Europe, and once more fell upon this country. It was again accompanied by a plague among men. But on this occasion the human plague, or "sweating sickness," chiefly fell upon the middle and upper classes of society, who were thus punished for their gluttony and riotous living; and its accompanying murrain among cattle does not appear to have caused such panic in the poorer classes as on the occasion of its previous visit, when their spirits were weighed down by repeated assaults of black death. The years 1348 and 1480 produced no chroniclers of these murrains, so that we are unable either to identify or to differentiate between them and the cattle plague of our own time. The preventive measures used by the Governments of both periods are however identical. The separation of diseased from sound stock, so long since recommended by Vegetius, was then adopted as now; and the free use of the pole-axe to slaughter suspected animals was encouraged then, as it has been in the Order of Council during the present year.

Till the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, our country was not again visited by any extensive murrain among cattle. This plague, like its successors in 1745, 1768, and 1865, first appeared in the neighbourhood of London, and swept off many cattle. But the pole-axe was used unsparingly; the slaughtered cattle were buried deep under the earth; and the plague was soon stamped out, without extending its ravages much beyond the home counties. Thirty years later the plague once more invaded the country and held it with a firm grip for twelve years; but before re-

* In the year 376 the cattle plague was all over Europe, and Cardinal Baronius assures us that no cattle escaped, except such as were marked on the forehead with the sign of the Cross.

counting the evil that it did then, and the experience which it has left for our guidance now, it is necessary to become acquainted with its general prevalence in Europe during the eighteenth century, for it is from this period that our scientific knowledge of the murrain begins to be developed.

The wars which prevailed during the eighteenth century diffused the plague all through Europe, as a natural consequence of the parks of cattle which were formed in the rear of the armies. The years 1711 to 1714 were especially remarkable for the mortality caused by the plague in Western Europe, no less than one million five hundred thousand cattle having perished by the murrain during these years. On the 17th August 1711, Count Trajan Borromeo, a canon of Padua, saw a stray and way-worn ox upon his estate, and, instigated by humane motives, gave it shelter in a cowshed. This ox was soon reclaimed by its owner, who stated that it had strayed from an Hungarian herd belonging to the commissariat of the Austrian army. About a week after this unlucky visit, the cattle in the shed which had sheltered the Hungarian beast began to sicken, and shortly afterwards died of a malignant pest. The season was fine, and unusually dry; but the pest spread rapidly through the Count's herds, and from them extended widely, passing on to Milan, Ferrara, the Campagna of Rome and Naples, travelled through Sardinia and Piedmont, then through Dauphiny into France, traversed Switzerland, scaled the Mountains of the Tyrol, spread over Germany, and penetrated into Holland, from whence it is supposed to have been imported into England. Italy did not get rid of it for seven years. Pope Clement xi. lost 30,000 cattle in his States during this period, and was so affected by the losses, that he published regulations for the suppression of the plague, on which our own Privy Council, during the existing attack, have made little improvement. The Pope ordered diseased cattle to be slaughtered, their hides to be slashed, so that they might not be used for making leather, and their carcasses to be buried along with quicklime. But, instead of the £20 penalty which our Privy Council exact for an infringement of the order, the Pope ordained that every man infringing these rules should be sent to the gallows if he were a laic, and to the galleys if he were an ecclesiastic. And yet, with these Draconic laws, it took the Pope seven years to expel the plague from his States. During this period, Piedmont lost 80,000 oxen; and the neighbouring countries in a like proportion.

The wars of Louis xiv., until his death in 1715, aided much in the propagation of the

murrain. The armies of the Allies, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, frequently carried it in their train, or received it in the capture of commissariat cattle from the French. Holland, from 1713 to 1723, lost more than 200,000 cattle, and then had a period of repose from its ravages. In almost every instance during this century, we find the plague spreading with violence whenever Russian and Austrian troops penetrated westward, or when the troops of other countries commingled with the former, either in war or peace. This was specially observed in the War of Succession, on the death of Charles vi. in 1740. It is familiar to every reader of history, that the Hungarians warmly espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, and as the tide of war surged backwards and forwards, the Hungarian cattle used to feed the Austrian armies, carried with them the seeds of the plague, and again spread them broadcast over Europe. Frederick the Great, in his frequent encounters with the Austrians and Russians, took back this cattle plague, as his Nemesis, to Prussia. In eight years after the death of the Emperor Charles vi., the west and centre of Europe alone lost three millions of horned beasts. This was a period of interest to England, and demands careful consideration.

Late in the year 1744, or more probably early in 1745, a murrain broke out among English cattle. The writers of that period, especially Mortimer, the secretary of the Royal Society, and Layard, the eminent physician, agree in ascribing its importation to two white calves brought over from Holland by a farmer living at Poplar near London. Shortly after the arrival of these calves, some cows on the same farm sickened. The distemper spread among the cattle in the lower part of Essex, and soon reached London, which now, through the metropolitan market, passed it into different parts of the country. Still it did not travel rapidly, for, although the Government issued a Commission in November to prevent its spread, the powers of the Commission extended only to Middlesex. Inspectors, who were butchers and cowkeepers, were appointed to examine cowsheds, in order to separate sick and sound beasts. The former were killed and buried twelve feet under ground, their hides being well slashed, and their carcasses covered with two bushels of quicklime. A compensation by the Government of forty shillings, or about half the average price of cattle at the period, was given for each slaughtered beast. The progress of the distemper was so slow that Government did not treat it as a national evil until one year after its outbreak. In February 1746, an Act

was passed, enabling the King to issue Orders in Council for its suppression, and the first Order is dated on the 12th of March in that year. This Order states that his Majesty had consulted the learned men of his dominion, who agreed that they knew of no cure for the disease; and it even deprecates the attempts at cure, "for while means are used to save the sick, the disease spreads among the sound, and is increased more and more in proportion to the numbers seized with it." Hence the pole-axe was made the radical cure in 1746, as it has been by our present Government one hundred and twenty years afterwards. This first Order in Council then proceeds to give directions, which have obviously dictated those issued in the present year, and are little more than a transcript of the rules laid down by Pope Clement XI.* Plague-stricken beasts are to be killed and buried with lime; the litter infected by them must be burned, and the sheds in which they died are to be cleansed, fumigated with sulphur or gunpowder, and washed over with vinegar and water. Men who tended ailing beasts are not to go near sound stock till they have changed their clothes and washed their bodies. Convalescent cattle are not to be brought in contact with sound stock for a month. Travelling cattle are to be stopped on the highways for examination, and the sick beasts must be slaughtered. The local authorities, who are intrusted with the execution of this order, may appoint inspectors to see the rules enforced. Eight months passed, but the local authorities failed to justify the confidence reposed in them. So a second Order in Council laments the want of local co-operation, and directs that, after the 27th December 1746, "No person do send or drive any ox, bull, cow, calf, steer, or heifer, to any fair, market, or town in England; or do buy, sell, or expose for sale, any ox, etc., except fat cows and oxen ready for immediate slaughter." The Order further directs that no fatted cattle shall be allowed to be taken from an infected herd; and to insure this order being obeyed, all cattle going for slaughter must be provided with passes, or clean bills of health, given by a Justice of the Peace, upon information sworn

by oath. No such passes shall be issued unless the distemper has ceased for six weeks on the pastures or sheds of the cattle-owner. These measures produced a very partial effect, so that a new Act was passed in 1747, giving to the King increased powers. This Act was followed by continuing and extending Acts up to 1757. Many other Orders in Council were issued during this period, bewailing local apathy, and urging increased exertion. Sometimes all the fairs in the country are stopped for two or three months; at other times the stoppage is limited to country fairs, fat stock being still allowed to be exposed for immediate slaughter. A few counties got rid of the pestilence, but the neighbouring counties harboured it, and passed over to the adjacent ones; so now arose a war of county against county, the healthy district proscribing the infected one, watching its roads and every outlet, so that no beasts, either sick or sound, should be allowed to pass. In the second year of the plague, 100,000 head of cattle perished in Lincolnshire; in the third year, Nottinghamshire lost 40,000, and Cheshire 30,000, while many other counties suffered in similar proportion. In the face of these heavy losses, the Government gathered itself up for a desperate effort, and at the end of 1749 prohibits the movement of all stock, whether fat or lean; permitting slaughter only within two miles of where any beast may be, on the 14th January 1750. The object of this prohibition was to let the disease burn itself out without the possibility of extension. But London and Westminster made a huge clamour, fearing a famine, for roads were then few and bad, and dead meat could not reach these cities in good condition. The opposition to the Order became so great that it was revoked before it came into operation. The Privy Council now became faint-hearted, and left the war to counties, only interfering now and then in cases of grave evil-doing. So the disease wore itself out by pure exhaustion, the animals susceptible to its influence having mostly perished, until, in February 1759, a general thanksgiving announced its cessation, no cases having occurred in the previous year, and a few only in 1757.

There is no record of the losses which the country experienced during the twelve years. The system of compensation for slaughtered animals would appear to offer a means of record, but it was soon abandoned, as it led to the most serious frauds. Every animal suffering from disease of any kind was knocked on the head, and classed as a plague-stricken beast, in order to insure Government compensation. A more serious evil still re-

* But the Pope stole his ideas from Vegetius, who took them from Virgil, and he from Varro:—

"At length whole herds to death at once it sweeps;

High in the stalls it piles the loathsome heaps,

Dire spectacle! till sage experience found

To bury deep the carrion in the ground.

Useless their hides; nor from the flesh the flame

Could purge the filth, nor steams the savour tame."—*VIRGIL, Georg. iii. 556.*

sulted; for the payment of losses diminished the motive to exertion, on the part of local authorities, for the extirpation of the murrain. The Treasury records, therefore, afford no clue to the number of cattle which succumbed to the plague, but it must have reached to upwards of 500,000.

It is curious to read the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1745 to 1757, and see how history repeats itself. We find in it apparently the same energetic correspondents who now send their lucubrations to the *Times*, protesting against the use of the pole-axe, advocating or opposing the system of compensation for slaughtered cattle, framing insurance societies, fighting against ideas of contagion and importation of the disease, and describing all kinds of cure. We have not yet seen one method of cure tried in 1865 which was not tried and found wanting in the plague of 1745. Even Miss Burdett Coutts' liberal treatment of the cows at Holly Lodge, with calomel, yeast, castor-oil, porter, port, brandy, and whisky, is to be found in these old chronicles. Copious bleeding and setons in the neck were, of course, from the habit of the time, much resorted to; two quarts of blood, morning and evening, being not thought too much, till it was observed that bled beasts never recovered. Even Mr. Graham's sweating system was well known, but did not yield favourable results. We do not recollect to have seen any proofs that the disorder made its way over to Ireland during this period, though there are some customs now extant among the Irish peasantry which incline us to believe that they at one time suffered from the murrain. Thus, lighting bonfires on the eve of St John's Day, and pitching into them, probably as a sacrifice, live hedgehogs, those traditional cow-suckers, and chasing cattle with burning wisps of straw, show the old methods of burning a plague out of a country, and getting up perspiration in affected beasts.

It will be seen that the experience of the plague of 1745 is highly valuable, though most discouraging, both as to the use of preventive and curative measures. It is certain that the distemper then was entirely identical with that prevailing now, for the old descriptions of the symptoms, and of the morbid anatomy, do not leave the least ground for doubt.

With this description of the long plague in England, and referring to Dossie's essay of 1771 for an account of the short outbreak in 1768, we must conclude our historical retrospect, and pass to subjects more immediately interesting to us. We may merely mention, as the result of careful inquiries by Dr. Faust, that, from 1711 to 1796, when he

ended his statistical inquiry, more than two hundred millions of horned cattle were cut off by the disorder in Western Europe.

The plague followed, as we have seen, in the wake of Russian and Austrian armies, and was propagated by them to allied or opposing armies. The questions now arise:—Are these plagues the natural consequence of aggregations of cattle following in the rear of armies, under circumstances of over-marching and bad feeding; or have they a common birthplace from which they spread? The first question may safely be answered in the negative, for armies operating at a distance from Russian and Austrian commissariats never experience this form of disease. During the warlike reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the pest was six times in France, but from 1800 to 1814 it was free from the scourge, although still engaged in active warfare. The distemper was only again introduced when the French armies came into collision with the Austrian and Russian troops; and it left France in 1816, after the withdrawal of the allied forces. During this time Germany was grievously smitten with the plague. A further answer to the question is obtained by the experience of the wars in India, Algiers, and America,* where no cattle plague appears as a consequence of moving armies. But English commissariat cattle were seized with it in the Crimea as soon as we came in contact with Russian troops.

We come now to the second question, Has this plague a birthplace? The experience of a century tells us that the steppes of European Russia form either its birthplace or its nursery. The lower third part of the Dnieper, with its numerous affluents, until it empties itself into the Black Sea, is surrounded by Russian provinces, which breed about eight millions of cattle to feed on the luxuriant herbage of the steppes. Among these herds this cattle plague or "Rinderpest" constantly prevails, though by no means so virulently as it does when it penetrates Western Europe. As soon as the good season begins, merchants, who are generally Jews, buy up cattle in the steppes and carry them to fairs for sale. Some of the most notable of these fairs are held in Beltzy in Bessarabia, Elizabetgrad in Kerson, Balta in Podolia, and Berditchev in Volhynia. Balta has at least 500,000 head of cattle at its fairs in a single season. From these centres of traffic, great herds of cattle are driven to feed the populations of Russia

* America, indeed, claims credit for having extirpated the plague recently in Massachusetts; but on reading the description it is clear that this attack was not the rinderpest but pleuro-pneumonia.

Proper, Poland, and Hungary with its dependencies. Our interest in the cattle which are distributed through Russia is limited, for, with the exception of the famous Revel cargo, we have no direct dealings in live cattle with that empire, though it may be well to mention that the steppe cattle rarely reach as far as St. Petersburg. But it is otherwise as regards Poland and Hungary, for the former receives infected stock, which may pass the Prussian frontiers, and the latter supplies weekly the metropolitan market with the long-horned breed of oxen. The Russian provinces of Podolia, the Ukraine, and Volhynia, annually supply Poland with about 30,000 head of cattle of the steppe kind; and though Poland fights manfully against the introduction of the pest, it frequently crosses over her borders and commits devastation among the native herds. Cattle for immediate slaughter are admitted into Poland after three days' quarantine, but lean cattle, and those destined for exportation, undergo twenty-one days' detention. Our Consul at Warsaw, writing on 4th April 1857, draws the attention of the Foreign Office to this subject:—"I beg very particularly to draw your Lordships' attention to this part of the subject, it being beyond doubt that vast numbers of steppe cattle find their way, in consequence of the railway extension, to all parts of Germany, a few days after the Austrian and Prussian frontier has been passed by them. The trade in live stock is very active, and every new mile of railway tends to produce, on the Continent of Europe, an equalization in the price of cattle, similar to what we have already seen in England on a smaller scale." Luckily for this country, Prussia, when she is at peace, has hitherto been a rampart against the extension of the plague, for the police measures to destroy diseased cattle, and even dogs and birds, which might carry infection over the borders, are prompt and severe. But smuggling still takes place, so that the disease occasionally breaks out in the border villages. Round these military cordons are drawn, and the pest is stamped out with merciful rigour.

Austria has never been so successful in her preventive measures. Nearly a hundred thousand steppe cattle are believed to pass annually into Galicia and Hungary. Every six or seven years the pest appears to ravage the herds of the latter country. In the three years 1849-1851, it attacked 300,000 head of cattle, while in 1863 it was more severe than on any previous occasion, having seized on 14 per cent. of all the cattle in Austria, with the exception of Silesia, Bohemia, Upper Austria, Salzburg and the Tyrol,

Kurnthen and Venice. At this moment it is still in Hungary, and has attacked sheep as well as horned beasts. This has been a peculiarity of the recent irruption of the pest, for before 1863 Poland also had never experienced its extension to sheep.

We draw attention to these facts, because it must be apparent that the completion of the two great lines of railway which, traversing Southern and Central Germany, connect Rotterdam and Hamburg with Pesh and Leimberg, have opened up to us the supplies of Hungary and Galicia, and have vastly increased the danger of a constant importation of this plague. In fact, through Rotterdam, and under the name of Dutch beasts, we have of late frequently recognised in the metropolitan market the long-horned oxen of Hungary. If we have been rightly informed by an official on the Galician railway, there is scarcely any quarantine for beasts destined for exportation, the old rules being now found inapplicable to the modern demands of speedy transit. It seems to be quite certain that steppe oxen can carry about on their hides the virus of the plague, without themselves being necessarily smitten by it, although, on being overdriven, underfed, or badly watered on their journey, the plague breaks out with virulence. Scientific men have kept this poisonous matter for three, six, and even eleven months without any deterioration of its properties, the proof being that it still possessed the power of communicating the distemper to an ox by inoculation. It is quite possible, therefore, that an animal might carry about the poison in a dry state on its skin, hoofs, or horns, and that the *contagium* only begins to reproduce itself under favourable conditions for its growth.

There are not a few people in this country, who, in spite of the evidence of men of science, persist in believing that the murrain which now prevails is a disease of spontaneous origin, or of home growth, quite different from the plague of 1745, and not identical with the cattle distemper of Germany called *Rinderpest*, or, as it is known in France, the *typhus contagieux des bêtes à cornes*. It is necessary to convince such people of the absolute identity of these murrains, otherwise all the experience so dearly won by England in the last century will be lost to them, and that acquired by foreign States, who, unhappily for them, are more familiar with the disease than this country, cannot be brought to bear for the common advantage of the public. To remove such doubts, we insert descriptions of the symptoms of the plague at present in the country, of that in Poland by Professor Seifman, and of the old plague of 1745, by Dr. Layard, from his Essay of

1757. The official description used in the Orders in Council, and understood to be drawn up by Professor Simonds, is as follows:—

"The cattle show great depression of the vital powers, frequent shivering, staggering gait, cold extremities, quick and short breathing, drooping head, reddened eyes, with a discharge from them, and also from the nostrils, of a mucous nature, raw-looking places on the inner side of the lips, and roof the mouth, diarrhoea or dysenteric purging."

The Polish Professor's description of the symptoms, as displayed in pest-stricken beasts of his country, is similar, though differently expressed:—

"The beast eats little, stops its rumination, becomes nervous; the mucous membranes, gum, mouth, etc., throw out pimples; there is a running at the eyes and nose, and this running after a time gives out an offensive smell; an offensive diarrhoea ensues, the beast coughs, becomes thinner, sometimes grinds its teeth, lies down with its head at one side, and dies without effort."

Layard, in his *Essay On the Contagious Distemper among the Horned Cattle, anno 1757*, p. 24, says:—

"The first appearance of this infection is a decrease of appetite; a poking out of the neck, implying some difficulty in deglutition; a shaking of the head as if the ears were tickled, a hanging down of the ears, a dulness of the eyes. After that, a stupidity and unwillingness to move, great debility, total loss of appetite, a running at the eyes and nose. . . . A constant diarrhoea, roofs of their mouths and barbs ulcerated. They groan much, are worse in the evening, and mostly lie down."

Of the three accounts, we prefer that of old Layard as being the best description of the disease as most frequently seen by us, although there are small variations; for example, the outward eruptions, which Layard states were not unfrequent along the limbs, are not so characteristic of the present attack. We might, in the same way, give three anatomical descriptions, which would show the identity of the disease in the time of Layard with that now prevalent in England and abroad, but these might be too much for the patience of the general reader. We refer with approbation to the description of the dissections given by Dr. Smart in the excellent and practical Report of the Edinburgh Committee, over which Dr. Andrew Wood presided. This committee worked with uncommon energy, and produced a report in about a week after they were appointed by the Lord Provost and Magistrates—a report which, in reality, contains the best description of the morbid anatomy that

has yet been published in this country. The disease is justly described as chiefly affecting the mucous membranes, there being a general congestive but non-inflammatory vascularity of these membranes, especially in the alimentary tract. The disease is not analogous either to typhoid or typhus fever, as has been often asserted; but more so to an internal mucous scarlatina. The stomachs of the animal generally contain an enormous mass of dry undigested food, often amounting to one or two hundred pounds in weight, so that this acts as a sponge to absorb new liquid food or medicine, and resists their absorption into the system. The complete arrest of the digestive functions is one of the marked characteristics of the disease.

The mode in which the distemper is communicated from sick to sound beasts is more interesting to us at present than either its diagnosis or pathology. No one, who has given to it a real study, can doubt for a moment that it is eminently contagious. By this we mean that there is a specific entity which causes the disease, and has the power of propagating its own species rapidly under favourable circumstances. Rather than give our own views on this head, we prefer to quote those very clearly expressed by Dr. Simon, the medical officer of health to the Privy Council:—

"The several zymotic diseases are ætiologically quite distinct from one another. How their respective first contagia arose is, as regards nearly all of them, quite unknown. This, in pathology, is just such a question as in physiology is 'the origin of species.' Indeed, it is hardly to be assumed as certain that these apparently two questions may not be only two phases of one. Hourly observation tells us that the contagium of small-pox will breed small-pox, that the contagium of typhus will breed typhus, that the contagium of syphilis will breed syphilis, and so forth; that the process is as regular as that by which dog breeds dog, and cat cat, as exclusive as that by which dog never breeds cat, nor cat dog; and, prospectively, we are able to predict the results of certain exposures to contagion as definitely as the results of any other chemical experiment. But, retrospectively, we have not the same sort of certainty, for we cannot always trace the parentage of a given case of small-pox or measles. And here, notwithstanding the obvious difficulties of proof either way, some persons will dogmatize that there must have been an overlooked inlet for contagium, while others will dogmatize that there must have been in the patient's body an independent origination of the specific chemical change. Presuming (as may pretty confidently be presumed) that in the history of mankind there was once upon a time a first small-pox case, a first typhus case, a first syphilis case, etc., and admitting our entire ignorance as to the combination of circumstances

under which those first cases respectively came into existence, we have no scientific reasons for denying that new 'spontaneous generations' of such contagia may take place. But as regards some of the diseases, there are conclusive reasons against supposing that this is of frequent occurrence. Where we can observe isolated populations (this applies just as much to measles as to small-pox), we find very long periods elapse without any new rise of certain 'species' of disease (and 120 years have elapsed in the case of the murrain, and the same thing occurred with regard to the measles in the Faroe Islands). For instance, in 1846, the contagium of measles was imported by a sick sailor into one of the Faroe Islands, and led to an epidemic which attacked more than 6000 out of the 7782 inhabitants, sparing only the persons who previously had had the disease, and 1500 who were kept out of reach of contagion; but before that time there had not for sixty-five years been in those islands a single case of measles. It is the same thing in the steppe murrain."

In fact, nothing can be more definite than the contagious virus of the cattle plague. It has been known from remote antiquity, for, whenever we have an accurate description of it, the characters of the pest are essentially the same; it reproduces itself with as much definiteness as one mushroom gives birth to another. The contagion is swift and subtle in the highest degree, and travels about with such stealthiness that its presence is often unsuspected, until it has passed into the blood of its victims, and manifests itself by terribly destructive effects. At first there is no difficulty in tracking the course of the distemper, for it travels with animals, which have come from some known centre of infection, to other sound beasts which have sojourned with them. But, after a time, its spread cannot be clearly traced. Dogs and sheep which have been near infected cattle have been known to carry the contagion to great distances; even pigeons and hens, which have looked for grains in the excrements of diseased cattle, have become the unsuspected media to pass over the contagion to sound oxen. The attendants on sick beasts carry the contagious virus on their clothes, hands, and even their hair, to healthy cattle; the veterinary surgeon does not escape from being considered a dreadful vehicle of infection. Still waters and running streams, which have received the drainage of infected sheds or pastures, become channels for propagating the contagium; and the wind carries with it particles of virus from one farm to another, at least for a distance of two hundred yards. The public roads on which sick cattle have travelled become altogether infected for sound cattle which may be driven over them. This subtle poison enters into the body of a beast, and incubates for a fixed time. The

period of incubation is usually from five to seven days, although, occasionally, it varies from three to nine days; during this time the animal enjoys nearly its usual health, and might readily be sold and transported as a sound beast. It is alleged that an animal in the incubative stage may communicate the disease.

We have as yet not indicated the amount of the mortality of the plague, for it, in fact, varies much in different countries. One law has been made out with tolerable certainty,—that the more the bovine plague advances from the Russian steppes to the north or west, the more its malignity increases. This is only consonant with the experience of other diseases, such as small-pox, which proves fatal enough with us, but acts as the most malignant pest when it deserts its usual source, and sojourns among the South Sea islanders or American Indians. The Rinderpest, in its native steppes, carries off about one-half, or 50 per cent., of the cattle which it attacks; when it reaches Hungary, the mortality rises to 65 per cent.; and in our own country it is upwards of 90 per cent.

Numerous attempts have been made to mitigate the severity of the disease by inoculation. This was extensively practised in the last century all over Europe, but with such bad results that it was forbidden by law in various countries. A sound animal may easily be inoculated by scarifying the skin, and rubbing into the wound some of the mucons matter which runs from the eyes or from the nose. It is usual to do this in the inside of the ear, but sometimes a hollow needle is introduced into the dewlap, the matter being passed in by this means. When a beast has been thus inoculated, the period of incubation is the same as when it receives the poison by contagion. The symptoms are generally as severe, and the mortality is not lessened. But there is this advantage, that an infected herd may be made to pass through the disease in eight days, instead of having it lingering about the premises for a month or two, with increased chances of spreading the infection through the country. The inoculating matter, if protected from air, can, as we have already stated, be kept for several months unchanged.

Although our own experience in inoculation is very discouraging, that of Russia is much more favourable, and holds out the hope that in time the pest may be as much repressed at its birthplace, as the small-pox has been by vaccination. Professor Jessen of Dorpat has given the results of Russian experiments in the pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article, and other scientific investigators, such as Haller, Vicq d'Azyr,

Abildgaard, Adami, Viborg, and Kausch have added considerably to our knowledge of this important subject. One of their main results is, that the intensity of the inoculating virus decreases, according as it passes through a succession of beasts, or, as it is technically termed, through successive "generations." Thus, at the Veterinary School of Charkow 50 per cent., or the normal number, of steppe oxen died at the first inoculation, but after the inoculating matter had passed through six cows, the seventh generation, or running from the nose of the sixth inoculated cow, only produced one death in thirteen cases. In 1853 upwards of a thousand beasts were inoculated with matter of the seventh generation, and not more than sixty died. In 1854 it was determined to inoculate oxen in the steppes themselves, and a large number were so treated, with the astonishing success that not a single animal died. This was a peculiarly favourable year; but, notwithstanding the exceptional character of the result, it holds out hopes that means may be discovered to mitigate the intensity of the virus. Although none of these inoculated animals died in 1854, and few even sickened, they were all found to be efficiently protected against future attacks of the disease. Many of them were confined in the same sheds with beasts suffering from the Rinderpest at intervals for several years, but none of them received the contagion. In 1857 the Grand Duchess Helen founded an institution for inoculation on her property of Karlowka in Poltava, with such success that only 3 per cent. of the inoculated animals died. It must, however, be distinctly borne in mind that these favourable results have only been obtained with oxen of the steppe race. Cattle of other races are much more unfavourably disposed to inoculation. Before mitigation of the virus appears in their case, it must pass through from thirteen to fifteen generations. Drouyn de L'Huys, in his proposal for a Sanitary Congress at Constantinople, with the view of damming up cholera at its source, so that it may not reach Europe, has given us a hint which might be well applied to the cattle plague. Why should Central and Western Europe be periodically devastated by this murrain, when it might be prevented by the inoculation of the cattle in the steppes? We may mention, in conclusion of this part of our subject, that sheep and goats may readily be inoculated from cattle. Sometimes they resist the disease; but in six cases, tried under our own inspection, all the sheep took the distemper in its most virulent form, and all of them died. Unfortunately, according to Professor Röhl of Vienna, there is no mitigation of the disease, when the inoculating

virus is taken from the sheep, and passed back again to cattle.

Having now become acquainted with an outline of the history of the pest and of its general characters, we are in a position to examine with advantage the irruption which it has made into our country this year, the best and speediest means of getting rid of it, and the precautions which ought to be adopted to prevent its recurrence.

The disease first appeared in this country at Lambeth, in the metropolis, on the 24th of ydal'nn se subsequently, on the 27th of June, in two other dairies in Islington and Hackney. But all of these dairies had, on the 19th of June, bought fresh cows in the metropolitan market, so that the source of contagion was clearly traceable to it, the usual variations in the period of incubation being allowed. But how came the seeds of the disease into the London market? The veterinary surgeons, led by Spooner, Simonds, and Gamgee, reply without hesitation that it was introduced by a cargo of Russian cattle which had been imported from Revel a short time before the plague was manifested; and it becomes important to examine this case closely, for doubtless this was the first cargo of Russian cattle which reached England, and one part of Russia, though a part far removed from Revel, is the seat of the distemper. Twenty-six days before the first outbreak, and eighteen before the cows had been bought in the metropolitan market, a portion of the Revel cargo had been exposed and sold, though none of them went to the infected dairies, as they were only fit for immediate slaughter. The cargo numbered originally 321 head of cattle, besides sheep. They were all bought in the province of Esthonia except thirteen, that province being quite free from the plague. These thirteen animals came from St. Petersburg, according to the agent, although his principal denies this statement. St. Petersburg is some distance from Revel, and notwithstanding that they came in four horse waggons, a week must have lapsed in their march, for the distance is 200 miles. The pest had been in the neighbourhood of the capital last November, though not for several months previous to the transaction. The agent found four of the beasts not in a condition to travel with him, so they were sold at Revel to butchers; the nature of their illness does not appear. On the 23d of May the cargo started from Revel, and arrived at Hull upon the 28th. One beast sickened on the route, but recovered on the administration of brandy. On the arrival of the steamer, the cattle were specially examined by two veterinary surgeons, who passed them as sound

and free from disease. At Hull 146 cattle were sold and sent to the Midland Counties, into none of which did they introduce the disease. The remaining 175 were sent to London and sold on the 2d of June. We are already aware that the period of incubation of the contagion is eight days, but during the nine days of transit from Revel to London these oxen showed no plague. The Customs authorities were on the alert, and had sent special instructions to Hull for the examination of this particular cargo, so that the two highly intelligent veterinary inspectors who examined them could not have failed to have detected the plague had it been present in the herd. This cargo left no infection on its departure from Hull, and took none with those cattle which were transmitted to the Midland Counties. Nor is it till eighteen days after their sale in the London market that the disease appears. The whole story breaks down; its only support having been the statements of the agent, who fancied that the sick oxen at Revel and the beast that showed signs of indisposition on board, *might* have had the plague. This man had never seen the disease, and his statement was an afterthought, made when he had quarrelled with his employer. The name of Russia frightened our veterinary surgeons, who for some years had foreseen the possibility of the importation of the pest, and naturally connected its appearance with this cargo; indeed, it is unfortunate for us that the explanation is not so simple. But we might be put off our guard altogether if we accepted a false solution of the problem, for it is perhaps more probable, and certainly more to be feared, that the disease may have come to us in our traffic with Galicia and Hungary, both of which pest-infected countries send to the London market constant supplies of cattle. Her Majesty's Consul-General at Hamburg states that Hungarian cattle did introduce the plague to Utrecht, in Holland, last May, and suggests that it may have passed from that country to England. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the first beasts which were found to be afflicted with it in London, were newly bought Dutch cows. It will be obvious that for the future, with the increasing facilities of railway traffic, it must be difficult to prevent the importation of the pest into this country. At the same time, Professor Röhl gives us a few grains of comfort by stating that, though often imported into Austria, the cases are sporadic in certain years, and that it only becomes generally diffused in years when contagious diseases among men show a severe type. Cholera has been hovering about Europe, and seems ready to take root in places favour-

able for its growth, so that we may hope, though only faintly, that this has been a year peculiarly favourable to the development of the murrain. We know that typhus fever propagates itself most extensively in dry seasons, and the dryness of the summer may have been one cause of the extension of the murrain throughout the country. The extent of the ravages of the plague is only imperfectly known, for it is the interest of cowkeepers to keep their losses concealed lest their credit should suffer. It is true that, under penalty, they must report to the Council Office when plague attacks their sheds, but if the cowkeeper has fifty cattle he often allows forty-five to die or be slaughtered, and reports the remaining five to Government. If we are to believe the official reports, only 5086 cattle perished of the disease or were slaughtered in consequence of it in the metropolis up to the end of October; but competent authorities assert that this is considerably less than half the true number. In fact, of 15,000 head of cattle kept in London and its neighbourhood before the attack, it may be asserted without much misgiving that 12,000 have perished. Large establishments lost their whole stock, even when, as in the case of Lord Granville's and Miss Burdett Coutts' dairies, they were carefully tended.

Early in July the Metropolitan market began to infect various parts of the country. In fact, all the first cases of the disease in the English counties were traceable to diseased beasts bought in London. One case must serve as an example: Mr. Leeds, of Whitwell, in Norfolk, bought twenty-six Dutch bullocks in the metropolitan market on the 1st of July; and Mr. Gooch, writing to Professor Simonds at the end of the month, says:—

"Mr. Leeds has lost thirteen out of the twenty-six Dutch beasts. When they first came home he divided them into two lots,—one at Whitwell of eighteen, and eight at Themblethorpe, about four miles distant. First, as regards the Whitwell lot, they have all had the disease, and eight are dead; the remaining ten appear to be recovering: some have been very bad. They were mixed with four others, which have all taken it, and one has died, one better, the other two suffering, and I do not think they will live. At Whitwell there is a common adjoining Mr. Leeds with about thirty cattle on it; two are attacked and are not likely to recover, the others showing symptoms of the disease. Out of the other lot five are dead, and the three are recovering. I have been called to two farms in that locality where the disease has broken out,—one dead and several others bad; and have heard of another farmer having it. I find at North Walsham a dealer bought thirty-eight Irish buds, about £5 each. Thirty-six are

dead; and from this lot it has spread to several farms adjoining where these laid, and the stock are dying fast. I have not at present heard about any more in Norfolk, if I should I will write and say how it goes on."

Norfolk fought valiantly against the disease, stopped its markets, established an insurance society, and stamped the disease out wherever it could; but about a thousand beasts have already been returned to the Government as attacked by the distemper; how many more may have been without being included in the returns we have no means of judging. The influence of the London market was not confined to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, but extended to great distances, even Scotland having first received its infection directly from some foreign cows bought in London and sent to Edinburgh. As the disease progressed, however, so many local centres were created that the influence of the London market became less perceptible. Up to the end of October, 18,000 cases of disease had been reported to Government throughout the country, although, for the reasons we have stated, this estimate is far under the truth. Of all the animals in the farms or sheds into which the distemper entered, 44 per cent. have been already attacked, and of this only a trifle above 4 per cent. have recovered, the rest having died from the disease, or having been slaughtered in anticipation of it, or being still under its influence, with a fate undetermined at the date of the return. Although these figures are ghastly enough as representing the mere beginning of a murrain, which has not yet gathered headway in the country, they would not be alarming if they represented the finality of the plague, for little more than one in a thousand of the cattle in the kingdom have succumbed to the attack. But believing that we are only at the beginning of our troubles, the plague assumes to us an aspect of more than ordinary gravity.

The number of horned cattle in this country is supposed to be between seven and eight millions, and their estimated value may be taken at £70,000,000. We can only conjecture our probable losses by the experience of other countries, when the plague has passed over their borders, and taken up its abode with them for several years. Austria is in this unhappy position at present, for the plague penetrated into it in 1861, was partially repressed in 1862, and broke out with increased virulence in 1863, during which year Hungary and its dependencies had the plague in 14 per cent. of all their cattle. Can we expect a more favourable result? Austria has excellently organized measures for the suppression of the pest, and this cannot be said of our country; her cattle are both

less susceptible to its influence, and take it in a less malignant form than our cattle. England is deficient in organization to combat the invasion, has neither in number nor in quality an army of veterinary surgeons fitted to take the field against the invader, so that there is nothing to justify us in the expectation that we shall be dealt with less severely than Austria. Hence it is highly probable that, in the third year of the murrain, we also may have, like Austria, 14 per cent. of all our cattle attacked in a single year. This extension of the distemper, with a mortality of 90 per cent, would produce a money loss of upwards of £8,000,000. It may be argued that our comparison is unfair, because the plague is almost naturalized in Hungary. It is quite true that the plague is very frequently in Austria and but rarely in England, but this is simply owing to the proximity of the former country to the Russian nursery of the contagion. We have already shown that the history of the plague in 1865 is but a close repetition of its history in 1745, when it dwelt among us for twelve years. Then, as now, the people grumbled at the government interference with cattle traffic, even a year after the plague broke out, but most bitterly did they in the end regret that they did not aid that Government to extirpate the murrain when its proportions rendered repressive measures possible.

This leads us to consider what the Government of the present day have already done, and what it is proposed they should do, to expel the murrain from our shores. We cannot give information on the first head more concisely than Mr. Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Council, has done in the following passage:—

"The date of the first notice to me of the outbreak was the 10th of July. I immediately requested Professor Simonds to institute an inquiry into it. I received his report on the 14th of July. I was then directed by the Lords of the Council to ask the law-officers to draw up an Order in Council so as somewhat to embrace the views of Professor Simonds; they were two-fold: first, that all persons, cow-keepers and others, where there was disease, should give notice of it; and, secondly, that a power should be given to inspectors to examine. The Lords of the Council had several meetings, and on the 24th of July they issued their first order; that was the order which directed that all persons having any diseased animal should report the fact to the Clerk of the Privy Council, and that he should appoint inspectors, and that these inspectors should have power to enter the premises and examine. The disease increased, and went beyond the metropolitan district, upon which, on the 11th of August, the Lords of the Council issued another order, still applying only to the metropolitan district. In

that order the chief additional provision was that no animal labouring under the disorder should be removed from the premises on which the disorder had broken out without the license of an inspector. The disease still kept spreading, and on the 11th of August an order was published which applied to the remaining parts of England and Wales, other than the Metropolitan Police district. In this order the local authority was defined, and the principal local authority in the country were the Justices acting in and for the petty sessional division of the county. They were allowed in cases where the disease had appeared within their jurisdiction to appoint an inspector. Then certain rules were given for the inspector, similar to those which had existed in the metropolitan district, namely, that no person should remove, without the license of the said inspector, any animal labouring under the disease. There was, however, in this order a very important provision made with respect both to the burial and the disinfection of the premises. On the 18th of August the provisions which had been made for England and Wales were extended to Scotland. On the 25th of August there was an order passed affecting Ireland, namely, that no cattle (and it is stated that 'the word cattle shall be interpreted to mean any cow, heifer, bull, bullock, ox, or calf') were to be removed 'from any port or place within that part of the United Kingdom called Great Britain, to any port or place within that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland.' On the 26th of August another order was passed, of which the important part was this, not only that the Justices should have power to name an inspector when the disease was absolutely in the district, but when they should 'have reason to apprehend the approach of the said disease to the district.' There was also in this order a power given to the inspector 'to seize and slaughter, or cause to be slaughtered, any animal labouring under such disease.' There were then minor orders passed, forbidding the importation of skins into Ireland. Lastly, on the 22d of September, an order was passed consolidating all the previous orders, modifying them in some small matters, and adding two important provisions, one affecting the metropolitan cattle market, and the other giving the local authority the power to prevent the animals defined, or some specified description thereof, from entering a market or a fair within the jurisdiction of that local authority. The disease was then supposed to extend to sheep and lambs, upon which an order was passed prohibiting sheep or lambs from being imported into Ireland from Great Britain. There was then a smaller order passed for the island and barony of Lewis in the county of Ross, protecting it from cattle of any kind coming into that island. Those were all the orders which were passed."

It will be seen from the above passage that no cause of complaint on the ground of apathy can be laid to the charge of the Privy Council, or of its indefatigable clerk, Mr. Helps. Their action was prompt and in

advance of public opinion, which even yet has not comprehended the magnitude of the danger. The Council wisely, in our opinion, did not establish a system of compensation for cattle slaughtered with the view of stamping out the disease, but, without such compensation, were they justified in empowering inspectors to slaughter? The importance of stamping out the disease, in its incipient stage, might have justified this measure at the outset, but it has been too long persisted in. Even Continental Governments, with their arbitrary powers, only slaughter when the number of affected cattle does not exceed ten, although exceptions to this rule are sometimes permitted, and then the owners are compensated either directly by the Government, or through a system of compulsory mutual insurance. Besides, such strong measures can only be intrusted to the administration of skilled and discreet men, and the supply of these in the country was not equal to the demand. Upon a failure of veterinary surgeons, butchers and shoemakers have been appointed inspectors. It is not wonderful that owners of pedigree stock, or even common farmers, should look with alarm on extensive powers vested in such irresponsible and ignorant men. When veterinary surgeons could be procured, were they always sufficient for the trust reposed in them? Our Veterinary Colleges have excellent men as professors, and have educated excellent pupils. This could not be otherwise with such men as Professors Spooner, Simonds, Dick, Varnell, and Gamgee in the English and Scotch colleges,—men who dignify their profession and obtain for it the respect of men of science. But the race of pupils which they are creating have not yet rendered extinct the cow-leech and horse-doctor, who, under the name of veterinary surgeons, are not unfrequently appointed inspectors by local authorities. It is not therefore surprising that the hardship to the farmer of slaughtering his cattle without compensation has become unsupportable. The pole-axe is certainly the most radical of cures when one or two cattle have been seized for the first time in a new district; but it becomes unmitigated barbarism when applied to a whole country over which the murrain has been diffused; for it must be borne in mind that it is already in thirty-five out of the forty English counties, and in twenty out of the thirty-two Scotch counties. We are not objecting to the slaughtering of cattle by the farmers to insure their use as dead meat before the disease lays hold of them, but to the compulsory powers of slaughter by unskilled inspectors. The latter ought certainly to have more powers than they now possess to proscribe districts and insure their

isolation when infected, and not to liberate them till they have clean bills of health; but we find that we are anticipating a future branch of our subject.

The Privy Council having failed in preventing the extension of the plague, found it advisable to recommend to the Queen that a Royal Commission should be issued to investigate into the origin and nature of the disease, and to frame regulations with a view of preventing its spread and of averting any future outbreak of it. This commission was issued by her Majesty on the 29th of September, and was addressed to certain members of both Houses of Parliament and men of scientific and medical attainments.* The Commissioners did not allow the grass to grow under their feet; they sat daily for a month after their appointment, and on the 31st October issued their first report, unaccompanied, however, by the mass of evidence which it is understood they have collected from all parts of the kingdom and from abroad, and which is now in the hands of the printer. Unfortunately the Commissioners have not been unanimous in their report, Lords Spencer and Cranborne, Mr. Read and Dr. Bence Jones, being dissentients from one important recommendation in it, while Mr. McClean holds aloof altogether, and makes a separate report, to the effect that there is no reason for alarm, and therefore no cause for action. We will endeavour to indicate their general conclusions, with a running commentary upon them.

After referring to the history of the plague and its remarkably contagious nature, the Commissioners point out that the disease, widely extended as it now is, can only be arrested by stopping for a time the movements of cattle. The majority of the Commissioners desire that this stoppage should be absolute; the minority are contented with preventing movement of lean or store stock, while they would permit fat cattle to go to fairs and markets for immediate slaughter. Both the majority and minority agree that the traffic in lean stock must be prevented for a period; they diverge only on the policy of applying these restrictions to cattle fit for the butcher. Let the majority of the Com-

missioners speak for themselves, even at some length:—

“To interfere with the circulation of fat stock is to interfere directly with the meat market; and to embarrass it is to raise, for a time at least, the price of meat. To require that every bullock sold for slaughter shall be slaughtered on the premises of the seller, will undoubtedly in a multitude of cases be inconvenient to both farmer and butcher. There will be difficulties about the actual slaughtering, about the disposal of hides and offal, about transport; and these difficulties appear still more serious when we consider the manner in which the live-meat trade is now carried on through salesmen and jobbers, and the vast quantities of fat cattle continually in motion to and from London, and from one market to another throughout the midland and northern counties. A large system of trade and transport will have to be deranged, and many new arrangements to be made, and the cost of effecting these changes on the spur of the moment must fall to a considerable extent on the consumer of meat.

“If the distinction be admitted, however, many other questions arise. In the first place, how is it to be enforced? If a privilege is conceded to cattle destined for the butcher, how are we to make sure that a particular animal is really destined for the butcher, or that he will be slaughtered immediately, or slaughtered at all; or that he will not scatter infection on his road? May he be driven home by the nearest country butcher who will buy him, or must he be sent to market? May he go to any market, or only to one where conveniences for slaughtering and for careful inspection are, or can be provided? May he, if unsold, be sent home again, or transported from one market to another, or if not, what chance will the seller have, should the market be overstocked, of making a fair bargain? In considering these points, it must be borne in mind that a butcher has, as some witnesses have remarked to us, facilities which a farmer has not for concealing infection; and that he has not those motives for being on his guard against it which the farmer has. A farmer who brings home a diseased animal may probably lose his whole herd. But it is often the butcher's interest to ask no questions.

“Answers more or less complete may be furnished on all the points above enumerated, and precautions may be devised with a view to each of them. In general terms, it may be stated that such precautions must in the main rest on some or all of the following expedients:—On a modified adoption of the *Cordon* system; on the imposition of new and peculiar legal obligations upon butchers, and probably upon drovers, railway companies, and the authorities in charge of markets; lastly, on a system, more or less extensive, of permits, certificates, or declarations. We ought not, however, to shrink from distinctly saying that no answers can be given which, in our judgment, are perfectly satisfactory, and no precautions invented on which it is possible entirely to rely, and that we believe it to be best for the country, and even for the interests which will

* The names of Her Majesty's Commissioners are as follows:—Earl Spencer, K.G., Lord Cranborne, M.P., Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., Lyon Playfair, C.B., C. S. Read, M.P., R. Quain, M.D., Bence Jones, M.D., E. A. Parkes, M.D., Thomas Wormald, President of College of Surgeons, Robert Ceely, Surgeon, Charles Spooner, Principal of Veterinary College, and J. R. McClean, President of Institution of Civil Engineers, with Mr. Montagu Bernard, Secretary.

suffer most in the first instance, that the prohibition against the circulation of cattle should be maintained in its integrity.

"We have stated frankly the difficulties and sacrifices for which the country must be prepared, should this proposition be carried into effect. Of these difficulties the one which will probably be felt most strongly relates to the supply of food to the great towns. Fears have been expressed that to close the metropolitan market, for instance, against the influx of cattle from the country, would create a famine. We have already seen that the attempt to close the markets of London and Westminster during the plague which raged here in the reign of George II. was given up on account of the clamour which it created; and it may be argued that the same thing would happen now. Circumstances, however, have widely changed. In the days of George II., meat could only be transported to London alive; even the roads along which the cattle travelled were what we should now think few and bad; there was little or no importation from abroad, and some difficulty must have been often found in supplying the wants of the metropolis by the ordinary means of communication. Now, every place where fat cattle are fed in large numbers is approached by railways, which can transport dead as well as live meat; and it seems no unreasonable demand to require that, for the sake of averting a calamity of almost incalculable magnitude, London should be content to be supplied with dead meat from the provinces, instead of constituting herself the hotbed of infection by receiving twice a week great throngs of living cattle. This change is indeed in itself economical and advantageous, and appears to be gradually taking place as a natural consequence of the extension of the railway system. There is obviously an immense waste of labour in bringing the live animal to London, in order that certain portions of its carcass may be consumed as human food; dead meat is more easily carried than the living creature, and it seems quite as reasonable to carry the butcher to the ox as to bring the ox to the butcher. We are informed that, from Aberdeen alone, which is distant from London (by cattle-train) some thirty-six hours, upwards of 1000 carcasses are sent up weekly during eight months of the year, and 300 or 400 during the remaining four months, and special cattle-trains leave Aberdeen on this errand five days in the week. Nor is it to be forgotten that London is at present fed in a great measure with foreign cattle. From the 16th of September to the 18th of October last, both inclusive, the number of English beasts in the market was but 14,645 to 20,185 foreign. It must further be observed—and this is the most important point—that a general prohibition is capable of being thoroughly enforced. The mere presence of a beast on any highway will be sufficient to prove the infraction of the rule. Any plan which, while laying down the general prohibition, admits exceptions in favour of cattle removed to particular places or for particular purposes, must rest upon the ascertainment of facts more or less complicated, to be proved by certificates from local authorities,

upon the accuracy of which, experience warns us, little reliance can be placed. The liberty to remove cattle for particular purposes is sure to be extended and abused for other purposes. A man has only to profess an intention in accordance with the law, in order, by a little dexterity, to obtain under such a system the utmost facility for violating the law. It will be a long time before the rules are understood, and the period in which they are violated through ignorance will be succeeded by the period in which they are evaded by design. England is probably the worst country in the world for the working of a system of certificates, permits, licenses, and passports; and the temptation to violate the rules will be very great, for the thought that naturally occurs to every one whose herd is attacked, is to conceal the existence of the disease until he has got rid of those animals which do not show symptoms of its presence. To the objection, true as far as it goes, that the embarrassment thus thrown in the way of trade will probably tend to raise the price of meat, it may be answered, first, that such a rise in the price of meat will afford, at the expense of the community, the means of reimbursing the trade for the sacrifices it has made for the common benefit; and, secondly, that the immense destruction of cattle which such a measure alone is calculated to prevent is likely to raise the price of meat to a higher point, and for a longer time, than a regulation which really does little more than change the place of slaughter from large towns to grazing districts. In the period from 1745 to 1757, almost every measure, short of the one which we are considering, was tried in vain. The disease at first advanced slowly, but it lasted twelve years, and then died out apparently from want of animals susceptible of its influence, although the difficulty of communication from one part of England to another offered at that time the fairest chance for the success of palliative measures. England has now to contend with the plague under disadvantages never experienced by any other country. The density of her population, the large quantity of her horned stock, and, above all, the enormous facility of communication by railroad, make her peculiarly liable to the ravages of a contagious disorder, and render the prospect of eradicating it within any reasonable time, either by slaughter or by curative and disinfecting measures, almost hopeless. For these reasons we feel ourselves compelled to recommend to Your Majesty that such measures shall be taken as may be requisite to invest, with as little delay as possible, some high officer of Your Majesty's Government with the power of suspending for a limited time the movement of cattle from one place in Great Britain to another, for extending or shortening such period, and for renewing the prohibition as often as circumstances may render necessary."

The case is excellently and tersely placed before us, and we should be at once in a position to deal with it, were it not necessary to describe the alternative propositions of the

minority of the Commission. This minority has the support of Earl Spencer, the chairman of the Commission, who is said to have conducted its inquiries with much skill and judgment. The dissentients admit that the temporary stoppage of all movement in cattle would be more effectual in extirpating the disease than any measure which could be proposed, but they do not believe it to be practicable, and contend that it would involve an interference with the course of trade at variance with our national habits, and would involve difficulties and dangers of the most formidable kind. They therefore support the alternative measures of the report by which fat cattle markets are alone to be permitted. Cattle, however, are only to go to such markets from healthy districts, and therefore they must have passes, or clean bills of health, before markets or railways will be permitted to receive them. Unhealthy districts are to be put under ban by notice in the *Gazette*, and all egress of cattle from them is to be strictly prohibited.

We have now the two main recommendations of the report before us. The report of the minority relies wholly on the measures pursued from 1745 to 1757, and which were then found signally inoperative. Referring to that period, Youatt tells us that "the restrictions with regard to the sale or removal of cattle, and communication between different districts, were so frequently evaded, that it was either impossible or impolitic to exact the penalties." Certainly we are in no more favourable position now to enforce such measures. If they were found inoperative at a time when transit was comparatively difficult, how are they to be carried out now in a country intersected everywhere with highways and railroads, and coasted by steamers? The very system of passes is so obnoxious to the feelings of our population, that it could not be sufficiently explained within the next three months so as to make it understood, or, if understood, adopted, with the determination of local authorities that the passes should not be evaded. Such measures must degenerate, as they did in the years from 1750 to 1757, into petty wars between counties, one county proscribing another because it is infected. The meeting in Forfarshire, presided over by Lord Dalhousie in October, shows that this disposition to exclude stock from other counties is growing. Argyleshire has already got a prohibition against importation, and Forfarshire was on the verge of trying to obtain similar restrictions, while Elgin has petitioned for them. Such local efforts will be both irritating and useless unless they are part of a general and well-conceived plan. Restraints on the usual business and traffic of

a country must be of brief continuance if they are to be strictly enforced; but they must be large and sweeping if they are to be brief. Such are the restraints urged by the majority of the Commissioners, and we proceed to refer to them.

The total stoppage of movement of cattle is a simple idea, one readily understood, and only capable of evasion by palpable contumacy, but it must be accompanied by many difficulties and inconveniences which the Commissioners have foreseen, and by many more which cannot be foreseen. Is the sacrifice which the country is called upon to make not greater than the evil which is to be averted by it? An answer to this question depends upon the impression of the magnitude of the danger with which we are threatened. Those who point to the small number of animals which have hitherto perished, as a proof that the plague has terrified us beyond measure, will scout at the recommendation of the Commission, and consider it the presumptuous scheme of theoretical men, unacquainted with the realities and necessities of the world in which they live. Farmers, cattle-dealers, butchers, jobbers, drivers, and even the market committees of our corporations, will aid them in the cry against this despotic interference with business and traffic. This race of men have shown singular incredulity as to the reality of the plague, till it actually reached their own localities, and even then consoled themselves with the belief that it was a mere summer attack, which would leave the country as soon as the cold weather came. But the cold weather has come, and the plague increases, for this is one of its peculiarities, that it advances with equal strides, sometimes even at a greater rate, in cold as in warm weather. We, on the other hand, who consider that the distemper has not yet got headway, and has not yet gathered itself up for its raid through the country, welcome any measure which proposes to deal radically with the murrain, before its proportions become unmanageable. The object of the Commission is the same as that of a fire-brigade when brought on the scene of an extensive conflagration. They know how hopeless it is to extinguish the flames till the combustibles on fire are consumed, so they at once proceed to cut off all communication from surrounding parts, leaving the fire to burn itself out without extending the area of its mischief. Three months of stoppage of movement of cattle would do this effectually in the case of the plague. But these will be three months of suffering to some, of great inconvenience to many, and of high price of meat to all. Surely this would be more tolerable than an

equally high price of meat for a long term of years. If the sacrifice be made, it must be begun at once, for it is only in cold weather that we can get a sufficient supply of dead meat from abroad to aid us in our deficiencies at home, and to enable our home supplies also to be conveyed from place to place. It is in winter too that the stoppage of movement will cause the least inconvenience to farmers, as there is comparatively little transit of store or lean cattle at this period of the year.

We must not forget, however, that the suspension of cattle traffic is only a means to an end. To understand how that end is to be reached, it will be well to follow out the analogy of the fire somewhat more closely. It would be useless to cut off the communications from a conflagration, if, on the first cessation of the outburst of the flames, we proceed to build a new combustible house on the red-hot embers as a foundation, and have all our former dangers renewed. Our chief objection to the report of the Commissioners is that they have not been sufficiently strong in the representation of this important fact, although they do make a passing allusion to it in the following sentence, not in the body of the report, but in a supplement to it:—

“Every one who has had the plague in his premises should feel the responsibility which rests upon him to destroy, by careful cleansing and disinfection, every trace of the disorder which may be left on his pastures or stalls, or on his cattle, their horns, hides, manure, and litter. Under favourable circumstances for its preservation, the contagious poison has been kept with all its virulence unimpaired, for many months. Unless, therefore, each person uses his utmost effort to extinguish the seeds of the plague which lurk about his farm, they may become a centre of contagion, which will again spread it abroad through the country, and render unavailing the sacrifice necessary for the speedy suppression of this terrible scourge.”

This in fact is the end to be attained, while the suspension of traffic is only the means of securing it. Yet we find in the report no single recommendation on the subject. The whole of the first part of the report may be considered as a homily on the text, “Put not your trust in local authorities.” We have shown that, in the reign of George II., the Privy Council then found they did not respond in a prompt and energetic manner to the appeals of the Government. And yet the Commissioners would apparently leave to individuals, without aid or supervision, the task of destroying all the seeds of contagion after death has reaped its harvest. But if local authorities, even under the influence of public opinion, cannot be roused from their apathy, or quickened into intelligence, in the face of a great crisis, it is

less likely that individual farmers throughout the country will be uniformly equal to the trust reposed in them. Observe what will be the consequence of a single case of neglect. We have seen that in all probability the disorder was introduced into this country by a single infected beast. Now if, on the liberation of cattle traffic, a single farm, nay, even a single cowshed, remains unpurified without disinfection, the country has been called upon for a great sacrifice in vain, for the foul place will become the new centre from which contagion will radiate. It was in fact from such infected localities that the disease sprang up so continually, after being subdued, during the last century. Let us see what Layard says on the subject, even in 1757, the twelfth year of the plague:—

“The disease, thank God, is considerably abated; and only breaks out now and then in such places where, for want of proper cleansing after the infection, or carelessness in burying the carcasses, the putrid *fomes* is still preserved, and is ready, at a proper constitution of the air, or upon being uncovered, to disperse such a quantity of effluvia, that all the cattle which have not had it will be liable to infection.”—LAYARD, *The Distemper among Horned Cattle*, p. xx.

It is quite clear that it will be useless for the Government to order a stoppage in the movement of cattle, until they are provided with a proper organization to take advantage of the opportunity offered to them. Unquestionably they cannot do otherwise than trust largely to local authorities, but there must be, at the same time, a system of intelligent supervision on the part of Government, with the view of instructing localities as to their duties during the short period at their disposal, and there must be an efficient inspection to see that sanitary resources have been properly applied. And when the country is liberated from the interdict as to traffic, there must be a keen eye to detect the spots which are sure to be found with the seeds of disease lurking in them, and a prompt hand to pluck them out at the moment of germination. For this purpose Government ought to possess the power to proclaim large districts, even whole counties, as infected, and to exclude them from liberation, should a single case of the distemper appear within a month of the general liberation of traffic; for, by thus making a whole county responsible for the eradication of the murrain, a weight of public opinion will be brought to bear on supine districts and individuals. It may be useful here to give the methods by which disinfection may be effected, according to the Commissioners:—

“1. When animals attacked with the plague

have become convalescent, they ought to be kept apart from sound beasts for three weeks, and even then not to be permitted to associate with them till they have been thoroughly washed with (Macdougall's) disinfecting soap, or with a weak tepid solution of chloride of lime. The whole body, hoofs and horns, should be thoroughly washed, and the nostrils and mouth sponged out.

"2. During all the time that animals suffer from the disease, the litter fouled by them, with the dung and discharge on it, should be burned, and not be allowed to mix with other manure. It contains the poison in a concentrated form, and it is questionable whether it can be disinfected efficiently.

"3. The sheds in which the diseased animals have been must be thoroughly purified and disinfected. The roof and walls should be washed with lime. The floor and wood-work, after being thoroughly washed with water containing washing soda, should be again washed all over with a solution of chloride of lime, containing 1 lb. to a pailful.

"4. The hides and horns of animals which have died of the disease ought to be buried with the animal, according to the Orders in Council. But the hides and horns of those which have been killed to escape the spread of the inspection must be dipped in, or thoroughly mopped all over, and, in the case of the hides, on both sides, with water containing 4 lbs. of chloride of lime to three pailfuls of water. Unless this be done with care, a most fertile source of contagion will be preserved.

"5. The attendants upon diseased beasts should not be allowed to go near the sound animals in the same farm."

We have little doubt in our own minds that, though this disease is of foreign importation, its rapid growth and spread is owing to our gross neglect of sanitary laws as regards our cattle. They are looked upon by the farmer in the double light of flesh-making and manure-producing beasts. This is right and natural, but it is neither natural nor right that the stalls in which the beasts are fed should be made the storehouse for this manure. Even when this is not done, it is headed up in the yard in close proximity to the cattle. The animal economy is much the same in men and beasts. If men herd among the manure voided by themselves, we know how soon pestilence would ravage them. In the middle ages, when men were stalled like oxen on rush-covered floors, "black death" swept them away with its terrible scythe. This disease ceased to visit the country altogether when improvements in our social and civic habits removed the personal and public filth, which formed the soil, in which the seeds of plague were sown and fructified from fifteen to seventeen times in one century. The seeds of this human pest are as plentiful now as ever, but the soil is wanting for their deve-

lopment. We no longer fear their importation even in the porous cotton which comes to us from plague-infected Egypt. These facts are certain, though there are still a very few medical men who contend that the disappearance of the plague from this country is owing "to large cycles of chemical changes in the atmosphere," and not to our hygienic improvements. A fine-sounding phrase is this to drop like the veil of Isis between learned physicians and the vulgar, in order to persuade the latter that there is priestly mystery behind it. When an old plague reappears, as the diphtheria has done after the lapse of a hundred years, be assured that we are punished for the violation of some sanitary law, which we would do well to discover and obey, without waiting for "cyclical changes" to unravel the mystery. There is much to be done, however, before we can get our cattle into a sanitary condition sufficient to resist even great plagues. Our cattle, besides being housed filthily, are made gluttons by their mode of fattening, and are thus rendered prone to disease. When the upper classes in the thirteenth century lived a gluttonous and unruly life, black death put on a disguise, and came to them in the garb of "sweating sickness," but with a scythe quite as keen for cutting down the well-conditioned members of society as it had used for the poorer classes. Here is our difficulty in impressing farmers with the necessity of improving the hygienic condition of their cattle. They point to the cattle-sheds of Lord Granville and Miss Burdett Coutts, or like examples, and say the plague attacks the well-kept cattle as well as those which are foully kept. The same arguments were used in the middle ages, when the poor beggar in the street and the alderman at his civic feast were struck down together. Set fire to a poor man's house and that of his rich neighbour is likely to join in the conflagration. Introduce into this country an intensely contagious pest among cattle, and the force of the plague will extend to all sides presenting fuel to it. What we want to achieve is, to make our cattle incombustible to this fire, as we have already done with men in the case of human plague. Yet vast must be our hygienic improvements before we can look tranquilly at the murrain in its native steppes. We may proceed, however, to indicate some sanitary ameliorations in the words of the Commissioners:—

"1. As no successful plan of treatment has yet been proposed, the owners of cattle must, in the meantime, rely chiefly upon those hygienic measures which the experience acquired in other diseases shows to be important in preventing the spread of contagion, and in diminishing the intensity and area of an attack, when, in

spite of such measures, they invade a locality hitherto uninfected. In the case of the cattle plague it is certain that no sanitary precautions can prevent the spread of the disease when it is actually introduced; still, from analogy, we may draw the conclusion that some effect may be produced on the rapidity of the spread, or on the virulence of the disease, by placing cattle in the conditions most favourable to health.

"2. With this view it is important to secure strict cleanliness, good drainage, efficient ventilation, and to prevent overcrowding in all cattle-sheds and cowhouses. No accumulations of litter fouled by the voiding of animals should be permitted in, or even close to the houses or sheds in which cattle are kept. Chloride of lime, carbolic acid, or the powder containing carbolate of lime, and sulphite of lime (in plain English, 'Macdougall's Disinfecting Powder,') should be used. The latter is probably the best; it contains a well-known disinfecting substance which is formed when sulphur is burned, and also a strongly antiseptic material, kresote, from coal tar. The sheds themselves should be swept and washed daily, and sprinkled with disinfectants. But such purification of the air of cattle-sheds or houses will be insufficient to preserve health if the cattle be overcrowded. Pure air and nourishing diet are of great importance in protecting animals from the attacks of disease. Pure water, derived from sources uncontaminated by drainage from surrounding dung-heaps, or from the absorption of vitiated air which hovers around them and in the sheds of cattle, is equally essential.

"Every farmer should look to the housing of his cattle in the present emergency, as he would look to the housing of his own family, if cholera or other formidable disease were in his neighbourhood. Thorough cleanliness of the houses, good drainage, freedom from evil smells, nourishing diet with pure air and water, cannot give immunity from the disease, but they may offer obstacles to its propagation."

These are far from all the sanitary improvements necessary. The mode in which cattle are transported by railway and steamer to our great public markets is a disgrace to our civilized nation. Trucks of the rudest description are used on our railways, and into them the poor unwilling beasts are driven by savage force, being huddled together indiscriminately, and often remain in them thirty or forty hours, in some cases fifty hours, without fodder and without drink. When the poor, thirsty, bellowing beasts are driven into a siding in sight of water, they often become quite frantic in hopeless efforts to reach this necessary of life. A cabman in London is fined if he keeps his horse too long without water, but railway directors escape with impunity for their inhumane treatment of the cattle intrusted to their charge. It is true that they try to throw the responsibility off their own shoulders, by offering to the owners of the cattle that the trains may stop at cer-

tain stations, where the cattle may be taken out to be fed and watered. At the same time, they are well aware that the inconvenience of loading and unloading the trucks is too great to permit of this resource. The real difficulty lies in the vile nature of the trucks themselves. Small ingenuity would be required to place cattle in trucks so that they might drink out of troughs attached to them, and which might be filled with water while the engine itself is taking in a fresh supply. But such a simple device is much beyond the humanity of railway directors, who, as long as they can obtain cattle according to the present rude system of transport, choose to consider them as inanimate objects, to be treated with as little consideration as bales of merchandise. Nor is the system of transport by steamers much better, as regards comfort and accommodation, even should the weather remain favourable. Some steamers there are, wholly devoted to cattle traffic, in which fair accommodation is provided, but, as a rule, it is as wretched as can well be conceived. Even in the case of well-appointed ships, the beasts suffer severely in bad weather. Two vessels reached Lowestoft in 1863, having embarked 608 beasts and 800 sheep; on their arrival 300 beasts and 230 sheep were dead. These cattle broke loose on the long voyage and trampled each other to death.

Urgent as are these sanitary questions, we are unable to pursue them further. We have shown that, both on the higher ground of humanity, and on the lower ground of self-interest, it is important that we should take advantage of the calamity under which we suffer, by improving the hygienic conditions of the cattle which form so large a part of our daily food. Most reverently do we look upon this murrain among our flocks as a judgment, though not in the light of a fatalist, who would bow helplessly under it; or as a fanatic, who conceives it has been brought on in consequence of some irrelevant sin against which he has a personal abhorrence. The God of the human race, "whose are the cattle on a thousand hills," governs this world by wise and beneficent laws, which are sufficient, when obeyed, to insure the well-being of His creatures. The violation of these laws inflicts upon us the penalties attached to their transgression, and it is our duty to discover, understand, and obey them. By the public prayers which we now make that this plague may be removed from us, we hope to have our minds enlarged, so as in some measure to comprehend the wisdom of the Creator, and to follow His rules with simple obedience. By this means we may again place ourselves in harmony with the laws which govern the animal economy.

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